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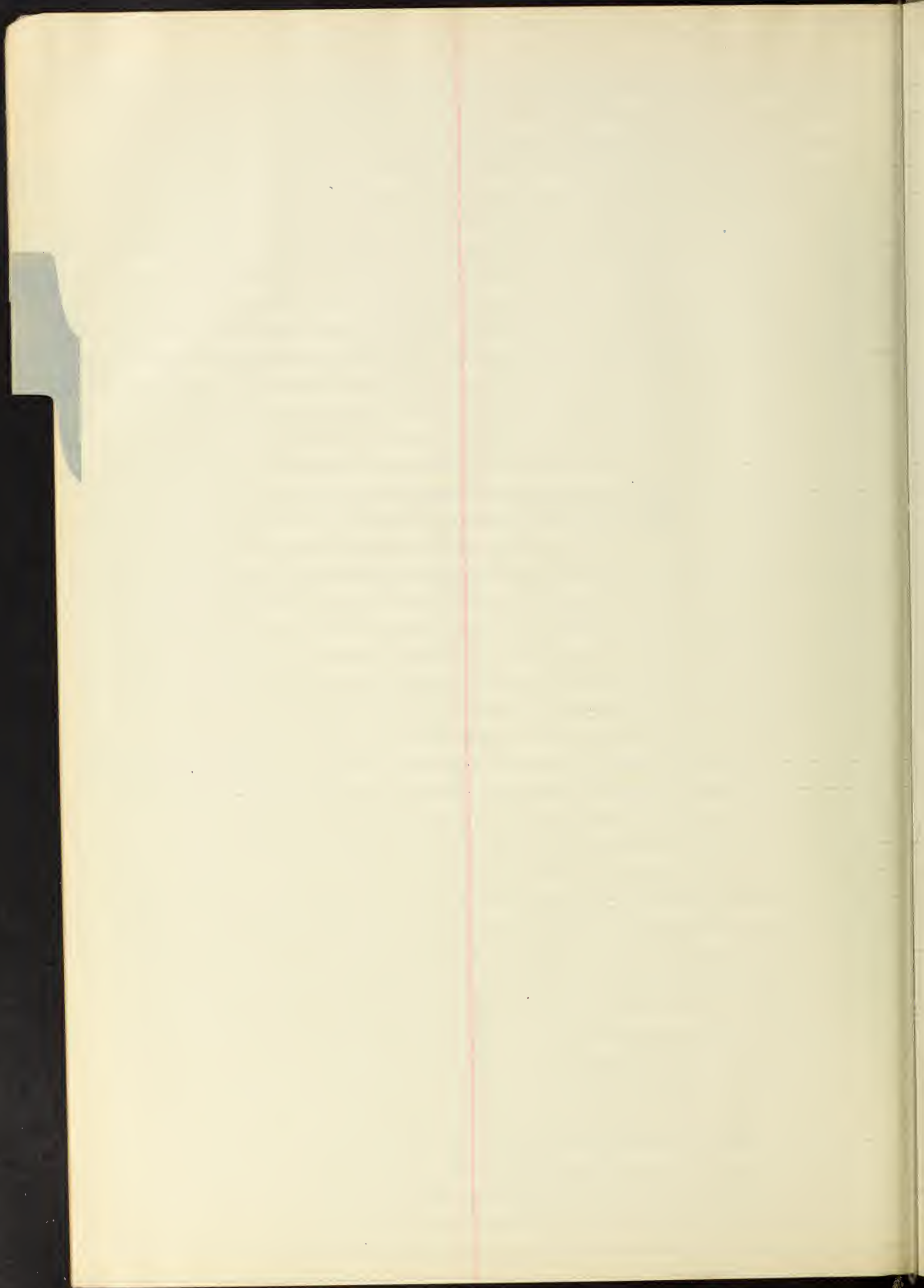
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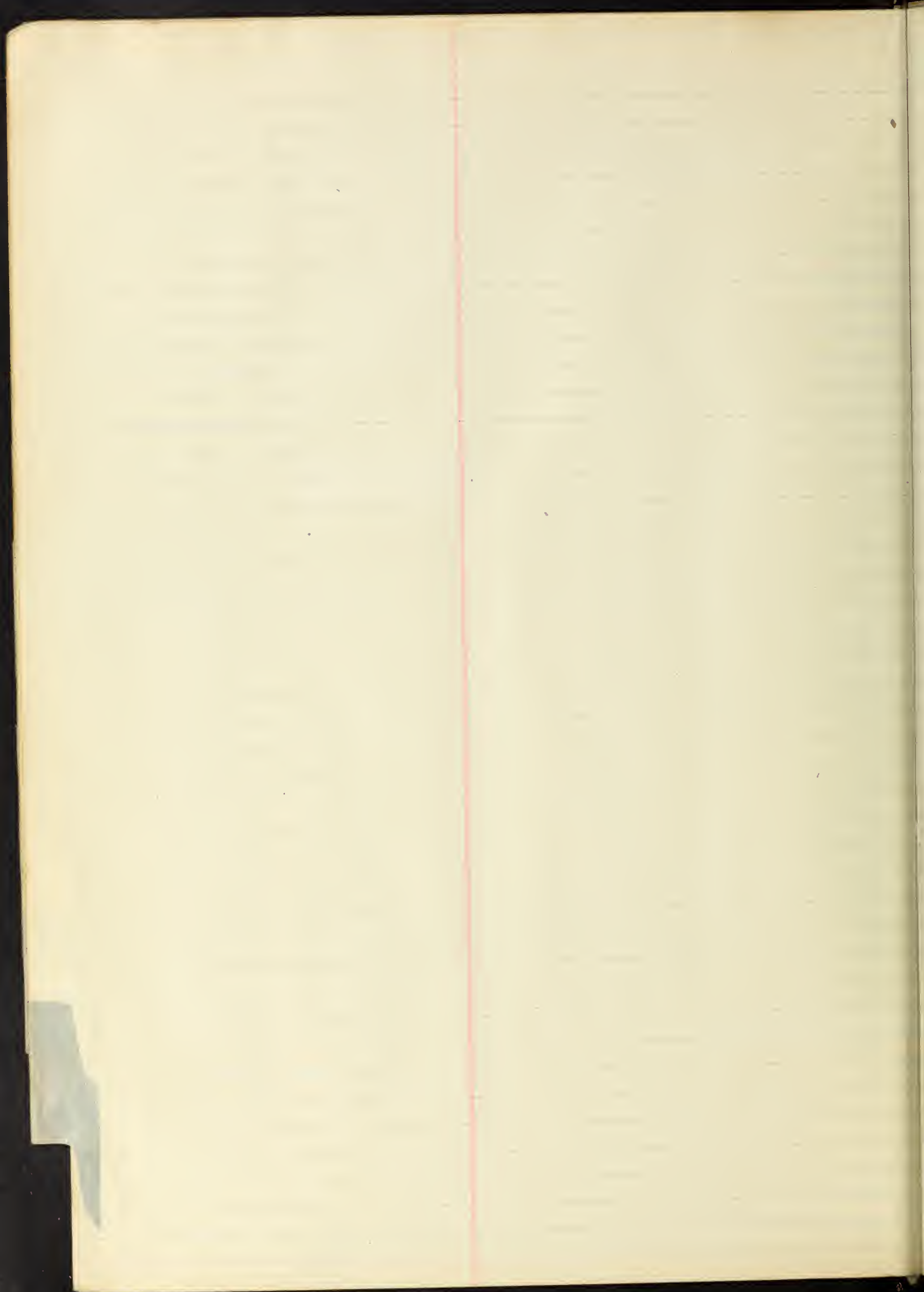
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'SHUFFLE ALONG'

SELWYN THEATRE—"Shuffle Along," all-negro musical comedy in two acts; book, music and lyrics by Miller, Lyles, Sissle and Blake.

At the piano.....Eubie Blake
Jim Williams.....Paul Floyd
Jessie Williams.....Lottie Gee
Ruth Little.....Edith Spencer
Harry Walton.....Roger Matthews
Board of Aldermen
Richard Cooper, Arthur Porter, James Woodson, Snippy Mason
Grocery clerk....."Onion" Jeffrey
Mrs. Sam Peck.....Mattie Wilkes
Tom Barber.....Noble Sissle
Steve Jenkins.....F. E. Miller
Sam Peck.....Aubrey Lyles
Jack Penrose.....W. H. Hann
Rufus Loose.....C. Wesley Hill
Strutt.....Bob Lee
Mayor's doorman.....Billy Andrews
Uncle Ned.....Arthur Porter
Uncle New.....Arthur Porter
Old Black Joe.....Bob Williams
Secretary to Mayor.....Ina Duncan
Four Harmony Kings.....I. H. Brownling
C. E. Drayton, W. H. Berry, W. H. Bann
The porter.....Tom Woods

First gun in the theatrical campaign of 1922-23 in Boston, was fired on Saturday evening by "Shuffle Along" at the Selwyn. The show is not new to the trenches, however, for it has been running at the Sixty-third Street Music Hall in New York city since May 23, 1921, where it has shared popularity among high-brow, low-brow, and fashion. It beats George M. Cohan by a Sunday for our favor, coming to Boston without the break of a day after the unusually long run in the mother city of our theatre. Thus doth the busy bee. And if one be minded to speak of continuous performances, the passing and the coming seasons afford an apposite example. The one ends with an unusually good performance of "Bought and Paid For" at the St. James on a Saturday night, and the other begins with "Shuffle Along" on that same Saturday, and George M. on the following Monday. All of which brings to mind the strange pastoral land described by Homer in his Odyssey, where the days are so long that the herdsman driving home his flock at night passes his fellow of the morrow conducting him to pasture.

The story of "Shuffle Along," as far as it lasts, that is through the first of the two acts, tells of the struggle in Jimtown for choice of a mayor. Song, dance, jazz, and particularly the comedy of Messrs. Miller and Lyles, all find a place. After act one, story trickles away in the sands of old-fashioned minstrelsy somewhat disguised and raised to a high multiple, colorful as well as "all-colored." The dancing is spirited and original; the ladies of the chorus put a zest into their work that sweeps the audience into enthusiastic approval; the men are far more interesting with their grace and lightness than the average male chorine of commerce. Last night the singing showed that the company had had no chance to

discover that the Selwyn is an intimate theatre, not demanding strained voices. Other performances will greatly improve results. Indeed, the second act, which was almost entirely devoted to music, showed the company finding itself. The four harmony kings needed no struggle to win acknowledgment of their titles from the audience. With Mr. Mathews and Mr. Blake they provided frequent delight. Throughout there was an amusing ability on the part of authors and actors to poke pleasant fun at the vagaries of their race. The time of music and dance had both an accuracy and a lift that brought great pleasure to an audience that somewhat marred an admirably balanced show by oft repeated and insistent demands for encores.

Colorful, clean, intelligent, well-staged musical comedy in all respects standing in a class by itself. Deserves a long run in Boston.

"This big fellow in whom all the qualities of a good theatrical director were united, possessed in an eminent degree the first of all: parsimony."

HANDICAPPING NAMES

Mr. Harold Brighthouse writing about surnames, having picked at random from Professor Weekley's book on that subject names like Mudd, Tart, Beeble, Bins, Twigg, says that an insignificant or absurd name is not necessarily a handicap in life; it may become a spur. "Keats, Foote, Lamb are not, on the face of them, great names, and there is plenty of modern evidence in favor of the extraordinariness of Smith." Yet there is the famous sneer of Matthew Arnold about the wretch whose name could not have been euphonious in Greece; Swinburne asked how could anyone named John Donne be a

melodious poet; Oliver Wendell Holmes wrote a memorable verse on Bud Doble, the once famous driver of equally famous horses; and Byron raised both hands to Phoebeus, at the name of Amosottle. A poet should have a mellifluous or a sonorous name. Would anyone expect lyric flights from Mr. Ebenezer Jones? Yet there was a poet of that name, and G. F. Reynolds Anderson in his "White Book of the Muses" dedicated verses to him, sandwiching his tribute between apostrophes to Patmore and Baudelaire—a decidedly mixed company.

SHYLOCK FILMED

Sybil Thorndike in London has been seen in a series of films entitled "Tense Moments from Great Plays." One of the scenes is that of the trial in "The Merchant of Venice." The synopsis at the end is as follows:

"And so, of course, the whole thing is a fiasco and Shylock is forced to retire minus his pound of flesh. And the young lawyer, covered with laurels, departs satisfied. And Bassanio, watching him off, wonders where he has seen that face before."

Shakespeare for the pee-pul!

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(Ad in the Railroad Men's Time Book Magazine)

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WANTED.

Boy to drive on hay fork. Phone 11R4.

"THE AMERICAN TRAVELER"

"Robert Arbor, 24, who said he lived near Cobosseecontee Lake, Winthrop, Me." etc.—From an exchange.

This reminds us of verses by Orpheus C. Kerr. Here are the four stanzas that refer to Maine:

To Lake Aghmoogeneganook,
All in the State of Maine,
A man from Wittequergaum came
One evening in the rain.

"I am a traveler," said he,
"Just started on a tour,
And go to Nomjamskillcook
Tomorrow morn at four."

He took a tavern bed that night,
And with the morrow's sun,
By way of Sekledobskus went,
With carpet-bag and gun.

A week passed on; and next we find
Our native tourist come
To that sequestered village called
Genasagarnagum.

The last verse describes the return of the traveler after his wanderings in southern states.

So back he went to Maine, straightway,
A little wife he took;
And now is making nutmegs at
Moosehlemaguntcook.

The poet said that he vowed within himself to write a poem, not only distinctly American, but of such a character that only America could have produced it.

MR. QUINCY TUFTS

As the World Wags:

The inquiry about Quincy Tufts prompts me to tell a little story. In 1863 I went to work for James B. Macomber, dealer in men's furnishing goods, who occupied the ground floor of a very old building, corner of Court avenue and Washington street, the original site of Thompson's Spa. Our next door neighbor was Samuel A. Aborn, the oldest hatter (I believe) in Boston; below him was the store of the Hathaway Shirt Company, which had a decorative frieze of religious mottoes. On entering you could not fail to see in letters of gold the startling announcement, "Thou God seest me."

Further along, near The Herald office, was the little shop of Quincy Tufts, a serious rival of Dickens's Old Curiosity Shop. The wall on one side of the shop was devoted to buttons; there were thousands of small boxes, each carrying a sample on the outside. The window was cluttered with nondescript articles of ancient vintage, and the interior heaped with like commodities in utter confusion. For searching anything obsolete Quincy Tufts was the last resort.

Tufts, an old man over 80 and nearly bent double, rarely showed himself, but occasionally crawled out of his den when he suspected the clerk was selling some relic too cheap.

GEORGE DANA BURRAGE.

Newton.

OLD TIME CONDUCTORS

As the World Wags:

The agitation about low car fares and Mr. Whiting's liberal suggestions in The Herald recall the situation in the seventies when the stealings from the companies became so serious that the use of bell punches was inaugurated for conductors. These were big nickel things, weighing some pounds and slung by a strap around the neck. From this custom was derived Mark Twain's doggerel:

"Punch, brothers, punch with care,
Punch in the presence of the passenger."
At the Old Howard Harry Bloodgood had Luke Schoolcraft showing him a new contraption, to the great puzzlement of Schoolcraft, "the stupid nigger."

Pointing to one end, Bloodgood said: "This is the oxygen," pointing to the other end; "This is the hydrogen," and (to the middle) "This is the honest conductor." Schoolcraft protested; "Nossir, nossir, there ain't no honest conductor."

When were there ever two funnier black-face comedians, more perfect follies than Bloodgood and Schoolcraft!
Lowell. JAS. B. RUSSELL.

Was it not Ike Bromley of the N. Y. Tribune who wrote "Punch, brothers" and gave the lines to Twain?—Ed.

August 1 1922

Anatole France in his latest book "Le Vie en Fleur," which is in a great measure an autobiography, the fourth in a series, tells how he and his young companions in college founded an "Academy" and chose 20 members.

"It would be difficult for me to recall their names. This should not surprise you, for, it is said, that there is a celebrated Academy of which no one is able to name the 40 dignitaries."

How do M. France's fellow-academicians enjoy this sly remark? This ironical thrust is more deadly than the savagery of Daudet's "L'Immortel."

By the way, how many can name, even with cudgellings of the brain, the members of the great American Academy that holds solemn sessions in New York?

TABLE MANNERS

Talleyrand carved at his formal dinners and helped his guests. To princes and dukes he sent slices of beef, saying that it would honor him greatly to see his offer accepted. Persons of less but some distinction he prayed to accept a slice. But for guests far down the board he rapped his knife on the table and shouted "Beef!"

We print this pleasing anecdote for the benefit of local hosts who, wishing to differentiate in the social quality of their guests, are uneasy, often awkward in expression.

GUEST OF HONOR

"Mrs. Percival Montessor-Smith was the guest of honor at the dinner."

The French nobility of the old regime did not recognize the guest of honor. According to Madame de Genlis, when they all went into the dining-room, the master of the house did not step towards "the most important" woman "to make her pass in triumph before all the other women and place her pompously by his side," nor did the other men rush to give an arm to the other women. The women nearest the door went in first, making little compliments one to the other, but not retarding the procession. The men then followed. When all were in the dining room, they seated themselves at will.

A NOTE IN "PLACING"

It is a painful sight to see a man in faultless evening dress, peering nervously at the dinner cards one by one, and at last finding himself sandwiched between two women of no or too much conversation. The expression of his face would have suggested to Sir Thomas Browne an addition to his list of passionate and tragical looks in imaginary pictures.

EXCLUSIVE NEWS

(From the Clinton Daily Item)

London, July 24.—In response to a communication from the United States, Great Britain has advised Washington that the government is willing to co-operate in the support of illegal rum running from British territory, it was learned this afternoon from an official source.

WHY THEY STOPPED LOVING

(From St. Joseph, Mich., Herald-Press.)

FOR SALE—One pair of love birds; also slide Trombone. Call at 21 Main St., St. Joseph.

COMMERCIAL CANDOR

As the World Wags:

We are celebrating Dollar day today in the Garden City. I enclose a clipping from a local newspaper showing the absolute candor of our leading emporium. Do you wonder that the shops are crowded? THREE STARS.
San Jose, Cal., July 19.

Koveralls \$2
These are the genuine koveralls that sell regularly for \$1 each.

CONSIDER THE SNAIL

As the World Wags:

What can you advise as to the Massachusetts laws governing the speed limit for pedestrians, when caught on a perfectly legal crossing by an automobilist seeking to annihilate them?

I am some sprinter, and possibly have broken laws as well as records under above conditions which frequently obtain in Boston. RUSSELL.
Portland, Me.

A FATAL OMISSION

As the World Wags:

In your little essay on tempests you might have quoted from "The Clouds" of Aristophanes to show how the ancients felt about the promiscuous way in which Zeus hurled his thunderbolts. Socrates tells how the clouds, not Zeus, control the thunder and lightning. He asks why Zeus, if he handles the lightning, does not strike certain conspicuous politicians—they are mentioned by name—instead of innocent persons: why the bolts of Zeus so frequently hit his own temple, as the one on the promontory of Sunium; also big oak trees; for, unlike prominent citizens spared by Zeus, oak trees do not commit perjury. These inquiries even in 1922 seem fairly pertinent. F. L. B.
Boston.

WENLEY'S GHOST

As the World Wags:

I was interested to read in The Herald a week ago Sunday of the ghost that Prof. Wenley of the University of Michigan has ever heard of that he cannot explain. She revealed herself to Prof. Wenley's friend, Dr. Veitch, late of the University of Glasgow, at a country house in Galloway. In the garb of the previous century, or earlier, she entered his chamber shortly after daylight, came up to his bed, leaned over him with the most awful look of hatred he had ever beheld, and then departed. Later that same day he recognized her in the family portrait gallery—a lady who had murdered her husband 200 years before in the very room Dr. Veitch had slept in. Dr. Veitch related the story as true.

Was this the same ghost, I wonder, that Sir Walter Scott put into his story, "The Tapestry Chamber," published in the "Keepsake" in December, 1828? The tale was related to him, he says, by Miss Anna Seward of Litchfield, who "derived her information from an authentic source." Scott's ghostly lady differed from Dr. Veitch's chiefly in that she appeared by firelight instead of daylight, that she squatted on the bed instead of leaning over it, and that she had been guilty of incest as well as murder. G.H.M.
Cambridge.

WHEN YOUR CHEAP DIVORCE IS GRANTED

(From a child in the eastern states to her mother, temporarily absent from home on a supposed visit to relatives in the West.)

By ORPHEUS C. KERR

When your cheap divorce is granted,
Mother, and you leave the West,
Shall I stay with you or father?
Tell me, mother, which the best?
He'll be much surprised, I fear me,
When he knows what you have filed,
And, unless you hover near me,
He'll appropriate your child.

Mother, if the move was needful,
If the income you and he
Shared so long at last has been an
Incompatibility;
If you'll be his wife no longer,
When returning from the West,
Which am I to love the stronger?
Tell me, mother, which the best?

YET HE HAS ESCAPED

Chancellor Wirth has not yet been assassinated. Yet he has the habit of singing as he bathes and dresses; German love songs, songs of the universities, songs of peasants. And the voice of a German carries; it shakes the plastering.

'LITTLE NELLY KELLY' OPENS

TREMONT THEATRE—"Little Nelly Kelly," musical comedy in two acts by George M. Cohan. First production on any stage.

Wellesly.....Harold Vizard
Matilda.....Edna Whistler
Sidney Potter.....Frank Otto
Harold Westcott.....Joseph Njemeyer
Jack Lloyd.....Barrett Greenwood
Francis DeVere.....Robert Pitkin
Jean.....Dorothy Newell
Nellie Kelly.....Elizabeth Hines
Mrs. Langford.....Georgia Caine
Marie.....Marion Sakl
Jerry Conroy.....Charles King
Captain John Kelly.....Arthur Deagon
Miss Spendington.....Majorie Lane
Ambrose Swift.....Mercer Templeton

The glimmering lights of the new theatrical year gleamed a bit more brightly last night when George M. Cohan returned to the Tremont Theatre with a sundry set of his well-known and well-groomed comedians. The opening performance of "Little Nelly Kelly," although long delayed by the multiple duties of Mr. Cohan, was something of a reunion to those on both sides of the footlights. It is but six weeks ago that Mr. Cohan was giving the zest of his own radiating personality to "The Tavern," while for many of the cast this, the opening engagement of "Little Nelly Kelly," is a cousinly task which they have shared in previously for "Mary" and "The O'Brien Girl."

And because the new play, despite its novelties, its smiling satire foreordained by a kindly program, is that in series and follows remembered formula of varied dances interspersed with songs of sentiment, some might be disposed to name it with purring condescension a typical Cohan show. It is that—and something more.

We somehow feel that in the hands of this genial and resourceful entertainer musical comedy most nearly reaches sweet perfection. Perhaps there is less fast bleating jazz, certainly there are no sly double entendres, no cunning insinuations concerning women, marriage and divorce or even that dearly beloved provider of idle jest—the mother-in-law.

Yet without any or all of these Mr. Cohan has brought to the musical stage in three successive years three "good shows." We wonder if the reason for this phenomenal good fortune is not, that in writing his plays, Mr. Cohan calmly and coolly ignores the T. B. M. in order to think more freely upon the likes and dislikes of George M. Cohan, who still retains an eye for the happy, wholesome side of life and still delights to sing joyously, exuberantly thereof.

In "Little Nelly Kelly" Mr. Cohan has surpassed himself as an artful entertainer. Rarely has he spent his resources with such a lavish hand or reaped so well in all that goes to make a good play of song and dance, as he himself characterizes the present piece.

The story of little Miss Nelly is not a new one. It tells in style equally familiar of a shop girl's love for a millionaire and fellow neighbor of the Bronx. Of course, she ultimately chooses Jerry Conroy. But the tale is one that will never grow old—at least not in the hands of the Yankee Doodle man.

With keen foresight, Mr. Cohan has made his plot a real one. He has spun one of his cheery tales of mystery—compare, for instance, "Seven Keys to Baldpate" or "The Tavern"—and underneath the surface lies the well-known Cohan smile, this time gently directed upon the mystery play. Shafts of satire that are never barbed he turns upon the New York stage, so overrun with such plays. "Little Nelly Kelly" is musical comedy, but no pre-digested mental fodder. Stimulating it is to eye, to ear and mind.

In character with all plays from this particular pen, there are no stars. All the principals have their opportunities and seize them with ready wit. But we must say we liked Miss Hines for her really child-like simplicity and genuineness; we were pleased by the aristocratic air of Miss Caine—a true lady to the manner born, and yet actress of rare distinction; we enjoyed Arthur Deagon, a real Capt. Kelly, and finally our eye fell with delight on Charles King and Barrett Greenwood—Fifth avenue and the Bronx in carefully etched character.

The present production has inevitably some faults. It still needs the polish that comes with repeated performance; the first 10 minutes or so drag and lack the distilled clarity that was so beneficial to "The O'Brien Girl." But once play and personages find the stride, they never lose it.

"Little Nelly Kelly" is as pleasurable a musical comedy as we have witnessed in many a day. Elaborately

staged, beautifully and tastefully costumed, it embraces within itself an orgy of varied dancing, while stimulating novelty of treatment allows it to rise above mere entertainment.

OLD-TIME MINSTREL FOUR AT B.F. KEITH'S

Joseph Norcross, he of the basso profundo voice and the polished suavity that distinguished the "Mr. Interlocutor" of other days, turned back the clock of time nobody knows how many years, at Keith's last night in a revival of old-time minstrelsy.

In this era of jazz and acrobatic dancing the performance given by four veterans, every one of them past 60 and all famous when our grandfathers were boys, was a notable change and the sincere plaudits of the audience was not only a tribute to the "come back" of the performers but to a real appreciation of the act.

James B. Bradley's soft shoe dancing, Al Edward's feats upon the cornet and Eddie Horan's singing of such ancient ballads as "Silver Threads Among the Gold" were a treat to the theatre goer jaded with modern "novelties." George W. Cunningham, presented as the oldest acrobat before the public, is a marvel indeed. Nearing 70 his flip-flops and tumbling would be astonishing in a youngster of 15.

There were other good things on the bill. Lewis and Gordon's one-act play, "Thank You, Doctor," by Gilbert Emery, with Eleanor Hicks and Chester Clute in the leading parts, was a whirlwind. The scene is laid in an alienist's office and the theme is the attempt of a female crook, who has stolen a string of pearls from a jeweller's assistant, to convince the doctor that the assistant is her own brother who has an obsession that he has lost the gems.

"The Meistersingers" annual engagement was also greatly enjoyed. Such old favorites as "Dear Old Pal of Mine," "The Rosary" and "Funiculi-Funicula" went very well.

Others in the show were Carlisle and Lamal in "The Interview," in which the physical oddities of the male half of the sketch were stressed to the utmost; Ann Linn and Harry Miller, in a dancing act; Welsh and Norton, "The Two Eggs," a sort of double yolked "nut" turn; Margaret Padula, singer; Mel Klee, who made his hits by geyting the other performers of the evening, and "Nihla, the Titian Diana," a personable young woman who exhibited her charms against a series of vivid pictorial backgrounds thrown by the projector on the back drop.

A furnisher of gossip for the Gaulois of Paris recently saw to his astonishment a young woman smoking a pipe on the terrace of a cafe on the Boulevard. A writer for Les Annales answered that the sight was inevitable; that the daughters of Louis XV who smoked short pipes would applaud their audacious sister. Yet hardly 50 years ago men were not allowed pipes in cafes of the first rank in Paris. Towards the end of the Second Empire no less a person than Waldeck-Rousseau with companions, was ejected from the Cafe Riche for trying to introduce the pipe. He made a complaint and engaged in a law suit "which ended in a burst of laughter." "Sergines" of Les Annales asks: "You allow a woman to smoke; why forbid her this or that manner of smoking? Is the pipe ungraceful? Does it emit a horrid smell? What prevents one from charging it with mild and perfumed tobacco? Cannot new models, truly artistic, be created?" And so on, and so on. The writer thinks that in five years many Parisian women may be seen puffing pipes. "That will provide picturesque scenes for producers of revues and clever couplets for writers of songs. No one will think much about it, so true is it that custom ends by making us find the most surprising thing wholly natural."

Others than the daughters of Louis XV smoked pipes in France. George Sand not only liked strong cigars, she enjoyed a short clay and smoked, astride a chair, at rehearsals of her plays. Madame Judith, the actress, in her amusing and scandalous memoirs, describes Mme. Sand thus employed, and if we are not mistaken, she is thus pictured in the book. Highly respectable women in England, Ireland, the United States and in the East smoked pipes. Was it the "world war" that put the pipe in the fashionable Englishwoman's mouth; that brought into London shop windows dainty and jeweled pipes for Lady Gwendoline's use? It is whispered—we say this in the strictest confidence—that women of high degree light pipes in the "classic precincts" of Boston and in its "exclusive" urbs. H-s-s-h!

SKOKIEBURN

Scots, what hae wi' Wally bled,
Scots, wham Bruce hae aften led.
Turn over in yer kirkyard bed.
When this news ye ken.

Noo every one at us wull scoff,
Nae more to us their hats wull doff;
For ken ye noo who's king of gowff?
'Tis Eugene Sarazen.

Wha wull not weep wi' bitter shame
That all oor Scots were off their game.
Draggin' doon old Scotland's fame—
We'll nair smile again.

Scot, 'tis truth I tell to ye,
This gowff cheel comes from Italy!
Oh, let us lay us doon an' dee
Beside Loch Lomond.

Weel, Gene he is a gowffing man!
On him we canna put th' ban;
We wull adopt him in th' clan—
All hail Jock MacSarazen.

—R. H. L.

WHERE HAS THE EDITOR GONE?

(From the Daily Northwestern of Oshkosh, Wis.)

Miss Myra Chase and daughter, Hazel, have gone to Stone Lake for a visit.

DANIEL COME TO JUDGMENT

(The Journal of the American Medical Association)

The appellate court of Indiana holds that a man who developed "housemaid's knee" received a personal injury.

DRAW YOUR GUN

As the World Wags:

Ain't it the height of something tho' whenever I go into a swell cabaret the handsome he-vamp comes out, gazes straight at me, rolls his eyes, and blithely carols, "I'm the Sheik." GERTIE.

JO. BRADFORD

As the World Wags:

Mr. Griffith's supposition that Jo. Bradford was the editor of Leigh Hunt's "Wishing-Cap Papers" is an erroneous one. His initials were not "J. E. B.," his real full name being Joseph Bradford Hunter. He was appointed to the United States Naval Academy from Tennessee, but was allowed to resign from that institution for some breach of discipline. He was for a brief period, during the civil war, in the volunteer navy; he drifted from there, through his intimacy with some actors, onto the dramatic stage, for which he had no real aptitude. He played here at different periods, at Selwyn's Theatre, the Boston Museum and the Boston Theatre, but finally devoted his talents to play and newspaper writing. "Law in New York," brought out at the Howard Athenaeum by Stuart Robson, and "Our Bachelors" were from his facile pen, while his contributions to the Boston Courier over the signature "Jay Bee" were among his happiest efforts in the journalistic line. I do not think he ever edited anything except one of John Stetson's lurid pictorial sheets for a brief period, succeeding Ed Foster, a Virginian of some talent, familiarly called "Gas Light" Foster, when he associated convivially with Stephen C. Foster, the song composer in New York.

Poor Jo. Bradford! He was a poet and a good one, both in humorous and serious veins. Alas, through some misunderstanding about a biographical preface, his verses were never collected and published. He was a real Bohemian, without father, mother, brother or sister that I ever heard of. He died between 30 and 40 years ago in a lodging house on Allston street in Boston. Mrs. Bradford was a talented woman, who for some time contributed verses to the Boston Globe. She died in Roxbury some 15 years ago. J. W. RYAN. Dorchester.

ABLE COUNSEL FOR THE DEFENCE

(From the Marion, Ill., Daily Republican.)

The jury in the case of Bud Odum, charged with assault with intent to kill, was completed Tuesday morning. The prisoner is being defended by Attorneys Rufus Neely, Ed M. Spiller, and George White, while State's Attorney Delos Duty is handling the prosecution.

A TAILOR'S INVITATION

As the World Wags:

I don't understand "C. W. S.'s" topography relative to Black's studio, 163 Washington street, in the 60's. The narrow passage leading through to Providence Court and street "would seem to be the present entrance to the Boston Tavern."

The "neighbors to the south" would appear to be to the east; Weeks and Potter opposite, Call and Tuttle corner of Franklin street, and Macullar, Williams and Parker above Franklin street.

Those "to the north" I remember as on the same side of Washington street, in that vicinity, but cannot place exactly. Just where was "The Crack in the Wall" and "Marm Harrington's"?

It may be a new "wheeze" to some, and old to many; I recall the episode

of the "cut up" who stepped in to Call and Tuttle's and allowed that he wished to call and tuttle. The present Boston Tavern was formerly the Milliken House, and previously the Park House. Was there an earlier name for it?

Lowell. JAS. B. RUSSELL.

As the story was told by John Phoenix in "The Squibb Papers" years ago, a solemn-faced person went into the fashionable tailors above named and said that he had noticed their sign, and as he had called, he wished to "tuttle."—Ed.

Aug 4 1922

Dr. A. Laphorn Smith, a London physician, is the author of "How to Be Useful and Happy from Sixty to Ninety." He is a cheerful and cheering soul, for he maintains that many of the best years of a man are in front of him after he has reached his sixtieth, if he is wise in time. One of the great dangers of the 60-to-90 periods is over-eating. Mr. Herkimer Johnson—strange to say, he is not quoted by Dr. Smith—has always believed that over-eating was more injurious to the health than occasional over-drinking; that the daily putting down of rich food, sauces, sweets, large slices of red meats, is more destructive to kidneys, liver, stomach and brain than the moderate, but sufficient, indulgence in malt liquors, light wines, or even strong waters. But Dr. Smith has not many good words for alcohol. Never drink it, he says "except at meals, nor before 6 P. M., and always well diluted with water." He condemns tobacco; not that a man at 60 should change a life-long habit, but he should consume only an ounce a week. Above all, a man should not stop working.

"If you have not a business when you are 60, either get one or get a hobby. One of the best hobbies is to help those who are over 60, but who are less fortunate than yourself. Help them to get another job when they are turned out by the cruel 'too old at 60' rule." He knows men who, retiring strong and well, went to pieces within a year because they had nothing to do. "Rust and dry-rot got into the machinery and the wheels would not go round." The simple philosophy of "many of my over-a-hundred-years-old correspondents," is this: "They lived very simply, went to bed and got up early, went to church every Sunday and were at peace with God and man."

SPARTA THE BEST DWELLING PLACE

An English reviewer of Dr. Smith's book, noting the physician's remarks about over-eating, remembered plain words in one of Dr. McLaren's sermons in Manchester: "I am no ascetic, but any doctor in England will tell you that the average Englishman eats and drinks a great deal more than is good for him. It is melancholy to think how many professing Christians have the edge and keenness of their intellectual and spiritual life blunted by the luxurious and senseless table-abundance in which they habitually indulge. I am quite sure that water from the spring and barley-bread would be a great deal better for their souls and for their bodies, too, in the case of many people that call themselves Christians. Sparta, after all, is the best place for a man to live in, next to Jerusalem."

SONG OF THE ONE-ARM LUNCH

(For As the World Wags)

At the place, at the place, where I daily feed my face,
Where I get my noon-time rations on a tray,
It is there by punch that I win from all the bunch
And victoriously carry Mine away.

When I modestly say: "One cheese sandwich for today,
A cup o' coffee and a slab of apple pie";
The waiter, loudly as he can, yells:
"One American,
Draw one, and give me apple for this guy!"

The gink next chair, with a rapt, attentive air
Starts his soup with a spoon for his face.
When it's half-way there he draws it in by air—
The music of his eating fills the place.

When I've made my pile, then once in a long while
I'll vary my planked steak with one-arm pie;
I'll take my seat and my coffee full o' heat
And muse again on days that are gone by.

Instead of a la mode, and the silver tray's warin load, I'll yell in competition with the bunch:
"Mince pie, make it hot, one tea in a pot."
And thrill at the winning of the lunch.
Milton.
H. W. M.

CONCLUSIVE PROOF

(News item in the Chicago Tribune)
Judge Righelmer yesterday committed to the Hospital for Insane at Dunning George W. Sayer, wealthy bachelor, who, on June 10, offered a seat in a Cottage Grove avenue car to Miss Lillian Beardsley.

YES, SILENCE WAS OLD ENOUGH

(Boston Evening Transcript)
(9257.) PUTNAM, DUNCKLEE. Can A. R. H. or someone else give me the ancestry of Caleb Putnam of Danvers, Mass., who married Silence Duncklee (or Dunkley, Dunklin), Dec. 7, 1920, ceremony performed by Rev. Peter Clark? I found only a short time ago that she was eldest child of Nathaniel and Mary (French) (Sharp) Dunkley, born Feb. 20, 1893, in Watertown, Mass., or at least she is the only Silence found on record, old enough to be married on that date.
A. M. D. M.

WITH MANY MATCHES

As the World Wags:
Last evening I visited my learned friend, the professor, and I found him perusing the second volume of Tolstoy's "War and Peace." In his mouth he had firmly gripped a corn-cob pipe, from which he drew incessant short puffs of smoke that he emitted without inhaling. Despite his unremitting efforts, the pipe would go out. As if this were a habitual occurrence with him, he patiently re-lighted the cob and resumed his reading and smoking.
In reply to my questioning glance, he smiled with that far-away look in his eyes that is so familiar to his students in the lecture hall.
"I am not an accomplished smoker," he said. "In fact, perhaps real smokers might deny me the title of smoker altogether."

He carefully folded down the corner of the page from which he was reading. "Smoking is a luxury and a solace with me. I do it for my own satisfaction entirely and in my own way. To cut a figure as a skilled tobacco habitué is no ambition of mine. I never smoke in public. The only occasion on which I broke my rule, I attracted so much attention from the other men present that I determined never again to depart from my practice of enjoying the fumes of the goddess only in seclusion."

By this time, his cob again needed re-lighting. Holding the pipe in one hand and the match poised in the other, he proceeded: "Really I enjoy the process immensely, even though it sometimes produces nausea when my abdominal organs are out of order."

In answer to my question as to his favorite tobacco, he smiled with a reflective glint in his deep blue eyes: "My favorite is a mixture of Imperial Cube Cut and Birds Eye." And he struck a second match.

With this remark, he picked up his "War and Peace," thus signifying that the conversation was concluded.
Milton.

JAMES QUINCY

Even in praising the dead, one may deftly knock the living. A fine example of this gentle art is the tribute paid by The Nation and The Athenaeum of London to a journalist, almost unknown in this country:

"The death of Mr. Lathbury has passed with the small notice that a man of culture, perfectly trained for his work, and doing it with distinction, receives from this Northcliffeian age, which cannot understand such journalism, far less criticize it. He twice parted with his associations and his livelihood for the sake of his opinions, which, of course, is in these days an unheard-of thing. He wrote a clear, dignified, and beautiful style, with no more than the right degree of emphasis, and that also is a forgotten art. And he had a vision not of this material life only, but of things beyond, which, I imagine, is a thing no longer known, or, if known, respected. In fact, he could not have earned twenty pounds a year on any daily paper now published in London, save, maybe, the Morning Post, with which he totally disagreed."

MAYBE HE'S SMALL FOR HIS AGE

(From the Chicago Daily News)
Nurse Girl—Care for 36-yr. old boy; good refs. 939 Argyle, 2d.

"And their Houses Shall be Full of Doleful Creatures."—Isaiah xlii, 21.

The other day I wandered into deserted bar;
It is now the writing-room of a second-class hotel;
On the walls were several stag-heads and semi-nude pictures;
There was a larger picture of wild cattle in the mountains;
There were five leather-upholstered booths with a mahogany back ground;
And a long plate-glass sideboard that reflected nothing!
An electric fan droned on top of the bar;
A freckled woman leaned on a typewriter and stared at the wall;
A church directory, heavily framed, hung above her head;
And tepid water, discoloring the marble, spurted fitfully from a fountain;
A hot wind floated in from the street, and the artificial palms rattled emptily;
And the absence of something choked me, though I never drank.

ABORIGINE.

FACULTIES REMARKABLY PRESERVED

(From the Chicago Examiner)
LEXINGTON, Ky., July 10—"Uncle John Shell, reputed to be 134 years old, who died July 6, retained his mental faculties to the last. Among the mourners at his funeral were two sons, William Shell, 90 years old, and Albert Shell, 7.

THAT FIRST PAGE HEROINE.

As the World Wags:
"Marilyn Miller," declares her physician, "needs complete rest and quiet." Perhaps we can then enjoy the same.
Chestnut Hill.

JANE WINTERBOTTOM.

AGAINST EARLY RISING

As the World Wags:
Now that the daylight saving law is forcing everyone, willy nilly, to get up an hour earlier than his wont, Mr. Herkimer Johnson and other social philosophers must have noted that the reformers have once more "slipped over" on an unsuspecting world a change as drastic and far-reaching as the 19th amendment itself. For early rising is not a matter of a few minutes' more or less sleep; it is a question of morals, of the very foundations of our civilization! In less sophisticated days, in the youth of the world or the individual, it is perhaps natural to get up early. The ancients praised the rosy fingers of the Dawn-goddess; Herodotus spoke with awe of the statue of Memnon that sang when the first rays of the sun touched it across the grey sands of Egypt. Chaucer's Emily is remembered more for the fact that her rising was coincident with that of the sun than for anything else she may have done. In the middle ages generally, when wax was expensive and wood fires possible only in cool weather, people went to bed early and got up betimes. Malory's heroes and the characters of a thousand other romances known only to the learned Kittredge, started their adventures with the crack of dawn. Not so the civilized 18th century, however. To name only three representatives of that admirable period, Mrs. Delany, the most interesting woman of the century, arose at eight or more frequently at nine; Horace Walpole, the most exquisite product of all, regularly rose at nine; and the great Dr. Johnson was known to receive his friends at noon in bed! Some of the pleasure gardens were open at five or six in the morning; but most of these, like Belzize House, Bagnigge Wells, St. Chad's Well, and Marybone Spa, were the resort of hypochondriac visitors eager to drink the waters. Your typical gardens—Marybone, Vauxhall and Ranelagh—were open early in the evenings or served breakfast at noon. All this history, which I might elaborate through many columns, is calculated to prove only one thing; namely, that the more civilized a nation is, the later its citizens get up in the morning. Civilization is a night-blooming plant. It is, to change the metaphor, the blending of all the finer overtones of literature, art, conversation, social intercourse—activities that flourish at night and thus compel late lying abed. To get up early (or rather to want to get up early) indicates a certain coarseness of spirit, a puritanical attitude of mind: to force a whole state to do so by means of law, is to sow the seeds of socialism and to threaten the fabric of our higher culture.
Cambridge.

"Academe" surely knows Thomas Hood's verses on early rising; how he points out that the man in Gray's Elegy oft seen at the peep of dawn—well, he died young. We cannot forget that the Rev. Albert Barnes wrote his justly esteemed notes to the gospels before breakfast in a summer house, with slugs looking on and wondering, having left his bed at sunrise or soon after-

wards. We believe in daylight saving and in early rising, for we belong to the laboring class, shown in Sunday school pictures with a paper cap and a tin dinner pail.—Ed.

LITERARY NOTES

(The Nation and The Athenaeum)
From "The Clash" we turn to "The Old Eve":

"It was of sex he talked in that sunlit moment, playing at her feet; talked—but she could almost have said he sang."

If only he had brought his concertina with him! . . . We cannot always make head or tail of Mr. Creighton's (sentences). What does this mean, for instance?

"When he joined her below she stood to be kissed, and if he had been eager to be a husband she had the promise of every connubial reticence, conceding all the honors of their happiness."

"The Old Eve" is full of sentences like this. We cannot tell whether the heroine's resemblance to our common mother lies in her having tempted a young officer to spend a week with her in the country, or in her bathing in the sea without her bathing dress. In the latter case the book should, in fairness, have been called "The Old Adam and Eve," as the young officer had no bathing dress either.

Aug 6. 1922

When our ship comes in laden with wines of France, Italy, Hungary, the Rhine and Spain—the wine of Greece has resin in it; we'll have none of it, and we shout with Byron, "Dash down yon cup of Samian wine!"—when our ship comes in laden with these wines, pre-war malt liquors from Great Britain and Ireland and strong waters from Scotland, Ireland and Holland, and we are in reckless mood, we shall purchase Yule's edition of Marco Polo—the stately one—and an early edition of the Tatler, one containing all the advertisements. Shall it be the princeps, octavo, large letter, originally sold at one guinea a volume to subscribers, or an edition in 12 mo.?

There have been later Tatlers: the one conducted by Swift and "Little Harri-son"; Leigh Hunt's "Tatler" (1830-32); also the Daily Tatler published by Stone & Kimball, N. Y., Nov. 7-20, 1896. This last named little paper was amusing. A set is now on our table. Among the contributors were W. D. Howells, Richard Hovey (prose and verse), John D. Barry, Edwin Emerson, Jr., George P. Lathrop, Clinton Ross, Esther Singleton, F. Edge Kavanagh, Sadakichi Hartmann, Carolyn Wells, W. B. Harte, Henrietta Hovey and others. The criticism of contemporaneous authors was frank and often savage. Mr. Emerson was writing a Pepys Diary of doings in New York.

Here is a sample of the savagery of the Tatler in New York:

"That timid, shrinking violet, Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith, whose shy, retiring disposition so frequently stands in the way of his own advancement, thus modestly describes himself: 'I am three men—understand; three men—artist, author, and engineer. And if I were eight men I would not be able to answer all the demands upon my time.' And yet, in spite of all the popular clamor that follows him everywhere, Mr. Smith occasionally finds time for great deeds in behalf of humanity." The writer then describes how Mr. Smith with one hand disposed of the Armenian question in the New York Herald so effectively that Mr. Gladstone immediately hung a "Not-at-Home" placard on his front door, and denied himself to reporters, while the Sultan, portrayed by Mr. Smith as "a gentle, sweet-natured person," wept with joy and sent his benefactor several packages of genuine Turkish cigarettes.

OXFORD SLANG IN 1709

We speak of Steele's "Tatler" and its imitators because, opening a volume of it, we accidentally found the page about the "Reformation of Manners at Oxford"; that is, a refinement in daily speech.

A sneerer at passers-by as he stood at a coffee-house door was no longer a "slicer," he was "a man of fire."

A beauty was no longer a "lady," she was a "toast."

If a spark added a wig to his gown and band, the cry was "There goes a smart fellow," not "he boshes."

When a virgin blushed, it was said "she blues."

"He that drinks till he stares is no more 'tow-row,' but 'honest.'"

"A youngster in a 'scrape,' is a word out of date; and what bright man says 'I was foamed by the dean?' 'Bam-boozling' is exploded; 'a shat' is a 'tatter'; if the muscular motion of a man's face be violent, no mortal says.

'he raises a horse,' but 'he is a merry fellow.' But the amber-headed cane was still in fashion.

Yes, we should enjoy Steele—a more human, sympathetic essayist than Addison, though the latter, with the virilic Swift, the stately Mr. Congreve and some others, not forgetting Dryden, contributed to the Tatler—we should enjoy Steele even more if we could read him in an edition with the advertisements and an index. At present we must be content with the reprint of Chalmers's, the edition published in Boston uniform with the Spectator, the Rambler, the Guardian, the Adventurer, the Looker On, the Idler, the Connoisseur, and other volumes of essays. The Boston Post said when these volumes were announced that they would be supplied with an index. This statement was not fulfilled, so far as the Tatler is concerned.

Who would wish to read essays called the Guardian? The Manchester Guardian is an excellent newspaper, one of the world's great journals. Yet the title is deterrent. It suggests a chapel of dissenters and Clapham Common.

NOT IF SOME ONE LAUGHS
(Ad in the Ottumwa, Ia., Courier.)

T. J. MADDEN CO.
WHERE YOU FEEL AT HOME
"Known as the Underwear Store"

WHAT! IN THE OFFICE?

BARE & SWETT
Real Estate, Abstracts, Insurance,
Loans, Notaries Public
81 Spring St., Eureka Springs, Ark.

THE KING OF OUTDOOR SPORTS

(From the Dowagiac, Mich., Daily News)

SHOPPERS, NOTICE

The Town and Country Sportsmen's Club will hold their first weekly shoot at the aviation field Sunday at 9 A. M. Every one interested in crap shooting is invited.
LITTLE JOE.

In response to the request of many, the Pilgrim Progress, which made so deep an impression last year, will occur again at Plymouth this month, beginning tomorrow afternoon at 5 P. M. sharp and on other afternoons at the same hour for the week, including, of course, Saturday. The progress will be from Leyden street to the site of the old fort on Burial Hill. This Progress may become an annual ceremony for the weeks beginning with the first Monday in August.

The form of the Progress is based upon the description given by de Rasiere, a Dutch trader, in 1627. So far as possible descendants of those who survived the first winter at Plymouth will make up the procession. The number of those taking part (including children) will never exceed 52, a sufficient number to represent the survivors.

If the Progress is carried out in the spirit of sentiment and reverence observed last year, the function will certainly be unique. And only at Plymouth is such a ceremony possible.

THE PILGRIM PROGRESS

"It was like a vision or a dream.

"One waited on the steps of the New Unitarian Church half-way up the hill. Behind, lay the new old cemetery; below the Town of Plymouth with its latter day shops and trolleys and foolish decorations of strings of little flags. The sidewalks were covered with throngs of visitors and Plymouthians. Motors were parked everywhere. But Leyden Street still ran straight down to the water and, on the sandy shore, stood The Rock! The summer afternoon sun shone in a blue sky, flecked with clouds, and a soft breeze swept in from Plymouth Harbor. All at once there seemed to be a sense of waiting, in the air. The old Town Clock, in its modern Tower, rang out five strokes. A great silence fell and through the silence sounded the sharp rat-tat-tat of a drum. It was the old call to worship which the Pilgrims, men, women and children, had heard daily 300 years gone by.

"And then the Vision came!

"A solemn procession moving slowly up Leyden Street—the Reincarnation of those who had many, many times trod that steep and narrow road, three centuries ago. From houses along the street people in Pilgrim garb stepped forth—stern or gentle ghosts from by-

gone days. Children clinging to a mother's hand. Fathers with their loaded muskets lying in the hollow of their arms, ready for instant use, young men, each with his gun over his shoulder, sweet-faced maidens with downcast eyes. They took their places in the procession, representing the staunch little band of Pilgrims which, at the tap of the drum had, in their day, made their solemn Progress up Leyden Street to the Fort that then stood at the top of the hill and in which they held their religious services. It is a Burial Ground now, where those who have fallen asleep in later years, lie peacefully. In Coles Hill, nearer the shore, rest those who died during the first terrible winter, of hardship and courage.

"It was all so simple and so solemn, so full of the wonderful hope and deep faith that alone had made them able to endure. Many of the people in the quaint, old-time garb, were direct descendants of the persons they represented. They seemed to have taken into themselves the very souls of their ancestors and ancestresses. It was wonderful to note their steadfast eyes. The present world had vanished for them and for us. We were back in the strange and beautiful past. How well the white caps of the women, and the broad hats of the men suited the New England faces of today. Tall men, fair women, little children, seemed to have materialized out of the past to "do this in Remembrance" of those who suffered and died that a great new Nation might be born.

Gov. Bradford was there, and Elder Brewster, Miles Standish, Mary Chilton, little Peregrine White, in his young mother's arms, Rose Standish and many, many more besides.

At the top of the hill, where the fort had stood, the crowd of moderns waited almost abashed as the Pilgrims took their places in the space hallowed 300 years ago by praise and supplication. A hymn was sung, a prayer was said, a message was read from their "Pastor across the wide ocean" (it was very wide 300 years ago!), a blessing was pronounced. Then the Pilgrim band moved and slowly wound its way under the great trees, down through the street that once was only a wide, woodland path. The women's cloaks of scarlet or blue, brown or grey, made pleasant color amid the green; white caps and kerchiefs, broad collars and cuffs lent distinction to the dark, straight gowns. The men's leather jerkins, wide ruffs, long cloaks and buckled shoes became them well. The gun barrels flashed in the afternoon sunlight. They were far off now, like a fading dream. In another moment they were gone! The vision had vanished, it had melted into the past, from whence it came.

"A group of sailor lads, off of a submarine destroyer that lay in the harbor, had sauntered up to look and laugh and jeer. As the meaning of it all came to them, their keen, young faces grew grave. One of the boys stood with eyes that dreamed a little. Then he said, half under his breath, 'Gee! It was great! Somehow it makes a guy think!'" "Yes, it certainly did 'make a guy think!'" "And it is good for us Americans to think of the struggles and sufferings which those men and women endured, and which helped to make us a nation. We also must not give up the struggle nor must we try to avoid the suffering and strife which is before us, because of the great war just over. We must endure as those Pilgrims endured, we must stand for the strongest and best in order that we may continue to be a nation and a nation to be proud of."

THERE IS TALK in London of reviving Maugham's "Jack Straw," with Charles Hawtrey in the leading part, as in the production about 14 years ago. In Boston the part was played by John Drew. Maugham's "East of Suez" will be produced at Her Majesty's at the end of this month.

Arthur Wimperis is making an English version of "La Huitieme Femme de Barbe-Bleue." Will there be an outcry in London next month, as there was—a foolish one—in New York and elsewhere? A London Journalist writes: "Those who know the play will readily realize that the job undertaken by Mr. Wimperis is no easy one, although the moral of the story is of a perfectly innocent nature."

When "A Prince of Lovers," a film play based on the life and loves of Byron, was shown in London, John Murray, the publisher, lent for the occasion some first editions of Byron's poems and a manuscript version of a book of "Child Harold," and in the vestibule at the hall was placed "the actual bed on which Byron died in Greece, which was lent by the Greek legation."

The London Times found the program of dances by Ruby Ginner and Irene Maurer at the Savoy Theatre "too varied, for there was a curious comming-

ling of Egypt and fairyland, Hungary and the minuet, Chopin, Brahms, Cyril Scott and Tchaikovsky—let them by all means stand in the same program if it so pleases you, but the trivialities of Pierrot clash with the tinn symbolism of 'The Wings of Nut.' It is hard, too, when one has begun to enjoy the Peasant Dances, to be thrust suddenly into the alliance of Chopin and the Hobgoblins. The truth is that all this dancing is primarily executive, not creative. Again and again it attracts the eye without for an instant capturing the mind. Applause it calls forth is not the response of the audience to beauty, or passion, or rhythm, but a recognition of skill, of skill chiefly devoted to the production of prettiness. Miss Nancie Ginner, aged, we imagine, four or five years, is pretty in her minuet; the fairies and hobgoblins are pretty; but so, unfortunately, is the Dionysian Festival. The dancers, said the reviewer, were in fetters, forced always to remember the words 'pretty,' 'charming,' or 'quaint,' which are not the words with which dancing is to be given its highest praise."

"Les Troyens a Carthage" by Berlioz has been performed successfully at Vichy.

An Indian repertory theatre, to be supported by wealthy Indians, will be established in London. The play for the opening will be a historical one dealing with Alexander the Great.

"Authors do not often make good film producers, and film producers very rarely write tolerable stories."

No first grand Prix de Rome for music was awarded in Paris this year. Germaine Tailleferre's new violin and piano sonata was played by Messrs. Thibaud and Cortot in Paris in June. "a most delightful and original work, revealing a quite astonishing talent, if not genius."

Ethel Smyth has completed a new one-act opera, "Fete Galante." She has written the music and libretto and made her own scenario. The story is Maurice Baring's with the same name: the subtitle of the opera is "A Dance Dream." Nigel Playfair will produce the opera, which is intended to precede performances of her "Bo'sun's Mate."

CHALIAPIN WILL SING in Norway and Sweden before arriving in England this fall. After a long tour in England, he will come to the United States, where, the London Daily Telegraph says, "he intends in future to make his home."

The Royal Academy of Music, London, which has celebrated its centenary, was originally conducted as a boarding school, to which not more than 40 boys and 40 girls were admitted. "The pupils were housed and taught in the old house in Tenterton street, where the academy remained till its removal to the present fine buildings in Marylebone road. But the board and lodging system was discontinued in 1853, and since then only day students have been received. The academy owes its inception to a meeting on July 5, 1822, at that famous old London tavern, the Thatched House, where its constitution was drafted on the model of the British Institution. The first principal was Dr. Crotch, whose successors included Cipriani Potter, Charles Lucas, Sir William Sterndale Bennett and Sir George Macfarren."

THE SALZBURG DRAMATIC Festival will be held this year from Aug. 13 to 29. The first singers of the Vienna Opera and its orchestra, conducted by Richard Strauss and Franz Schalk, will appear in model performances of Mozart operas: "Don Juan" (Aug. 14, 18, 22, 26), "Così fan Tutte" (Aug. 15, 19, 23, 27), "The Marriage of Figaro" (Aug. 16, 20, 24, 28), and "Il Seraglio" (Aug. 17, 21, 25, 29). Two orchestral concerts will also be given on Aug. 15 and 20, with Richard Strauss and Franz Schalk as conductors, and Eugen d'Albert, Adolf Busch and Selma Kurz as soloists. During the international chamber-music section of the festival there will be seven concerts between Aug. 7 and 10. The programs, voted entirely to contemporary music, contain works by Arthur Bliss, Percy Grainger, Arnold Bax, Gustav Holst, Eugene Goossens and Lord Berners. Miss Dorothy Moulton will sing. Hugo von Hofmannsthal, the Austrian poet, will produce a new Passion Play called the "Salzburg Great World Spectacle." It will be performed 12 times in the very ancient Kollegien Church, and be stage-managed by Max Reinhardt. The first performance will be on Aug. 13 and the last on Aug. 24.

EDWARD GERMAN has composed a new tone picture for orchestra, "The Willow Song." The motif is the traditional "A poor soul sat sighing" in "Othello." A solo piano arrangement of the score has been published.

"The Martyrdom of Saint Sebastian," music by Claude Debussy, text by Gabriele d'Annunzio, was revived in Paris for a limited number of performances at the end of June, and was

given a luxurious mounting at the Opera. Mme. Ida Rubinstein made one of her rare appearances for the occasion and played the part of the martyred saint in the requisite mood of inspired exaltation. "Her performance was, above all, pleasing to the eye; the silhouette of the young archer-saint was admirably composed, and invested with just the right blend of spirituality and ethereal physical grace. The work, however, is intolerably long and the language unbearably fulsome and overcharged with images. Debussy's music follows the mood, but, in spite of fine moments, the work is not among the composer's masterpieces, and in any case the music suffers from the long drawn-out theatricality of the action which it accompanies."

Evelone Taglione, pianist, pupil of Mme. Leginska, in London: "We listened to Stravinsky's 'Cinq Pieces' with pleasure that they were so easy to understand, with wonder that any one should think them worth remembering, and with admiration for the consistency with which the composer, in accordance with his creed, avoids even the casual occurrence of beauty. A new 'Valse Bouffon,' by Ornstein, is a trifle conventional, but it is impossible to say anything very new in that rhythm without the use of melody. Miss Taglione is rather a violent player, who believes in extreme contrasts of strength and rhythm, and this belief made Beethoven seem less convincing than usual; however, there are almost as many theories about as players of the variations of that sonata."

Mack Sennett's film, "Down on the Farm" in London, seen by the Times: "The humor in this kind of comedy remains very 'physical.' In 'Down on the Farm' we are asked to laugh at the spectacle of a young woman suspended from a nail by her skirt, at the hero being struck on the head by a rock of enormous size, and by similar subtleties. American producers have a reputation for understanding the tastes of their public, and it is possible that there are still large numbers of people to whom this kind of humor appeals. All those who enjoy the misfortune of others should certainly go to see this film, for throughout the characters are pursued by a relentless fate that deals them continual shrewd and agonizing blows. It is really time, however, that American producers evolved some new form of film comedy. The present type is almost exactly similar to that in vogue 20 years ago, and even then much of it seemed rather crude."

The censor has only to suggest a few alterations in the text of a play for managers to rush hurriedly into print with an unreal grievance, hoping so to command the attention of the less judicious and of the folk who have a keen nose for a rank scent.—Manchester Guardian.

"THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER"

(From the Manchester Guardian)
An American lady called Augusta E. Stetson would seem to have spent a considerable amount of good money in announcing, in large "display" advertisements in many of the United States papers, that "The Star Spangled Banner" is "an utterly unworthy medium . . . for expressing patriotism and love for our glorious country." Its words "breathe hatred of our Anglo-Saxon brother, Britain," and its music is "borrowed from a foul, English drinking song." Certainly, the air is lifted from an old song called "To Anacreon in Heaven," written for the benefit of a jovial dining club in eighteenth century London, but Miss Stetson's protest does not seem to be taken too appreciatively on the other side of the Atlantic. And why should it? Delineation of this kind looks uncommonly strained, and the world is so full of a number of genuine annoyances that campaigning against the forgotten anecdotes of a national anthem is nearly as bad as setting a lance against a windmill. Not one of its singers in a thousand would have known that "The Star Spangled Banner" began its career by waving over a carousal. If only Miss Stetson had refrained from rushing into print with details of its horrid past.

If the sentiments of the later verses are inappropriate today, so are those of "Rule Britannia!" the "Marseillaise," and most other national anthems. As for "God Save the King" its air is undistinguished, its rhymes deplorable, and, thanks to the lapse of years, its exact political significance rather inconsequent. Its present repute is entirely a matter of its new associations, and every year these grow more and more respectable. The same thing applies to "The Star Spangled Banner," which might well have been allowed to float undisturbed in the purer air that it has now reached. For there is no guarantee that if we were all to se-

about finding new and absolutely critic-proof national anthems we should gain any measure of popular success. International socialism must have been as late in the field as anybody with its anthem. Yet Mr. Shaw has observed bitterly that the "Red Flag" would have been more appropriately entitled "The Funeral March of a Fried Egg." The best thing to do with a national anthem is to sing it as well as you can and

avoid worrying about its strict merits and antecedents.

"THE RISK," a play exposing practices of a fashionable doctor. The Baron Henri de Rothschild wrote a play "Le Caducee" and signed it "Andre Pascal." The caduceus is the emblem of Aesculapius, the god of doctors. The serpent winding about it typifies Prudence and Caution; the mirror into which it looks typifies Truth, but there is another caduceus, the emblem of Mercury, the god of commerce and the arts, a god often associated with trickery. Hence the significance, through a double meaning, of the title.

This play, adapted by Jose G. Levy, and entitled "The Risk," was brought out in London at the Strand Theatre. Arthur Bourchier played the doctor. We quote from the Daily Telegraph:

"A good deal of interest has been roused by statements that this play is one to which the medical profession is certain to object very strongly indeed. This will only be true if doctors are an exceptionally touchy body of men. Every fold has its black sheep; and there is no attempt to suggest that Armand Revard is an average specimen of the medical man. Indeed, he is a sheep of so exceptionally deep a black that he ceases to be a dreadful warning and becomes a mere melodramatic villain."

"You feel that he is only accidentally a doctor because it occurred to the author of his being that the death of a healthy woman under an unnecessary operation would make a telling situation for a play. Revard is so very thorough-going in his villainy. He runs his establishment on borrowed money; he owns a shady nursing-home; he allows crowds of chattering society women—to say nothing of reporters—to be present at his operations. All these things may or may not happen; if they do it is no doubt right that they should be made public. But M. Pascal's play does not leave us convinced that such things do happen. And so, being neither very good drama nor very good propaganda, it tends to fall between two stools."

"HOWEVER, the play does certainly possess one very important factor of success—an effective ending. This is the scene where Dr. Revard, beaten and faced with ruin, determines to kill himself, and in the manner of his death he tries to make what amends he may to the profession he has disgraced. His friend Charrier has invented a valuable toxin, whose properties lack the supreme test of trial on a human being. Revard's method of suicide is to inject some of this toxin into his arm, and so in his death agony to give Charrier the information he needs. This ending, as may be imagined, gives Mr. Arthur Bourchier as good a chance for a 'big scene' as he has had for long past. He makes of it a very impressive piece of acting, which brings the final curtain down in the

most effective way possible. All through his long part he is very much at his ease, and very much himself."

A Jew has lent the doctor money and fitted up his rooms. Hypochondriac ladies beg him to operate on them. The Jew decides to foreclose. The doctor makes love to a rich American patient Mrs. Watson, who like her friend a countess, is in love with him. Although Mrs. Watson is a perfectly healthy woman he persuades her to an operation and endeavors to extract money from her "to enlarge the sanatorium."

Mr. Courtney adds this play to the list of playwright's diatribes against physicians. "The great example is, of course Moliere, whose ruthless attacks on doctors are probably explained by some painful personal experience. And what about Bernard Shaw in 'The Doctor's Dilemma?' Here we have a satire carried out with a good deal of bitterness and an exposure of the procedure (and ignorance) of the fashionable physician which leaves nothing to be desired on the ground of thoroughness." But "The Risk" is not an undiscriminating attack. The ordinary doctor who abides by medical etiquette and the unwritten laws of his calling finds his withers unwrung. Throughout the author contrasts the good with the bad, the flashy charlatan with the painstaking scientist.

MR. WILLIAM SEYMOUR TELLS THE STORY OF THE MAN O' AIRLIE To the Editor of The Herald:

Noting the reference in a Sunday's Herald to the "Man o' Airlie" and Lawrence Barrett's performance of the part, I am impelled to offer a few items concerning the play, with which I was associated on its initial production in this

country and for many seasons following. It was produced at Booth's Theatre, New York city, on June 5, 1873, and ran until July 4. It was not a financial success, although adding much to the growth of Mr. Barrett's artistic success and popularity in his subsequent tours of the States. In the cast at Booth's Theatre were W. E. Sheridan, John Howson, David Anderson, Andrew Glassford, Augustus Pltoui, Teresa Selden and Ellen Livingston. As I understood then, the play had been written for Mr. Hermann Vezin by W. G. Willis, and had been suggested by a successful German play, "The Laurel Tree and the Beggar's Staff," of which the poet Heinrich Heine was the principal character.

Mr. Vezin, at the time a favorite English actor, was an American, having been born in Philadelphia, and making his London debut in 1852, under Charles Kean. "The Man o' Airlie" was produced at the Princess Theatre in 1867. In 1876 Mr. Vezin appeared as "Dan'l Druce," in W. S. Gilbert's adaptation of "Elias Marner" (or rather the novel suggested the play), and Mr. Barrett produced this play at Booth's Theatre, New York, in the winter of 1876—almost immediately following Mr. Vezin's—but with little success. This part, "Dan'l Druce," was the last in which Edward L. Davenport appeared on the stage. I think at the Howard Atheneum, Boston.

For Mr. Barrett's original production of the "Man o' Airlie," John Howson (who was in the cast), an excellent musician as well as actor, selected and arranged from an old Scotch air the ballad which was sung with so much effect by Mr. Barrett, and the words of which—written by Mr. Willis—I append: "THE MAN O' AIRLIE"

Oh! there above yon heather hill,
Where footfall comes but rarely,
There is a house they point at still,
Where dwelt the Man o' Airlie.
He wore a coat of hodden grey,
His hand was hard with labor,
But still he had a homely way
Of standing by his neighbor.

Oh! up and down, and round and round,
And thro' the whole world fairly,
Ye might have searched but never found
Another Man o' Airlie.

He was not loud, he was not proud,
He lacked in learning sadly,
But you might pick him from a crowd,
The honest Man o' Airlie.
His wealth it was not in the land,
It was not in the city;
A hint of honor was his hand
His heart a mine of pity.

He's dead and gone this Prince o' Fife,
Mute is his burly laughter,
But ah! the music of his life,
That bides with us long after.
His memory lives, the man may die,
That lingers bright and loon—
Just like a star lost from the sky
Whose ray survives its ruin.

Mr. Barrett presented the "Man o' Airlie" for the first time to a Boston audience at the Boston Theatre in 1874. Mrs. Thomas Barry, Miss Rachel Noah, Messrs. L. R. Shewell, J. H. Fitzpatrick, C. Leslie Allen, W. H. Norton and Gustavus Levick were in the cast. His performance was immediately and unanimously acclaimed by press and public and from that moment Mr. Barrett's artistic success in Boston was assured.

WILLIAM SEYMOUR.
South Duxbury.

MISS LEGINSKA IN LONDON
(The Times, July 7)

Miss Ethel Leginska gave a concert of her own compositions at the Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon. They consisted of movements for string quartet, a fantasy for quartet, wood-wind and pianoforte, songs and some pianoforte pieces. The music for the most part is in the present-day style of discordance, short phrases and broken rhythms. A little time ago, possibly, one might have felt interested, but nowadays such things are commonplace, just as are concords, square tunes and regular beats, and, like these, unless they are the outcome of some genuine impulse and are employed with evidence of genuine skill and understanding, are equally dull and unconvincing. We listened in vain for suggestions of something being said that really counted, some evocation of atmosphere, of poetic feeling, of humor or fancy, while technically Miss Leginska did no more than a quick ear and a certain aptitude for putting two and two together can accomplish if it is thought worth while. Most ingenuity was shown in the fantasy, in which the wood-wind instruments were used with an appreciation of the oddities of sound of which they are capable. The songs generally were not distinguished by a very happy vocal line, though there was often merit in the way the musical phrase was made to follow the construction of the literary. Miss Leginska played the pianoforte, Miss Carmen

Pascova, Miss Elene de Frev and Mr. M. Mirska sang, and the Philharmonic quartet played the string music, the wood-wind being performed by six experienced players.

RAVEL'S NEW SONATA

(London Daily Telegraph)

It seemed to impress everybody and yet for a great variety of reasons. Some liked the breadth of expression which it carried through its strict economy of means, others its masterly treatment of single thematic material, and others there were—those delightfully vague souls—who liked it because "there was something about it." Well, there were many "somethings" about it, and perhaps this last group of "the great unknown" was the nearer to the secret for its suspended judgment. Ravel's

touch is always delicately subtle, and herein he is at his subtlest, except, indeed, in the first movement, which in a way gives us a false start—at least at a first hearing. But from the second movement to the end he binds us fast and intrigues us with his daring. The fear which at first possessed us that he was taking us too near the edge, gives way to a complete confidence, for in these last three movements we hear with what ease he works and with what power he suggests. In a way all his works are "Unfinished Symphonies"; they take us by the hand to view from afar the "Promised Good," and then leave us to complete the pilgrimage alone; and so with this string duet, except that it gives us a greater faith both in the composer and in ourselves.

HENRY ARTHUR JONES SAW A PERFORMANCE OF SHELLEY'S "THE CENCI."

Henry Arthur Jones wrote to the London Times about a performance of Shelley's play "The Cenci."

"In the columns that have been written about the Shelley centenary, I have not noticed any allusion to the memorable performance of 'The Cenci,' organized by Dr. Furnivall, and given by the Shelley Society at the Grand Theatre, Islington, in 1886, I believe.

"The censor of plays, who has a kindly feeling for the inanities of musical comedy and the ribaucured reveries of revue, was naturally intolerant of the more subdued indecencies of Sophocles and Shelley. He therefore banned 'The Cenci.' Furnivall took the usual course, and organized a private performance in defiance of the censor. Being attended mostly by lovers of Shelley, it was enthusiastically received. At the end Robert Browning, who sat near me, loudly praised the play and the acting. Perhaps he had not noticed that Shelley was a rather better playwright than himself.

"The general performance was not above the average, but Herman Vezin as Count Cenci was magnificent throughout. Vezin was a cultivated, highly trained actor, an accomplished elocutionist, with a delivery that was clear and sharp, but rather hard and unsympathetic. He was a disappointed man, who had seen actors with not half his technical ability taking the front rank of popularity. He recognized that Cenci gave him a splendid chance. No boating or boxing athlete ever trained himself more rigorously than Vezin trained himself to play Cenci. He told me that he gave himself to the part for two months before the performance, bestowing the greatest pains on the curse.

"The curse contains 43 lines, to the 15 lines of the curse in 'Lear,' of which it is reminiscent, while its white heat of passion is sustained at almost as high a level. If I were asked to search my memory for the greatest effort that I have witnessed by an English actor of excited and inflamed elocution, with perfect balance and no trace of rant, I should reply, 'The delivery of the curse in "The Cenci" by Herman Vezin.' The vaulting, glib implety and superb contempt, the easy arrogance of Vezin's gesture as he flung out, 'He does His Will! I mine!' seemed to overtop Omnipotence, and could scarcely have been delivered with more triumphant assurance by Milton's Satan.

If Shakespeare is ever to take his lawful throne in the English theatre, we must start to regain it for him by training our young would-be Shakespearean actors in some such school as Herman Vezin was trained. In place of this, we hold meetings to talk about building him a Memorial Theatre."

NAMES OF CHARACTERS

Harold Brighouse on names of characters: "In early days the name was the character. Modesty, Avarice, and so on were persons of the morality plays, and this sort of characterization by nomenclature survived, with progressive abatement of crudity, so that in 'The Recruiting Officer' we have three justices called Balance, Scale and Scruple,

and in 'The Rivals' Mrs. Malaprop and the more subtle Lydia Languish. Something of conscious and conscientious search for the appropriate name becomes perceptible, and more, perhaps, in the novelists than in the playwrights. . . . An author whose license with names seems to exceed the allowable, even if in plays the poster-name is more nearly legitimate than in novels, is Sir Arthur Pinero. Let one play, 'The Benefit of the Doubt,' not a romantic play, illustrate. Justina Emptage, Theophila Fraser, Mrs. Cloys, Denzil Shafto, Peter Elphick, Mrs. Quinton Twelves. They are society people, and good names, thanks to deed-polls, are cheaper than good addresses, but such a collection of strange names is rather to caricature life than to attain that exaggeration of life which is art. . . . It is Mr. Monckton Hoffe who fairly outruns the constable. In 'Pomp and Circumstance' he confronts us with a cast which includes Angelo Pageant, his wife Doria, Seymour Revelsent, and Asphodel Forrest! This is what leads to the theatres being called theatrical; it is to announce in advance that the play is remote from life; to paraphrase Judge Brack, 'People don't have such names,' or, if they have, it is bad art to collect them. We are, as Queen Victoria said, 'not amused' when incredible nomenclature inhibits our will to believe in the credibility of the characters, and, apart from fantasy—where Lord Dunsany's inventions of sonorous Eastern names are unique—it is safe to stick to orthodox names, even if an author, as he goes on, must reshuffle old combinations. A sobering thought for the amateur of the unorthodox is that no baby is secure against being named after the admired figure in a popular author's work. Pity the rhapsodist's old age, embittered by appearances in the police courts of young persons whose distinctive names recall a 'best seller' of 20 years ago!"

SHAKESPEARE AND CHILDREN

(Manchester Guardian, July 7)

During the past three weeks at the Theatre Royal, Huddersfield, a Shakespeare Festival has held the stage. In the course of it the following plays have been given: "Twelfth Night," "The Winter's Tale," "The Merchant of Venice," "As You Like It," "The Tempest," "Julius Caesar," "A Midsummer Night's Dream," and "King Henry V." The remarkable feature of this festival has been the attendance of 11,000 school children. Eight special matinees were given at which the audience consisted entirely of scholars—"As You Like It" (2), "The Tempest" (2), "A Midsummer Night's Dream" (4). These matinees were attended by an average of 998 children. They were organized by the education authorities of the county borough of Huddersfield and the several districts in the West Riding contingent of the county borough. The children were transported to and from the theatre, and they followed the performances with the closest attention. A flat rate of 10d. a head admission money was paid. The teachers benefited for seats in various parts of the theatre. The gallery was closed. The fact that the whole available accommodation was taken up within 48 hours of the arrangements being complete shows how eager both children, parents, and teachers were to avail themselves of the opportunities of seeing Shakespeare's plays.

August 7, 1922

"He flew drunk rather than sober, and he flew always with genius. He was swarthy and dark-browed, a giant, with the ankles and wrists of a dancer. Women adored him for his insolent courtesy and for his eyes, which were the blue of rain-wet hyacinths."

This is not taken from a parody of a modern thriller, or blatantly trumpeted "best seller," it is a description of Major de Wend, "a famous pilot" in "The Clash," by Storm Jameson; but the English heroine who during the war was managing a country home for unmarried mothers—28 of them at a time—fell in love not with the hyacinth-eyed major, but with Captain Jess Cornish of Texas, who, as he was enormously rich, could afford to talk in this manner:

"I am grieved that I have seemed to hold your body above the dear soul of you. . . . Love nursed by stealth becomes hot and desperate, and if I have hurt you it is that must be blamed for it. . . . Do but remember that this love will be simpler when it is not furtive and half-ashamed. I will gentle my desire of you. . . ."

The eloquent Texan was probably fascinated by the heroine's mouth which had "the tragic petulance of the sculptured Greek."

All this takes us back to the good old

days of "Ouida," whose blue-eyed guardsman, Bertie among them, were in the habit of wiping the sparkling Moschie from their amber moustaches, and breaking daily the heart of some haughty and noble dame or an adoring peasant girl.

SHAKESPEARE AND JAZZ

"Lascivious metres, to whose venom sound the open ear of youth doth always listen."—From Richard II.

BUNK

I attended the International Convention of Bunkshooters!
And they all shot bunk,
For you give what you have.
The politician cried in the flag
(There ought to be a law against that);
The preacher jumped up and down,
shouting,
"I deny a monkey ancestry."
(The proof seemed conclusive, however.)
The editor warned against class legislation;
The reformer mourned the passing of virtue;
The lawyer talked the purest bunk of all,
And was the most innocent of wrong intent;
And the profiteer spoke feelingly
Of the refining influences of war.
When we left the hall we passed:
Flappers who colored under our stares;
A blind soldier led by a little child;
A dark-skinned woman washing windows;
A corner orator hissing like a cobra;
And a banker who did six months
Of a ten years' sentence.
Then we boarded trains for home
And sent in a bill for expenses.

ABORIGINE.

HONORS ARE EASY

(From the Manchester Guardian)

Earls, viscounts, barons, baronets, knights of orders of old renown, knights of mushroom orders that nobody remembers, dames and Victorian orders and O. B. E.'s—they swarm till it begins to be a distinction to be plain mister, like our greatest novelist, our most celebrated dramatist, and the present and the late prime minister.

BUT YOU CAN'T SHOCK 'EM IN THESE DAYS

(Sign in a Monroe, Wis., Bus)

PASSENGERS MUST NOT TALK TO DRIVER, REMEMBER THE LADIES.

Mr. Win Suits, postmaster at Medford, Wis., has mistaken his calling.

MR. CUSH AT TENNIS

As the World Wags:
When serving at tennis, Mr. J. Throckmorton Cush never holds more than one ball in his hand at a time. The second ball is tucked into the left-hand side pocket of his crash pants. So dexterous is Cush in extracting it therefrom after his first ball proves to be a fault, as it invariably does, that the game is in no way delayed.

Mr. Cush explains this habit by saying that if he attempts to grasp three or even two balls in his left hand, as more expert players do, he never knows which to throw up, and usually tosses both or all three—as the case happens to be—which, however much it may amuse the onlookers, greatly confuses him, his partner and his opponents. He plays nothing but mixed doubles.
Boston.
R. D. COE.

IN THE TIME OF TUFTS

As the World Wags:
I remember perfectly Quincy Tufts and his haberdashery on the west side of Washington street, not far from the former site of The Herald office; and I remember the Madras neckerchiefs of his stock in trade. The old gentleman who "brought me up in business" was a patron of Mr. Tufts, and used to wear white cravats with his dickey standing collars, the "paricides," as the German students used to call them. For there was a legend that their inventor, one of their number, on a home-coming, fell into the extended arms of his welcoming father, and with the point of his collar fatally pierced his father's jugular vein.

My employer was decidedly a gentleman of the old school. Occasionally, unlike Old Grimes, he wore ruffles on his shirt. Among the furnishings of his desk were goose quills and a sand box. He told me that in his youth he was a clerk in the Custom House where there was a fellow employe, a very old gentleman, who had on his desk a sealed glass bottle containing tea which he had discovered in his shoes after attending a celebrated tea party at Griffin's Wharf. This identical bottle of tea may be seen today among the relics in the Old State House, together with the cocked hat, the breeches and

all that which Dr. Holmes considered so queer. In fact I believe that my employer's fellow clerk was "The Last Leaf" and the father of Herman Melville. E. L.

Boston.
The Melville that suggested "The Last Leaf" to Dr. Holmes was Thomas, the grandfather of Herman Melville (1751-1832). He was at the Boston Tea party, and was naval officer of the port of Boston from 1789 to 1824. Herman's father was Allan. ED.

NEAT MR. TUFTS

As the World Wags:
I remember Quincy Tufts very well, and his little shop with a counter down one side, but my recollection of him is far from being as unfavorable as that of your correspondent, Mr. Burrage. On the contrary, I should say that the shop was scrupulously clean and neat, and I am surprised to hear that the Quakerish-looking little proprietor was over 90. Perhaps he was not when I knew him. He had the reputation of keeping better woolen socks and woolen mittens than anybody else in town. I had forgotten that he kept Madras scarfs for cravats. Your correspondent says that his was the only shop where they were for sale, and there is today but one shop in town where you can get them, which shows how little things change in Boston. W. S. E.

THE HIGH COST OF BATHING

(From the Boston American)

"All public statues in Boston are going to be washed.

"Mayor Curley says they need a bath.

"So does the Art Commission.

"Result—John Evans & Company will clean them all up spic and span for \$2200. There are 30 of them."

We have received a letter from Mr. Claude Fuller of Hanover inquiring into the sanitary condition of the Art Commission. "There are 30 in all to be cleaned, I see. How many statues and how many members of the Art Commission?"

A HEROINE OF THE FILMS

(From the Boston Post)

"Fiery, vivacious, temperamental, insouciant, distinctive are some of the adjectives used in describing Pola Negri by the American motion picture folk who have met her."

"Temperamental" (sic) and at the same time "insouciant." No wonder Mme. Negri is a heroine of the films. She reminds us of the celebrated Irish lady who, according to her tombstone, was "bland, passionate and deeply religious and painted in water-colors."

SIGNED "FENELLA"

Some days ago "L. F. B." wrote to The Herald, asking who wrote the lines beginning

"A Bible entry: 'Born a girl,'
A knitted shoe, a golden curl."

Miss Louella D. Everett writes:
"When this little poem appeared in The Herald (I think in your column) a long time ago, it was signed 'Fenella.' I hope this may serve to identify the author. The title was 'Her Patteran,' and there was an introductory note: 'Patteran is a word that gypsies use to describe the trail of leaves and grasses they scatter to show which way they have passed.'"

NAMES AND OCCUPATIONS

Messrs. Bye and Bye sell building supplies in Lisbon, O.

Albert Rainwater is the proprietor of a "soft drink parlor" in Danville, Ill.

Puis and Puis are dentists in Sheboygan, Wis.

Stubbs and Stubbs are tobacconists in Chicago.

At Clarksville, Ia., Miss Cook teaches domestic science, while Miss Jump is the athletic director.

ADD "OLD BOSTON"

As the World Wags:

When I was a lad, we "ganged" just as boys of today do. We of the old "fourth section"—all old Noddle Islanders will know what that means—used to go over to Chelsea. To Chelsea—never into that town. The Chelsea boys saw to that. The Chelsea "pigs," as they were always locally known, would set their cry from the hill and swarm down on to the bridge to give us battle. And battles royal they were. This was in 1865 when the militant spirit was rife among boys as well as men. I have heard much cheering on different occasions since those days but nothing more inspiring than the roaring torrent of

cheers that greeted the ascending balloon from the common when it displayed "The Union Forever" in great letters on its side as it went sailing toward Worcester. I recall going down Meridian street on the day that the news of Lincoln's death came. Men and women were crying that day on the public streets out of the anguish of their souls, as if they had lost one nearest and dearest to themselves. I have the flag and some of the black cloth with white paper stars that draped that flag the day Lincoln was buried. We had Harper's Weekly during that war time and in 1866 I cut the inclosed from a copy, probably because of the last line of it. Your article, "Saratoga Springs in 1866" made me look up my scrap book and get it out. I wish I had also kept the words of a song popular at that time, the chorus of which was: "So let the wide world wag as it will, we'll be gay and happy still!" OLD ANON.

The verses are as follows:

Saratoga society!
What endless variety!
What plinks of propriety!
What gems of sobriety!
What garrulous old folks!
What shy folks and bold folks,
And warm folks and cold folks!
Such curious dressing!
And tender caressing—
Of course that is guessing—
Such sharp Yankee-Doodles,
And dandified noodles,
And other pet poodles!
Such very loud patterns,
(Worn often by slatterns!)
With hoops—big as Saturn's!
Such straight necks and bow necks,
Such dark necks and snow necks,
And high necks and low necks!
With this sort and that sort,
The lean and the fat sort,
The bright and the flat sort—
Saratoga is crammed full,
And rammed full, and jammed full,
I never say d—d full!"

ALSO REMINISCENT

As the World Wags:

Your column has been a pleasure to me for a long time, and when there are allusions to old Boston, places and people, it is a real treat. I have looked for some mention of the Tremont Theatre, on Tremont street, between Bromfield and Summer streets, I think, conducted by Jane English (Mrs. Barrows); where strutting their brief hour were Shirley France, William (or Charles?) Wheatleigh, Rachel Noah, Tom Placide, Lilly, Whiting, and others I have forgotten; where they played "The Duke's Motto," "The Ticket of Leave Man," "The Fair One with the Golden Locks," etc.

Recently there has been mention of Quincy Tufts. His shop, in his line, was a museum. I went there about 1857 with my father. He bought a set of silver pine tree buttons. Mr. Tufts at that time was neither bent nor feeble and might have served Leech or Crutchshank as a model for a spry old gentleman, with his high-collared, tight-sleeved coat and neatly tied bandana. Then there was the Mercantile Library Association, entered from Summer street, up one flight and through a long corridor, which was a bridge to a building in the rear. The old librarian and his assistant were in perfect keeping with the rare volumes, pictures and quaint room. This fine collection of valuables was lost in the fire of 1872. POWER S. MOONEY.

Augusta, Me.

THE INSPIRED CAPTION WRITER

As the World Wags:

The Chicago Tribune had a photograph on the back page of Billy Burke standing alongside a Rocky Mountain burro on which her little daughter was seated. The inspired caption writer, his mind filled with the troubles of Flo, Marilyn and Billy, labeled the picture "Billy Burke Stands by Flo." My goodness, Flo, how you have changed!

R. H. L.

ADD "ACTIVITIES OF WOMEN"

As the World Wags:

"Mary Ann Mobbs of Melbourne, Australia, at the age of 93 years, has 269 living descendants."
You might head this—"Mary Ann was a bearcat at remaining active." DOUG.

"Love and Kisses"

WILBUR THEATRE—"Love and Kisses," musical comedy in three acts, with book by Daniel Kusell, lyrics by Neville Flesson and music by Albert von Tilzer.

Conductor George Henry
Silas O'Day Walter F. Jones
Jack Hayden Russell Mack
Libby O'Day Louise Allen
Mary Thompson Helen Ford
Harrison Bartlett Alan Edwards
Mildred Ripley Eleanor Dawn
John Cousins Edith Buzzell
Mazie Lelewer Bertie Beaumont
Sonya Malson Amelia Summerville
Sophia Trask Valdene Smith
Pauline Dorothy Faye Smith
Paulette

Walter Helen Coyne
Mimi Henri French
Armand John Mosser
Butler

One more musical comedy came to Boston last night when "Love and Kisses" reopened the Wilbur Theatre. This play, a typical song and dance show, should have its fair share of prosperity, because there is hardly one of the old time gags about Child's, the high price of dining, and other nimble subjects of repartee along Broadway which it does not refurbish at one time or another.

But one word can describe this play—conventional. The boy and girl from Crossville Corners, the Greenwich Village den and all the usual things are there. And yet there are good things in this musical comedy. We are very glad we saw Miss Helen Ford and the really delightful Eddie Buzzell. Furthermore, the last act enjoys superiority to the others because of a genuine little dramatic scene that found its way in between two very good musical numbers.

"Love and Kisses" tells the tale of little Mary Thompson, who goes to New York and makes a success at selling Bluebird cookies, while her friend and lover, John Cousins, makes a fool of himself painting the town red. It goes without saying that he meets her in a Greenwich village parlor and realizes his folly. An unexpected finale is the testing of his reformed love in the third act.

The first act is laid in Crossville Corners, New Hampshire, and is replete with every time-worn jest that sophisticated Times square minds can contrive about the simple rustic rube. Act two, however, demonstrates that these rare bits of rube comedy have their value. The naive country people are dragged through New York joints and allow themselves to be willing butts to jaded city folk. It is only when we come to act three that humor replaces the bag of vaudeville and clever topical songs overcome the conventional maneuvers of chorus and principals.

The chief reasons d'être of "Love and Kisses" are Helen Ford and Eddie Buzzell. Miss Ford can sing and dance in a manner that is foreign to the average musical comedy. But her greatest asset is simple charm, never masked by jaded smile or lackadaisical manner. Mr. Buzzell is a comedian of great personal ability, whose genial smile will carry him far. Last night he never got beneath the surface of what we suspect are his varied capabilities. Indeed he rose above the obviousness of his lines and made much of a part that would never attract attention to itself.

The remainder of the principals played their parts with gusto, but found their opportunities unimportant. Walter F. Jones characterized his Silas O'Day well; Miss Amelia Summerville brought memories of more distinguished material to the personage of Sophia Trask, and finally, Louise Allen, Eleanor Dawn, Russell Mack and Alan Edwards handled their lines in capable manner.

"Love and Kisses" should please the patrons of such fare. Albert von Tilzer has supplied his customarily tuneful music, the producers have decked the piece with beautiful and elaborate sets and the chorus is good looking. What more do we need?

Ted Lewis's Band Wins Enthusiastic Applause

King Jazz is not dethroned, nor is he in any danger of being toppled from his dizzy seat when Ted Lewis can bring every able-bodied pair of palms into use as he did last night at Keith's as a reward for his heat defying work in the field of syncopation. He labored hard to please, carrying along his idea of comedy, music and tricks with a background of seven musicians. They made most of the noise, but he was the whole number in himself.

William Demarest and Estelle Collette, each with a stringed instrument, had a frolic with the audience as a joyous partner. They showed how two could make a noise from the same violin, and kept going a mixture of fun, harmony and new jokes.

Roly poly Arthur West told the audience the proper place to laugh at his jokes—and they did. His monologue was fast enough for anybody. The audience liked him, too.

In Snow, Columbus and Hector, dancing was at its best. A flashing little to-dancer, first with one partner and then the other, gave a fine exhibition. The two partners together displayed a suppleness and grace unusual in male dancers.

Miss Juliette Dika, French song actress, sang "A Soldier's Dream" in French, and made a deep impression with her handsome gowns and Gallic beauty. The audience paid its usual homage to a stage favorite from La Belle Paree.

There was no singing or dancing on the airship home of Howard Anderson and Rean Graves. Their sketch was "Living on Air." It was amusing and novel, made possible by an idea and a good scenic designer.

Ryan, Weber & Ryan breezed across the stage with a whirl of musical comedy dancing and singing which won applause. Garcinetti Brothers, with their hats, a dog and a big rubber ball, put the audience in good humor at the opening of the show.

Aug 9 1922

"It is admitted that Waterford, Cork, Kerry and Mayo are 'in subjection to the irregulars.'"

Reading this sentence, we were reminded of an Adams Chandelier of Waterford glass 130 years old valued at 1000 guineas and exhibited recently in London; also of a beautiful set of Waterford dessert plates brought from London by a Bostonian for use and not for sale. The early Waterford glass had a steel-gray shade. This shade, the origin of which has never been traced—so Mr. Herkimer Johnson informs us with his know-it-all air, but we suspect him of cramming hastily for the occasion—changed character about 100 years ago. The later 19th century glass was pure white and deeper cut. In the older glass the "soft shallowness" was sometimes hardly deeper than an engraving.

Dean Swift wrote from London in 1703 to the dean of St. Patrick's, Dublin: "Your new Waterford bishop franks his letters, which no bishop does that writes to me; I suppose it is some peculiar privilege of that see."

John Wesley preached at Waterford many times. In July, 1762, he mentioned in his journal the execution of four Whiteboys, condemned for breaking open houses. "They were all, notwithstanding the absolution of their priest, ready to die for fear of death; two or three of them laid fast hold on the ladder, and could not be persuaded to let it go. One, in particular, gave such violent shrieks, as might be heard a mile off."

But to our knowledge neither Swift nor Wesley had anything to say about Waterford glass.

MR. TUFTS OF WEYMOUTH

As the World Wags:

While I am not an "old man young in the fifties" and can not remember Quincy Tufts's haberdashery, I have the pleasure of owning and living in his old home in Weymouth. I have somewhere seen a store book of his, I think in some of the neighbors' collections of "antiques." If Mr. Durgin is much interested, perhaps the Weymouth Gazette or the president of the Weymouth Historical Society might help him in the matter of records. I have a few minor relics of the old gentleman. This town is full of such, as he lived here with his two maiden sisters, Mercy and Susan, for many years.

KATE PIERCE THAYER

Weymouth.

PARTIES USING SAME WILL KINDLY CARRY MARRIAGE CERTIFICATES IN PLAIN VIEW.

(News item in the Chicago Tribune)

BRIDAL PATH COMPLETED

West park commissioners announce completion of the Columbus Park bridal path, which is now open to the public.

AND WOULD BE VERY THANKFUL FOR JUST A GLASS OF WATER AND A KIND WORD

As the World Wags:

I am so interested in this clipping from the New York Times:

GENTLEMAN wishes room, eventually breakfast, in Long Beach or West End for season. J 862, Times.

Isn't it rather sweet. He sounds so meek and chastened. I do so long to hear his story. Poor dear, what could have happened? I. S.

AS THE FLAMES SURROUND YOU, SEND OUT AND BUY AN AX.

As the World Wags:

The window leading to the fire escape is in a small room partitioned off from the rest of the office with beaver board. The door to the room is marked:

FIRE ESCAPE
Fragile
IN CASE OF FIRE
BREAK DOWN THIS DOOR

Our stenographer suggests that if we were in a real hurry it might be easier to open the door. SKEEZEX.

THE GOOD SHIP TUSCARORA.

(For As the World Wags)
Oh, the good ship Tuscarora is the queen of all the seas.
You can never find her equal, though you search where'er you please.
Her decks they number thirty-six, the lowest one is cold,
For you see, she has no bottom and there's water in the hold.

There's water in the hold, lads, and it swashes all about, And when it isn't running in you'll find it's running out. But still it's very handy, for the Captain baits a hook, And catches Cod that's made into a chowder by the Cook.

On board the Tuscarora, lads, the bo's'n strikes the bell And when the day's work's finished, then they dance and sing lykell. The carpenter's a corker at heaving of the log, And the crew is most attentive when they pipe all hands to grog.

Now the good ship Tuscarora has a fashion of her own, Like that phantom of the Ocean, "Flying Dutchman" as it's known, She sails right over obstacles, she's never in a fix, For, you know, she has no bottom and her decks are thirty-six.

Oh, the skipper's in the scuppers and the parson's on the poop, And the mate is up the mainmast and the cook is in the soup, And the crew are all carousing on old rum from Santa Cruz, Which same is quite appropriate, me-thinks, for Sailors' booze.

You may crow about your clippers, like the "Glory of the Seas" That can sail a mile a minute in most any kind of breeze, Or the grand old "Constitution" whose exploits were nowadays small, But the good ship "Tuscarora" is the daddy of them all.

NOAH SARK.

"J. E. B."

As the World Wags: I am surprised that no other correspondent has appeared, to identify the initials "J. E. B."

J. E. Babson was very well known as a literary man around Boston in the late 60s or early 70s. He made a collection of Charles Lamb's magazine articles not before brought together. These were published under the title of "Ellana." My impression is that he was employed on the Transcript. Perhaps some other reader can give you biographical details of this interesting personality.

Fifteen years or so ago his large library came into my possession. It was housed in a cottage perched upon the top of a rocky hill in Melrose—not a bibliophile's library, but over 1000 volumes, every one exhibiting the fine literary taste of the owner. He had a habit, obsolete in these days, of inserting in his books newspaper and magazine clippings, concerning the authors and their work.

Let us hear something more about J. E. Babson. He is unknown to the bibliographical dictionaries. By the way, when shall we have our own great National Dictionary of Biography? Who will redeem from oblivion these fine spirits of our past generations? Their shades reproach us.

G.

Aug 10 1922

A man in Switzerland failed to return a borrowed book. He was sentenced by a magistrate to imprisonment for two days, and a fine of 40 francs in addition to the value of the book. O upright judge! They say the Swiss do not like Americans any more, even when they cross the frontier with gold and a free hand; but this judicial decision tempts one to live on a Swiss lake or near an applauded glacier as long as one's eyes permit reading.

What one of us has not in a spirit of foolish kindness said to Jones as he was looking at books on a table or a shelf: "Have you read Fortescue's latest? What? No? Take it along with you, but be sure to bring it back." Gone forever. At the end of a month, if you remember to whom you have lent the book, you speak rather timidly to Jones about it. He expresses surprise, ignorance or indignation. "I never heard of the book. You must have lent it to somebody else."

Ah, the list of departed books! The necrology brings tears. "Jude the Obscure" (first American edition); "Evelyn Innes" (ditto); three of four volumes by Cunningham Graham; a book on college slang published at Cambridge in the last half of the last century—but why go on? Why start the tears afresh. There is no use in singing ever so sweetly: "Return, O wanderer, return."

OUR ODORLESS CELLARS

As the World Wags: A certain well known "deodorizer" advertises that a woman writes in commendation: "Our cellar smell has gone for good."

So has our cellar smell; the government did it for us, free of charge. Kittery Point, Me.

H. G. H.

SINGING DOWN THE DEMON

As the World Wags: Your reference to temperance songs recalls to mind that stirring ditty:

"We're coming, we're coming, Our brave little band, On the right side of temp'rance We now take our stand. We don't chew tobacco, For we all do think That them as does chew it Is most apt to drink."

Refrain: "Down with King Alcohol!" But I like that one of Billy Sunday's better:

"THE TEMPERANCE ENGINE"

"See the big brewer's horses a-comin' down the road, A-draggin' behind 'em Lucifer's load! Oh, no, boys! Oh, no! The roadway's free wherever I go. I see a temp'rance engine, don't you see, And the brewer's big horses can't run over me!"

This is most effective when supported by a snorting slide trombone and all the traps. The traps player uses his sand-paper-covered blocks to simulate the approach of the engine while beating a muffled bass drum to give the effect of a pair of powerful horses groaning under a heavy load of "kags." Allston. WILLIAM L. ROBINSON.

AND A BIT OF A GOURMET

(From the Evening Transcript) Chauffeur and elevator operator desires position; also good pastry. Address EUGENE, 2 Yarmouth st.

THE "ONE'S" HAVE IT

As the World Wags: Was this sentence in an essay on etiquette published in Vogue (July 15) written in earnest?

"One's circle of intimates is already so large and one's time so occupied, that one does not go out of one's way to know one's next door neighbor." BARTLETT STODDARD VAUGHAN. Prides Crossing.

HOW ABOUT THE HORSE?

(From the Boston Globe.) "The auto struck the horse head on and was injured so badly that it had to be killed."

IN CONNECTION WITH THE HOME FOR AGED AND INFIRM COCK.

ROACHES

(Society News from Lake Forest, in the Chicago Tribune.) A nonsectarian home for working moths with children to support, this institution has for some years been sponsored by prominent Chicago women.

CLUBS; ALSO "BLUE AND GOLD"

As the World Wags: May I add a verse to "Clubs in Boston" as described in your column by "C. B. W."?

There is a club in Boston, Of all clubs 'tis unique, Where gather folks with deafened ears To sit at ease amongst their peers And see each other speak.

If any one asks what this club is, say, "The Speech Readers Guild of Boston," in Commonwealth avenue.

What is a "complete edition" of the "Blue and Gold" volumes? I have 20 or more volumes of much earlier, date than your Owen Meredith (1875). Some of them bear the autograph of an uncle who was drowned in 1859. Mine came to me by inheritance along with a lot of other things Victorian and pre-Victorian; among them cunning little volumes in fancy leather binding—"Dr. Syntax," "Scottish Chiefs," "Josephus" is below, as you say, also Scott's "Napoleon," Davenport's "Gazetteer" and Crabbe, Hemans and Pollock, all there in ponderous leather. C. P. N. Kennebunkport, Me.

WHAT A RELIEF 'TWOULD BE

As the World Wags: Why wouldn't it be a rather novel idea for a photographer to take a picture showing Suzanne with one foot in the air? It is getting to be rather a bore to see pictures of the fair Lenglen with both puppies planted solidly on terra firma.

GILBERT, LORD COLLINGWOOD.

Aug 11 1922

The Tailor and Cutter by hook or crook succeeded in seating its representative at a Downing Street luncheon given to M. Poincare. Or did the representative stand behind a screen; or was he disguised as a waiter? At any rate, he was disappointed, not to say astonished at Mr. Lloyd George's coat. "The sleeves remind us of the ripples in the mountain streams of his perorations. There is a strain on the buttons as if the left and right sides were not

in entire agreement—as if they were pulling in different directions." Is not this coat symbolical of the great opportunist? Mr. Fisher at this luncheon was badly dressed; Sir Robert Horne might pass; Mr. Churchill was sartorially respectable."

The Tailor and Cutter is the paper that reviews the Royal Academy portraits from the tailor's standpoint of what men's clothes should be. This reminds us that at the last exhibition visitors wondered why so many of the women in pictures, apart from portraits, were painted with bobbed hair. The sitters to fashionable portrait painters follow Paul's saying: "If a woman have long hair it is glory to her." As for the other pictures: "It may reasonably be assumed that the artist in many cases has taken a bobbed-haired damsel for his subject because the style offers him an escape from convention and for originality in treatment."

MR. BECKEN KNOWS HOW TO RUN A HOTEL

(Letterhead of the Maunesh House, Waterloo, Wis.)

The Maunesh House C. F. BECKEN, Proprietor

Waterloo, Wisconsin

Particular Attention Paid to Guests Without Baggage

HE SLEEPS, MR. CUSH, HE SLEEPS

(From "F. V. V.'s" Column in the N. Y. Tribune)

Mr. J. Throckmorton Cush, who says it is much more healthful to sleep on the right side and always does so himself, wears old rose silk pajamas bearing his monogram.

These are kept on a clothes hanger during the day. Once a new maid put them under the pillow. Mr. Cush was quite vexed, and the maid deserved the talking to he gave her. O. S. A.

GIVE ME THE OLD

(For As the World Wags) Ay, plan your City Beautiful, But plan it for some distant clime. I'd keep Old Boston as it is For all time.

The crooked way, the cul-de-sac, The twisted street that curves and twines

Possess a charm that's never found In your designs. Standing today in old Court Square, Conjuring visions from the past, I saw a form, I saw a face, Approaching fast, I sought the alleys, lanes and paths, I dodged thro' terrace, place and court.

My foe was but a novice in This branch of sport. Give me old Boston as it is. Her glory lies in days of old— The days before men hearkened to The clink of gold. Give me old Boston as it is (Your city planning I abhor); It's such a nice, convenient place To dodge a creditor. —W. L. L. Melrose.

ON THE BEACH

Those who object to the costumes worn by many women and girls on the beach, and at times in the ocean, would probably rejoice to see the rules once observed at Blackpool (Eng.) adopted for use along our coasts. At a fixed hour daily in the bath; season a bell was rung. Women wishing to bathe went from the town to the shore clad in decorous and enveloping sea-gowns. The men stayed within doors. If there was a Peeping Tom he was fined a bottle of wine. When the women had returned to their dwelling houses, the bell was rung again for the men to walk in procession to the beach.

The report comes from Paris that some of the fashionable women take henna baths that they may have a sun-burnt coloring before they arrive at the seaside. Arms and body as well as face are dyed. The color will presumably wash if the "bathers" are tempted to go into the water.

FOR A YOUNG MAN ABOUT TO MIX WITH OUR BEST PEOPLE

As the World Wags: Let's organize a "Snappy Comeback" department, whose witticisms could be memorized and sprung at the right moment.

Here's a few suggestions for a start: When any one trips, slips or does some other thing which might be embarrassing, flash a bright smile and say vivaciously, "Yes, and do you know any more tricks?"

When introduced to any one say, "I'm not good looking, but I'm nice."

If somebody speaks of another person's glasses in some such witty way as "Didja notice his cheaters?" just say, "Yeh, he cheats on sight." LILLA.

MR. LUCAS ON DOGS

As the World Wags:

Intending to stray farther than usual from the city this morning, I put a volume of E. V. Lucas's essays in my pocket. First I read The Herald, and ended up as usual with a careful consideration of As the World Wags—it always sets me thinking. I was interested in what was said about dogs, curious as to how much literature there was on the subject, and I recalled some of Jerome K. Jerome's sympathetic chapters. Then I settled back to read the volume in my pocket.

Now I'm partial to Mr. Lucas; he says more things I wish I had said myself than any other person I know. In fact, he says things occasionally I have come so very near saying that I wonder why I didn't. I haven't a doubt it was owing to this congenial bond between us that made me open to "The Lord of Life." He introduces the essay with a quotation: "What right has that man to have a spaniel?" said a witty lady, pointing to a bully. "Spaniels should be a reward." Mr. Lucas then starts by saying, "In his prescription for the perfect home Southey included a little girl rising six years and a kitten rising six weeks." This leads him to ask further on, "What about a puppy rising six months?" But to attempt quotations is to write the whole essay. One is inclined to believe that Mr. Lucas thinks the book about dogs is yet to be written and he knows where to lay the blame; he says parenthetically, "It is one of the leading counts in the indictment of science that it knows nothing about dogs and does not try to learn." He has made some investigations himself, such as kneeling or lying full length on the ground and looking up to get the dog's viewpoint. It wasn't satisfactory. All he did was to get a twist in his neck and see what the normal man sees looking down when walking up Boylston street—nothing much but legs.

GEORGE STEWART.

Hull's Crossing.

Aug 19 1922

Mr. Herkimer Johnson sends us an advertisement published in the Evening Transcript. "Wanted—A place to board two healthy boys—one age six and the other nine, until Labor day. Their mother needs a rest," etc.

Mr. Johnson writes: "Their mother needs a rest." No wonder, for these boys are said to be healthy. Yet in my boyhood there was no vacation for a mother. In my part of New England there was visiting of relatives in summer. Mother and children went together for a month, or at least a fortnight. There was no rest for mother in the train; she was consumed with anxiety. Boys tramping up and down the aisle, putting heads out of windows, standing on the platform to see the brake work, clamoring for pop-corn, sponge and jelly cake, asking water from the train-boy, who afterwards was undoubtedly the president of the road; then the stage ride, with the preliminary scuffle and row over the question, who'll sit with the driver? The perils of the farm—the well, the scythe, the bull, the rusty nail waiting for the bare heel, the swimming pool, the neighbor's rough, swearing, bullying youngster, the fall from the haymow, the cutter expectant of fingers—what wonder if mother was constantly sitting on the anxious seat? Why should she not have burst into tears when her older sister said: "Amelia, your children are little devils; you didn't take them in hand early enough." In hand, of course, meaning on the knee."

ADD WOMEN'S ACTIVITIES

(From the New Bedford Evening Standard)

These four are among the 10 members of the De Baetseller family who made up the family group that went so far towards making the visit of Father Charles so enjoyable. Five others of the family are in civilian life, while the tenth is the mother of 70.

FASHION NOTE

As the World Wags: The strike against the adoption of the long skirt style is growing more popular every day. As a new slogan for the flappers I suggest, "Short skirts or none at all." ISKD.

MAROONED? SHE WAS AT HOME.

Prof. Edith M. Patch wrote "Marooned in a Potato Field," published in the Scientific Monthly.

LITERARY NOTE

"Claskya's" latest poem of passion is entitled "She's Only a Moonshiner's daughter, but Oh, I Love Her Still."

FOR "MOTHER'S DEPARTMENT"

As the World Wags:

I told my so-called boss I was tired, and the old dear said: "Take a mouth's vacation." And wasn't laughing.
So I went home and danced in the parlor, the parlor, the parlor. Then mother said to dear father: "Now 'Oh!' (tone of inspiration). 'Now she can have her tonsils out!'"
This is my last will and testament.
HOPE DEFERRED.

LINES ON SEEING A PICTURE OF MARY AGNES VICHESTAIN, THE CHILD EVANGELIST.

Dear Mary Agnes, when you rant
Upon the stage at Tremont Temple,
Your voice upraised in righteous cant
Loud as a bell, or Frieda Hempel—
It gives me pause and makes me wonder
What are we coming to, by Thunder.

When with no mild, uncertain tones
And gestures like a prize ring scrap-
per
You chide the godless social drone
Or metagrobilize the flapper—
I hear the words, but can't concede
them,
To wit: A little child shall lead them.

Dance is the Devil's school of sin
Where flappers whirl in raiment
scanty—
Garb that outgungas Gunga Din;
Steps that outcanter a Bacchante.
Why must you know, dear, at your age,
I ask, of Hell and its entourage?

But then our well-known intellect,
Our celebrated literati
At Harvard, all come in, by Heck,
For condemnation just as hearty;
Culture, forsooth, you sound its knell—
"The city's headed straight for Hell."

Yes, child, lambast our leading preach-
ers,
Though that precocious frown that
draws
Your frankly rather joyous features
Gives me, as I have stated, pause.
A flapper is better than a flopper,
I'd spank you if I were your popper.

P. L.

ALL UP FOR SHELLEY

(From the Nation and the Athenaeum)

The celebration of Shelley's centenary in the Haymarket Theatre was all very well. There was a fine audience consisting of just the kind of people who would have abhorred Shelley in his lifetime, and whom he would have ad-
horred.

HUNT-SKIMPOLE

In the last week of July many manu-
scripts were sold at Sotheby's, London.
Among them was a correspondence just
begun after Leigh Hunt's death on the
Harold Skimpole question. Four of the
letters were from Dickens. In one of
them is this sentence:

"What I said to his poor Father in
your presence, I will say in any way
that Thornton Hunt likes; that there
are many remembrances of Hunt in little
traits of manner and expression in that
character, and especially in all the
pleasantest parts of it, but that is all."

Dickens portrayed his own father as
Micawber and William Dorritt; his own
mother as Mrs. Nickleby; an old sweet-
heart as Flora. Why should he have
spared Leigh Hunt?

ADD "RULES FOR GUESTS"

As the World Wags:

I suppose you know the rules put out
by the late Guy Wetmore Cary in "Far
from the Madding Girls." One of the
best is the rule instructing the guest
to write his hostess how much he en-
joyed himself, even if that is all he did
enjoy.

C. E. H.

TWO OF A KIND

As the World Wags:

I note that one of your correspondents
quotes Bismarck as having uttered the
remark that "Those who drink beer
think beer." If the iron chancellor did
say that he was quoting from Dr. John-
son, who was the originator of the re-
mark. As I remember Boswell it ran:
"Sir, a man who drinks beer, thinks
beer."
JOHN P. FLANAGAN.
Greenville, Me.

D. H. LAWRENCE AND HIS "AARON'S ROD"

(The Manchester Guardian)

The frosty air with which Mr. Law-
rence invests his seedy, sensual intel-
lectuals is stifling; it has the rank air
of a ferret-hutch. These smart little
sub-humans make one believe in com-
pulsory athletics for adults. A game of

cricket in the sun might clean them
up a bit and keep them from asking
each other, "What gives you such a
belly-ache for love?" On the chatter
of satyrs to whom a swindling merchant
turned road-hog on a Saturday would
seem a Hyperion Mr. Lawrence chooses
to squander himself. They are not worth
writing about; certainly not by a man

who can write so shrewdly, albeit in
harsh, wry sentences.

PRUNE BOX PERSPECTIVES

Henry Walters, village grocer
And school trustee for thirty years,
Succumbed to pneumonia.
Mountains of floral pieces and armfuls
Of letters were sent to his widow
Before the funeral. Fellow merchants
Attended the services in a body:
The entire countryside turned out
To do him honor, brushed aside
A vagrant tear, and muttered
"Poor old Hank."

Ten years later
I mentioned him in reminiscing.
No one remembered much about him
Except old Cy Perkins. He recalled
That Hank had died in that same winter
Those Chicago hunters had pumped the
buckshot
Into his heifer calf.

That very evening
At God's Half-Acre I observed
The Widow Walters with a wreath of
daisies
At Henry's grave. DESDEMONA.

Aug 13 1922

Mr. Max Beerbohm in his last volume
of essays thinks it strange "that of all
the countless folk who have lived be-
fore our time on this planet not one is
known in history or in legend as having
died of laughter." That Mr. Beerbohm
made this statement is stranger still.

There was the philosopher Chrysip-
pus, who, seeing his ass eating figs,
told his old woman servant to give the
ass unmixed wine to drink afterward;
then he laughed so violently that he
died.

Pietro Aretino, the satirist, "the
Scourge of Princes," overhearing his
sisters telling scandalous stories,
laughed so heartily that he fell dead
from his chair.

Sir Thomas Urquhart, the magnifi-
cently fantastical translator of Rabe-
lais, died of laughter when he heard
that Charles II. was again on the
throne.

There are solemn treatises on laugh-
ter: Sully's, Bergson's, Max Eastman's
("The Sense of Humor"), not to men-
tion others, as Baudelaire's essay, in
which he shows how laughter is dia-
bolical. Yet we remember the saying
of the Burlington Hawkeye Man years
ago:

"Surprise is the chief element of wit,
they say. That's what makes a man
laugh so when he sits down on a bent
pin."

Was it not the same humorist, and
not Mark Twain, who said: "What this
country really needs is a good 5-cent
cigar?" An anonymous contributor to
"F. P. A.'s" column in the N. Y. World
says that, according to his memory, Sir
Walter Raleigh made this remark to
Sir Humphrey Gilbert.

DID DIXON SOCIETY EXPECT TO SEE WIFE NO. 2?

(From the Dixon (Ill.) Evening Telegraph)

For the past few days Dixon society
has been entertaining for two celebri-
ties, Mr. and Mrs. A. Vonslatsky, who
stopped here to visit at the home of
Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Durkes on their way
to California. They are delightful
people to meet, simple and natural, de-
spite the \$40,000,000 one sees looming in
the background. Charming Mrs. Von-
slatsky and her equally charming hus-
band have won many warm Dixon
band friends and staunch admirers. Be it
stated for those curious to know Mr.
Vonslatsky denies emphatically that he
has another wife.

ELEGANCE RATHER THAN SNAP

As the World Wags:

"Snappy comebacks" are all very
well, but I prefer the more conservative
forms of polite usage. It is a case of
being good, dear child, and let who will
be clever. For instance, what can more
tactfully call the attention of your hos-
tess to your empty butter plate than a
murmured "What's the matter with the
butter?" And how better can you spare
her feelings upon being offered a dish
you do not care for than by saying
kindly, "I like it but it doesn't like
me?" Don't forget that the highest
compliment you can bestow upon an
article of food is to assure your host or
hostess of its elegance. One more subtle

way of doing this than the simple state-
ment is to ask, "Where did you get
this elegant ham?"

COUNTESS WINNETTIKA

"MUGGED AT BLACK'S"

As the World Wags:

Anent Black the photographer of
whom much has been written in your
column.

A sentence often used in reporting
criminal news for Boston newspapers
in the early 80's was "Mugged at
Black's."

As one in a group picture taken at
his gallery on Washington street in 1892,
I was astonished to find that some van-
dal had inscribed the above phrase at
the top of the panel. J. D. K.

THE JOY OF CAMPING

As the World Wags:

We have just returned from a week-
end at Ed Barney's camp on Lake Tran-
quil. The Barneys had been after us
for a long time to visit them, but we
never had been able to make it before.

"You like the country," Ed had said
to me, "and you'll enjoy it where we
are. It's a lovely spot, quiet and peace-
ful. Nothing to do but eat, fish and
sleep."

It did prove to be a pretty place, but
the camp—Cozycot they call it—was
less isolated than I had expected. We
had supper on the piazza Saturday
night. The Barneys like to eat in the

open air, but the breeze cooled the
beans and a fly nearly drowned in my
coffee. I rescued him as he was going
down. Then the Harrigans arrived—
they occupy the next cottage—and the
noise of their motor drowned out our
conversation for several minutes. It's
a poor flivver that won't hold six—Har-
rigan's carried seven and a dog. After
supper we sat with our feet on the rail,
smoking our pipes, and Ed remarked
how quiet it was, and restful. At that
moment the sound of a brass band
reached us. Ed said it was at the Elks'
picnic across the lake. The music
came out of the distance in a soothing,
enjoyable sort of way, but we heard
only one selection. A piano struck up
in a nearby cottage and we heard no
more band concert. Then the Harri-
gans' phonograph got into action. The
combination was remarkable. Galli-
Curci to the west, April Showers to the
east. Presently an amateur soprano
in a camp back of us started in with
"Kiss Me Again." The song, but not
the singing, reminded me of Fritzl
Scheff. About that time Ed's dog,
Cassius, added his voice to the uproar,
but Ed finally silenced him with a cuff
on the ear. At 10 o'clock the Elks
across the lake set off some fireworks.
The din of the exploding bombs was
somewhat disturbing, but the various
singers and pianists around us ceased
their efforts. I suppose they were watch-
ing the fireworks.

Late that night, somewhere around
one o'clock, I went to sleep. The music
had subsided. In the distance I heard
a whippoorwill. I remembered the flivver
and the band and the phonograph and
the pianist and the soprano and the dog
and the fireworks. The whippoorwill
seemed out of place.

PHINEAS PHIPPS.

The fourth edition of "Who's Who
in the Theatre; a biographical rec-
ord of the contemporary stage," by
John Parker, is published in London
by Sir Isaac Pitman & Sons, Ltd.,
and in Boston by Small, Maynard
Company.

This invaluable record has not
been published for six years, to the
loss of all those interested in the
theatre. It was also regretted that
the Stage in London stopped the
publication of its excellent Almanac;
that the series of theatrical annals
in Paris begun by Noel and Stoullig
nearly 50 years ago found no editor
after the death of the latter.

In the course of the last six years
in London the old school of actor-
managers practically disappeared.
There was need of careful revision,
of many additions for this fourth
edition. The present volume shows
650 new biographical notices and
these sketches have been corrected
to June 30, 1921. The synopsis of
British play bills to the end of 1921;

the biographies of continental ac-
tors, actresses and dramatists to
Dec. 31, 1921. Men and women prom-
inent in film plays are now included.
Nor is the ballet neglected. Eight
hundred and fifty names have been
added to the obituary list, which
now numbers 3000.

IN A WORK of this nature, omissions
and, possibly, errors in dates must be
expected, but "Who's Who in the The-
atre" has been edited with great care.

One would infer from the sketch of
"Handsome Jack" Barnes that his last
visit to the United States was in 1913,
when he played in "The Whip"—but he
was at the Tremont Theatre two or
three years later in two plays—one was
"East Lynne." In the sketch of Phyllis
Ralph there is no mention of her mem-
bership for a time in Henry Jewett's
company at the Copley.

The genealogical tables of about 80
theatrical families are interesting.
Other features are a list of noteworthy
productions and important revivals
from the earliest times till the end of
1921; lists of long runs, "command per-
formances," working dimensions of the
stage in various London theatres, lists
of theatres in New York and Paris.

There is a list of property left by
managers, actors, dramatists. P. T.
Barnum heads the list with £1,000,000.
Charles Wyndham leads as an actor,
etc., £197,035. In the list we find John
B. Schoeffel, £102,000.

As a book of reference, "Who's Who
in the Theatre" is indispensable. It
should entertain the general reader by
bringing forgotten plays and comedians
to the mind, by satisfying curiosity
concerning stage folk now living. But
no one should expect to find the age of
every actress, blushing or unblush-
ingly, stated. It may, in some instances,
be guessed by working back from the
date of the first appearance on the
stage. Then only an approximate birth
date can be ascertained; but to the old
and faithful theatregoer nearly every
actress is as young as when she first
charmed him.

TWENTY-EIGHT NEW PLAYS ARE

announced for the Odeon, Paris, 1922-23.

The London Times said of Eugene
O'Neill's "In the Zone" (Everyman The-
atre, July): "The play is written with
remarkable simplicity and restraint and
an admirable control over the mechan-
ism of the tale. It has at once fierce-
ness and tenderness."

MUSIC IN ENGLAND

Often and often I have wished—and
expressed my wishes in print—that we
could chop off some of the terribly high-
brow solemnity of a section of our or-
chestral concerts, and so, by brightening
them, make them more and more at-
tractive. Many years ago Brahms
steadfastly urged the performance in the
great orchestral concerts of Vienna of
Johann Strauss's waltzes, and for a time,
this was done. Now I hear that the
septuagenarian pianist, Alfred Grunfeld,
has been constantly in the habit of
mingling Johann Strauss in his piano-
forte recitals with Beethoven, Mozart,
Schubert and Brahms, to the mighty
joy of Vienna. Why can we not do
something similar? A rather silly re-
mark was made at a musical debate last
week by a conductor that one way to
encourage audiences would be to pro-
vide a tent containing a bar. But even
a bar would not be attractive if the
program did its duty, and it seems to
have become pretty clear that the con-
cert-going folk would prefer to remain
at home rather than go to a concert at
which nothing that contains the ele-
ments of beauty and grace and charm
as they know these virtues is per-
formed. The leopard cannot change its
spots even if it wants to do so. Neither
can the music-lover forget the basis of
his opinion of the music he loves. You
can't fool all the public all the time by
an empiricism, for the public, en bloc,
does not like empiricism!—London Daily
Telegraph.

BY THE WAY, I wish our composers
would turn their attention to the brass
quartet. Competition festivals some-
times include a brass quartet class in
their syllabus, with the laudable object
of encouraging this form of what might
be art; but as the test piece is generally
some feeble old vocal glee, with which
the various combinations of instruments
have to do the best they can, the results
as a rule are not of any artistic inter-
est, and the practice of such pieces
cannot be of the slightest musical edu-
cational value to the players. Surely
one or two of our composers could
write something for these people that
would be worth their playing and our
hearing.—Ernest Newman.

Ethel Smith will conduct her "Hey
Nonny" for chorus and orchestra at
the Leeds (Eng.) Festival, Oct. 6.

A VERY INTERESTING LETTER
comes to me from a grand-daughter of
Charles Lucas, who was a student at
the R. A. M. 100 years ago. "I have

to practise Corelli's sonatas for the violin, Dantzer's Capriccios (sic), and Romberg's three duets." Romberg, we know, but who on earth is, or was, Dantzer? "All the music," says Lucas, "belongs to the Academy, but if I dirt it much, or should happen to tear it, I should be forced to buy some more. They make the violins write out their own music. . . . We have to be up a little after 8 and retire in the eve about 9. The day is very well. Before breakfast we do a sum each and set it in our books, and at twelve we read in History of England, and at seven in eve we say English grammar. Wed. and Sat. mornings we learn geography, and in the evenings Crossman's Catechism and read in the Bible. . . . Please to let Mother get me some more cotton stockings. The gravel in the playground wears the shoes out very fast, especially the new ones, therefore it would be advisable to have a couple pair made now and put them by for some time."—London Daily Telegraph.

At Exeter Cathedral the "Hallelujah" chorus was played immediately after "Worthy Is the Lamb" in a performance of "The Messiah."

Alfred Hollins, the blind organist and pianist, who visited Boston in the '80's—he played the piano at a concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra—has received the degree of Mus. Doc. honoris causa, from Edinburgh University.

EVERY ONE AGREES that the musical season now ended (in London) has been the dullest within living memory. There has been any amount of music, but the quality has been mostly poor, as regards both new compositions and performances. The best of the latter have come almost wholly from the older singers and players. In composition we seem to have settled definitely into a sort of backwater; it would be difficult to name ten composers under 50 in the whole of Europe who look like being of any significance in another twenty, or even ten, years. Neither Franco, Spain, Italy, Germany, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, nor Russia, seems to possess a single young composer of genuinely first-rate quality. The general level is high; but ten thousand talents do not make one genius. The outlook is perhaps as promising in England as anywhere.—Manchester Guardian.

ON THE EUROPEAN CONTINENT

As The Herald has already stated, no first grand prix de Rome was awarded at Paris this summer. The text given to the competitors was "The Pretender," the story of Charles Edward and Flora MacDonald's self-sacrifice.

Eugen d'Albert is at work on a new opera, "Mareike of Nimueque." He has utilized folk-tunes of Holland.

A monument by Quef to Edouard Lalo has been dedicated at Lille. The bust of the composer is on a granite shaft, at the foot of which are represented three characters from "Le Rio d'Ys." Bruneau spoke for the French ministry at the dedication. There was a concert of Lalo's compositions, with Thibaud playing the Spanish Symphony.

Richard Strauss is writing a book about Mozart; also a little opera "Intermezzo," a comedy in prose. There will be an orchestra of 55 players.

A charming negress from Havana, Zolla Galvez, singer and pianist, has been applauded at Rome. "Nnga sum, sed formosa."

The Russian Ballet season at the Paris Opera was a failure, but there is a season of French ballets.

Adolph Boschot, the author of the monumental life of Berlioz, has written "Chez les Musiciens" (published by Plén-Nourrit, Paris). Some of the articles had been published in the Echo de Paris and in reviews.

CENSOR AND QUEEN VICTORIA

The lord chamberlain has banned a play, "The Queen's Minister," by Miss F. Smith-Damper, which deals with episodes in the life of Lord Melbourne (1839-1843) and introduces Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort. This reason was given: "Our principle is that we do not wish to cause any possible offence or pain to living people."

Mr. A. L. Ellis of the Royalty Theatre, London, disappointed and disgusted, followed the example of 1001 disturbed Englishmen in the past and wrote a letter to the Times. He said that Miss Smith-Damper had laid history under contribution; that the great personages of the period pass through the scenes—the Editor Delane, Baron Stockmar, Mr. Creevy making notes for his journal, and of course the Queen and her husband.

"The portrait of the young Queen is drawn with the utmost sympathy—a portrait composed with equal simplicity and dignity, very girlish and very human. The scenes between the young husband and wife, quite apart from their dramatic value, which I shall not appraise, are full of charm and great historical interest. Save for the legitimate exercise of dramatic imagination in the presentation of certain scenes, there is not an incident, an episode or characteristic of the dramatic personae which has not been disclosed in Creevy's Memoirs, the Queen's 'Journals' or in Mr. Lytton Strachey's lively naves, and

has not been discussed and rediscussed in innumerable essays, novels, pamphlets, criticisms and reviews. To add to the irony of the situation created by the censor's ban, the play itself is to be published immediately by a well known firm."

Mr. Ellis pertinently asks how can offence or pain be given to the living in this instance. "When does the imperial figure which moved majestically across the stage of our national life become transformed into the historic personage whose character, and the incidents of whose life, may be revived on that other stage which is supposed to hold a mirror up to nature?"

MARCUS HARTOG DESCRIBES "SPEAKING FILMS" IN PARIS

(From the Manchester Guardian)
Last week in Paris the great firm of Gaumont gave a press representation of the latest developments of the combination of phonograph and cinematograph produced by M. Leon Gaumont. From the very introduction of the cinematograph the possibilities of this had been perceived and many inventors had attempted the task. One of the earliest attempts was to obtain successive records of the two machines: after a singer had performed before the camera he repeated his song to the recording phonograph, watching the reproduction of his singing image to guide him for the time. But it was felt to be only an imperfect approximation, and that success could only be attained by the simultaneous records of sound and image.

Devices for obtaining this correspondence on the recording instruments were relatively easy to devise, and in 1910 Leon Gaumont presented to the French Academy of Science a reproduction of a lecture by Prof. Arsonval, which was, so far as it went, a brilliant success. But for its perfection there still remained much to be done in the working out of the details. Nor is this to be wondered at. Those of us who remember the introduction of the cinema in the eighties recall with a smile how satisfied they were with the pictures—full of jerks and accompanied by brilliant scintillations of light that were quite foreign to the scene represented. It took at least two decades before these spots on the sun were banished from the screen.

In order to record the two manifestations satisfactorily it was absolutely necessary to keep the two instruments "in step," and as the phonograph must always keep the same pace, since any change of speed alters the pitch of the sound, a rheostat placed in the circuit common to the two motors secures the equality of their speeds. In case there be any lag or lead of the recording apparatus a device is introduced recalling the "booster" of an electric power station, a small motor acting by differential gear on the axis of the cinema motor, a double-action switch speeds it up or retards it till synchronism is re-established.

MOREOVER, SIMILAR REGULATION is needed for reproduction in the theatre. The operator has before him, close by the phonograph, a box before him, close by the phonograph, a box called "the conductor of the orchestra." It contains: (1) A push-button to start electrically the cinematograph at a given sound (say, in the title of the subject) in case the projection does not start automatically; but in the new apparatus it does; (2) a voltmeter serves to indicate the speed, and to show if any inequality takes place; (3) the switch acting on the rheostat to regulate the speed; (4) the reversing switch to speed or slacken the cinematograph.

A couple of gramophones are worked alternately, to secure the continuity of delivery; when the record of the one is exhausted the other comes into play. By this means the sound records are made to join up, just as by the cementing of films end to end the light records are projected continuously. Thus, it is justly claimed, whole plays can be performed without any delay between scene and scene or act and act, whereas on the stage some time must be given for change of scene or of costume, and also for necessary intervals of rest for the actors. Possibly the value of such continuity may be exaggerated, for the inventor would appear to take no account of fatigue among the audience!

One of the minor difficulties is found in the necessity for placing the two recording instruments side by side, in consequence of which the photograph is too far from the speakers for easy reproduction of their voices. It needs to be provided with devices for magnifying the sounds that it receives. This, however, has to be made selective, for what M. Gaumont terms "parasitic" sounds, which have to be excluded, would, without express provision, accompany and mask, if not overpower, the voices. Just fancy what would be the effect of the whirr of the recording cinema-camera during a scene of love or passion. That of the projector is too frequently bad enough! The firm has introduced means to obviate this,

but, naturally enough, they veil these means in secrecy. The general secretary went so far as to inform me that they were threefold and included electric, mechanical and other devices, but he could tell me no more.

We are promised that future developments will include three-color reproductions, which will give, say the firm, a truthful illusion of life.

GEORGE SAND'S TROUSERS

In the latest instalment of "My Life and Some Letters," published in the Queen, Mrs. Patrick Campbell recalls some of her recent stage experiences—the revival of "Pygmalion" at the Aldwych Theatre in February, 1920, and the production in the following June of "Madame Sand" at the Duke of York's Theatre.

Dear Mme. Sand (she writes) thought it was love that made life worth living. She loved men of genius, and they loved her—and inspired her work. Some people liked the play, some praised me, some laughed at my trousers; some would not believe the cigars I smoked were real. One man came to the stage door and asked how we managed to get the smoke into the "trick" cigar. And these are some of the letters that were written to me:

"Plumpton, Sussex.

"My dear Mrs. Campbell—I am so sorry if I was rude about your trousers, but quite sincerely they wounded me. If only they had been pretty trousers—but they were not. They may be historically correct. But in a play which outrages history in so many vital points, to outrage it further in the stuff and cut of 'George Sand's' trousers would have offended nobody, and pleased one person at least. C—glared so furiously at me when you complained of my criticism that I did not dare to ask her how she'd like to wear trousers like that. I don't think she would look very nice, do you? . . . Affectionately yours, Rudolf Basler."

"P. S.—I hadn't really time to tell you that your performance was pure genius—like everything you do."

"10, Adelphi terrace, June.

"I went on Thursday night. I thought the British public absurdly illiterate and stupid. After the second act I felt inclined to come before the curtain and explain to them that the Coliseum was across the road, and that they had come into the wrong house. If they think that Alfred de Musset's part must be sacred music, at least Grock will make it clear that they are meant to laugh at him. Pigs!

"What induced you to imitate Oscar Wilde? It was an inspiration, and amazingly like the original. . . . Your lovely performance is too good to be thrown away; it is a repertory part. Why can you not act as intelligently as that for me, devil that you are?"

G. B. S."

On Oct. 11, 1920—at the invitation of the British Rhine army of occupation—I played "Pygmalion" with the members of their dramatic company in Cologne. They played extraordinarily well, and it was an interesting fortnight. I was over-praised, over-entertained and over-photographed.

On Nov. 2 there was Mr. J. K. Hackett's fine production of "Macbeth" at the Aldwych Theatre. No doubt I deserved some of the bad reviews I received. I lacked spirit and physical strength at that time.

Then my doctor advised me to make no more effort, but to stay quietly in

bed—and there he kept me for three months.

ENGLISH OPERA

(Ernest Newman in Manchester Guardian)

The reader may remember that some weeks ago, when discussing English opera, I asked how it was that we could not produce a single opera that could keep its place in the repertory year after year. I pointed out that in order to do this the opera need not be a good one; it might, indeed, be a very bad one. But it would have to be bad in the right way; and the secret of that badness, apparently, has still to be learned by our British composers. I kept asking myself during the Academy performances why certain English operas—which, to avoid controversy during what should be the holidays, I will not name—should be practical failures in the theatre, while operas like "Cavalleria Rusticana," "I Pagliacci" and "Samson and Delilah" can go on forever. Mackenzie certainly, and Goring Thomas probably, had more music in their little fingers than Leoncavallo had in his big noodle; but for all that Leoncavallo beats them off the field. The explana-

tion in all these cases is partly that the foreign composers' librettists serve them better than ours do, and partly that the foreigners have a sense of the stage that our men have not, or at all events had not in the last generation or two. Somewhere or other in a bad French or Italian opera there is pretty sure to be something that will take hold of the hearer at the critical moment and not let him go till the end—the "On with the motley" aria in "I Pagliacci," for example, or the two songs in "Samson and Delilah." I kept waiting for something of this sort in "The Cricket on the Hearth" and "Nadeshda," but in vain. The music of each flows along competently and agreeably; but nowhere does it gather itself up for one great surge. These composers write operas as if an opera were a matter of music only; they do not see it clearly enough in terms of the stage. They do not know how to distribute high lights and low lights, or how to hold a stroke back for the moment in which it will be most effective. Hugo Wolf, through inexperience, made the same mistake in his opera,

"Der Corregidor." Though full of the loveliest music, it could not establish itself on the stage until Bruno Wolter took it in hand and, by the simple process of dividing it into four scenes instead of the original two, brought the curtain down each time at the moment of maximum effect.

The title of Leoncavallo's opera, Mr. Newman, is "Pagliacci," not "I Pagliacci."

THEATRE PRICES IN LONDON

Basil Dean writing to the London Times about the "excessive" price of seats at theatres, says that the bad average balance between income and expenditure, when there is a balance, is not wholly due to a smaller number of attendances. "The attendances at successful plays are as great as ever. It is due more to enormously increased expenditure throughout the year, an expenditure that is an unceasing burden, whether a theatre be full or empty. Ours is a speculative industry; and, therefore, the pendulum swings between profit and loss, sometimes very violently. Owing to this increase of expenditure, it is no longer possible to set off high profits against serious losses. This is the root of the matter."

Mr. Dean thinks it a "highly dangerous suggestion that a theatrical manager should be asked to reduce his prices of admission below the pre-war level, when his ordinary expenditure has been increased to an enormous extent, and a government tax, collected at the manager's expense, has been added on top. . . . Undue prolongation of daylight saving is only one of the burdens recently added."

"Like most managers of industry, representing the capital side of the question, theatrical managers have never stated their case properly to the public. For my part, I am heartily sick of seeing the theatre treated as the whipping boy of the entertainment industry. Believing most strongly, as I do, that wholesome drama matters more to the life of the nation than a movie show, I feel that it is up to the leading newspapers of the country to do what they can to help one of the oldest forms of public recreation that exists. Consider some of our difficulties. We have to produce plays at more than double the

cost of former times; we have been robbed of the opportunity to increase the price of the article we have to sell by the government; it is now suggested that we should pay the whole of the tax, where formerly we only paid a moiety indirectly; the number of daylight hours has been unnaturally increased; and our profession is quite ruthlessly exploited in the case of charity. With such an increase in risk, how can interested members of the public with any conscience at all appeal to us to elevate the English theatre?"

MASEFIELD, TRANSLATOR

(From the Manchester Guardian)
Berenice: A Tragedy. Translated from the French of Jean Racine by John Masefield. London: William Heinemann. Pp. 61. 2s 6d. net.

By his persistent translation from French classicism Mr. Masefield seems deliberately to be making the poet and the dramatist in him subserve the educator; he seems to have a concern, as the Quakers say, to cultivate an English palate for the immemorably disrelished Racine; for hard upon "Esther" comes "Berenice." Surely it is a strange striving after wind. In so far as he made "Esther" go, it was in spite of Racine, not because of him; because rather of himself, the only palatable parts of the play being those that he

either rewrote or invented. Of course "Berenice," which, unlike "Esther," is not an adaptation, is in the French a much better play; but even so, few would predict an English liking for it. Champions of Racine, like Mr. Lytton Strachey may compare it with "Antony and Cleopatra," claiming that, though as a tragedy it is below Shakespeare's, as a stage play it is above his, and may go on doing so until they actually come to believe that; none the less, even to the most open-minded English playgoer they will remain the champions of a lost cause. Considered simply as a stage play, the infinite variety of "Antony and Cleopatra," baffles though it may be both actors and audience will always win against the definite monotony (misnamed the fourth dramatic unity of tone) of the frustrated love that "Berenice" doubles. In "Esther" the poet in Mr. Massfield had a chance and he took it, because he was adapting; here if the fairly close translation rides the play of its 17th century formalism, that is all that even Mr. Massfield could do with it, since of real poetry it is pretty well bare. But why should the author of "Pompey the Great," which, equally with "Berenice" is Imperial Rome in her nobleness, is tragedy, but most notably is poetry though cast in prose, have done anything with it at all? C. P.

A SPIRITUALISTIC FILM

(From the London Times.)

"Whispering Shadows," a film issued by the firm of Stoll, is a film founded on the question: "Is death a barrier which, when once passed, is forever impassable, or is it but a veil so thin that they who have passed on may stretch out gentle hands to help the living?" It is only to be wished that the answer to this question had been given us in such ornamental and decided language. The drawback to the production is that a big subject has been treated in a small way. The heroine is constantly feeling that her dead father is trying to communicate with her. Apparently he does eventually manage to do so in a shamefaced kind of way, and his communication serves as the peripetia of the story. That is the only solution we are given of the problem set out at the beginning, and the producer would have been far wiser not to have been quite so ambitious. As the story of a neurotic young woman the film would have been quite tolerable, but as a treatise on spiritualism it is worthless.

Apparently the spirit of the dead father is called on to intervene because of the amazing ignorance of literature among the protagonists in the story. An important document is missing, but half the cast seem to remember that it was placed in a book that the father was reading on the night of his death. They had all looked over his shoulder while he was reading the book and seen that it was open at one of the best known passages in "David Copperfield," and yet not one of them could afterward remember its title. Fortunately, however, the producer was able to summon the spirit from the vasty deep, and he actually appeared when called upon.

Although the story is so pretentious and improbable, it is well set out, and the acting, on the whole, is satisfactory. It is worthy of note that the proportion of interior to exterior scenes in this film must be almost nine to one.

FILM CENSORSHIP: HOW IT IS MANAGED IN HUNGARY

(From the London Times.)

Controversy still continues among the London film exhibitors in connection with the new regulations of film censorship set up by the London county council. These will take full effect at the beginning of next year, and then children under the age of 16 years will only be permitted to witness the exhibition of films that have been passed by the British board of film censors as fit for general exhibition. They will not be allowed to see films passed for "adult" exhibition only. At the present time there are still nearly 50 per cent. of films that receive only an "adult" certificate. The film exhibitors have signified their intention of opposing this condition when it takes effect by bringing a "test" case in the courts.

Such a system, however, as is to be set up in London next year is now in force in Hungary and appears to be working successfully. Under the regulations in that country, not only are children under 16 forbidden to see films not intended for general exhibition, but no person under the age of 18 years is allowed even to be employed

in any picture theatre. It is laid down that films may not pass the censors at all if their action or tendency is in opposition to the laws of the state, contrary to its interests or safety, or opposed to public law or morals. When a film is rejected by the censors, a succinct explanation must be given in writing of the reasons dictating its rejection. It is further laid down that films are unfit for exhibition to the young when the action of certain passages is likely to have an injurious effect on their thoughts and habits.

The police are ordered to see that these regulations are strictly carried out, and, in addition, members of organizations interested in the welfare of the young are empowered to attend film exhibitions to see that everything is carried out according to the law. If such persons express a desire to attend any picture theatre they must be given a seat and, if necessary, shown the written certificate empowering the exhibition of the film in question. If they find that any of the regulations are being broken, they are ordered to inform the police at once.

A DARING EXPERIMENT

(London Times, July 10)

An interesting series of short films was shown privately last week by British Exhibitors' Films, Limited, under the general title of "Tense Moments from Great Plays." Six "tense moments" were chosen, which ranged from the trial scene in "The Merchant of Venice" to the climax of "The Hunchback of Notre Dame," and in all of them Miss Sybil Thorndike played the leading part. She was called on to depict six vastly different characters, and although one or two were not quite so satisfactory as the others, yet in each case she did at least manage to give an excellent thumb-nail sketch of the part. That alone was a great achievement. There are many things to be said against this indiscriminate reduction to tabloid form of the best moments from our greatest plays, but there is nothing at all to be said against making use of the genius of an actress who can undertake so difficult a task and emerge from her ordeal with such undoubted success.

In the tabloid version of "The Hunchback of Notre Dame," Miss Sybil Thorndike is at her best and most tragic. The incidents depicted are those dealing with the murder of Phoebus by the dwarf, the condemnation of Esmeralda and her rescue. Just enough explanation is given to afford a clear idea of the story, and Miss Sybil Thorndike's acting is so excellent that it is easy to forget to be critical of the fact that only the bare bones of one series of incidents of a work of genius are being presented. In "Jane Shore" Miss Thorndike is equally successful, and her performance as Hester Prynne in "The Scarlet Letter" is also admirable. In "The Lady of the Camellias" she is not quite so successful, but there the fault lies largely with the producer and scenario writer, neither of whom seems at home with the subject matter. She also appears in a vague version of the history of Lady Deadlock in "Bleak House." It is impossible to make this into a short film. In the trial scene from "The Merchant of Venice" we more than ever want Miss Thorndike's glorious voice, and even her acting can hardly make a silent Portia a thrilling advocate. The end of this scene is described in a synopsis in the following words: "And so, of course, the whole thing is a fiasco and Shylock is forced to retire minus his pound of flesh. And the young lawyer, covered with laurels, departs satisfied. And Bassanio, watching him off, wonders where he has seen that face before." That is Shakespeare brought up-to-date indeed.

FROM AN OLD MAGAZINE

Robin H. Legge, looking over the Overture, a monthly musical journal for students and friends of the Royal Academy of Music, begun by Frederic Corder in March, 1890, and stopped at the end of the fourth (annual) volume, was persuaded that criticism was more pungent then than now. He quotes an example.

"In speaking of a recital by Paderewski, at which an orchestral suite by 'one Le Borne' was played, the critic says: 'Concerning this composer we know nothing, and desire to know less. His suite is a hopelessly vulgar imitation of the music of Debussy, with all the tricks of French orchestration, but without any of that neatness and elegance which usually marks the light music of French composers. The themes are mere half-ideas, tossed about from one key to another, and fought for and worried to death by the savage instruments in the orchestra.' There is a good deal of imitation of French music even to this day, is there not,

but how often is the fact pointed out with more than the velvet-gloved finger?"

Granville Bantock in this magazine deplored the "lamentable ignorance unfortunately prevailing regarding Richard Wagner and his works."

Here is an answer to a correspondent:

"K. G. wants instructions for playing the piano. Being rather busy we have turned the matter over to one of our lady pupils, and the following is her recipe: 'Sit down to the piano and keep on trying till you can do it.'"

"In an article on 'Unmusical England' the editor says: 'The musical capacity or incapacity of the English people is a subject which has been worn so thoroughly threadbare that probably it would be impossible for any one except the Rev. H. R. Haweis to say anything very novel or amusing in connection therewith. But his article under the above heading . . . is almost as novel and quite as amusing as an average extract from one of his sermons. How many good folk recall the lamented Mr. Haweis? He possessed one remarkably useful characteristic in that if one were in despair for the subject of a musical article it was the simplest matter to lay hold of some egregious criticism or obiter dictum of the reverend gentleman and "go for him," even as Mr. Corder has here. Alas, there is no one the least like Mr. Haweis in our musical life today.' Yet Mr. Haweis, visiting the United States, was taken seriously by some.

ELLEN TERRY AT 74 YEARS IS SEEN ON THE SCREEN; OTHER FILM NOTES

Ellen Terry, now 74 years old, plays a leading part in "Potter's Clay," the first picture produced by a new British firm, "The Big Four Famous Productions." "Her performance may be considered as an extraordinary tour-de-force. It was good enough on its own intrinsic merits to make one wish that the film had been invented in time for her to act in it when she was at the height of her powers.

"Potter's Clay" is not a brilliant film, but it is certainly interesting. The greater part of the story is laid in Oxford and the Potteries—an effective contrast—and there are some excellent views of work and life at both places. The hero is at Oxford completing his education, when he falls violently in love with a chorus girl. The attraction continues after the hero has left Oxford for Staffordshire. His mother (Miss Ellen Terry) disapproves of the intimacy, and they are forcibly parted. It needs a deus ex machina to bring them together again, and this is provided by a conventional German villain. He is in search of a secret formula by which the pottery made by the firm of the hero retains its supreme position, and he employs the heroine (quite inadvertently) to act as a spy for him and to obtain the formula. The heroine, of course, nullifies all his wicked plans, and eventually the hero and the heroine get married, while the hero's mother seems perfectly reconciled to all that has taken place. It is a conventional story and is not particularly well told, but the film is redeemed by some good acting and some excellent photography. Some of the views of the Potteries are excellent, and the glimpses of the inside of a great pottery factory are unusually interesting. The pleasantest impression, however, that the film leaves on the memory is not of the Potteries, but of Oxford. There are some good pictures of Oriel College, and an interesting panoramic view of the city as the hero leaves the university for good."

Aug 14 1922

Cook books compiled by famous chefs are irritating. Their recipes are for the rich in pocket or for the greedy clamoring for rich food. These chefs recommend half a dozen to a dozen eggs for a lemon pie. They have no pity for the poor; they have no sense of humor. The old cook books, especially the French treatises of the 18th century and the early 19th century, are good reading, with their philosophical remarks, their entertaining digressions, their anecdotal age.

"Les Bons Plats de France: Cuisine Regionale," by Pampille, published recently in Paris is worthy of an honorable place on the library table as well as on the kitchen shelf.

"You must be at least thirty, to love the pot-au-feu." Do only fat cooks have the turn of the wrist that insures the success of a recipe?

Serve a smoke-cured herring very hot, eat it with the sauce prescribed by Pampille, "and go to bed without speaking to anybody."

Pampille does not hold champagne in high regard. "It is the least personal of all our wines." A glass must be offered to a guest at the end of dinner; but it is only a customary, traditional, gastronomic bit of politeness." He despises mineral waters. "The only good table water, water with the microbes all left in, is never seen on the table." He reckons not of prescribed diets: "Eat what you like, so long as it is hot, properly flavored and cooked just long enough."

This Frenchman has a poetic soul. He calls the four national French soups "four poems." One of them is onion soup: properly prepared it is an epic, we should say. In student days at a Duval restaurant in Paris, we ate pumpkin soups and black bean soups that are not to be found at the swollen feasts of our "best people" in Boston. (What a pity that Mr. Herkimer Johnson, on account of his mustache, is debarred from thick soups, for he will not tuck a napkin in his shirt collar.)

"A. A. A." translated in a most sympathetic manner for the Nation and the Athenaeum one of the concluding passages:

"Only one fruit ripens in November, the medlar. It ought not to be so much despised; for, after all, it does what it can. It tastes like a confiture of dead leaves; it tells the tale of the sadness of gardens. To enjoy it to the full you must feel rather sad, and eat it near the fire with a little spoon, and be careful to spit out all the stones."

Pampille abhors tame partridges, "fed on colza, which makes them taste like a dead lamp."

"Give me a wild partridge, a partridge that has run on the plaine, a partridge that has picked up its food in the open fields, a partridge that has known fear and thirst—it has a different flavor."

So has this cook book of Pampille, a gastronomic lyricist.

A SANGUINE EDITOR

(The Rock County Sentinel, Steamboat Springs, Col.)

For the second time in the past few months the Routt county jail is again without a guest. For a week the county hostelry has been empty, but the condition is not likely to be permanent.

KNIGHTS OF THE FLAGON

As the World Wags:

Your note on Bismarck's favorite tipple, champagne mixed with porter, which he drank in huge quantities, recalls stories of German thirst in the days of old. In his "History of the German Court and Aristocracy, and of the Prussian Diplomacy" (Hamburg, 1851, 9 volumes), Dr. Edward Vehse has many tales of thirsty souls who flourished in Brandenburg in the time of the Great Elector and his successors, some two centuries ago.

Kurt von Bergstorff, a court favorite, certainly had the "three-bottle man" of Georgian England beaten to a frazzle. Kurt, says the chronicle, "had chiefly prospered in wealth and power by wine-bibbing; for the late elector was a singular lover of drinking, and this Bergstorff could drink eighteen pints of wine at a meal—nay, he could even gulp down a whole pint at a draught, and without so much as drawing breath." Kurt boasted of this one day in the presence of the electress, "an example of every virtue," and her rebuke was: "That was fine housekeeping, truly, when so many fair castles and villages were given away to reward beastly and riotous drunkenness!"

The second Prussian monarch, Frederick William I., was no slouch in revelry. Dr. Vehse describes his smoking club, where "large silver beer cans, out of which the beer was poured by means of a cock into the jugs and glasses, were placed on the table." "The King, who liked coarse jokes, was delighted when foreign princes were intoxicated with the strong beer." This estimable monarch had a "real good time" during his reign. He enjoyed the practical jokes of which his friends were the victims. Jacob Paul, Freiherr von Gundling, one of the King's fellow-revelers, died of an ulcer, "caused by excessive drinking." The King had Gundling's body put into a huge wine-butt and in this cask he was buried, "spite of the expostulations of the clergy."

So Bismarck was only a minor offender in comparison with these worthies, though many of us who are surviving the 18th amendment have doubts about the famous chancellor's wisdom in mixing champagne and porter. MICHAEL FITZGERALD.

Orleans.

LET US NOW PRAISE FAMOUS MEN

There were brave tosspots before the thirteenth courtier of the Great Elector. The strong man, Milo the Crotonian,

with his daily 18 quarts of wine, the Emperor Maximianus with his seven gallons; Proteus, who twice emptied a bowl containing two gallons, each time at a single draught, to the surprise of the company about the great Alexander; Novellus Torquatus, who drank three gallons at one draught in the presence of the Emperor Tiberius, who took delight in seeing such performances. There is a long list. Mr. Herklimer Johnson's chapter "On Illustrious Tossspots and Malt-Worms" contains, he assures us, much curious and improving information.

THE DISSECTING ROOM
(From The Spectator)

Here death and knowledge dwell; no graveyard gloom
Wakes such a bitter, secret shudder of dread
As this long, empty room,
Stone floored and sunlit, where the unwanted dead
Lie robbed of death's last dignity, denied
Even the mercy of a swift decay.
Yet hers we live and work, here we dissect
The limp and lifeless body—taught thereby
To honor it with passionate respect—
With wondering hands lay bare muscle and nerve,
Moulded by service perfectly to serve,
And, touched by wonder yet unsatisfied,
Reach past the bounds of knowledge till we find
A deeper wonder standing, veiled, behind.

MARGARET EVANS.

Aug 15 1922

"The days of our years are threescore years and ten; and if by reason of strength they be fourscore years, yet is their strength labour and sorrow; for it is soon cut off, and we fly away."

So said Moses the man of God in his prayer known as the 90th psalm. His saying is now flouted by learned men, deep thinkers, who tell us how to be active, useful and happy until we are ninety or even one hundred. A few days ago we commented on the cheerful remarks of Dr. Laphorn Smith, a London physician who maintains that many of the best years of a man are in front of him after he has reached his sixtieth, if he is wise in time. Sir Henry M. Rogers of this city agrees with him. On the celebration of his 83d birthday, he read the following lines which he had written for the occasion:

THE MODERN PSALMIST

The Ancient Psalmist has a way
Of dampening one's every day
By telling him, with sighs and tears,
His span of life is seventy years,
And if he live beyond that span
He'd wish he hadn't. Every Man!
Thereby the Psalmist seems to me
The foe of man's longevity.

The Modern Psalmist finds a way
To glorify your every day.
He tells you to salute each morn
As if you were a child just born:
A new birthday with every sun,
And thus each day your life's begun.
With every day a day of birth,
You see you're living on the earth
In every month a score and ten
Of birthdays midst our fellow-men,
Who pat you on the back and say,
"You're growing younger every day."
"And old Methuselah himself
Is put upon an upper shelf!"

And so you go from year to year
With joyous hope, without a fear,
Seeing each day a newborn sky
Without a moment's time to die.
Ever long, from youth to youth
For every day, in very truth,
Is still your youngest day on earth
While yet the oldest from your birth.

At last your oldest-youngest day
Gives notice you must go away:—
A youth you pass the veiled door
To endless youth forever more.
Elsewhere you greet the rising sun:
Elsewhere your life is just begun.

The Creeds are writ:—
Now you must say
Which is your creed
For every day.

THE CASE OF LAURANCE

So let us cheer up, brethren. Let us strive to follow the example of one Laurance, a native of the Orkney Islands. "He married a wife after he was a hundred Years of Age, and would go out to sea a fishing in his little Boat when he was a hundred and forty Years old. He was remarkable for his Temperance, and died, says Sir Robert Sibbald, of no other Distemper than mere Old-Age."

HERE IS ROOM FOR ALL

(From the Boston Telegram)
TOKIO—Latest statistics show there are 429 prisons to every square mile of land in Japan proper, which is more than Nature can support.

ATTENTION, HOME GARDENERS!
(Adv. in Wakefield Item of Aug. 4.)
Fancy New Potatoes.....25c lb.
Lowest Price in Town

O TEMPORAL O MORES!

As the World Wags:

Last Saturday I saw some youngsters obtaining green apples in the time honored way for small boys. But, when it came to eating these apples, each boy produced a salt shaker from his pocket

and salted his kill before he bit. What's the world coming to? Where are the stomachs, the "dura lia" of our boyhood days? By the way, does the unsympathetic farmer still plug his watermelons with jalap and leave them in the patch, grimly awaiting the result?
MARCELLUS GRAVES.

FRIENDLY INTEREST

As the World Wags:

The other day I tripped, fell, and broke my nose, two fingers and an engagement. A red-headed Jane, passing at the time, inquired, "How did you enjoy your trip?"
SABRE.

AN EXPRESSIVE FACE

As the World Wags:

J. Aubrey Tyson, in "The Scarlet Tanager," says:
"On her (Miriam's) features he (George) had seen the changing expressions of wonder, guilt, suspicion, hate, confidence, distrust, despair, comradeship and martyrdom. And he had seen more—"

I think somebody should win a prize for something in connection with this sentence. Anyway I am willing to give odds on Miriam against all comers, including Lillian Gish, in an emotional marathon.
JOHN H. PANDOWDY.

THE CHENERY BROTHERS

As the World Wags:

Now that so much attention is called to Quincy Tufts and his old-fashioned drygoods shop at the corner of Washington street and Williams court, I may recall the fact that about 60 years ago his modest and efficient assistant was Bill Chenery. I knew him well in those old days. His brother "Jack" was one of my intimate friends, among other North and South enders who were interested in amateur dramatic societies of the period. "Jack" belonged to the old Forrest Club and was for a brief period on the professional stage at the Howard Athenaeum; but he was a chronic invalid. This caused his retirement from the mimic stage although he had unquestioned dramatic ability. His brother cared for him through a somewhat protracted illness, for they were orphans with only two aunts, I believe, as near and surviving relatives. Heigho! How many of my acquaintances became players in those old days. —Henry Clay Barnabee, William E. Sheridan and Cornelius Atwood among the number. The latter, however, did not stick to the sock and buskin, but became prominent in the business life of Boston. I wanted to be an actor, but fate drove me in another direction, perhaps to the benefit of players of another day.
Dorchester.
BAIZE.

CAUPOLICAN THE
STAR AT KEITH'S

Chieftain Caupolican is the star of this week's bill at Keith's. His baritone solos were enthusiastically received yesterday. His repertoire included the song he made famous, "Long, Long Trail." He also sang the Hosanna, and the audience demanded it again, although the orchestra did its best to drown him out.

Sharing honors with him was Miss Juliet in her "One-Girl Revue." She impersonated a number of characters, both male and female, and introduced a number of original burlesques on well-known types.

Dezso Retter, who opened the show, deserves a better place on the bill. He is called the man who wrestles himself. How he did some of his falls without breaking his neck will always be a mystery to the audience. He won much applause.

Edward Paley and Lea Lature sang a number of catchy songs. They were followed by Marc MacDermott in a one-act playlet, "A Night in Spain" includes dancing and singing. It was remarkably fast and the dancers showed much vim. Joe Laurie, Jr., sauntered out on the stage and chatted easily with the audience. He talked a while and then sauntered off the stage. Meantime the audience forget the heat and just giggled.

Innis brothers talked nonsense and danced swiftly. Tan Arakis in sensational ladder balancing closed the bill.

Aug 15 1922
With Thomas Randolph, the clergyman who wrote plays and poems of love and gallantry, we exclaim:

Come, spur away,
I have no patience for a longer stay,
But must go down
And leave the chargeable noise of this great town.
I will the country see.

Well, Randolph died before he was thirty years old. Absit omen!

But where to go, where to sojourn for a fortnight? Mr. Herklimer Johnson urges us to visit him, but we hear there is no coal in Clamport, and baking with oak wood in the stove does not always lead to satisfactory results. Then, too, he might insist on reading to us his notes on "Wines, Strong Waters and Malt Liquors" collected for the 13th volume of his colossal work, "Man as a Political and Social Beast" (elephant folio, sold only by subscription). This reading would depress us.

Other friends have "extended invitations," but a visit to a house for the first time is a dangerous experiment. Ferguson, no doubt, would welcome us, but we have not the pleasure of knowing Mrs. Ferguson. She might look curiously at a patched trouser-leg; our table manners might disconcert her. "Lorenzo has such strange friends. Of course, I try to be agreeable to them, but I breathe freer when they are gone. Lorenzo is not then tempted to drink more than is good for him."

Fired by the essays of Hazlitt, Mortimer Collins and Stevenson; in search of adventures that would rival those of George Borrow, shall we go a-walking?

Afoot and light-hearted I take to the open road,
Healthy, free, the world before me,
The long brown path before me leading wherever I choose.

But Walt Whitman wrote these lines before the demoniacal motor-car drove pedestrians into the ditch and fouled the morning and evening air.

O highway I travel, do you say to me,
"Do not leave me?"
Do you say, "Venture not—if you leave me you are lost?"

Yes, Walt, but if we keep to the highway we'll be crushed.

After all, we might be very comfortable in Boston for the free fortnight. We have not been to the top of Bunker Hill monument since boyhood days, when, coming from our little village, we were taken to see the pantomime at the Theatre Comique, and heard George Young standing behind our chair at his inn say: "Does the young gentleman find the beefsteak to his taste?"

We might explore the recesses and jungles of the Boston Public Library, and look leisurely in the Art Room at the "Prisons" of Piranesi, the nightmare pictures that Coleridge described to De Quincey. We might even visit the Zoo for the purpose of maintaining the theory of evolution. Or we might spend the time with novels, recommended by publishers hysterically, "for they are about to be suppressed."

Whether we visit Mr. Johnson or Mr. Ferguson—probably not the latter, for we see a row of servants, with chauffeur, head gardener and others in authority, with extended open and expectant palms on our departure—or whether we tramp in woods or loaf in Boston, this column will go on. We dislike even for a fortnight to be without news about old Mr. Quincy Tufts and Mr. Black, the photographer; to be in doubt about the derivation of the word "buddy." We fear that the moral tone of the community may suffer, for as Sir Richard Steele said of his Tatler, "The general purpose has been to recommend truth, innocence, honor, and virtue, as the chief ornaments of life." This fear is groundless, after all, for the accomplished gentleman who will have charge of this column in our absence will undoubtedly see to it that the rigid standard will be maintained. And, again, to liken small things to great, we may say with Sir Richard:

"I should err against that candor, which an honest man should always carry about him, if I did not own that the most approved pieces in it (this column) were written by others, and those which have been most excepted against, by myself."

"I'LL LEARN YER"

Evelyn Sharp, in the Manchester Guardian, asks: "Can manners be taught?" We have heard men, also women, in their excitement say: "I'll teach you manners"; sometimes "I'll learn you manners."

AMONG THOSE PRESENT
(From an exchange in Maine.)

EASTPORT

Funeral of James D. MacGregor Largely Attended
Two Whales Arrive

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)
EASTPORT, Aug. 7.—Funeral serv-

JONAS OF THE ROLLO BOOKS

(From the Manchester Guardian.)
The frontier tradition lives on in the American city, so that every small boy of however cultured a home is proud of his mechanical ingenuity, and the American popular hero must always be a jack-of-all-trades. The business of building radio outfits at home has almost superseded the other great national pastime of a year ago, the making of home-brewed beer.

DISCRIMINATIVE CRITICISM

(From Brentano's Book Chat.)
No greater word artist than Hergeshelmer is writing English today. A master of the paused period and the expressive sentence. He paints in cloudy reds and cloudy blues, but never yellows. He sees with the eye, inward. Always he asks the question—what is it about?

MR. CUSH AT TENNIS

As the World Wags:

When serving at tennis Mr. J. Throckmorton Cush never keeps more than two feet on the ground at once, and in rushing to the net he always takes the base line in with him, thereby making all his opponents' passing shots practically valueless. He likes to play on a dirt court where the side lines are elastic so they may be pulled inward or outward at will. At handicap play Mr. Cush is particularly successful, having beaten a most dexterous player at the tremendous odds of five games to four and 40 love on given odds, and giving the ball to his opponent who lobbed it to him with the sun directly in his eyes. It might be added that Mr. Cush's belt broke during the course of play, making his left hand practically worthless.
Longwood. HARRY C. JOHNSON.

OR IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN ZUTZON ZORGLUM

(From "The Greatness of Abraham Lincoln," By the Rev. William E. Barton, D. D., LL. D.)
"But in Newark stands the statue of Gutzon Gorglum, with Lincoln seated on a bench. There the working man may sit beside him and eat out of his dinner pail, and little children climb upon his knees."

Aug 17 1922
Vacation

As the World Wags

WHEN THE MASTER GOES

Maybe he'll sport where quaint Clamport sits by shimmering seas,
Maybe he'll seek the mountain peak in the coolth of the evening breeze;
Maybe he'll stay near the old Back Bay in Culture's placid shades,
Or philosophize with the worldly wise mid servitors—men and maids;
But we who stay while he's away are moved by a dog-day doubt—
Say, why should the World keep wag-gings,
When there's nothing
To wag about?

NOT MRS. BARROWS

As the World Wags:

Mr. Power S. Mooney has made a mistake in calling Mrs. Jane English, Mrs. Barrows. The latter never played at the little Tremont Theatre, back of the old Music Hall with an entrance from Tremont street. She performed an engagement at the Boston Museum under her maiden name, Julia Bennett, and she shared the leading business with Mrs. Hudson Kirby when the present Boston Theatre was first opened. She was later at the Howard Athenaeum, which she managed for a time with the assistance of her husband, Jacob Barrows. They had a fine supporting company which included George Jordan and other equally adequate histrions.

Jane English was the mother of Lucille and Helen Western, and her second husband was William B. English, who managed the old National Theatre during the run of "The Three Past Men," in which his step-daughters were popular. The play, by the way, was highly suggestive of the dramatic version of "Tom and Jerry," which was given at the first Tremont Theatre on the site of the present Tremont Temple. Jane English's Tremont Theatre was remodelled from a hall where the Buck-

ley brothers were seen for a time with Swayne and Bishop Buckley as the foremost entertainers.

Alas! Jane English, after her days of prosperity, died in the Forrest Home near Philadelphia. BAIZE.
Dorchester.

Aug 20 1922

On July 18 music was heard in the Dome Room for the first time in the history of the National Gallery, London. Four students of the Royal College of Music—two girls, first violin and violoncello, and two young men, second violin and viola—played a quartet by Beethoven, and then one by Haydn, "to a fortuitous audience of about 800 to 1000 people, who stood for the most part in delighted silence and drank the double cup of enchantment with eyes and ears."

This innovation moved even Mr. J. St. Loe Strachey of the Spectator to rhapsodic prose. "The sweet airs that echoed round the spacious halls moved not only the listening men and women. They seemed to bear an enchantment to the Pictures, and beyond them to those who left the record of their passion on canvas and panel. One did not expect the soldier saint, with his crystal sword, to step down from the wall, but rather the poet who imagined him as the guard of the gracious Virgin and the Divine Child wisely beautiful in his innocence. It mattered not that the music was the growth of so different an age and so changed a spirit. All beauties meet at the centre and are one." And then Mr. Strachey, like Mr. Silas Wegg on sundry occasions dropped into poetry.

Mr. Strachey hopes that in future the music will be simple and unambitious. "It must of course, never be vulgar or ill-rendered, but it should have about it just that touch of eager innocence which was supplied by the youthful ladies and gentlemen who so delighted us on Tuesday."

AND SO A WRITER in the Daily Telegraph asked for the more gifted and more advanced students of any reputable school of music. "This is an important point. If we ask for famous players, for virtuosity, for thrills, we imperil at once the future of the plan by making these concerts rival those of the West end halls. If picture galleries are to be occasionally open to concerts, it should be clearly understood that their purpose is not that of adding to the number of existing concert halls. The pleasure derived from listening to beautiful melodies is enhanced when the eye is at the same time delighted by some lovely canvas or drawing. Music of the egotistical, virtuosic order would doubtless destroy that harmony. Similarly it would be advisable to debar solo pieces. If a change from chamber music should be considered desirable, the only fitting parallel would be a small choir with a vast repertory of old English, as well as modern music. No doubt there are solo pieces which might be considered suitable, but if one of them is admitted all discrimination later would become far more difficult and lead, possibly, to controversy and endless debates. In any case it is a fallacy to believe that popular music will draw a popular audience. The programs of our best-attended concerts—the Promenade concerts—are quite equal to the standard of first-rate symphonic programs. The public as a whole has a bias for the best things, as those who forget it learn to their cost."

ANOTHER WRITER reminds his readers that Haydn wrote for palaces rather than concert halls, and this is true in perhaps lesser degree of Mozart. For concerts in the National Gallery there should be chamber music, harpsichord recitals, the singing of Madrigals. Music might easily bear a relationship to certain pictures. There is the chamber music of Debussy, as his sonata for flute, viola and harp. "One thinks of the quattrocento painters—in Debussy there is the same

gracious beauty, the same delicate colorings of mother of pearl, the same absence of any human element." Pictures by Crome suggest English folk-tunes arranged by Holitz or Vaughan Williams. Above all, pretentiousness should be avoided. The arranger of the concert "must think in terms of the flute rather than in terms of the trombone; the trio, quartet, quintet, vocal and instrumental, would be a safe boundary beyond which it would be dangerous to travel."

Mr. Jacchia, leading a small orchestra, has given excellent concerts in the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston, and there have been concerts of another nature with the view of familiarizing crowds with the museum. Concerts have also been given in the Metropolitan Museum, New York, and, if we are not mistaken, in one or two museums of western cities. Nowhere in this country, we believe, has there been any deliberate attempt to arrange a program with regard to any particular picture room.

"HAMLET" AT STRATFORD-ON-AVON; VARIOUS NOTES ABOUT THE STAGE

At the Summer Festival at Stratford-on-Avon, "Hamlet" was performed the last week in July, performed fully, with unimportant exceptions, and in Shakespeare's order. There was one short interval, but the time of playing was not more than three and a half hours. It appears that Mr. William Stack, who played Hamlet, erred by giving roughness to the part. "We might make suggestions of detail," says the Times. "We would, for instance, have a ghost who in many of his scenes is happily invisible remain invisible always, for as he appears now to lay his charge upon Hamlet he stands in a light so harsh and strong that the watcher's imagination, keyed up by the reliance placed upon it in the earlier scenes, receives shock and falters. There is, too, a red door, curiously decorated, which during much of the acting compels an unwilling attention to itself. The choice of it contrasts strangely with the splendid severity of the Queen's bed-chamber, or the immense effect which is obtained from a single torch in the scene which follows the killing of Polonius. But disagreement upon points of detail is swept away by pleasure in Mr. Bridges Adams's general stagecraft. He has given to actors a chance of a kind which we have not before seen offered to them in any other production of 'Hamlet.'" The critic said that Dorothy Green as the Queen commanded the stage when she came to her opportunity. Does this mean that she spoke "in italics" or even roared? We see Queen Gertrude as a melting, languishing creature, physically, at least, very womanly.

A NEW PLAY, "SECRETS," by Rudolph Besler and May Edginton, will be brought out in London on Sept. 17.

The Englishman "presented" on the foreign stage invariably acts and looks like anybody but an Englishman. Just now at Berlin, writes a correspondent, is flocking to see a drama called "The Machine Wreckers," which deals with the Luddite riots. The play opens with a scene in the House of Lords, where the producer makes the lord chancellor

loll about, in a most ungraceful manner, in a cane-bottomed chair, and provides him with a little hand-bell with which to give notice that he is going to speak. Their lordships all wear the wigs of high legal luminaries. With the exception of Lord Byron. The part of Byron is played by a six-foot stalwart, with no sign of lameness, and when called upon to speak he jumps to his feet with a swift, if heavy, movement of a Prussian guardsman. The speech is rattled off at tremendous speed and in a voice of thunder. Next to Shakespeare, the Germans worship Byron, and it is curious that such a completely false picture of him should pass muster in Berlin's most important theatre.—London Daily Chronicle.

THIS "MACHINE WRECKERS" is by young Toller, who commanded the Red army of the Munich soviet republic, and was sentenced to seven years' imprisonment. He is now in jail. His poems, "horribly grim and defiant," have been likened to those of Siegfried Sassoon, and his play, "Die Wandlung," is "more like a depressing disconcerted nightmare than a work of art." His later play, "Masse Mensch," had some success in Berlin.

George Thorne died at Edlesborough on July 25. The Manchester (Eng.) Guardian said of him: "It was at the Prince's, Manchester, that he introduced the way of playing Jack Point in 'The Yeomen of the Guard' with a tragic ending. Grossmith had always played it at the Savoy as a pure comedian part, but that shocked Thorne's fine sense of fitness, and when he got the chance of introducing the opera to the country he rang down the curtain on 'poor jilted' Jack Point's death. Mr. Thorne was hardly known to London playgoers—it was a great regret that he never played

at the Savoy itself, but he was a far finer actor than his brother Tom, so long at the Vaudeville. He was a finished comedian with a sense of tears, and many Gilbert-and-Sullivanites both here and in America, where he played a good deal, thought he was the perfect Savoyard. He had lived so long in retirement, with failing health, that on one occasion he read his own obituary. He wished, I believe, to be buried in Kensal Green in the family grave, which is next to that of J. L. Toole."

IF WE ARE NOT mistaken, we saw him as the leader of the policemen in "The Pirates of Penzance." There was a peculiarly unctuous humor in his performance.

"Subject to the approval of the general committee of the Shakespeare national fund the executive committee are recommending that for not less than three years a grant of £1000 per annum be made to the governors of the 'Old Vic,' to assist the development of that worthy institution after reconstruction.

"It is understood that the grant will be conditional on the money being devoted exclusively to Shakespearean and other good dramatic work, and on the placing of a representative of the Shakespeare national executive on the executive of the 'Old Vic.'"

"The governors of the 'Old Vic,' who received with such thankfulness and enthusiasm the announcement that an unnamed donor had promised a gift of £30,000 for their funds, are much troubled by the fact that the money has not yet arrived."

GEORGE CALDERON'S "Three Plays and a Pantomime" have been published by Grant Richards, London. The volume includes "The Fountain," acted in 1909, by the Stage Society, "Revolt," "Cromwell: Mall O'Monks," and the "Ibsen Pantomime" of "Cinderella." The Times says: "Fresh from reading these plays, one is inclined to say that Calderon's loss was the heaviest blow which struck the English drama during the war. Calderon had an originality, a courage, a kind of intellectual impudence which flowered out of a very strange and a very rich nature."

Austin Brereton's life of H. B. and Laurence Irving has been published by Grant Richards.

The company of the Comedie Francaise gave performances at night of "Oedipus" in the great amphitheatre of Nimes last month. "Their art is built upon the technic which in England too soon becomes the tricks of the 'old pro,' and it is just possible that before the good folk of the provinces they like to display the technic more frankly than they would before critical Paris. . . . M. Silvain, as the priest, perhaps, too, Mme. Louise Silvain as Jocaste, and certainly M. Albert Lambert fils as Oedipe . . . showed themselves conscious of the size of the stage and of the 'house,' and in farewells to children and what not 'laid it on thick,' to wring the hearts of the good Nimoids. . . . Better than anything save M. de Max (Tiresias) and M. Dorival (The Old Shepherd) was the chorus. Here were no Reinhardtian tumult and din; here none of that 'garden city' flopping of bare arms and legs with which young ladies in England have shown us the passions of Theban or Argive peoples."

HENRY ARTHUR JONES WRITES TO HENRY JEWETT ABOUT REPERTORY THEATRES

(The London Daily Telegraph, July 27.) An interesting experiment in repertory has lately been made at Boston, U. S. A., at the Copley Theatre. In place of searching for original works Mr. Henry Jewett, the manager, has for some time past produced a succession of the best and most popular pieces of the last and present generation. For the coming season he has just arranged with Mr. Henry Arthur Jones to do a number of his plays, including "Dolly Reforming Herself," "The Case of the Rebellious Susan," and "The Bauble Shop," the interpretation of which will be entrusted mainly to an English company. In the letter announcing his acceptance of the proposal Mr. Jones has some rather pungent things to say regarding the repertory system in this country, which, in the hope that they may appeal to English playgoers, he has transmitted to us for publication.

"I have read with great interest such accounts of your repertory enterprise in Boston as have reached me in England. From its continuance through several seasons I am encouraged to hope that you have successfully solved the difficult problem of establishing a repertory theatre, and of bringing it into repute with all classes of playgoers. In England the repertory movement, while it has produced some brilliant, sincere and thoughtful work, has largely failed, and has lost much money for its promoters. It seems to have been started with the notion that it is the duty of a repertory theatre to provide original plays of an esoteric type, and thus to elevate the taste of the great body of playgoers by offering them something they won't go to see.

"NOW, ORIGINAL PLAYS, even of modest intellectual pretensions, are hard to find, and therefore our repertory managers have had to fall back upon plays whose chief attraction for the general public has been that of dull and devious eccentricity. Of course, it is always possible to obtain what is called an 'artistic' success by discovering some new and laudable way of boring the public in the theatre. Unquestionably, many of our repertory theatres have gained this kind of success, and deserve great credit for losing their promoters' money in so praiseworthy an enterprise. Much credit may also be given to our repertory managers in that, while they have disdained to pander to the base and universal desire of playgoers to be amused, they have at the same time convincingly demonstrated that social problems and 'ideas' can be debated in the theatre without arriving at any conclusion about them. At times I have suspected some of our repertory managers of being social reformers. For these reasons there has been a general deficit both in the banking accounts and in the nightly audiences. It is, however, only fair to say that the failure of our repertory theatres to educate the public has been solely due to the large number of absentees from the per-

formances. It is impossible to educate playgoers unless they are present to receive the instruction and are also prepared to pay for the process.

"The conclusion is that it is not the main business of a repertory theatre to produce super-pseudo-intellectual esoteric drama for persons with exclusive tastes. By this means the general intellectual level of the drama is lowered rather than raised. A repertory theatre can only flourish by appealing to the general body of playgoers with the best of those plays that have already been tested by the public and, having received the stamp of popular approval, are sure of some considerable measure of support. By this means, the general intellectual level of the drama is likely to be gradually raised.

"CERTAINLY A REPERTORY manager should also produce original plays that are likely to be successful with the paying public. But such original plays are few and far between, and alas! the repertory manager's judgment of them is almost as disastrously fallible as the judgment of the ordinary commercial manager. Both kinds of manager are necessary, and both kinds of managers occasionally produce meritorious plays. But I repeat, the first and chief business of the repertory manager should be to revive such plays of merit as have already captured the contemporary public, and, in the rush for novelty, are in danger of falling into neglect. He should avoid the experiments of freaks, and the 'ideas' and 'problems' of the 'intellectuals.'"

"In the present precarious and unsatisfactory state of the drama (at least in England), it is unwise to make predictions. But I think that a small repertory theatre, run on the lines that I have indicated, might be started in each of our large towns with good hope of success. So far as I can learn, your policy is in accordance with the guiding principle that I have outlined in this letter. I congratulate you upon your success, I wish you further prosperity, and I am delighted to know that I shall again be represented at the Copley Theatre during the coming season."

"HENRY ARTHUR JONES."

JOHN McCORMACK IN EUROPE! AS DESCRIBED BY MR. McSWEENEY

D. F. McSweeney, friend of John McCormack and co-partner in the management of his concert tours, writes from Vichy:

"There have been many contradictory statements and rumors regarding Mr. McCormack's health, his plans for the immediate future, etc. I want to give you the facts.

"I have just spent a week with Mr. McCormack at Stow-on-the-Wold, Gloucestershire. This is not 'John McCormack's English estate,' as some of the American papers had it. He has simply rented the place for the season from the family of the late Sir John Murray Scott.

"Mr. McCormack today looks better than he has for a long time. He spends two hours a day, Sundays excepted, rain or shine, roaming the countryside, shooting rabbits, and—when the game-

keeper is not looking—an occasional partridge. He is as rabid a tennis fan as ever. When I met him at the Savoy Hotel he called my attention to the shrinkage of the waistline and inquired: 'Do you suppose they will give me a job in the movies when I get back?'

"His friends may rest assured that his voice is as good as it ever was. He could give a concert tomorrow, but he won't."

"He has made up his mind to take a long rest. Two days after my arrival in London, I heard him sing for the first time since he sang in Chicago Sunday

afternoon, April 2. He sang four selections. It was at a reception given in his honor by Herbert Hughes, at the latter's home in Chelsea. Mr. Hughes had invited a number of persons including Ernest Newman, Robla Legge and Frank Trevor, three of the leading critics; Frank Bridge, Arnold Bax and John Ireland, composers. One of the critics remarked to me: "After listening to such a lot of poor singing all the season, it certainly is good to get one's ears rinsed out in this way."

"Mr. McCormack has decided to take things easy, in the singing line, until next spring, when he will return to America for a brief concert tour. He may give a few operatic performances at Monte Carlo in the mean time. Spending August in Ireland, in September and part of October he will be the guest of Gen. Jack Stewart of Montana. In the north of Scotland. Then, for three months, he will be coached in Lieder by Henschel. After a sojourn in the south of France, he will return to the United States, probably in the early part of March."

THE MARY PICKFORD OF 15 YEARS AGO, WITHOUT CURLS; OTHER FILM NOTES

The London public and critics have been interested in a showing of "To Save Her Soul," made 15 years ago, with Mary Pickford, heroine, and Mack Sennett, a desperate villain. The film is about 1000 feet in length. At the Victoria Palace the music was furnished by a tinkling piano. A "lecturer" tried to explain what was happening as the film was shown on the screen. The film is "striking as an example of what was considered a masterpiece 15 years ago. . . . It is not often that it is possible to look back at the earlier stages of the history of the film, and a visit to this production deepens the impression that, in spite of its many obvious faults, the film has developed wonderfully in a very short time. The plot is concerned with the misadventures of an innocent young lady (Miss Mary Pickford), who is lured into the vices of a big city by Mr. Sennett, eventually to be saved by the intervention of a curate. That is the whole story, and it is so artless and told so naively and seriously that it is irresistibly amusing. Mr. Mack Sennett's villain is a full-blooded affair, and it is difficult to associate with this performance the sense of humor that has produced the many comedies that have since borne

his name. The most interesting performance, however, is that of Miss Mary Pickford. She had not yet assumed the curls that have attracted so many audiences recently. Her hair was then quite straight, but otherwise the part might have been played by the Mary Pickford of today. It is perfectly serious, but, in spite of that, it is possible to see during the performance all the little comic mannerisms that have made her so famous since. "To Save Her Soul" is well worth seeing, if only as a proof that films today are not quite so bad as they seem to some of us."

"THE BRUTE," shown in London, tells of a gentleman afflicted with blood-lust. "He is in the habit of murdering every one who gets in his way, and during the course of six reels he manages successfully to get rid of six or seven human beings, a dog, a sparrow and some frogs. At the same time, he tries to make the heroine marry him against her will. At one point the villain produces a notebook, in which he has a tabular list of his murders."

It is apparently the idea of certain producing firms that the best way to get a "punch" into a picture is to engage a fighting man as star. The studios are today full of boxers of admitted ability as punchers, but sometimes of but slight experience or capacity as actors. What does it matter whether the Stepmother Slasher can act or not? Anyway, he's got a name to advertise! There are James Corbett, Jack Dempsey, Georges Carpentier, Billy Wells, Victor MacLaglen, Kid McCoy and Jimmy Wilde, besides many others all drawing big salaries as picture actors. Of these MacLaglen is decidedly the best screen performer. I believe that no prominent boxer has failed to receive many offers to come into the studio after he has won a well-advertised boxing bout.—The Stage.

THE FIRM OF BRITISH Instructional Films, Ltd., having been appointed official cinematographers to the Royal Zoological Society, is sending Mr. Oliver G. Pike to the Farne Islands to take an exhaustive series of pictures of sea-birds in flight. "The idea is to test a theory that has been put forward by Mr. W. Pyecraft, of the British Museum of Natural History, with regard to the similarity between the flight of birds and the swimming of fish. This

theory was first put forward after the exhibition of Mr. Edgar Chance's cuckoo film, and as a result a special film was taken with an ultra-rapid camera, which slows down the movement on the screen to about a tenth of the normal rate. The evidence gained from this film added support to the theory. It is claimed that both birds and fish resemble the turtle when in motion, and arrangements have now been made to take an extensive series of pictures of turtles at the zoo. Already a large number of remarkable photographs have been taken of fish."

"The White Rat" is based on a "Queer Story" from Truth, by K. R. G. Owen. It tells of the murder of a man under by one of his clients who takes justice into his own hands. He returns home and confronts a detective who comes to see him. The latter casually mentions that the money lender had one unusual peculiarity—he had as a pet a white rat which had disappeared after the murder. The murderer is interested, but does not become alarmed until he turns round to see the white rat emerging from the pocket of his overcoat.

"THE ARABIAN NIGHTS"

(From the London Times)

To make "The Arabian Nights" into a film might have been thought to be a trifle ambitious; but a film bearing that name was recently shown by the Walthamstow Company. It is a curious mixture of genius and the commonplace, of artistic exaltation and profound pathos. The producers have cleverly avoided comparison with "The Arabian Nights" familiar to the average reader by taking as the basis of the film a story that is unfamiliar to us all. It is called "The Story of Goul-Y-Hanar," and the ordinary edition of the book is discreetly silent about that lady. As, however, in a foreword it is pointed out that the story is one of the most fascinating recitals in the whole gamut of eastern traditions, and is the basis of that wonderful series styled "The Arabian Nights," it is to be presumed that it actually is not only "fascinating," but in "The Arabian Nights." If it is not, it might well be. It is a conglomeration of superstition and slaughter leavened by glimpses of unexpected humor and deadened throughout by the illiteracy and incongruous nature of nearly all the subtleties.

It is unfortunate that the letterpress is so unusually bad, because the film itself has several good points. Some of the scenes are magnificent, and the story is told with a certain amount of skill. It is hardly in the best traditions of "The Arabian Nights," however, for an incident to creep into the film that is reminiscent of the worst type of American comedy. In one scene the hero seeks to make his escape from an impossible position by flinging a missile at the Sultan. The latter receives it on his head, and proceeds to go through a series of contortions that would do credit to a participant in one of those films in which humor is measured in proportion to the physical sufferings inflicted on the protagonists. If this film could be renamed, and if all the sub-titles could be rewritten by some one with an understanding of the English tongue, the production would appeal to many members of an average audience.

"A PRINCE OF LOVERS: BEING THE ROMANCE OF LORD BYRON"

(From the Spectator)

"Of all the names that star the firmament of British literature . . ." begins the preliminary paragraph thrown on the screen before the beginning of the Byron film. Alas! it is in such a strain that the play continues. According to the program everybody concerned in the production appears possessed of the most admirable qualities, but not of those particular qualities which their activity of the moment requires. Of Mr. Howard Gaye, who acts Lord Byron, we read that he was the 89th actor to be interviewed for the role, that he is an old Haileyburian and an Oxford graduate, and that he comes of an old English family "with military, literary and aesthetic associations of considerable interest." Then there is the author, Miss Alicia Ramsey; either she has been heavily edited or her command of language is exceeded by her enthusiasm. Consider that first sentence, or again, Byron's words over his dying parent—"You were the only mother in the world for me"—so few of us have more than one, or much choice in the matter! And then again the clothes, especially the women's clothes! Some of them were very pretty, but few of them would have been worn between 1788 and 1824, almost fever upon the occasions upon which they are represented as being worn. Then there was the optimism who estimated the value of the "genuine period furnishings used" at over £12,000. That value must be a veritable Mark Tapley, a social asset in his neighborhood. But of all the auxiliary evidence of the play's greatness brought to our notice perhaps the most entertaining is a paragraph

which appeared in the Daily Express some time ago, under the heading of "The Haunted Film." Byron relics had been collected, it tells us; the camp bed upon which Byron died borrowed; the actors and actresses had steeped themselves in Byronalia for months; and, when the film came to rehearsal, "the actors and actresses began to feel the influence of a presence not on the payroll." There was a "personality" at work. Sometimes it would seem friendly, but more often highly critical (this is comprehensible), and at the end of a rehearsal the principals would get into the habit of asking each other, "Did Byron approve this time?" and the same correspondent tells us that after the death scene Mr. Howard Gaye was with difficulty revived, and he concludes his article with the remark, "Perhaps it is possible for imagination to tempt realism too far, even in film production." What fun everybody concerned seems to have had—even those "not on the payroll."

May I make a revolutionary suggestion to film producers? It was a saying in my nursery when something was broken and I wanted to mend it, "Certainly not, my dear, you will only mess it up; it must be done by a proper man." Now in film production, one would guess, there is only one sort of "proper man" employed. Certainly in this field he is the first of "proper men"; he is the cinema, the photographic expert. But there should have been a variety of other experts employed on such a film, an expert stylist for the sub-titles, an expert in historic costume and coiffure (all the women looked irreverently modern), and an expert in furniture and bric-a-brac—(Or, those oak chairs with squiggly backs, those Great Exhibition vases and statues, those Victorian curtains!)—and last of all, an expert historian to tell the actors and actresses what the minor characters were like.

BUT IT MUST NOT BE thought for a moment that the film is an affair of unadulterated gloom, for there are some capital things in it. I, personally, enjoyed most Mr. Bellendon Powell's too brief appearance as the Prince Regent. He was perfect. There moved Prince Florizel—stayed, padded, curled and second-rate—with a sort of ill-bred assurance, and yet somehow possessed of immense dignity. One felt the curlsies of the rest of the characters were expected—necessary. Then Mr. Howard Gaye—Byron—though insufficiently mercurial and dare-devil, was occasionally excellent and always well dressed; and there were admirable and too-brief moments with postillions and swinging barouches under porticoes, the great C-springs swaying as the steps were let down. Then the dying scene in the bare, whitewashed room, on the camp-bed, and the crowd of jostling Greeks outside, was by no means bad, and the venerable priest with his bearded, black procession and his dedicatory sword and wreath were impressive and brought the curtain down decorously.

But that stately curtain-fall was not really the end of the story. I had an old great-aunt and she had an uncle by marriage, who was also Byron's uncle. The body of the poet was consigned to this Admiral Byron, who posted up to London to receive the remains. My great-aunt, having a proper curiosity, inquired as to the details.

"And did you see him?"
"In a cask of rum, my dear."
"And did you see him?"
"Yes."
"And what did he look like?"
"Black as a cheroot, my dear; like an alligator."

FOR THIS PLEASING anecdote the Spectator was taken to task by Mr. John Murray, the publisher. In reply, the following letter was published in the Spectator of July 23:

Sir: Mr. John Murray, in his letter quoting what is no doubt a "full and accurate" account of the landing of Byron's body in England, ends with the phrase: "It is always desirable to verify one's references." Admitted. But that was exactly what "Tarn" did. I had originally told the story and "Tarn" inquired of me later to make sure. The story, as told in the Spectator, was told to me by my great-aunt, Miss Mary Anne Sykes, who was the authority in question. (1) She was the niece by marriage of Admiral Byron. (2) She was as a girl stopping at her uncle's house when the body arrived in England. (3) She remembered her uncle going up to London to see the body. (4) She remembered asking him what the body looked like. (5) She remembered his reply that it was black and looked like an alligator.

All these statements I have on several occasions heard from my aunt. Further, I have today received a letter from a niece of Miss Sykes, now 80 years of age, who endorses my statement that our relative, her aunt and my great-aunt, always made the statement in the terms just given.

Probably the explanation is that Admiral Byron did not receive the body of his nephew as stated, but only went up to London to see it at the undertaker's.

That hypothesis reconciles two statements, both, of course, made in good faith. As to the color of the body, there is a more real conflict of evidence. Possibly the change occurred after the body was exposed to the air. I am, sir, etc.,
GREAT-NEPHEW.

PADEREWSKI AT HESPERIA

(From the Santa Fe Magazine)

Not long ago when there was a had slide in Cajon Pass, a number of trains were tied up at Hesperia, Cal., a small station located near the summit. The passengers on these belated trains restlessly paced the platform of the little station, enjoying as best they could the fresh mountain air and amusing themselves in various ways while the slide was being removed.

Among the travelers on his way to his California ranch was Ignace Paderewski, the eminent pianist. The Santa Fe operator, more or less jocularly and yet somewhat expectantly, said in substance: "Mr. Paderewski, I have never had an opportunity to hear you play, and probably would not have had money enough, any way. Won't you come across the street to our hotel and play something for us?" The distinguished musician replied without a second's hesitation: "Why, certainly," and was led to the sitting-room of the modest hotel, where an upright piano of long use and somewhat out of tune reposed in its accustomed place against the wall.

The astonished proprietress of the hotel, Miss Welch, hastily removed the pictures and vases and hymn books that were on the piano, brushed off the keys and opened the top of the instrument—to its astonishment, be it said. The word was quickly passed to the train crews, the townspeople and the passengers, all of whom rushed to the hotel.

ENGINEMEN, TRAINMEN, employees of the hotel, and even a few of the Mexican section gang, with a swarm of passengers, crowded into the limited space, and Mr. Paderewski, with a spirit of graciousness that will never be forgotten by his listeners, sat down and opened his program.

It is safe to say that this poor little instrument had never expected to occupy such a distinguished role. Certainly it considered itself totally unprepared for the demands that were to be made upon it. But those who had the fortune to hear the music say that the piano rose to the occasion like a heroine. If there were a few strings slightly out of tune, or keys that did not function just right, the defects were covered by the skill of the great performer, and there arose from that room a torrent of melody and musical beauty that engraved itself on the minds of those who heard.

Piece after piece was played. Numerous encores were responded to. Mr. Paderewski bowed to his audience in appreciation of the applause with as much stateliness as though he were performing before crowned heads. One of the girls timidly asked if he would play his favorite minuet, and he gave a rendition of that popular piece that sent a thrill through everybody. Then, to show that he wished his concert to be complete, he finished with the Second Hungarian Rhapsody, one of the most effective of Liszt's immortal concertos, and the program ended with an outpouring of beautiful harmony that was an inspiration.

IRISH COMEDY AT PLYMOUTH

PLYMOUTH THEATRE—"Maytime in Erin," comedy drama interspersed with song by Edward E. Rose. First time in Boston.

Corney Bray.....Dan Kelly
Molly Flynn.....May Gally
Mrs. Lucy Murray.....Lucille Lennon
Timothy McBride.....Frank McNellis
Harlow Keane.....Edward Keane
Miles O'Dowd.....Walter Scanlan
John Nolan.....Pat Rafferty
Miss O'Neill.....Betty Browne
Shawn O'Neill.....Bennett R. Pinn

The Plymouth Theatre opens its season with a piece concerning the Isle of Romance, on which so many hearts are at present intent. Mr. Rose is part of the tradition of the old Boston Museum of blessed memory, where he was stage manager under R. M. Field. Mr. Scanlan is a familiar singer, as well as composer, of Irish songs. The story centres about a band of counterfeiters, imprisoned by a wicked magistrate, who is himself the criminal and would wed the Peg o' My Heart, who is, of course, reserved for the hero in the last act. That young hero is, of course, again, Mr. Scanlan. Love, justice, wit, song and all else that is adorable are assembled in his person.

Mr. Scanlan, it can be guessed, is the play. A large and generous audience laughed with him, wept with him, and uproariously applauded him whenever he stopped the play to sing a song. His voice was free, easy, and winning. Mr. Rose's story was of the good, old simple days when the author did what he wanted to do just because he wanted it and not from any fussy notions of art. A fairly competent company played up to Mr. Scanlan, who was rarely distant from the centre of the stage. It is not a play for the sophisticated, but brought unbounded delight to those who would renew the joys of their Irish heritage.

Irene Franklin Is Charming Headliner This Week

The program at Keith's this week is full of novelties. Irene Franklin is a charming headliner in a variety of character songs, every one of which she puts over in her teasing, vivacious way. The words are her own and the tunes by Burson Green have melody. Miss Franklin knows the value of appropriate costumes and somehow gets them just right, beautiful or ludicrous, as the case may be.

Gier's Musical Ten can get enough harmony and discord out of a set of jazz instruments to satisfy any jazz admirer. "Almost Single" is mirth-provoking from beginning to end. Julia Nash and C. H. O'Donnell, as the principals, carry on a domestic tragedy that keeps the audience convulsed with laughter. If Maud Earl could content herself with simple ballads she would be delightful, but she drags in grand opera and spoils the effect. Shaw and Lee, with stolid make-ups and stolid faces, have a good act that is a little different, and Joseph K. Watson should try for a prize in rapid fire conversation—with himself.

There are a number of good specialty acts including Baggett and Shelden in a skilful and snappy juggling stunt; the LeGrohs in a spectacular tumbling pantomime, and Mlle. La Toy's unusual act with well-trained dogs. Aesop's Fables, Topics of the Day and an exceptionally interesting reel of Pathe News complete the bill.

The competition for various prizes at the Paris Conservatory this summer led a journalist of Paris to quote Napoleon's edict regarding the costume of pupils at that institution. The order is an article in his famous decrees signed at Moscow, Oct. 14, 1812.

"They shall be clothed in a blue coat of uniform wool, pantaloons of the same material, yellow buttons, hussar boots and a three-cornered hat. In summer they shall change their woolen clothes to those of nankeen."

At that time the pupils were "pensionnaires." Hence the uniform.

From 1823 girls were received as pupils at the Conservatory. They were separated from the male pupils by the stern edict of Cherubini, who was then the director. This edict ran as follows:

"THEY SHALL BE LODGED, not in the Conservatory, but in a neighboring building of the faubourg Poissoniere. The mistress shall lead them to the school at half-past eight in the morning. They shall bring bread with them in case they feel the need of eating. They are absolutely forbidden to speak to any male pupil, and in the street and in the school they shall conduct themselves modestly. When one takes them to an opera or play, no one must go to their box to speak to them, and Madame, the chaperon, will not leave them. From time to time, the chaperon will take them to walk in Paris: they will walk two by two, and they are forbidden to stop in the course of the walk. These young ladies will be in bed at 9 o'clock in the winter; at 10 o'clock in the summer."

A wooden barrier divided in two parts the court of the Conservatory. The journalist comments on these iron-clad rules: "The times have changed! Today the little 'servatoires' are absolutely free; male and female pupils fraternize in the most gallant manner."

"SCARAMOUCHE" of Sibellus described as "a sort of mixture of melodrama and ballet-pantomime, of dumb show and plastic groupings," met with success at Copenhagen when it was produced by Poulsen, Fokin and Max Reinhardt had refused to have anything to do with it.

The widow of Brandon Thomas, author of "Charley's Aunt," moved for an injunction to restrain Ellis and others from making, selling or exporting films reproducing the situations in that comedy. The defendants, who are not making their films for Sweden, did not admit any infringement of the plaintiff's rights. They said that the only situation which resembled that in the play was that of an Oxford undergraduate dressed up as a female. In the case of the film the woman was young and was not an elderly woman, as in "Charley's Aunt." It appeared that part of the film was taken in the garden of Worcester College, Oxford.

Mrs. W. K. Clifford has dramatized her latest novel, "Miss Fingal," into a play of four acts. The heroine is a good-hearted music hall star.

"HUSBANDS ARE A PROBLEM," a new play by Harris Deans, was produced at the Ambassador, London, early this month. Mrs. Ripley's husband, whom she had divorced, came back to join her household. His sister, who was there, disapproved; his daughter became jealous of her mother's renewed affection for him, and certain visitors also wished him to go away. He went, "not to Peru, where they make puns about Peruvian bark, but to Australia, where the lost husbands of drama habitually dwell." Mrs. Ripley, "who alone among her friends and relatives had recognized, as we did, his full value to the play, was left desolate and crying." But there was a telephone handy, and "before she had done talking to the exchange, back from the garden path, where he had loitered on his journey to where he had loitered, came her husband, the antipodes," came her husband. "Not an unusual or an intellectually trying play, but, for all the thinness of the story, never a tedious one."

On Aug. 8, "The Beggar's Opera" reached its 900 performances at the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith. Sylvia Nells the original Polly Peachum in this revival, took the part again on Aug. 7 after her engagement in this country.

The fine full-length portrait, by J. A. Mohrle, of the great American actor, Edwin Booth, which the Rotary Clubs of the United States are presenting to the Shakespeare Memorial Gallery at Stratford-on-Avon, will be more than welcome. In this country, no less than on the other side of the Atlantic, he was recognized as a tragedian in the true classic line of descent from Burbage to Irving, and his Hamlet, Lear, Richelieu, and Bertuccio (in "The Revenger's Tragedy") were all masterly performances. The portrait, which represents him in the conventional morning coat and grey trousers which were his favourite mufti, will be a companion one to the striking full-length of Ada Rehan as Katherine in "The Taming of the Shrew," which is already one of the treasures of the gallery. This gives us the opportunity of being, happily, able to contradict the idea which has found expression lately in American circles that American Shakespearean acting lacks pictorial commemoration at Stratford-on-Avon. Few pictures there have been more admired than this vivid one of the greatest of Katherinas.—London Daily Telegraph.

"PEER GYNT" IN MUNICH WITH SCENERY "VERY UP-TO-DATE"

"Peer Gynt" was performed at the Munich Volks-Schauspielhaus, a little theatre, about a month ago. The scenery was without superfluities. "Much use was made of silhouettes and concentrated lighting. And, of course, there were no footlights." There was no ballet of imps and gnomes in the Hall of the Troll King. "Half a dozen weird creatures emerged from the cavern holes and crawled slyly about in the dim darkness uttering hoarse cries. There is something to be said for the Munich way of doing the scene. It got nearer to the truth, probably, and nearer to the truth. In the death of Ase, red sunset streamed through an unseen window on the o. p. side onto the bed, half-turned to face the audience. The Ase was an old Munich favorite, an actress with an extraordinary mobile face and humorous eyes. Hers was an April day, half tearful, half sunny. She scolded pettily, like a child, and like a child, tired and a little fretful, went to sleep at last. The seashore scene, perhaps, for political reasons."

"As usual in German productions, the love scene in the tent was carried so far as to leave little to the imagination. The Anitra, a robust young lady, danced and postured ungracefully. The Sphinx scene was rather too naive. It had an unashamed box of bricks look to it. From this a quick change to the madhouse scene was managed in the simplest way. While the Sphinx vanished into the flies, the white-robed maniacs were running on from the wings dragging a tall, black railing across the stage with which they shut themselves into the back hall."

"The shipwreck scene showed half a deck in silhouette intensely black

against a lurid sky, its outlines cutting all sorts of fantastic angles. Only Peer was visible, bending over the bulwarks in the struggle with the cook. It was heard and felt rather than seen, and made much more effect of a horrifying kind than if it had been seen. The Stranger, appearing high on the prompt side, stood there gaunt and still. There was no attempt at realistic movement or sound of rushing water, yet one had a vivid impression of a storm-tossed ship."

THE PEER GYNT, a visitor to this theatre, was "a fine-looking, strongly built man, whose voice went in the Great Boig scene. He wore it out with shouting and was as hoarse as a crow afterwards." He showed a marked change in the character in each act: "A change not dependent upon make-up which is easy enough, but denoted in gesture, bearing, inflection of speech, expression." It was Peer Gynt growing old in experience. "His vitality helped him in the early scenes. He brimmed over with an excess of life that was almost brutal; yet he managed to get the mystical touch into his make-believe and softness into his speech to Solveig. His middle-aged cynicism was all gone when he got to the scene with the Button-Moulder. That left him rather bewildered and querulous, inclined to resent having been done somehow. It was the Button-Moulder who wore the cynical smile—though there was compassion in it, too. He looked as if he could have told him how things would turn out. It struck one as just the right attitude—there's no doubt the Button-Moulder always does know all about all of us, and always did."

"The Solveig was rather disappointing. She was exceedingly pretty, but in the wrong style. For if there is one thing Solveig ought not to have it is a glove-box prettiness. One had to avoid looking at her in the final scene, or all its effect would have been spoilt, for although the actress had put on a snowy wig, she had not had the heart to paint wrinkles on her charming face."

The correspondent of the London Daily Telegraph says nothing about the music; whether Grieg's was used.

A FRENCH FILM VERSION, "MODERATELY GOOD," OF "THE CRICKET ON THE HEARTH"

"The Cricket on the Hearth" is a French version of the novel by Charles Dickens, which is controlled in this country by W. and F. Film Service, Ltd. It is an exceedingly painstaking production and a moderately good film, but it never quite manages to obtain the Dickensian atmosphere. "The Cricket on the Hearth" has as little of that atmosphere as any of the works of Dickens, but it is possible to trace the master hand throughout. In this film version of it there is no evidence of the master hand at all. There are merely the bare bones of the very ordinary story, and these are supported by some remarkably uninspired sub-titles. The acting is heavy, and the issue of the plot would be so palpable even to one who was not familiar with the novel that there can be very little excuse for the conversion of the book into a film at all.

It is difficult to determine why this particular novel should have been selected for transformation into a film. The story is the least interesting part of the novel, as it is the most important part of the film, and the characters are not sufficiently outstanding to grip the imagination of the onlooker, even if they had first managed to grip that of the producer. At the same time, it must be confessed that it was a hard task for a French firm to transform the novel of an author so English as Dickens into a film which was eventually to be shown to British audiences. It is no disparagement to say that the atmosphere of the author seems to have eluded them altogether. An English

producer might as well attempt to transmute a novel by Anatole France into a film and show it in Paris. It is merely a question of national temperament. "The Cricket on the Hearth" is interesting as an example of a continental idea of a work of Dickens, but it is not a very good entertainment.—London Daily Telegraph.

"FOX FARM," A BRITISH FILM, has "the virtues and defects of the characteristic British production. It is inclined to be a little too sentimental, and while it avoids the besetting American sin of excessive pretentiousness, sometimes goes to the opposite extreme. Sometimes it narrowly misses descents into bathos. Otherwise, it is an excellent piece of work."

The story, apart from its sentimentalism, is quite gripping, the delineation of the leading characters—and of several of the minor ones—is admirable, and the acting excellent. A word should

also be said for the consistently high level maintained by the sub-titles. All of these are in grammatical English, most are both brief and clear, and a few refreshingly amusing.

"Fox Farm" tells a story of a gentleman farmer (Mr. Guy Newall) who is married to a lady with a distinctly shrewish disposition. They live at a deserted spot called "Fox Farm," and are childless. That, we are led to believe, is the cause of their domestic bickerings. The farmer, in blowing up a tree on his farm, is blinded, but this, instead of softening the heart of his wife, only hardens it, and she promptly begins to listen to the attentions of another man. All the farmer has left to console him is a little dog. Eventually, the husband falls in love with a half-gipsy young woman (Miss Ivy Duke), who succeeds so well in stifling his scruples that at the end of the film we see them walking together into "the great Unknown"; his wife has apparently made for the same destination with her lover. The dog has meanwhile met a premature death.

It is obvious that such a story as this needs to be well told and well acted to make a successful film, and it is entirely through the excellence of the acting and the great taste that is shown in the telling of the tale that it is a success.

"A SOUL'S AWAKENING" tells of a "thoroughly disreputable gentleman whose chief occupations seem to be stealing dogs and beating his children." The children are taken away from him by a benevolent young couple. They pay him £2 a week as long as he treats his daughter well. He stops stealing dogs, buys her one, for which he is arrested on account of his known disposition. In prison he resolves to be a good father. "We have already had frequently to complain of the commonplace and often actually illiterate sub-titles that accompany so many films, and it is, therefore, all the more pleasing to find in this film that the letter-press is not only written in tolerable English, but is throughout quietly humorous. It is written in excellent taste, and good taste distinguishes the whole film. It is not a great production, but it has been treated with such evident sympathy and understanding that it is certainly very pleasing."

The firm of "Ideal" is soon issuing a new film called "Conquering the Alps," which describes in detail an ascent of the Jungfrau. While the film was being taken one of the party who were being photographed was nearly killed by falling into an ice crevice, another fell and broke his thigh, and the man who took the pictures was buried in an avalanche.

NOTES ABOUT MUSIC AND MUSICIANS IN ENGLAND AND ELSEWHERE

The 10 weeks' season of Promenade concerts at Queen's hall, which began Aug. 12, will end on Oct. 21. The list of British works includes 74 compositions—64 orchestral, 7 vocal and 3 instrumental by 41 composers. "The composers and the number of works by which they are represented are as follows:

"Bantock (3), Bax (2), Sterndale Bennett (1), Bliss (1), Boyce (1), Frank Bridge (1), Butterworth (1), Eric Coates (1), Coleridge Taylor (4), Cowen (1), Walford Davies (1), Delius (2), Elgar (10), Farrar (1), Balfour Gardiner (2), Edward German (3), Armstrong Gibbs (1), Goossens (2), Grainger (2), Hart (1), Holbrooke (1), Holst (2), Herbert Howells (1), John Ireland (1), Laurence (1), J. B. McEwen (2), MacCunn (1), Mackenzie (3), O'Neill (1), Parry (2), Montague Phillips (3), Percy Pitt (1), Purcell (2), W. H. Reed (1), Sargent (1), Ethel Scarborough (1), Ethel Smyth (2), Sullivan (4), Vaughan Williams (1), Alfred Wall (1), Gerard Williams (1). Several orchestral arrangements by Sir Henry J. Wood are also included in the

programs." But is not Mr. Grainger now an American citizen?

AT THE GLASTONBURY FESTIVAL this year the chief event is the production of a new music-drama by Rutland Boughton, a setting of the "Alcestis" to a libretto adapted from Murray's translation of Euripides, John Blow's "Venus and Adonis" and a ballet with music by Mozart are also on the programs.

At the Gloucester Festival three organ pieces especially composed will be heard for the first time: Stanford's Fantasia on Perry's hymn-tune, "Intercession," W. H. Reed's Toccata in D, and Brewer's "Paeon of Praise" (Ritornello and Fugue). Elgar has written a special organ part to his orchestral transcription of a Bach fugue. "I have already announced that Sir Edward Elgar's orchestral version of the Fantasia which precedes the Fugue will be played for the first time at the Gloucester Festival. Thus during the festival three new organ pieces, two new orchestral

works, the Bach Fantasia (new in its present form, two new choral works, and one choral work practically rewritten) will be produced, so that the searcher after novelty should be satisfied, and the 'true-blue Briton' school appeared by the fact that the whole of these works, save only Bach's, are by native composers. It is highly satisfactory to note that the number of stewards is enormously increased, and that already more serial tickets have been sold than were disposed of during the whole of 1913."

News comes from Vienna that, in addition to the artists named on the advance program of the International Chamber Music Performances in Salzburg, three very distinguished artists have consented to participate. Prof. Carl Friedberg, the German pianist, and M. Joseph Sziget, the Hungarian violinist, who is Marteau's successor as head of the master-class at the Geneva Conservatory, will play the Ernest Bloch violin sonatas for the first time in Europe, and Signor Mario Corti, the Italian violinist, will play the Sowerby violin sonata with the composer. Signor Corti is one of the leading artists of contemporary Italy, whilst Messrs. Friedberg and Sziget are among the most-sought-after virtuosos at present on the continent.—London Daily Telegraph.

IS ENTHUSIASM FOR OUTDOOR sports and the widespread facilities for

Including it going to take the best of the glit off the seaside concert parties' gingerbread? Some of our summer holiday entertainers already foresee a rather unsatisfying season from the financial point of view, and it is to sport—coupled with the longer evenings of daylight saving—that they attribute the prospective decline. Few concert promoters, it is said, are now able to count on the thousand or so of profit that was formerly not unusual from a season at a popular resort, and there is, of course, a consequent lessening of reward for individual members of the troupes.—London Daily Chronicle.

Mark Hambourg has written "How to Become a Pianist" (published by C. Arthur Pearson Ltd., 3s. 6d.). "We can only be deeply grateful to Mr. Hambourg for his courage in saying plain things plainly, and for giving so profusely of the wealth of his valuable and unique experiences. Such chapter headings as 'Preparing for the Pianist's Career,' 'How to Practise,' 'On Fingering and Memory,' 'Common Mistakes,' 'Playing in Public,' 'How to Choose and Care for a Piano,' give some idea of the wide field which he covers in his book. There is also a specimen lesson on the first movement of the Moonlight Sonata, which gives great insight into his own mentality and methods, and at the end extracts from the exercises which he himself uses daily. It is not difficult to read between the lines how steeped is the writer in the tradition associated with the name of Leschetitzky, and how faithful he is to that great teacher's memory."

RECENT ENGLISH SONGS approved by the Daily Telegraph: Peter Warlock's "Captain Stratton's Fancy" (words by Massfield), and "Good Ale" (an anonymous poem said to be of the 15th century. "Such verses as these that begin—Captain Stratton's Fancy: Oh, some are fond of red wine and some are fond of white, And some are all for dancing by the pale moonlight. But rum alone's the dapple and the heart's delight. Of the old, bold mate of Henry Morgan. Oh, some are fond of Spanish wine and some are fond of French, And some'll swallow tay and stuff it only for a wench. But I'm for right Jamaica till I roll beneath the bench. Says the old, bold mate of Henry Morgan—cry out for a tune, and Mr. Warlock supplies it, a right hefty one, complete with accompaniment. There is a slightly perverse touch of the old English carol in his treatment of 'Good Ale,' a fact that will not, one feels sure, prejudice the average singer. To Augener's catalogue have also been added new settings of Massfield's 'Vagabond' and Housman's 'A Shropshire Lad' (six songs separately issued), by John Ireland. Of Mr. Ireland's settings, 'Lads-love' is unfortunate in its ending—a curious lapse into triviality—and 'The Lent Lily' (a thing of beautiful texture) in its resemblance, in a prominent phrase, to an important phrase in George Butterworth's 'Is my team ploughing?' It is an odd thing to remark that the resemblance should happen to occur in treating the same Housman cycle, though the poems concerned are not the same. Of new songs lately to hand from Metzler & Co. those bearing the names of Katherine Barry, Nellie Simpson and Raymond Loughborough are also as English as they can be. Not for many months have

we seen a ballad so well written as Mr. Loughborough's 'Captain Danny.' Here is a breezy song, written by one who believes that the first quality of a song is singleness—a song that has both strength and dignity, qualities rare enough in combination. More songs of this type and we would hear fewer nasty remarks about the roytly ballad. Stainer and Bell's list has been augmented by new songs from Richard H. Walthew, Edward C. Balrston and Henry Tiltman. 'Muslo, when soft voices die,' in the setting made by the last-named, may be conventional music enough, but it has a delicacy and fragrance that are attractive."

OLIVER MADOX HUEFFER WRITES AMUSINGLY ABOUT THE MANEGE DUBARRY

(From the Manchester Guardian)
If you should happen to visit the Foire de Saint-Cloud or that of Versailles or even that of Pantin, or indeed any one of half a hundred other suburban and provincial fairs, you will almost certainly become aware of M. Dubarry. If you do not meet him in person you can always recognize him by the cows that are an imposing feature of his manege. They are rather skittish cows, with gilded horns, tongues which protrude from their mouths, and the neatness of saddles. Nevertheless they are not without dignity, as you can judge from the solemnity with which they curvet on their appointed path so that not the smallest or most nervous of citizens need fear a fall from their comfortable backs even when the steam organ shrieks its loudest and the carousel reaches the highest speed that can possibly be expected for 50 centimes. But we are forgetting M. Dubarry.

M. Dubarry is worthy of respect from young and old, and for many reasons. For one thing, he is a survival, and survivals are always respectable. For another, he lives in the neatest of movable houses, own sister, if indeed it be not the great original itself, to that immortalized by Mrs. Jarley's Waxworks. You will always find it close to the carousel. It is freshly painted in white with a green stripe, and it has a little window, with a neat curtain, and a green door. It has even a smart brass knocker, just as had Mrs. Jarley, which is the more remarkable since I seriously doubt if you could find another brass knocker anywhere throughout the length and breadth of France. And, again, as in Mrs. Jarley's home, the little brass knocker knocks innumerable double knocks all the time when the Manege Dubarry is moving from fair to fair along the cobblestones that pave the arteries of France.

It is true that there are differences. For one thing, M. Dubarry's home bears a very striking sign, repeated on either side in the neatest of Gallic script, pointing out that it is the "Manege Dubarry." For another, you will very seldom find M. Dubarry within it, but must seek him at the nearest corner cafe, where you will doubtless find him drinking cognac a l'au. This is French because unthrifty habit I myself believe he learnt from some English clown or acrobat with whom at some time he came in contact, or perhaps employed. For at one time, as you will learn if you talk to him for more than five minutes, M. Dubarry occupied worthily a very much more splendid sphere than is his at present. He must, I think, have been a sort of Barnum among the minnows of circus ownership. Now he owns only the Manege Dubarry, and he will tell you, does not expect to own that very long.

COWS AND SAUCEPANS

The Manege Dubarry, which is today reduced to the one carousel (Anglice, merry-go-round)—the swing-boats having been seized by unfriendly creditors only last spring at Courbevoie, a suburb of accursed memory—works very hard for its living. Not only does it eternally revolve upon its own axis, to the strains of the steam organ. When it is not revolving it is perambulating the high roads of France at the tail of the same traction engine which in its stationary moments provides it at once with revolutionary power and bolshevistic music. There cannot be a fair in all France—and there are very many of them—in which it has not at some time or other revolved. There cannot be—especially in view of the dwindling population—more than a few thousand children in all France who have not at some time or other solemnly revolved upon its sportive cows, in fact or reverie, according to the state of the exchequer. It is to be remembered also that there are saucepans, to keep the cows in company—glant saucepans intended for the smallest and most timid of revellers, who fear the dangers of cowmanship, colossal saucepans which

revolve upon their own axis, even as the whole carousel revolves, and thus provide a lesson in astronomy which, it is to be feared, does not appeal to the majority of their occupants.

Place once more to M. Dubarry, though, if it is at the corner cafe, you must attune your ears to tragedy. For M. Dubarry will point out to you that cows and saucepans—the very steam organ itself—are alike doomed; that in but a few years or even months the fairs of Franco will know them no more. He himself, he will say with sorry self-congratulation, is a survival, one who has seen the great days and now stolidly awaits the end. M. Dubarry, what time he signals to the harassed waiter, will give you 50 convincing reasons for his doom. There is the high cost of fuel and the entertainment tax and the avarice of a public which refuses to pay 50 centimes where in pre-war days it paid only 10 or 20. There are the new-fangled carousels wherein the cows and saucepans are replaced by flying machines which swing out dizzily at the end of their anchorage, what time the steam music shrieks new-fangled jazz. ("Dangerous things. They ought not to be allowed," considers M. Dubarry.)

WAITING FOR A MILORD

Above all there are the kinemas, and in them is the root of the trouble. There also, as you will find, if you happen to be a foreigner, is the root motive-power of M. Dubarry's discourse. There is an amazing opportunity, in his opinion, for a new departure in the fair business. What of a kinema traveling with the carousel from fair to fair, spending the winter in the Midi and moving always northward as the shadows shorten? There, by friend, there is the opportunity for which all fairdom is waiting, and if some wealthy English or American milord—M. Dubarry reckons little of ethnology or democratic prejudice—chose to put up a bagatelle—the merest bagatelle—(M. Dubarry's eyes give the merest flicker of a glance in your direction)—there is a fortune such as the greatest profiteers have never dreamed of desiring nothing better than to leap into his pocket.

Possibly M. Dubarry is better off than he suggests. I like to think that he—more probably Mme. Dubarry, though I have not yet had the pleasure of meeting her—has a very comfortable bas de laine hidden away somewhere in the recesses of the green and white caravan. But I am quite sure, nevertheless, that M. Dubarry's curvetting cows have long since palled upon him, that he finds no real satisfaction in his giant saucepans, that, in fact, whenever the corner cafe closes and he tucks himself away into the bed which awaits him, his dreams are always of that foreign millionaire who is to put up that bagatelle which shall turn the green and white caravan into a Palace of Midas, and fill the investor's pockets with cinematographic gold.

Also, as M. Dubarry has pointed out to me, such an investment would go a long way toward cementing that entente cordiale so gloriously initiated upon the battlefield.

Aug 29 1922 'TANGERINE'

SHUBERT THEATRE—"Tangerine."
First performance in Boston, after two years in New York:

Warden.....	William Ritter
Jack Floyd.....	Harry Pack
Lee Loring.....	John Kane
Fred Allen.....	Hobart Cavanaugh
Dick Owens.....	Frank Grunt
Shirley Dalton.....	Julia Sanderson
Kate Allen.....	Gloria Dawn
Plie Loring.....	Rebekah Cauble
Mildred Ford.....	Lora Sanderson
Noa.....	Benlah Berson
Clarence.....	Wayne Nunn
Joe Perkins.....	Frank Lator
Tangerine police force.....	Cliffonia Four

EIGHT LITTLE WIVES

Akamal.....	Victoria Miles
Hubb.....	Victoria White
Kullkull.....	Ruth Richmond
Pikla.....	Josephine McNeill
Polulu.....	Virginia Birmingham
Aloha.....	Nerene Swinton
Aloha.....	Joan Broadhurst
Aloha.....	Florence Moore

The unfolding season gives evidence of how our masters of the theatre interpret the desires of classic Boston. "Nelly Kelly," "Shuffle Along," "Maytime in Erin," "Tangerine," to be followed by "Sally" on Labor day—the collection shows our lofty brow bare of the laurel that once adorned it. Judgment of the purveyors of amusements declares that they give us what experience has proved that we will go to see. If Boston is something more than a "musical comedy town" how shall we show it?

Certainly not by staying away from "Tangerine." A merry fable, the charming Julia Sanderson, her court of frolicsome attendants, all too good to be missed, demand the attention of those who would support the better things, even if lightsome of the stage. But as we take our pleasure with "Tangerine," let all those who love the theatre swear

an oath, beneath their breaths if they will, to lend support throughout the season to every worth-while play that greets us. So only, and to our own great advantage, shall we prove to the magnates of Broadway that Boston is once more the good show-town of yore.

From Ludlow street jail, peopled by unhappy gentlemen who have neglected regularly in the payment of alimony, the scene skips to the Isle of Tangerine, where dwells the king of eight wives. He has established a social order differing from that of these United States, in that there mere man is the dominant factor in domestic life. To him arrive the members of the Ludlow Street Alimony Club, closely followed by their ex-wives. The happy paradise of man falls prey to the wiles of a more experienced and sophisticated society. As the final curtain falls is it a return to Eden or an Exodus?

The charm of the amusing whimsy lies in the smiling satire at the expense of us and our wives. Sometimes there is even an approach to high comedy, American model. What a pity, though, that the string of story got as frayed in the second act as usually happens in musical comedy. There the deft touches of the raper that figured in the first act even turned to the resounding whacks of the meat ax; the spontaneous comedy turned to vaudeville and its ways.

But through all lasted the lilt and swing of the muslo, the beauty of Lee Simonson's sets and the great charm of Miss Sanderson. Her eyes, her face, her lithe body and the allure of personality all are hers to a rare degree. To all that may be added the singing of Miss Berson as Noa, and the comedy of Frank Lator, already known to Boston in his conversational songs.

Clean, amusing, a musloal comedy with an idea and a charming woman well worth seeing.

ST. JAMES THEATRE—"Nothing But the Truth"—Boston stock company. First performance of the season. The cast:

Clarence Van Dusen.....	Edward Darney
E. M. Ralston.....	Mark Kent
Bishop Doran.....	Ralph Remley
Dick Donnelly.....	Houston Richards
Bob Bennett.....	Walter Gilbert
Mrs. Ralston.....	Anna Layng
Gwen Ralston.....	Breta Duden
Ethel Clark.....	Lucille Adams
Nabel.....	Viola Roach
Sabel.....	Lola May
Thompson.....	Harold Chase

That ever popular comedy by James Montgomery in which Willie Collier scored such a success was produced last night at the St. James Theatre for the opening of the second season of this playhouse, which bids fair to soon establish itself as the home of the stock company so cleverly selected by Manager Giles. There was not a vacant seat in the house and from the time the curtain arose on the opening scene until long after it fell there was that warmth of applause which tells of true satisfaction.

There was more than an opening. It was just like an Old Home week, even though the company has had but one season's life. Old favorites are numbered in the cast and the newcomers were taken on their face value and made to feel they were like the others. At the conclusion of the second act Addison Pitt was called before the curtain, and the director of the company told his audience that it was the hope of the St. James Theatre management to make the stock company as strong a favorite as the Old Boston Museum Company was. This brought encouraging applause and as Mr. Pitt presented each member of the company he or she was welcomed florally as well as figuratively. Each member made a speech telling of his or her feelings and all in all it proved one of the most notable evenings in recent theatrical years.

Manager Giles has a well balanced company, one which in the weeks to come will undoubtedly live up to all the nice things that have been said about their coming. In "Nothing But the Truth" they have a vehicle that admirably sets forth their several talents and the gayety of the story is accentuated at their hands.

Walter Gilbert was the Bob Bennett and he proved himself a master of comedy in a trying part. Mark Kent was the E. M. Ralston and added another character to his long list of successes. Ralph Remley made an excellent Bishop and Edward Darney was the Clarence Van Dusen, while Houston Richards appeared in the role of Dick Donnelly.

Anna Layng was Mrs. Ralston. She is a new comer and was as she said nervous, but she must feel that hereafter she is playing to a house filled with friends across the footlights. Eveta Duden, the new leading lady created a marked impression as Gwen and gave indication of much to be expected in the future. Viola Roach, a Boston favorite of long standing, and Lola May were also in the cast doing their bit as vaudeville performers with a realism that was touching. Harold Chase completed the list as Thompson.

Charles R. Hactor led his orchestra which gave a concert before the performance which was a feature of the evening. Next week "The Night Call" is the attraction.

ON KEITH'S BILL

The program at Keith's this week has in unusual number of good acts and there is plenty of variety. Hermine Shone with a good company has a new sketch, "Window Shopping," that provides ample opportunity for character work combining humor with a bit of pathos amid amusing surroundings. J. Rosamond Johnson with his troupe of colored musicians has a musical chronology, "Syncopation," that was enthusiastically greeted by the audience. It embraces everything from the peculiar "Spirituals" to the jazziest jazz.

Of another type is the artistic playing of Erlo Zardo, concert pianist. Maude Powers and Vernon Wallaces have an amusing dialogue with songs, "Georgia on Broadway," while in "Spinning Romance," Will and Gladys Ahern take the audience to Mexico with its songs and ropes. Joseph E. Howard and Ethelyn Clark sing a number of Mr. Howard's old songs that are apparently still popular.

Other novelty acts include Jean and White with a surprise collection of fantastic dances; Burt Gordon and Gene Ford in a nonsense sketch; Class, Manning and Class, tightrope performers; and Aesop's fable and the Pathe news.

Aug 31 1922

ONE JIMMY WHISTLER

The Spectator recently published a savage review of Mr. and Mrs. Pennell's biography of Whistler, so savage that it might have been written by Mr. Bludyer, the literary critic of the Pall Mall Gazette, when George Warrington and Arthur Pennells were on the staff of the paper written by gentlemen for gentlemen.

The reviewer begins by saying: "If Mr. and Mrs. Pennell had deliberately set out to damage the personal reputation of Whistler to the greatest possible extent they could not have succeeded more perfectly. . . . We have a very intimate survey of Whistler and the result is to make all admirers of his art wish that of his life nothing was known."

The savagery is emphasized by the shortness of the review.

"Whistler was described by Swinburne as 'Clever, certainly very clever, but a little viper.' The viper consistently abused England and the English, but lived here. He was never tired of talking of military affairs during the Boer war and praising our enemies to the skies, and was always boasting about West Point, but as a young man he carefully kept in Europe during the American civil war. His vanity was unappeasable and his manners detestable; if he was invited to a dinner-party he made it a rule to be very late, so as to call attention to himself. He habitually abused the academy and resented not being elected a member of it, and Mr. Pennell says that his exclusion was the work of the American members of that body. He quarrelled with old friends on the smallest provocation, especially if they were not ready at all times to bow down and worship his every whim. He discarded the mistress whose beauty had inspired some of the finest of his early work and who had befriended his son, taking as her successor another woman who devoted herself to him in the days of his lowest financial ebb; only to cast her off when he married."

We infer from this characterization that the reviewer did not like Mr. Whistler.

J. W. BLACK'S STUDIO, "THE CRACK IN THE WALL," ETC.

As the World Wags:

C. W. S. is right in saying that there was at 163 Washington street an entrance to the studio which James Wallace Black had on the west side of that street. For several years the studio had two entrances, one being at number 163 and the other at number 173, and probably it had those two entrances during the entire period during which Mr. Black was there, though he was not listed in all the Boston directories covering the period as being at both those numbers. In the directories of 1862 to 1870 he was listed as being at

both those numbers, but in the directory of 1860 (the first directory in which he was listed as being at that studio) and in those of 1861 and 1862 and of 1871 to 1874 he was listed as being at only number 173. In the early part of 1875 Washington street was renumbered, and in the directories of that and of the following years he was listed as being at number 333, which number, I presume, corresponded to what was number 173 before the street was renumbered. After the renumbering of the street, probably there was an entrance to the studio at the number which corresponded to what was previously number 163, though, as I have said, in the directories covering the period after the renumbering he was listed as being at only number 333.

James B. Russell thinks that C. W. S. is in error in saying that the entrance to Black's studio, which was at 163 Washington street, was next to the street which C. W. S. speaks of as Province House court, and thinks that the entrance to the studio was next to Ordway place. C. W. S. is right, and Mr. Russell is wrong; 163 Washington street was next to the street which C. W. S. says that it was next to, though the name of the street was Province court, not Province House court. At that time Province court extended from Province street to Washington street, and the street which C. W. S. speaks of as Province House court was that part of Province court which extended from what is now Province court to Washington street. In or about the year 1899 that part of Province court was done away with and its site built upon.

The restaurant which C. W. S. speaks of as "The Crack in the Wall," and the location of which James B. Russell inquires for, was also popularly known as "The Hole in the Wall," but those appellations were mere nicknames. That restaurant was on the eastern side of Washington street, opposite the eastern end of School street, the entrance to it being the third entrance south of Spring lane, and being numbered 134½ before Washington street was renumbered (in 1875), and 284 after the renumbering of the street. That restaurant was there for over 30 years, the proprietor for the greater part of the time being Albert Crowell. The last proprietor was Herbert R. Hunting, who was proprietor from 1900 to 1902, in which latter year the building and several buildings adjoining were demolished preparatory to the erection of the Old South building, which now covers the site. Of the persons who from first to last were proprietors of the restaurant or were members of firms which were proprietors of it, Mr. Hunting is, I think, the only survivor. C. W. S. SPECTATOR.

Sept. 3, 1922

Mr. Ananda Coomaraswamy of the Museum of Fine Arts has written an introduction to "Dancing and the Drama East and West," a little pamphlet by Stella Luch, published by Orientalia, New York.

Miss Bloch is known in Boston as a dancer of oriental dances. Mr. Coomaraswamy, who has written with peculiar understanding and in a fascinating manner of Asiatic arts and philosophy, says that "nowhere is the genius of the East more clearly manifested than in the theatre; that Miss Bloch speaks with authority on what she has seen in the East, that her comparison of eastern art with science is well-considered, for "the oriental craftsman aims at explicit demonstration rather than elegant procedure, and the intrusion of personal taste is to be avoided in art as the intrusion of personal bias is avoided in science." The chief qualification demanded is obedience. "He was not required to be a creature of moods, but to know his trade." There must be devotion, but the theme is infinitely greater than the man. "Oriental art is not an escape from life; it is not an interpretation of life having any peculiar tendency; it is a part of life itself in the same sense as the art of preparing a meal or designing a motor car. It is thus entirely without affectation and se-

curely founded in real experience." "Fine art" on the contrary is a refinement upon life, by no means inherent in life itself. "If it were otherwise it would be apparent in our streets, our costumes, kitchen utensils, churches, and department stores. We have learned to speak of "art for art's sake," and to leave it out of our daily life, precisely as we make of religion a Sunday observance, and leave it out of our banking and making love.

"Nominally an essay on the theatre, this is something more than a discussion of oriental dancing: it is an introduction to the theory of Asiatic civilization.

ACCORDING TO MISS BLOCH, the theatre exists for "the multifarious expressions of The Great Tale: for the human presentation of the adventures of gods and great men." "As there is no imitation of everyday life, the drama is not spoken in prose, it is not realistic in gesture; it is always danced and song." The actor has no need for gifts—passion, insight or judgment. He has no mind to add to or enhance a movement, for he has been trained from childhood in the traditions. The drama is as familiar to the community as their prayers; there is no variety in presentation. "An audience to such a performance does not gather for purposes of enjoyment or stimulation, but out of a need to look upon life without prejudice or passion. The drama is a rite, not a diversion; a concentration upon life, and not a distraction from it." As the theatre is thus defined, Europe has no suspicion of the true drama.

In the art theatres of Europe cynicism and idealism find every refinement of expression. "To caricature and to idealize are both disparaging interpretations of reality, and produce the powerful evil—realism." These theatres are rich in talent and serious effort, but they revolve about a dark sun.

"What is the European theatre to its audience? Sweets, bitters, relaxation, excitement, the comforter of its fears and doubts, the outlet of its thousand extraneous energies, the expression of every functional, social and spiritual disorder of the community. Thus it is a river of impurity; though in the hands of geniuses it may be touched with light, for the genius, an apparition of aspiring humanity, indicates the distant perfection."

THE THEATRE IN THE EAST

The eastern actor is such by caste and heredity. His education from childhood includes all the arts of speech, song and dance.

The language of the dance is fixed; the dancer does not invent gestures, compose dance or affect its scheme. Physical obedience is demanded. Every quiver of the hand and the subtlest facial expressions are the result of obedience to precise rules. "The actor never steps into his part and feels it for himself; such an intrusion of personality would at once mar the spectacular and rhythmic character of the performance. Hence the unassailable poise of the oriental actor, who is cool and impersonal in the midst of the most passionate action; expressing whatever, it required without consuming his own soul by emotion, he is inexhaustible."

This theatre exists for the great drama, the epic peculiar to each race. "In India the actor who starts his performance without having prayed is condemned in the scripture as 'vulgar,' and the audience witnessing such sacrilegious exhibitions fails under a heavy curse."

The dancer studies all his life to gain a knowledge of the enormous literature of his vocation, not to acquire special graces and facility. "Every actor-dancer in an eastern community has a control of his medium that would put to shame the technic of the one or two heralded talents that spring up in a century of the European theatre. In India or China the multiplication table and books of philosophy can be danced; but a stranger cannot read the meaning behind the symbolization." The formality of a Chinese performance is so essentially foreign that a stranger cannot detect the movement of the plot, nor know what the emotions or the expression of them are. This is more or less so throughout the east.

"THAT ORIENTAL DANCING and pantomime which finds such extravagant patronage on the western stage is the most grotesque misconception of the true thing. Whatever is personal, sexual and gaudy has a fitting expression in the sinuous gyration of the 'oriental dancer.' Moreover, so little re-

semblance does it bear to anything eastern that one wonders how it got its name. Where there is religious background and philosophic structure in the eastern performance, there is here a blind ambition for effect: the certainty and mastery grace of the eastern dancer, who forgets herself entirely in the meanings she embodies, are here replaced by vulgar undulations and a calculated enervation of the body and of action."

realms the highest virtue is a detached and special decorative sense, a flair for design in rhythm, color and line, and such a talent is the root and flower of personality. But even this, and genius are idols that are made out of a strong egoism and can never attain to that pure energy which is the fruit of the profoundest selflessness."

The modern Indian Nautch relates in the philosophic esoteric dance the adventures and activities of Krishna.

The Javanese theatre, built almost wholly on Indian tradition, is not so severely a sign language. In the shadow theatre of Java is the oriental keynote—the submissiveness and complete impersonality of a puppet. In Cambodia a stranger can follow a story. Ball has a pantomime more like pure dancing than elsewhere in the east.

The little book is illustrated with pictures showing dancers of Ball, China, Java, Cambodia, and there is a sketch of Isadora Duncan apparently instructing her pupils.

In connection with this interesting pamphlet, one should read the essay on dancing and pantomime by Lucian.

TANGO AND FOX TROT

Camille de Rhynal, at one time a dancing partner of the late Gaby Deslys, and one of the originators of the tango craze that possessed Paris in 1913, has lectured in London, hoping to revive that dance, and showing how decorous it might be. "He was right in saying that the tango has never caught on in England as it did immediately on the continent, and he was probably right also in saying that this is a pity."

"As regards the question of propriety M. de Rhynal was on less sure ground. He claims that the society tango is essentially a decorous dance. He would be more right if he had said that no society dance can claim to be essentially decorous or indecorous—that all dances of all kinds depend entirely and exclusively upon the dancers. His own tango, simplified down to its four-standard steps, was very nearly as innocent as the minuet."

MAJOR TAYLOR, president of the Imperial Society of Dance Teachers in London, announces that ballroom dancing for the coming season will consist of waltzes, fox-trots and tangos.

"The society has set its countenance very definitely against rowdiness and exaggeration. The keynote of each of the dances is discretion. As regards the tango, the most important thing was obviously to standardize its movements. The committee has done this along slightly different lines from those advocated by M. de Rhynal, the expert from Paris. But the difference is very slight. They postulate five steps, whereas he had reduced it to four. The fifth, however, can be regarded as a luxury. In both cases it is simple to learn and is essentially graceful and attractive. Every effort is to be made to popularize it, and it is to be hoped that this will be achieved."

"The valse stays as it is—or rather as it has been for some years—a combination of the Boston, a hesitation, but only a slight one, and the slow walking step. Again the dance, as demonstrated by the president, was quiet and unexaggerated."

"The fox-trot also stays, but with slight modifications. It was noticeable that Major Taylor danced it on his toes. A great many people dance nowadays with their heels to the ground. He made it into a long, even gliding dance, making, as the best dancers always do, very long steps. A note that will be of interest to actual practitioners of the dance is that the time should be (to express it as best I may) 'one-two-one,' and not, as is often seen, 'one-one-two.' The accent should be on the last and not the first beat."

The ideal band combination for tangos and fox-trots, according to Maj. Taylor, is a quartet of piano, violin, saxophone and the drum, cymbals and cigar-box affair."

VARIOUS COMMENTS ON THE LAST MUSICAL SEASON IN LONDON

The Daily Telegraph reviewing the late musical season in London says that it was busy, not particularly eventful, neither beginning nor ending in a blaze of glory.

There has been nothing to get wildly excited about, nothing to cause any of us to fly at one another's throats in an attempt to prove that so-and-so is, or is not, a great composer—the greatest

composer, in fact, since Wagner, but not, indeed, since the world was created. Truly, when there has been nothing worth fighting over in music's annals, there cannot be very much that is worth recalling in the way of a landmark. One almost sighs for the days, not so far distant after all, when Richard Strauss—one of the foreign notabilities who have paid us a visit in the season now ended—first appeared in our midst and set us squabbling as to whether he really was Colossus or a marionette—ye gods! think of it! Those were brave days, when we music-enthusiasts were all, so to speak, Gluckists or Wagnerians, and were prepared, if need be, to go to the stake in vindication of the faith that was in us. No doubt we shall be so prepared again when the great man—whomsoever he may be—swims into our ken and the shout goes up once more, "Hats off, gentlemen, a genius." May I, for one, be there to hear it.

Meanwhile it has to be recorded that the past musical season has not even brought us the fleeting diversion of a renewal of hostilities between the travinskyites and the anti-Stravinskyites. For that, presumably, we must possess our souls in patience until the much-discussed composer of "Sacre du printemps" brings or sends us a brand-new work. We are promised in the near future a hearing of his little opera-omique, "Mavra," but the visit, a few months ago, of the representative Hungarian composer (and pianist), Bela Bartok, afforded the London connoisseur a mild excitement. The medium, however, in which he chose principally to be tested was too limited in its appeal to do more than provoke discussion among the few. With what one may call the general body of concertgoers the composer did not get on speaking terms, so that his music, however conducive to argument, was never widely criticised. Neither did the appearance of that young musical head, Serge Serkei Prokofiev, when he came to play his new piano-concerto in C, at one of the London Symphony orchestra concerts, under Albert Coates, cause any bones to be broken. As his own chief interpreter he certainly performed prodigies of valor. But his ears did not take sides, or (metaphorically) smite their adversaries, as did some of those who attended the performances last year of his "Chout" by the Russian ballet.

ERNEST NEWMAN WROTE that it was "erishing" for the lack of what a Victorian humorist, touring France, used to call *darjeng*. There is still a fair number of people hardy enough to endure an afternoon's or evening's music if they are relieved of the burden of aying for it; but the double burden of stening and paying is too much for the average man. A full house now is suspicious thing: it moves the experienced to cynical comment. It is really distinction to play to empty benches at present; it may not help you to pay the overdraft at your banker's, but at any rate it shows that you are too good to stoop to bribing the deadhead to come and hear you. There is a story

of a well-known pianist—the "lightest wit among living musicians"—whom a colleague was lamenting that the (the colleague) was feeling very red, and would like to have a montir the Riviera, but could not afford it. "I'll tell you how to make the money," said pianist No. 1. "How?" asked pianist No. 2. "By giving two recitals less next season," was the answer.

IN THE COURSE of his article he commented on the small audience at Casals's concert. "He was in his easiest form; it was one of those occasions when the poor critic feels his occupation gone. It is hard to believe at any other 'cellist has ever had such muscular and nervous control of his own Casals's piano is ravishing in its delicacy; his pianissimo is so incredibly fine that we wonder how the 'cello can do it. He can even perform the greatest miracle of all on the 'cello—play a rapidissimo that does not make the instrument sound like a buzz-saw in idium. I suppose Casals's playing is the rarest thing to singing that the 'cello has even given us. We are used to delicate inflections on the violin; but for the heavier 'cello to reproduce these inflections in all their delicacy is wonderful. In some old-world music—Handel, mmartini, and Bach—Casals did everything we knew he would do; but perhaps the most interesting experience all was his playing (with M. Marcel ampi, who was thoroughly at one with him in everything) of a Brahms 'cello. Anything less like the ordinary 'ahms performance could hardly be imagined; yet though the roughness was ken out of the music the strength remained. Casals is an artist of far too much intelligence to make the mistake the over-grooming and over-barring Brahms; one or two of our connoisseurs have done that during the last ar or so, and made him and themselves a little ridiculous. By some igle or other that one cannot fathom,

Casals manages to take the heaviness out of Brahms without, so to speak, letting him lose any weight. The limbs move with an unaccustomed litheness; but they are still the limbs of a giant, not of a dancing master."

ONE MORE QUOTATION from Mr. Newman's article: "In a group of Strauss songs Mme. Koenen could not be wholly blamed for the impatience one felt; here the spirit of dullness himself has laid booby traps for singer and hearers. There is nothing more boring in music than the dull didactic. Songs like 'Befreit' and 'Ruhe melne Seele' no doubt do credit to the goodness of Strauss's heart and the soundness of the moral lessons he learned at his mother's knee; but why he should choose music as a medium for his tedious moralizing is more than one can understand."

PARIS CABARETS

(From the Manchester Guardian)

There are two qualities about the genuine cabaret which make it unlikely that this sort of thing would ever have a vogue in England; one is that it is very small, the other that its interest depends upon the spoken word, without any action or trappings, or dress, or even anything to speak of in the way of music. When the verses are not frankly spoken, the tune which is played by the piano at the side of the little platform is a quite distant accompaniment with which the singer only occasionally takes the trouble to accord, and, moreover, it is generally the same tune—if it can be called a tune at all. When the half-dozen performers who make up the whole strength of the company adopt any kind of costume beyond the ordinary clothes in which you have just seen them drinking or assisting to serve drinks in the bar, it is a purely conventional indication of disguise, added in the same spirit as that in which the Follies used to show you what they meant by putting on a tall coat over their pierrot dress. The importance of the spoken word is even more peculiarly French. An English actor, on the rare occasions when he recites a piece of poetry, chooses a piece to which he thinks he can give dramatic effect. The French actor chooses a poem. The centre of French acting is the cultivation of the art of pure and very subtly modulated diction. Much of French play-writing is not dramatic at all, but just excellent talk. The delight of the French in hearing words beautifully spoken is shown not only by the tradition of their Alexandrines in tragedy, but by the way in which an audience will sit through a long "poetic matinee" at the Comedie-Francaise when the program consists not of a play but of a succession of spoken poems.

The other peculiar quality about the cabaret is that it is small. The best restaurants in Paris are small. The Frenchman prefers them so, and the intimacy of individual attention which he expects from his cook he also seeks in the man who recites topical verses to him or tells him funny stories. In fact the very impropriety upon which much of the wit of the cabaret depends would hardly be tolerated in a larger theatre. The Frenchman will accept it and enjoy it if it has the personal and irresponsible quality of a thing said from one chair to another in a room, but would resent it—as I have heard him resent it—when it is given a larger publicity. He likes to respond, but not to guffaw.

Unfortunately the foreigner, even when he comes to Paris, hardly ever goes to the most characteristic cabarets. He is tempted by the larger ones, in the largest streets, with the most brilliant electric lights and the fullest audiences. He feels uncomfortable if he goes to a place where the performer is no farther from him than the length of his umbrella, and where the audience is so small that he is bound to assume some personal relation to that performer, and cannot merge his own individuality in the larger unit of the public. And yet the smallest cabarets are the most characteristic. They do not represent opinion; they do not represent the great world of Paris taking its pleasures; they do not pretend to represent anything at all. Each of them is highly individual; but they are as French as the bean in Gilbert's song.

SCHOOLBOYS AND SHAKESPEARE

Many English schoolboys witnessed performances of plays by Shakespeare at Stratford-on-Avon. They were there seven days and saw "Hamlet," "Much Ado About Nothing," "Twelfth Night," "Othello," also Sheridan's "Rivals." Some of the criticisms expressed by boys from the Manchester grammar school as recorded by the Manchester Guardian, were refreshingly honest and often shrewd. "The general opinion was that 'Othello' is the best of these plays, for as some boy expressed himself: 'It is so direct,

never hangs fire, but moves straight and swift toward the catastrophe.' Another declared that the treatment was very French in its progress and denouement—an admirable piece of criticism. Another whispered during the one and only interval that he didn't like Iago one bit, because in talking directly to the audience whilst soliloquising he destroyed the illusion to the looker-on."

"Everybody appeared to enjoy William Shalek's conception of Hamlet to the superlative degree, but thought the tragedy too cut up and too discursive by far. My adjutant thought many of the set speeches were non-dramatic and detracted from the value of the play. I pointed out to him that it was just in these set speeches where the finest poetry of Shakespeare was to be found, but he only shook his head and replied it was like a man walking with lame feet. However, we had attained to the old, old argument of Shakespeare the poet running away from the drama, and we bade it rest there. Some of my company found fault with the banning of the Ghost from the opening scenes, others thought it a fine idea which the imagination could fill in to advantage. One of the number, of Scotch parentage, hotly contested the point, and would dearly have loved a sight of the uncanny crossing the stage. I am sure the play was wrecked for him by the omission. In respect of 'Twelfth Night,' comparison was unfavorably made with 'Much Ado About Nothing,' which created almost a sensation in its glitter and sparkle. A Bury youth professed little sympathy with Orsino, who, he said, undid all his fine speeches by accepting Viola, as it were, at a moment's notice. Moreover, not for the life of him could he agree that Viola and Sebastian could ever be mistaken the one for the other. Finally he condemned the comedy for its pretences. 'The Rivals' was much appreciated, but on the whole considered of inferior quality, lacking real examination of human character."

"Coming home by the special coach the Great Western railway had placed at our disposal. I was asked what I thought of the Shakespeare-Bacon controversy. Somehow I succeeded in eluding the lad's vigilance and turned the tables upon him. He would have nothing to do with the notion that Bacon wrote the plays, convinced after his walks and talks in the neighborhood that only a man with deep knowledge of country life and of the sport there could have written them. Moreover, he had seen the Williams and the Audreys plainly enough in Warwickshire that week. Another youth declared that it was not very clever of Shakespeare to know the names of so many plants seeing they grew in such profusion in the neighborhood."

NEW LIFE FOR THE THEATRE BASIL DEAN ON REFORMS

Basil Dean lectured on "The Actor and His Workshop" at the Victoria and Albert Museum when the international theatre exhibition was held there. The following extracts from his lecture are taken from the report published in the Times:

"With regard to the furnishing of the stage, however much we might appear to be traveling full circle, we should always possess a great advantage over our Greek forerunners in respect of electric light, that inestimable gift to the theatre. He went so far as to say that the future of decoration—he did not say design—lay wholly with the electrician. As yet we mostly used light realistically. Eventually it would have to be used decoratively and to illustrate and magnify emotions. It was in the swift and clear recognition of this fact as much as by the beauty of his design that Adolphe Appia justified his title to be the greatest of all the workers in the new stagecraft."

"Side by side with the efforts that were being made to get the actor away from the tyranny of the proscenium arch, there were kindred struggles going on in the world of stage lighting. How to get away from the tyranny of rows upon rows of distorted tree trunks hanging across the stage like the family washing in a back garden, and what was to go in the place of the flapping back-cloth, they did away with it, were some of the problems. London would no longer lag far behind the rest of the world in these technical matters. There was now being installed in the St. Martin's Theatre a completely new equipment of post-Fortuny inventions. If they went there next year they would be able to see some of the tremendous and enticing possibilities that the science of illumination was holding up before us."

"All this upheaval in the theatre was definitely a good thing. The tendency of the new effort was toward simplification of detail, on the one hand, and toward the establishment of a more intimate emotional relation between the participants, on the other. Nearly the whole of this new life in the drama

came from one branch only, and that the least important one. Where were the new dramatists? It was quite clear that in the time to come playhouses of an entirely new type would come to be built, demanding a new type of drama, with a different or modified technique. Even more important was the question, Where were the actors? Well, the actors had just disappeared! The theatre that mattered was the one that was 10 years ahead of its time."

"The thing we needed more urgently than anything else was the return of the actor to the theatre. The indifferent state of acting was keeping the theatres of London empty just as much as was commercialism. Let there be a generation of great actors once more, and the theatres would be thronged and the dramatists would awaken and write new and greater plays. Drama began with the actor; it would finish with the actor. Instead of encouraging the actor to create character, the dramatist had insisted upon casting his plays round the physical attributes and personal idiosyncrasies of a few well-known players. The thing began with Pincro, and it had gone on ever since."

"Then, again, the suppressed realistic acting of Bernard Shaw and Granville Barker had subsisted far too long. Like other new things, good at the beginning, it had had grafted upon it all sorts of parasites of false technique; it had found its way on to the commercial stage, and now it was choking life and rhythm out of all acting. Modern acting was essentially lacking in rhythm."

WHAT SHALL THE ACTOR DO?

"Dimly the actor realized the plight into which he had fallen. His first thought was towards economic protection, so he began to think and talk trade unionism. That would not help him. It was taking him still further from the goal. The more they enthroned commerce in the theatre, the worse became the position of art. In the world of industry trade unionism had already been tried and found wanting in emergency. Neither was there any hope in an improved social position. No amount of marriage with the aristocracy could revive the dying fires of Ilistrion. Actors and actresses must continue to live and exist by the practice of their art alone. The true function of drama was emotion. He conceived the function of the actor to be twofold. First, to create character, and, secondly, by emotionalizing, and so vivifying, his creation, to produce that electric spark between himself and his audience that was part of the divine fire."

"If the actor was to be saved, he must try to approach the Greek point of view, just as his playhouse appeared to be doing. He must relight the sacred torch at the fires of emotion; must become rhythmical, lyrical, passionate; must let his voice ring through the rafters and all the open places. He must put aside the false gods of respectability and social position and self-consciousness. He must seek and seek again until he obtained complete self-expression. Perhaps Gordon Craig might yet lead the actor back to the sunlight. He was fit to be leader. He alone had the imaginative stature to hold so high the torch that it could be seen by all. Perhaps, as in the early religious histories, in seeking his own spiritual salvation, he might yet come full circle. Nothing could kill the drama; it was ingrained in the heart of man. It was better than cinemas, jazz hands and all the contrivances of distraction. It was man himself."

MARRIAGE ON THE STAGE

(From the London Times)

M. de Croisset dealt at the outset of his lecture with the charge of immorality so often leveled against the stage, and submitted that in reality the theatre was neither moral nor immoral. The public had a horror of originality in drama, and managers of theatres did all they could to foster that horror. Moliere, Racine, and all the great dramatic poets had been accused in their turn of immorality, as were the dramatists of today; but the simple fact was that a play that was really immoral must inevitably die as a result of either the indifference or the hostility of the public. It amounted to this: that the dramatist was not allowed to be immoral. As for marriage, it had been asserted over and over again that the stage had sought to bring into ridicule a venerable institution, but in fact whatever had been said in the theatre on this subject was merely a reflex of what had been said by the public—and in the family circle. The lecturer proceeded to quote, in dramatic dialogue, views of marriage as expressed in many homes, and evoked much laughter by expressing the opinions likely to be held on the subject by a grandmother who, among other observations addressed to a young woman deeply in love, remarked, "Love passes; marriage remains." It was a

habit of the Frenchman, M. de Croisset reminded his hearers, to make himself out to be much worse than he was, and this accounted for many things on the stage which were misunderstood by foreigners. Under the old regime, no doubt, love played a small part in marriage in France, but today this was not so. Emphasis was laid, in conclusion, by the lecturer on the totally false idea of French conjugal life gained by for-

eigners' hurried visits to Paris, and he drew a picture of the ideal family circle which is so noteworthy a feature of the provinces of France.

SYMBOLIC DRAMA

Franz Werfel's "Bocksgesang," in five acts, published in Munich by Kurt Wolff, has been reviewed by Mr. Allen W. Porterfield in the Literary Review of the New York Evening Post.

"Students of German will be struck at once by the omission of the familiar eln Trauerspiel from this title. But then 'tragedy' comes from tragos, a 'he-goat,' and odos, a 'singer,' hence Bocksgesang is the German for Trag-oedie. Symbolism.

"The rich gospodar, Stevan Milic, refuses a band of impoverished nonde-scripts the right to settle down and take title to property in Jugo-Slavia. A Putsch ensues, headed by the Bolshe-vist student Juvan, and when it is over Milic, his estate having been burned and plundered, is as poor as the poorest. But he is happy for the first time in his life, having been given a practical lesson in the vanity of earthly riches. Symbolism.

"Mirko, the correct but none too vivacious son of Stevan Milic, is to marry Stanja, the open-eyed daughter of Jevrem Veslic, also a rich gospodar of Jugo-Slavokia, but before the period of engagement is over, it becomes painfully evident to Milic that, for the good of his family, and particularly for the future of his son and his opulent daughter-in-law, the skeleton, that is, the monster, in his family closet, must be disposed of. Milic has a second son, now 23 years old, who was born half human, half goat. He has kept him all these years concealed in an out-building—which was heated during the cold season. He intends to shoot him; his heart falls him. He tries to persuade the family physician to put poison in his soup; the physician refuses. He will have his throat cut by an old servant; the goat-son, the Bock if you please, escapes, and Pan begins his ravages. Symbolism.

"At the close of the drama, Mirko has been killed during the troubles that arose between those who have and those who do not have, the Bock-son, has likewise met his death in the forests—he is never seen on the stage—and Mirko's mother, also the mother of the monster, is bemoaning the death of her 'child,' which, she says, after all, was born of her womb, and yet she has never seen him since his birth, and now he is dead and not a trace of him remains, not even his name. Then it is that the tragedy closes with the following lines and stage directions:

STANZA

Du irrst, Mutter! Er bleibt in der Welt,
(Eine Zuckung kalt beherrschend)
Ich habe ein Kind von ihm.
(Der Vorhang ist schnell gefallen)

"And this is symbolism, too, pregnant symbolism. I admit without a blush that the first time I read the drama it meant nothing to me; on second reading it became clearer, and, somehow, on the third reading it became as clear as 'Othello,' the clearest classical drama I know. It has been performed with very great success in Frankfurt-am-Main and Vienna. It is manifestly what the Germans call a drama aus der Zeit, a drama based on current events, on the present status of German-speaking Europe in which the strangest of conditions arise and are settled by the breaking loose of Pan-like forces. I attribute my inability to see it at first to the unusual rapidity with which it moves, the compactness of its messages, and its exhibitionistic, expressionistic symbolism. It is 'The Hairy Ape' as Werfel handles this kind of theme.

"And Werfel is not to be despised; he has just turned 30 and is the author of 12 substantial volumes of creative work."

GERMAN THEATRE TODAY

(From the Manchester Guardian)

The future of the German drama is impenetrably dark. The best modern work belongs to the recent past, and much of it is rooted in revolt against the war and against the "capitalist" social order. It would seem that counter-revolution and reaction are not favorable to art. Before the war, when Munich was the most liberal town in Germany, it was also the leading art centre. It is now the most conservative town, and in art and letters it has become uncreative. Berlin, Frankfurt,

Darmstadt, Cologne are now ahead of Munich. In Budapest, a town dominated by the completest reaction in Europe, music, painting, and poetry seem dead. Moscow, although still afflicted with the remnants of a Red terror, as Budapest is still afflicted with the remnants of a White, and far more poverty-stricken, yet has apparently a vigorous and fascinating art life.

Germany has lost the uncertainties, the hopes and fears, introspections and soul-stirrings of the revolutionary, or rather semi-revolutionary, period. On the other hand, she has not yet won the order and material prosperity that give opportunities for the calm and leisure without which the highest art is impossible. Revolution does not foster the highest art, because it destroys quiet, untroubled contemplation, but it leads to a revision of accepted ideas, to a disengagement from the old and to a search after the new. The German drama is between two periods, the one dead and the other not yet born.

DUSE'S PLANS

(London Daily Telegraph)

When it was announced—not in this journal—that Signora Duse was about to make a reappearance in London, some of us could only sadly fear that once more the wish had been father to the thought. She is not coming. We

have seen a letter written by her from Paris on Sunday last, not only denying the report, but outlining her plans for the future. During the coming winter she will be acting in Italy, and in the spring of 1923 she hopes to visit the United States. The possibility of seeing her again on a London stage is indeed as remote as before. For some reason or other her last season in this city, though artistically a triumph of the first order, was in other respects less satisfactory. During an earlier visit, too, there had been the incident of the audience at the Lyceum flocking from the theatre after the second act on hearing that Mafeking had been relieved. That hurt her; but the smallness of the audiences on the later visit puzzled her far more, and before she left she declared that that season would be her last in London; and so far she has kept her word.

Yet no living foreign artist has left a greater memory here than this wonderful woman, of whom it was finely said by an English critic that when she sighed all the sadness of the world seemed to be breathed forth. Her silence was as eloquent as her speech. Her face, like that of Monna Lisa, seemed to be lighted with all thoughts and all experience. If, now that after so long an absence she has returned to the stage, she will reconsider her vow and revisit London, the welcome due to a queen of art certainly awaits her. Englishmen lately visiting Italy have seen her in Ibsen's "The Lady from the Sea," and say she is as wonderful as ever.

CARILLON OF CATISTOCK: M. DENYN'S RECITAL IN ENGLAND.

(From the New York Times)

It is seven years since I last had the pleasure of hearing M. Denyn give his annual recital on the bells of Cattistock, and the announcement that this would be the last opportunity of hearing him induced me to take a rather difficult cross-country journey to avail myself of it. When I last saw M. Denyn he was an exile from his beloved Malines. Now that he is re-established there he finds the annual journey to England rather too fatiguing, and in future Cattistock will have to depend on one of his pupils for its annual recital. I was interested to learn, however, from the rector that an English exponent of the art of carillon-playing has been found who is to give a performance tomorrow, and who may in future be heard from time to time.

There always seemed something incongruous about this practically unique possession of a complete carillon by the little Dorset village. Cattistock has had a carillon of some octaves of bells, and except when the famous Belgian carillonneur pays his visit, sets the tunes for the year on the barrel, and gives an exposition of his art, the mechanical arrangement is the only means of hearing them. The possession of the instrument for 30 years has not produced a local artist. M. Denyn's art is appreciated in the way that we English often appreciate any foreign art; that is to say, casually, as something curious which we are not particularly concerned to copy.

People came today in motor cars, on bicycles, and on foot from miles around. The more privileged visitors occupied chairs in the charming rectory garden, but the least privileged were not really less fortunate, for a rug on the grass

in a field or on the semi-hillside near the village is as delightful a way of hearing this music of the open air as could be wished for. M. Denyn played for an hour. He began with British tunes, went on to carols by Leon Rokes, songs by Mendelssohn and a theme with variation by Pleyel. He ended with some of those Flemish tunes which he loves most and embroiders with delightful arabesques, and, much more than all else, gives the real quality of the bells. At first the ear was rather worried by the fact that certain of the bells are noticeably out of tune, but the less harmonic and the more ornamental the music the better is the result. In those cascades of rapid passages which show the brilliance of M. Denyn's intonation is of less importance. As he has said himself, the art of the carillonneur is to bridge over momentary defects of the kind, and he certainly does it wonderfully.

BEFORE MR CHALIAPIN SET OUT

from Moscow for his tour in England and America he sang at that city in "Boris Godounov," taking the part of Varlaam, and in "Russalka." The former performance was in behalf of the working people, and the box office receipts amounted to 5,000,000,000 roubles. The receipts at the latter amounted to 8,000,000,000. A similar sum as the latter was received from four of his concerts in Moscow.

FREDERICK W. WODELL WRITES ABOUT THE LICENSING OF VOCAL TEACHERS

The Editor of The Boston Herald:

A few years ago a small group of male teachers of singing in Boston organized the "Boston Vocal Teachers' Association." Occasionally the members gathered for a dinner, became better acquainted, and often found "the other fellow" more of a "good fellow" than had been thought possible. At times an "outsider" was invited to speak. The late Dr. Clarence Blake talked about the anatomy and physiology of the human ear in its relation to singing; another speaker was Dr. Floyd Muekey of New York, who brought with him a singer to demonstrate the effect of his "natural method" of voice production. Herbert Witherspoon, operatic and concert bass and teacher, gave a "talk" upon his experiences as student and singer in America and Europe. At other dinners the teachers talked shop among themselves, and related experiences as singers and teachers more or less entertaining and possibly enlightening. Once a committee was appointed to consider and report upon a plan for obtaining credit for outside study with private teachers by high school pupils, Frank Morse being chairman. The committee reported, and some day something will undoubtedly be done with it.

Just now the members are discussing the examination and certification of vocal teachers. This subject, including the idea of licensing teachers after examination, by state authorities, is at present up for discussion in Detroit, San Francisco, and many other cities, as well as in Boston. The writer was asked by the B. V. T. A. lately to put into writing some of his remarks on examination, and certification of vocal teachers, under a new plan of organization to be called "The Boston Guild of Teachers of Singing." This was done with a series of 10 examination questions annexed. The manuscript has been submitted by President Townsend to all members of the B. V. T. A., and each in turn is asked to submit other questions, or another plan, as may be deemed best, or to comment upon those submitted. The object is to arrive at an agreement upon something practical,

in the way of an examination for a certificate to be issued by the proposed guild to all the teachers of singing in Massachusetts who may care to apply for the examination. It is thought that if the charter members of the guild themselves should take the examination, many other teachers in the state would be encouraged to try for certification, and thus the public would be protected against ignorance and charlatanism in connection with the teaching of singing, and the worthy members of the profession would also benefit.

FUNDAMENTALS QUESTIONED

This plan does not contemplate asking the state to have anything to do with the proposed examination and certification. Thus the objection so often raised to the licensing of vocal teachers by state authority, that "politics" and not the true interests of public and profession would rule the administration of the examination, would be

done away with. It should be quite possible for the guild to provide for a small examining body, membership in which would change at least in part annually, and surround it with regulations of a nature which would ensure intelligent and impartial examinations, so that its work would command the confidence of the profession generally.

Looking toward this end, the writer's suggested examination questions, which have been referred to the membership, as stated, lay no stress whatever upon the "method" followed by a candidate. Rather the candidate's knowledge of the few fundamentals which by common agreement should characterize the singer's work, his possession of a certain grade of musicianship, and his power to at least diagnose to some degree the present condition of a beginner's voice as shown by a subject provided by the examining board, and to suggest some clear idea as to how to go about remedying at least one defect or developing one property or resource (teaching ability), are emphasized.

A STANDARD LACKING

The subject of the examination and licensing, or certification of vocal teachers will not "down." It bobs up as a topic of discussion in the musical press by persons resident in different parts of the country. Some state music teachers' associations are now working successfully an examination plan with certificate. It is evident there is a widespread conviction that there is need for the protection of the uninformed public, as well as of the worthy members of the profession, against the work and the efforts of the ignorant and the unscrupulous teacher. Boston has without doubt its full percentage of well-prepared and successful vocal teachers. It is equally true that this city has its full share of so-called teachers of singing who do not know their subject, are ignorant more or less from the musical standpoint, and are not able to tell when a pupil is meeting the absolutely fundamental requirements of good singing, as for instance, emitting a tone of agreeable quality (to cultivate ears), one that is steady and clear; singing with accurate intonation; a good sostenuto and legato; delivering the consonants so as to be understood and with varying emphasis, according to the style of the composition; singing with musicianly phrasing, and with intelligent interpretation, according to the content of words and music. At present the general public, in search of a vocal teacher, has no real standard by which to judge the merits of an instructor. The common idea that a good singer is necessarily a good teacher of singing is certainly erroneous. Many a vocal teacher gains a reputation for good teaching without real warrant because he has happened to get hold of a good natural voice and exploited it. A certificate issued by a responsible guild, such as the one referred to above, would give at least a reasonable guarantee that the holder possessed to some degree the elementary qualifications of a real teacher of singing.

FREDERICK W. WODELL.
Boothbay Harbor, Me.

B. A. A. CONCERTS

The entertainment committee of the Boston Athletic Association, of which Mr. Frank P. Son is chairman, has arranged a very interesting series of Sunday afternoon concerts for this season in line with the policy of the few last years. Mr. Vannini's Boston Symphony ensemble of 16 musicians will take part in each concert. The solo singers will be as follows:

Dec. 17—Marguerite Namara, Chicago Opera Association.
Jan. 14—Carmela Ponsello.
Feb. 11—Anne Roselle, Metropolitan Opera Company.
March 4—Queenie Marlo Metropolitan Opera Company.
March 18—Alice Gentie, Scotti Opera Company.

BERKSHIRE FESTIVAL

The programs of the Berkshire Festival of Chamber Music to be held on South Mountain, Pittsfield Sept. 28-30 will be as follows:

Thursday, Sept. 28 4 P. M.:

THE WENDLING QUARTET

(Stuttgart, Germany)
Carl Wendling, 1st violin; Hans Michaelis, 2d violin; Philip Neeter, viola, Alfred Saal, cello; assisted by Georges Grisez, clarinet.

Beethoven—Quartet, A minor, Opus 132.
Mozart—Quartet, D minor (Koechel 421).
Reger—Clarinet quintet, A major, Opus 146.
For clarinet, two violins, viola and cello.
(Dedicated to Mr. Wendling.) First performance in America.

Friday, Sept. 29, at 11 A. M.:

BRAHMS PROGRAM

Edith Bennett, soprano; Mahel Beddoe, contralto; George Hamlin, tenor; Boris Saslavski, baritone; Mrs. F. S. Coolidge, piano; Ernest Hutcheson, piano; Felix Sammond, cello; Georges Grisez, clarinet; Hugo Kortschak, viola.

Trio for Piano, Clarinet and Cello, Opus 114 in A minor.
Messrs. Hutcheson, Grisez and Salmon.
Two Songs for Contralto, Viola and Piano, Opus 11.
Miss Boddie, Mrs. Coolidge and Mr. Kortschak.
Sonata for Cello and Piano, Opus 38, E minor.
Messrs. Salmon and Hutcheson.
New Songs of Love, Opus 65.
Misses Bennett and Bedloe.
Messrs. Hamlin and Salsavski.
Mrs. Coolidge and Mr. Hutcheson.

Friday, Sept. 29, 4 P. M.

THE NEW YORK TRIO

Clarence Adler, piano; Scipione Guidi, violin; Cornelius Van Vleet, cello.

Beethoven, trio, B-flat major, Opus 97.
Pierne, trio, C-minor, Opus 45.
(First performance in America)

Saturday, Sept. 30, 11 A. M.:

STRING QUARTET OF THE CHAMBER MUSIC SOCIETY OF SAN FRANCISCO

(Ellas Hecht, founder)
Louis Persinger, first violin; Louis Ford, second violin; Nathan Westons, viola; Walter Ferner, cello, and Georges Grisez, clarinet; Arthur Lora, flute; August Mesnard, bassoon; Mancel Tabuteau, oboe; George Wendler, horn; Anselme Fortier, double bass.

Frederica, second flute, rhapsody, for flute, oboe, clarinet, bassoon, horn. First performance (dedicated to Mrs. Coolidge).
Ravel string quartet, Schubert octet for string quintet, clarinet, bassoon, horn.

Saturday, Sept. 30, at 4 P. M.:

THE WENDLING QUARTET
Assisted by Mr. Hutcheson, Piano.
Wendler-String Quartet, F-sharp minor.
First performance.
(Prize winning composition in the contest 1922)
Frank-Quintet.

Sept. 30, 1922

'THE BAT'

By PHILIP HALE

WILBUR THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "The Bat," a play in three acts by Mary Roberts Rinehart and Avery Hopwood.

Lizzie May Vokes
Miss Cornelia Van Gorder Effie Elliser
Billy Harry Morrell
Brooks John Marston
Miss Dale Ogden Anne Morrison
Dr. Wells Joseph Selman
Anderson Harrison Hunter
Richard Fleming Richard Barrows
Reginald Beresford Charles Coleman
An unknown man Robert Vaughan

One wondered why Anderson, the detective, every now and then left the stage, to allow persons he suspected to plan and plot or at least explain. One wondered if an architect putting a "secret room" in a house would show it on a blue print. One also wondered if a refined and shrewd woman like Miss Van Gorder would keep for 20 years a low comedy, chattering maid like Lizzie in her employ. But as Dr. Johnson once remarked: "Sir, you may wonder."

In a detective play the chief element, like that of wit should be surprise. Of course, in "The Bat" each male character is in turn suspected of murder, also of the desire to find stolen money in a secret room. In plays of this sort the butler is always a suspicious character, especially when he is a foreigner. There is the doctor. Did old Fleming confide to him his secret? Who was "The Bat?" To whom belongs the arm that was seen groping through the hole in the French window? Who killed young Fleming?

No one sitting down to read a detective story is fussy about this or that detail; no one turns impatiently to the end to know the murderer, find the treasure, expose the guilty, clear the innocent. It is enough to say that "The Bat," late in arriving here, is almost always interesting—there is too much low comedy which at times diverts attention from the melodramatic situation; it is often exciting; and the surprise at the end is a surprise even to the hardened theatregoer. It is true that not long ago a New Yorker wrote that the experienced could guess early in the evening the identity of "The Bat." They probably could if they had read Mrs. Rinehart's story, or were lineal descendants of the justly celebrated Oedipus. The great majority of us are less sophisticated, less clever.

Mr. Hunter's conception of a detective was already known to us. He is not Poe's Dupin; not our old friend Sherlock; not the detective moving in tales by Dickens and Wilkie Collins; he is rather of the hammer and tongs order; no beguiler to a confession. Torquemada might have employed him in the good old days of torture. But Mr. Hunter played his part in a convincing manner; only as a detective he was not so cunning, so ingenious as Miss Elliser, whom it was a pleasure to see and hear, for she was never too emphatic; her points were deftly made; and she spoke English in a manner that younger actresses might well study and endeavor to imitate.

The other members of the company were well suited to the parts. Perhaps the last act suffered a little by too much action in utter darkness, and the grand explanation at the end was not always clear and intelligible. But the play may well be described as a rattling good one of its kind, with an unusually ingenious ending as far as surprise is concerned. The large audience enjoyed hugely the thrills and the low comedy.

PLYMOUTH THEATRE—"The Nest," play in four acts by Paul Gerdaldy and translated by Grace George. First produced in 1917 at the Comedie Francaise and later in New York. First production in Boston.

Marie Hamelin Effie Shannon
Eveline Dore Diantha Pattison
Jacques Hamelin Frank Burbeck
Max Hamelin Humphrey Bogart
Suzanne Helen Flint
Henri Bruce Elmore
Jeanne Barbara Gray
Leontine Jacquellina Broadhurst
Porter Herbert Rathke

A rare treat for Boston in the way of worth-while drama came to the Plymouth Theatre last night. It was the opening performance in this city of "The Nest," or "Les Noces d'Argent" as it is known at the Comedie Francaise, where it was first played. But beautiful production that it is, it is not wholly suited to the tastes of the American stage. Last night an American audience smirked and sniggered at things they could not, through no fault of their own, understand either racially or temperamentally.

"The Nest" is a dramatic little tale which explores the heart of a mother and finds therein the humiliations and sorrows of middle age, the sorrows that come when the children she has nursed and loved begin to stretch out their wings and seek life at first hand. Marie Hamelin discovers that her son, Max, and her daughter, Suzanne, have lives that must not be cramped and cornered by her love which seemingly is jealous and self-seeking. The freedom that they crave and which she yields brings tragedy and happiness to the three and is the thread upon which this delicate story drama is framed.

So infinitely tender is the sympathetic study of M. Gerdaldy that he has difficulty in making a start on his story. A first act that has not the skilled selective powers of those that follow is the result. The cast of players too, fail to penetrate at all times the subtle pointings of an author who visualizes the casual details of everyday life.

But if the first act is somewhat slow of movement, it is more than balanced in kind contrast by three following acts meriting worthy consideration. These two hours of drama are exquisite bits of study of at least two characters drawn from a life which is ever about us. Marie Hamelin and her husband are portraits far too seldom seen in such clear and orderly precision. While the drama ebbs and flows in easy fashion scene after scene replete with charm and poignantly drawn phases of the central theme follow one another with dazzling rapidity.

A second act that seems gem enough, when it gives the deeply exploring scenes wherein the mother learns of her son's first mistress and later hesitatingly tries to talk with her son, only to find a wall of life between them, is followed by a third act where the mother and son delve into one another's inmost secrets and then as a rich dramatic climax a final act which shows the poor mother, now left alone by a husband unhappily dead, discovering her very presence in her daughter's house fraught with inconvenience.

A play which deals with motherhood so intimately as does "The Nest" might easily wax sentimental. More praise to this play that never does it reach such unfruitful fate. Rather does it declare its problem and then unfold a tale that seeks to move easily and naturally from one dramatic bit of illustrative action to another.

In last night's performance it was to be noticed that after the first act, which is the weakest of the four, the play in line and purpose marches steadily to its unquestioned end. Not so the players. Miss Shannon was delightful and a vivid purveyor of a character clearly visualized. Frank Burbeck, too, brought studied personality into Jacques Hamelin, as did also Miss Pattison to a role difficult through widely contained emotion. But of the others as much cannot be said. Excellent as were their efforts, they did not equal these three in the imaginative design of personage which they sought to portray.

"The Nest" is a play of universal quality, but necessitating an understanding brought more nearly to it by the viewpoint of a French audience and French theatre. Sympathetically staged in this, the American production it nevertheless is seemingly uneven in movement, partly from beginning less expertly fashioned and partly from the far-seeing vision of three actors who ride beyond the powers of those eupporting them.

ARLINGTON THEATRE—"A Bridal Suite for 3," farce comedy in three acts by Dana Burnet. First appearance on any stage.

Anna Kingsley Frances Howard
Rodney Kingsley, her husband Ralph Kellard
Hilda Frank, her best friend, Jessie Nagle
Mrs. Standard, her mother Antoinette Rochte
Mr. Perrin, a French innkeeper Paul McAllister

Edward, a waiter William Lennox
Speed, a newspaper man Eldon Costello
Nora, a maid Lella Gerlish

The Arlington Theatre reopens under new conditions, but with familiar John Craig again on the spot. Mr. H. H. Frazee of New York and Boston will try out new plays upon our provincial stage to see if perchance they may be put into shape for New York and Chicago hearings. If over-sensitive we might recent being forced with the role of the dog. Less fussy, we may see an interesting experiment tried out among us, a sort of theatrical laboratory set up at the Arlington.

"A Bridal Suite for 3" is just the kind of play to be tested in the laboratory. Mr. Burnet has tried the experiment of transplanting to American soil the formula of a snappy French farce of familiar model. He has kept the well-tried hotel-keeper who thrives and is happy on the forbidden fruits of love; with him goes the comic waiter of tradition; to them is added a young American wife of more ingenuity and pep than the French prescription demands; an additional ingredient is a soul-mate with Scandinavian and Freudian flavor. Lines and situations are pungent and amusing. The audience is soon caught up in hearty hilarity that well repays the price of admission.

Yet is the piece worthy of being dressed up for New York and Chicago? It is at times more the work of a story-teller than a playwright; in the midst of joyous farce it lags occasionally; and the people are for the most part mere types caught in comic situations. It will be of great interest to see if Mr. Frazee or Mr. Craig has at command a play-doctor of sufficient skill—perhaps Mr. Burnet—to add something lasting to the effervescent trifle which they are trying out.

Miss Frances Howard was a charming young wife, to whom added years of experience will give the technique necessary for the part she tried. That experience would do much to put the play in the ranks of successful farce. Ralph Kellard was an amusing husband. Miss Nagle not only looked the part of the Freudian vamp, but she knew how to play galloping farce with utter seriousness. Paul McAllister, as the expatriated French hotel keeper, alternating between despair and the joy of romance, with William Lennox as Edward the waiter, fallen from the high social estate of butler by the untimely visitation of hay-fever, were unusually successful mirth-provokers.

A merry farce capable of improvement; on the whole admirably played; even now affording a joyous evening, just the sort of thing for a theatrical testing laboratory.

ST. JAMES THEATRE—"The Night Call," a mystery melodrama in four acts presented by the Boston Stock Company. The cast:

Alice Dodge Eveta Nudsen
The Man from Out the Storm Walter Gilbert
Martha Stuart Scott Anna Layne
Jerry Thompson Ralph Remley
Mollie Braden Lucille Adams
George Dodge, Alice's Uncle Mark Kent
Bob Braden, Mollie's Father Harold Chase
Edward Howe Edward Darney
The Other Man Houston Richards

Through four acts of intense excitement the plot of "The Night Call" is worked out, which at the last minute leaves the audience gasping. In the first act, amid a scene of storm and a woman's terror, a murder is committed. In the other three acts there is not one in the cast who is not suspected, both in the action of the play and by the mystified audience.

Such a play, calling as it does for intense feeling and clever character work, is admirably adapted to the Boston Stock and every member enters into the spirit of it to make a success. The large audience was enthusiastic over the result.

Eveta Nudsen, as the heroine, has an unusually difficult part with no chance for relaxation. She is charming and does not overdo her emotional role in the least. Walter Gilbert, as the mystery man, has a part that calls for easy assurance amid scenes of turmoil and intrigue.

To Anna Layne, playing the part of the middle-aged "respectable" maid, belongs the credit for giving a too-strained melodrama a generous sprinkling of humor. She has a good part and played it to the delight of the audience. Ralph Remley as the family chauffeur is, as usual, the jovial trouble-maker and adjuuster.

Mark Kent as George Dodge, the rich uncle, is called upon to do just the

right thing at the right time, and maintains his share in the mystery until the last, when Edward Darney, as the detective, with the aid of circumstances, unravels the whole thing.

The scenery and lighting effects are up to the high standard set by the company last season, and it is evident that the productions this season will be even more finished and artistic.

COLONIAL THEATRE—Return engagement of "Sally," a musical comedy; book by Guy Bolton, lyrics by Clifford Grey, music by Jerome Kern, butterfly ballet music by Victor Herbert. Cast:

"Pops" Alfred P. James
Rosalind Rafferty F. B. Binyon
Sascha Jacques Rabroff
Otis Hooper Walter Catlett
Mrs. Ten Broek Dolores
Sally of the Alley Marilyn Miller
Connie Leon Errol
The Admiral Tra Phil Ryley
Blair Farquar Irving Fisher
Jimmie Spelvin Stanley Ridgers
Richard Farquar Frank Kingdon

It was indeed a warm welcome that the big houseful of friends and well-wishers gave to "Sally"—to the whole tuneful and beautiful aggregation that bears the name and especially to the captivating Sally herself in the lithe, graceful, dashing and engaging person of Marilyn Miller.

To help Sally in her meteoric career there were present most of the brilliant company that aided her in capturing Boston on her former visit. Leon Errol was certainly more droll than ever as Connie, the waiter and Duke of Czechogovinia, Sally's consistent friend, and the numerous collapses of his legs were just as funny as ever. Walter Catlett was even more nervy and talkative this time as the theatrical agent, "big-hearted" Otis; Irving Fisher was that fine, hearty lover, Blair Farquar, as before. Frank Kingdon was again the dramatically unimportant, but properly dignified Richard Farquar. Phil Ryley was doddery gay again with the "vamp that was playing hooky." Dolores was statuesquely beautiful as the settlement worker, Mrs. Ten Broek, social leader and the Bat that led the stunning Butterfly Ballet.

Men have been known as "the husband of Mrs. So and So." Jack Pickford does not belong to that class, of course, and the audience registered that opinion by giving him hearty "hands" when he went out between the acts and came back again. Why not? Wasn't he part of the show?

Let no one overlook the chorus. It has gained in your hand fascination and varied attractions well worth beholding wherever it may have been since it was dis-clothed here last.

If there are still enemies of bobbed hair and short skirts they should go to see that chorus and Marilyn Miller's bob and forever after hold their peace.

VAN AND SCHENCK

Van and Schenck, singers of popular songs, are the headliners on Keith's bill this week. They are favorites in Boston and met with a hearty welcome when they made their appearance. Their work was well up to the high standard which is associated with this team and deserved the applause it received.

Pressing close on the heels of this pair, as far as popularity is concerned, was Will Mahoney, a riot of fun in his monologue act. His burlesque of a Russian dance was side-splitting.

There were a lot of other good things on the program and so numerous were the recalls that it was past 11 o'clock before it was all over. The Autumn Three gave some excellent imitations and whistling. Kovace and Goldner, two young girls, provided violin and piano solos that were very much in advance of the usual performance of this sort.

A male quartet with a Greenwich Village setting enabled Florence Gaet to appear to advantage in "Little Driftwood." Her toe dancing was as good as is ever seen nowadays. Leo Donnelly and Ann Wimberly, in "Tis and 'Tisn't," gave a real novelty, a series of dramatic scenes staged first as in fiction and then as in real life.

Florence Brady, another Boston favorite, gave pleasure with "Miles of Her Smiles," in character songs. Frank Van Hoven, "The Mad Magician," with a few conjuring tricks and a whole lot of horse play had the whole house in hysterics. Sam Berk and Juanita Saun, in their clever costume dances deserved a more prominent place on the bill than they had.

The moving picture cartoons of Aesop's Fables and the Pathe News features were, of course, excellent.

As the World Wags

By PHILIP HALE

Years ago we all laughed when in "A Parlor Match" we saw one of the chief comedians—was it Evans or Hoey—the man who broke the bank at Monte Carlo?—go stealthily to a safe, fumble with a combination lock, and at last opening the safe, take out exultingly a hod of anthracite coal. Today this stage trick would not be a laughing matter.

AT LAST! AT LAST!

Several times, mentioning boys' books treasured in our little village, we referred to "The Story of Alexander Selkirk," a little square volume "with engravings." Our copy was bound in greenish-blue boards. We are indebted to Mr. Roland T. Tillson of Fall River for a sight of this long remembered book. His copy is in yellowish boards. The "story" is the sixth volume of "Peter Parley's Little Library," a "series of entertaining and useful books designed for children." The other volumes are "The Adventures of Capt. James Riley in Africa," "The Story of John R. Jewett, the Captive of Nootka Sound," "The Ship," "The Story of La Perouse," "The Farm," "The Mine," "The Garden."

The author does not know whether Alexander's father, a fisherman, naming his son, "yielded to a momentary fit of ambition, and did it in honor of Alexander of Macedon, the ancient monarch of the world; or in commemoration of some honorable fisherman ancestor."

We are told that as a boy, our Selkirk had not learned to restrain the violence of his passions.

"The picture of a child angry with his parents, is too sad a one to be drawn, and the reader shall be spared the pain of seeing it here, as it shall not be stated how the young Selkirk would manifest anger when either of his parents displeased him. But, if his brother, his sister or any of his equals touched his sensitive spirit, up came his little hand for a blow, or to hurl a stone or some other thing that chanced to be first in its way."

The first sentence recalls Frank Stockton's essay: "On the Training of Parents." "When it becomes necessary to punish a parent, no child should forget the importance of tempering severity with mercy. . . . There is sometimes a reaction, violent and sudden, and a family is forced to gaze upon the fearful spectacle of a parent at bay!"

But our Alexander had plenty of time to cool off on his little island. We must procure the whole series for winter reading as we sit close to an electric heater, having thrown nearly all the furniture into the insatiable maw of the furnace. Has any one in Boston the complete Peter Parley set?

GUINEVERE.

As the World Wags:

The beautiful Queen at Arthur's court, Has long been blamed as flighty, Because instead of being true, She loved Sir Lancelot mighty.

But psycho-analyzed, the case Explains the Queen's attraction, She felt the King too good, and had Emotional Reaction.

She heard him praised from day to day, Could anything be duller? And so she said to Lancelot, "The low sun makes the color."

A lovely woman, empty days, And dreams! Oh, Mr. Freud! We know the doctors now would change Those hours she most enjoyed.

By Free Association they Would find a lost Fixation, And thus explain to Guinevere Her moral aberration.

They wouldn't preach to her today, Poor miserable sinner, They'd show her Arthur's finest points, And prove she'd picked a winner. —Helen R. Abbott.

HOW TO BE A POET

(Clement Wood in the Literary Review of the N. Y. Evening Post)

The poet's costume should be distinctive; need more be said? A Czech-Slovakian peasant smock, the Grand Lama's trousers, a Zulu ceremonial neele, out of these something unique may be fashioned, halfway between Godiva and the man in the iron mask. The hair should be worn either long or short. Beards may be worn, by the male poets.

In public the poet should eat what is not expected. A breakfast of tarts, chow mein, and cider can be recommended; lunch might include truffles and waffles; while dinner should either have the Laconian simplicity of two bowls of oatmeal without cream, or the sybaritic luxuriance of liberty sausage and spaghetti. In private, the poet should consult a stomach specialist.

MOULDING IN NORTH CAROLINA

(From the News, Chapel Hill, N. C.)

A long and intense romance came to an abrupt end late Thursday afternoon, when amid the imposing scenery of Piney Prospect, Miss Ethel Morehead Oliver of Yanceyville, became the bride of Mr. Robt. A. Honeycutt of Durham. The wedding party met at Pettigrew dormitory of the University at 5:30 P. M., and marched to the scene of the wedding. When the party reached Piney Prospect, a place well known to every university man and woman, the Rev. Mr. McDuffie, of Chapel Hill, was found leaning leisurely against one of the many pines with a smile on his face and a Bible in his hand. He greeted the party with that fatherly spirit that distinguishes a minister from other men, and, after a few introductory remarks, moulded the two lives into one. The ring ceremony was used and was performed in a simple but impressive manner. The wedding was witnessed only by a few intimate friends and relatives of the couple.

FOR FRIEND WIFE

As the World Wags:

Of bath-room books, bed-side books, street car books, vacation books, books to be read if one is wrecked on a desolate island, books for United States senators to read during tariff debates, books that should be read, books that should not be read, the lists are long. I have been trying to make up a list of ten books that a man should read to his wife, or she to him, and my work has been bootless and bookless. I want a list of books for reading aloud evenings next winter; not necessarily, you understand, winter books, but books even for rainy day reading on the piazzas of isolated bungalows in summer. If there be or ever has been a Mrs. Herkimer Johnson, would the eminent sociologist son, would he rectify his practice? And if he deign to rectify (although you have he be, as I suspect (although you have been strangely silent on his domestic affairs) merely a bachelor, may he not have a vagrant word or two of counsel? As for a woman's point of view, do you suppose—if I might go so far—it is asking, much, I know—perhaps Miss Jane Winterbottom—

Boston. PRO BONO DOMUS.

Our correspondent might begin by reading Schopenhauer's essay on Women. Follow with the justly celebrated George Finlay's "Greece Under the Romans" and question her as to the difference between Isaurians and Saurians; or you might take up "How to Be Happy Though Married." Mr. Johnson, we understand, is a widower. He is singularly reticent about his domestic life.—Ed.

DECEITFUL APPEARANCES

("His house had an unmarried look," was said of a defendant in court.)

'Tis an unmarried house of an unmarried man, For the Curtains are hanging askew. There is milk on the step, and the mark of the can, And the knocker is mouldy in hue.

'Tis an unmarried house to the casual eye, When a visitor happens to call, For there's never a petticoat hung out to dry, And the cobwebs spread over the hall.

Yet I love every stick in that unmarried home, Though of smoke 'tis beginning to reek, For this evening I think, in the gathering gloam Of the wife who's returning next week. —A. W., in the London Daily Chronicle.

1ST CLASS IN GEOGRAPHY

The Spectator speaks of Gertrude Atherton's "Dormant Fires."

"A story of San Francisco society in the 'sixties. With her great and accustomed skill Mrs. Atherton paints the moral and social conditions then prevailing in that wicked little city, 'born in delirium and nourished on crime,' which was yet the last stronghold of the aristocratic and high-principled South."

Let's see. Is San Francisco in Alabama or Louisiana?

Obituary notices of Emile Bacardi, who died at the age of 70, describe him as a philanthropist. He was, indeed, though Mr. Volstead did not appreciate him.

"An author dedicated a book 'To Smith,' and a musical play, called 'The Smith Family,' obviously makes a large personal appeal straight away." Yes, and John Davidson had the courage to entitle a tragedy "Smith."

WE ARE FEARFULLY AND WONDERFULLY MADE

(From the Burlington, Wis., Standard-Democrat)

"Dick" Kelley was at Janesville last Monday when he purchased an auto bus for the Kelley & Rothering livery. The new bus will carry fourteen people, with plush upholstered seats, and Kelly says "it's a dandy."

DUSTY RHODES.

And so in old Morse's Geography the people of Albany, N. Y., were described as living with their gable ends toward the streets.—Ed.

BABUISMS

(From the Daily Chronicle, London)

A more than usually interesting collection of Babulisms is made in this month's "Nineteenth Century" by Lt. Col. Irvine of the Indian service. Some are from the legal courts. Counsel for the defence argued in an assault case: "The slight and trifling injuries of this Hindu lady indicate that they were not caused by the appellants, my clients. They seem to be the result of blows given by brotherly hands (or hand) who had maternal love behind to dwindle the face of anger." A tradesman accused of the non-delivery of goods replied, "The delay is due to the death of our grandmother, which is to be excused. For, when the Maker calls the Make, what can we be doing?" A benevolent adviser wrote to an English friend, "I would suggest your trying to find a respectable lady for marriage, because it is absolutely necessary for everybody to hand over charge of the world to his sons, and in the absence of a wife children are not expected."

As the World Wags:

I note that Mr. F. Happy Day is the editor and manager of the T. P. A. Magazine, St. Louis. As his Polyana parents were prone to pick on him, why not A. Happy Day, or O. Happy Day? Boston. E. M. D.

JAZZING THE CLASSICS

The day is gone and the darkness Falls from the wings of night Like a piece of striped cotton From the tail of a busted kite.

I see the lights in the village Gleam through the rain and mist, And a longing for snake oil comes o'er me That my soul cannot resist.

I hie to the bootlegger's castle And rap on his oaken door; A carefully timed procedure— One rap, then two, then four.

A pint of Nootch for a V-note, I bid my troubles good-by; One sip and the billowing sidewalk Catches me square in the eye.

My night is devoid of music, I writhe on a narrow white cot, Cheered by the faint consolation— I took but one little shot.

HOOSIER PAT.

J. THROCKMORTON CUSH AND WIFE

(From the N. Y. Tribune)

The living room of Mrs. J. Throckmorton Cush's home is furnished in old rose and blue and gold, and she has a chaise longue in her bedroom, but she doesn't use it very often. It is bad for the figure to lie around during the day.

She does her own marketing in the morning because she doesn't believe in giving her husband's hard-earned money to tradespeople for telephone service, and she cooks the meals for him because no hired cook can broil steak just as he likes it, nor prepare salad dressing properly.

Mrs. Cush doesn't believe in these new-fangled ideas about women smoking and drinking and going to tea dances with other men. She occasionally goes to a matinee with one or two of "the girls," but always comes straight home to be there when Mr. Cush arrives at 6 o'clock.

After dinner she supervises the wiping of the china and silver and reads "The Cosmopolitan" or "Good Housekeeping" for an hour, and then, if no guests are expected, she retires. The guests are expected, she retires. The "Beauty Hints" column in "Good Housekeeping" says that 10 hours of sleep will keep wrinkles away.

CHARLOTTE O.

Miss Muriel McCormack, who will disport herself in opera as "Nawana Micor"—some day—some day—news-bitterly on a practice of newspapers, whenever her name is mentioned: that of lugging in allusions to her grandfather, parents and other relatives. This wastes valuable space that might have been devoted to her.

ON WITH THE DANCE

New, or at least unfamiliar names, were given to variants of dances at the Congress of Dancing Masters held at Paris. The "pasetto" has the rhythm of a Spanish waltz. A dance that has features of the old gavotte and pavane is called the "gyda," while a languorous fox-trot is the "tangona." What is the "gloridella," invented by one Rossi, an ingenious Italian at Rouen? Then there are the "ondulada" and the "reverie-Boston," not to mention the "tztitras."

Will the dancers of these new-fangled evolutions and contortions look as if they were enjoying themselves? Will their faces still betray agony? We sympathize with the Parisian reporter who wrote: "One can cudgel one's brain to invent new steps; I think no one will ever make us forget the old waltz of our ancestors."

Sept 9, 1922

Talking with Mr. Herkimer Johnson on the veranda of his humble, shingled cottage at Clamport a fortnight ago, we were surprised—and yet Mr. Johnson is often a surprising character—to hear him inveigh bitterly against academies of arts, letters, sciences and what not, although he is an honored member of leading societies in Great Britain and on the European continent, and has many letters tacked on the end of his name. He laughed at the idea of 40, 20 or even a dozen "Immortals."

"And now lists of the handsomest 10 men are proposed. I suppose the handsomest will be admitted speedily and unanimously into the Hall of Fame. What a joke that Hall is! What a time Poe had in gaining admission! And Walt Whitman is still outside! There was once a true Chamber of Fame with three tables: the first contained 12 persons; the second, 20; the third, 100. Dean Swift, who drew up the plan, thought that all who had any competent share of fame could thus be seated. At the first sat the 12 most famous persons, 'not with regard to the things they are famous for, but according to the degree of their fame, whether in valor, wit or learning.' No preference was given to virtue, if the person was not equally famous. And who were the chosen for the first table? Did not Addison name the first 12? At any rate they were Alexander the Great, Homer, Julius Caesar—there is a new Italian ocean steamship named after him—Socrates, Aristotle, Virgil, Cicero, Hannibal, Pompey, Cato of Utica, Augustus and Archimedes. Is it likely that this list met with approval in 1709? Would you care to sit at meat with all these men? Why Socrates and not Plato? Did not Plato invent Socrates in a large measure? Why Virgil and not Sophocles? Not a playwright in the list. Cicero would talk about himself or prate about Catiline: Archimedes would keep shouting 'Eureka' merely from force of habit. Homer would make sarcastic remarks about Mr. Gladstone and other commentators and incidentally ask Virgil why he stole so many lines from him. Alexander would undoubtedly bring a bottle with him, if not a demijohn.

"No, if I were to pick out a dozen ancients for a little supper, I should choose Horace, Catullus, Martial, Lucian, Apuleius, Pliny the Younger, Aristophanes, Anacreon, Apiculus, Petronius, the elder Pliny, if he would promise not to read at table, and that rare old gossip Suetonius. No reporters would be admitted. There's an Academy for you; there's a Hall of Fame worth while."

We thought it better to say only "Yes, Mr. Johnson." But why was he so hot? Is he vexed because he has not been invited to read extracts from his colossal work at some solemn meeting at the Academy—we forget the full title—in New York? "In heavenly minds can such resentment dwell?"

NON SEQUITUR ON THE BENCH

We all remember Judge Boompointer's address to a prisoner: "You have received the blessing of a good education, instead of which you have taken to sheep-stealing." Other instances of judicial non sequitur are not so well known. One runs: "You, prisoner, have no excuse for your conduct. You had a most excellent situation, and a kind master to whom you owed a debt of the deepest gratitude, and your allegiance as a faithful servant; instead of which you paid him by feathering your nest with his silver spoons. Therefore you must be transported for the term of seven years."

Then there was the Scottish judge, Lord Eskgrove. He was sentencing a tailor to death for the murder of a soldier: "Not only did you kill him, whereby he was bereft of life, but you did thrust, or pierce, or push, or project, or propel the lethal weapon through his regimental breeches, which were his Majesty's." Sentencing two criminals for housebreaking with violence, he recited the circumstances of the attack.

winding up. "And all this you did. God preserve us! just as they were sitting down to dinner."

THE GIRL IN THE CLIPPING OFFICE

(From the New York World.)

She sits all day with sharp and diligent shears,
Cutting from papers paragraphs for men
And women in the news. Time and again
She reads the column where a list appears
Of steamers sailing, parties given. The year's
Delightful social whirl is on! And when
She reads the records, clipping one in ten,
Sometimes her weary eyes are filled with tears.

No operas and dances will she know,
Nor conflict in our curious politics!
Only long, busy days from 8 till 6,
With joys vicarious that fill her brain;
Then home upon the Elevated train,
Too tired to see a motion-picture show!

CHARLES HANSON TOWNE.

HOW ABOUT JACKSON BALLS?

More gumdrops are sold in South Bend, Ind., per capita than in any other place in America.

THE INGENIOUS ADVERTISER

(London Daily Chronicle)

WILL THE MYSTERIOUS GENTLEMAN—who rushed into Samuel Brothers, Ltd., of Ludgate Hill (and of Oxford Circus)—said his rubberless "Omne Tempus" Raincoat had resisted every drop of rain for 20 years—and rushed out again—kindly communicate his name and address, and permission to publish his testimonial?

Booklets, playlets, and other—lets. Now comes good old Dr. Montell of Paris, who advertises in Les Annales his "Vocalettes" for singers, orators, actors, preachers, to clear the voice, give it tone and render it supple and harmonious.

WINTER RUIN: RUSSIA, 1922

(From the Nation and the Athenaeum) The old blind house is folded deep in snow,

Its empty, burned-out eyes accuse the stars;
The fissures of old wounds, struck long ago,
Divide its crumbling face in tigered bars.

The deep drift-snow is tracked with many birds,
That come and seek in vain and come no more,
And here and there a print of wander-herds,
But never a human foot about the door.

And in the inner mystery, if shapes
Glimmer between the cobwebs and the rust,
Whether of ghost or bird, of men or apes—
No voice nor sound disturbs the obscure dust.

Sometimes, with stealthy foot, there glides a stone
And slides into the snow without a sound;
The naked sentinel trees that watch alone
Wait with bleary eyes to see the cycle round:

Till the last boulder fall, and one last cry
Out of the dark into the dark be hurled;
They were before she was, and see her die—
So looks the House of Russia to the world.

ETHEL TALBOT SCHEFFAUER

Sept 10 1922
Many theatregoers in Boston have during the last years been annoyed by the foolish giggling, snickering and tit-tling of persons in the audience whenever there was a pathetic or tragic scene upon the stage. This nuisance has been described by one of our colleagues as "the Boston Titter." The nuisance has been said to be peculiar to this city. It disturbs those on the stage as well as those in the audience who do not go to the theatre simply to haw-haw. Miss Le Gallienne when she was here in "Lilom" wondered that Bostonians could giggle while she was reading from the New Testament in a most pathetic scene.
The evil is of comparatively recent

growth, for audiences have changed in character. This is shown by the indifference towards plays that are of a high—not necessarily "high-brow"—order; by the enthusiasm over silly or deliberately vulgar shows; by the disappearance of those known familiarly as first-fighters. Emotional scenes now provoke laughter, as the unnecessary and irrelevant allusions to the Deity and hell are found to be intensely amusing.

It seems that this nuisance is not peculiar to Boston. We were surprised to read the following statement in a recent issue of the Daily Telegraph, London:

"The late Mr. Henry James once said to the present writer that he never took a foreign friend with him to the theatre in London to see a serious play without being made to feel ashamed by the untimely giggling of people in the audience. Many thoughtful playgoers have had the same experience, and a very distressing one it is. Many people only seem to go to the theatre to laugh, and, if they find nothing funny to be amused over, then they will laugh at what is serious. The intelligent theatregoer in Paris is not offended in this way, and we are bound to say that even in London it is a thing of comparatively recent growth. At the Old Vic., by the way, there is none of it. The audiences there do not giggle in the wrong place any more than they applaud in the wrong place. They have an extraordinarily right conception of the function of the theatre and of its dignity; and we can only hope that the time is at hand when audiences on the other side of the river will please copy."

M. PIERRE D'OUVRAY, reviewing, a new play "La Rancon" by Jack Jouvin, produced at the Gymnase, Paris, wrote that the Parisian public does not like to hear business affairs discussed on the stage all the time: "Is this a sort of modesty? Is it because it recalls many failures at the end of painful months? Or is it because the majority of spectators, made up today of bankers, manufacturers or merchants, having passed the greater part of the day in negotiating similar affairs wishes for relaxation to hear about something else?"
"La Rancon" is the first play of M. Jouvin. According to Parisian critics the characters are rascals. The heroine is devoted to her family, but to save it she uses repugnant means. Regnard, a shrewd merchant, would be rich and respected if he were not the victim of a fatal passion; he speculates at the Stock Exchange and loses large sums. To square himself he acts in such a manner that the threat of arrest is always over his head. His daughter Madeleine, who had been the mistress of a dancing master, saves her father by dishonoring herself and blackmailing a sinister person who desires her. At the end she kills herself. The critics say that while certain scenes are vigorous, other scenes are as brutal as those at the old Theatre-Libre; that M. Jouvin has not yet learned the art of presenting his characters of making them speak. Certain phrases excited laughter: "I attribute this weakness to the force of habit"; "Bankers are terrible when they hold their prey."

ALFREDO CASELLA, the distinguished composer, conductor and pianist, contributes an article to La Critica Musicale relating his Impressions of America. He thinks that this country will some day be a great producer of music. The foundations of this future music are in the negro jazz and the monody of the Red Skins. He admires our "marvellous" musical instruments, pianos, auto-pianos, gramophones, the number and the quality of our orchestras, the music schools and ardor of the pupils, "the conscientious critics who insist on studying a new work before reviewing it," the enthusiastic reception of ultra-modern works, whose authors (Stravinsky, Scriabin, Schoenberg, Bartok, Szymanowski) do not find the like in their own country. The musical life here permits a young composer to give a piano recital of modern pieces in a city of Missouri called Joplin, which did not exist 30 years ago, a city of 400,000 inhabitants today, with a club capable of inviting Casella to play some of his pieces which neither Rome nor Milan had heard without "a scandal," with a conservatory of 1500 pupils. Casella is sure that the new world will develop a new form of beauty.

And now it is in order to shout: "All up for Joplin!"

The Detroit Symphony Orchestra will give 14 Thursday evening concerts beginning Oct. 19 and 14 Friday evening concerts beginning Oct. 20. The soloists will be as follows: Singers, Mmes. Charles Cahler, Mayla Ivogun, Helen Stanley and Mr. Werrenath; violinists,

Georges Enesco, Paul Kochanski, Ilya Fekhtnik; pianists, Mr. Gabriellowitch, Mr. Lamond, Mr. Rachmaninoff and Mme. Samaroff. Harpsichordist, Wanda Landowska. Bruno Walter, until a few months ago general music director of the State Theatres of Bavaria, will conduct the concerts of Feb. 22, 23.

ISRAEL ZANGWILL has written a sequel to his play, "The Cockpit," to be called "The Forcing House," or, "The Cockpit, Continued," treating an outbreak of bolshevism in "Valdania." Translations of "The Cockpit" in French and Italian have been made.

Gabriele d'Annunzio has produced a new work during his retirement in Gardone: a present day comedy, entitled "Amaranda." Said to be sprightly, it will be produced at Rome.

Pierre Meicse is attempting to familiarize his French compatriots with the plays of Beaumont and Fletcher. He has just published a volume containing versions of "The Scornful Lady," "Rule a Wife and Have a Wife," and "Monsieur Thomas," and promises a second volume soon containing more comedies. He hopes eventually to bring out some of the tragedies—namely, "Valentinian," "Philostratus" and "The Maid's Tragedy."—Literary Review, N. Y. Eve. Post.

SIR JAMES BARRIE is fond of telling of a charming deed performed by Charles Frohman, to whom a memorial is being erected near Marlow Bridge. When "Peter Pan" was rehearsing, Sir James told Frohman—its first producer both in London and New York—how it

originated as a nursery tale for some child friends whose insistent demands for more made it "the longest story in the world," and how, when one pirate had been killed, little Peter, the original of Peter Pan, excitedly said, "One isn't enough; let's kill a lot of them." Peter had been promised that he should see the play, but when the first night came, Dec. 27, 1904, he was in for a long illness. On learning this, Frohman took his company round to the boy's home with as many props as could be jammed into the sick room, and gave a special performance for the amusement of the invalid.

"The Man in Dress Clothes" has three popular qualities in it, and all in the superlative degree—bustle, bounce, sob-stuff—and differs thus from the languid products of incompetence that empty so many of our theatres.—The Spectator.

At Arenes de Saintes the "Hecuba" of Euripides, translated into French by Silvain and Jaubert, was performed last month.

Lord Dunsany has written a farce, which has been accepted by C. B. Cochran for production in England and America during the coming winter. Lord Dunsany will superintend the production personally, and visit the United States to see the farce through its preparatory stages.

Arnold Bennett's new comedy, "Body and Soul," will be produced tomorrow night at the Regent Theatre (London), formerly the Euston Theatre of Varieties.

Balzac's five-act drama, "Cromwell," as yet unpublished, will be brought out this fall in book form by the Princeton University Press. The original manuscript will be reproduced in fac-simile.

"Sally" in London has lasted continuously for 12 months. More than 700,000 people have seen it.

"If Winter Comes," a play adapted from Hutchinson's novel, has been produced at Margate, Eng.

MR. STIER'S REMARKABLE MEMORY. MORE OTHER NOTES OF A PERSONAL NATURE.

In any chapter dealing with feats of memory the musical historian will have to record as a very remarkable example the achievement of Mr. Theodore Stier, Pavlova's brilliant musical director, now on his way to Japan. At the close of the incomparable dancer's last American tour practically the whole of the music used in her ballets was stowed away in trunks, together with the rest of her luggage, in readiness for the next voyage. But, mysteriously, the trunks containing the scores and band parts vanished from New York harbor, and every effort to recover them proved unavailing. How serious was this loss may be imagined from the mere statement that it represented material for something like 70 ballets and divertissements. Save for a few numbers, the loss was irreparable—or, rather, it would have been so but for the marvellous memory and the no less marvellous industry of Pavlova's accomplished conductor. Working day and night, he set about the heroic task of rewriting and rescoring the whole of the missing music, all of which had been specially arranged for Pavlova's requirements, and having the band parts copied with all the marks—and they are of no small importance—exactly in accordance with every detail in his playing of the several scores.

As a feat of memory alone the task, not as yet completed, but destined for completion on the voyage to Japan, is truly astounding, to say nothing of the terrific mental concentration and manual labor involved in carrying it out. It is curious, by the way, that a few years ago Pavlova's costumes—or a large number of them—disappeared in like mysterious fashion. Can it be that a "hidden hand"—that of some jealous rival, maybe—was at work in both instances?—London Daily Telegraph.

A BUST OF EDMOND ROSTAND was inaugurated at Luchon in July.

To appear 2000 times consecutively without missing a performance may surely be a record. Mr. Phil Lester, now appearing in several characters in "Round in 50" at the Hippodrome, claims this achievement. He has appeared 721 times in "Joy Bells," 307 times in "Jig Saw," 184 times in "Aladdin," 419 times in "The Peep Show," 137 times in "Jack and the Beanstalk," and from the opening performance to the present date in "Round in 50" without one absence. Such people are, of course, the despair of understudies, but their reliability must be a considerable asset.—London Daily Telegraph.

Doris Woodale, operatic singer, has been appointed the opera producer of the Carl Rosa Opera Company. "The last few years have undoubtedly placed Miss Woodale as an actress above all the operatic artists we have had in London during the last 20 years—apart, of course, the great Chaliapin."

M. Maguenat, an excellent artist, took the part of d'Artagnan in de Lara's opera, "The Three Musketeers" last month at Aix-les-Bains.

Sir Thomas Beecham is at work on a light opera with an English subject.

In the Daily Telegraph's report (Aug. 12) of the Elsteddoff at Ammanford, Wales, we find this reference to a former Bostonian:

"Mr. Sokoloff is a young Russian-American conductor whose temperament is peculiarly suited to the interpretation of Wagner, Tchaikovsky, and Richard Strauss. His unconventional attitude appeared to please his democratic audience at last night's concert. He told them that he regarded Eugene Goossens's 'Tam o' Shanter' as the most charming piece of modern music with which he was acquainted, and for this reason he appealed for a quiet and undisturbed listening. His interpretation of Cyril Jenkins's 'Celtic Rhapsody' was extraordinarily racy and spirited. Mr. Sokoloff, who returns to America tomorrow, is the conductor of the Cleveland Symphony Orchestra."

THE LATEST MUSICAL MYSTERY concerns Glazounov. It will be recalled that in the later years of the war, and after, all sorts of rumors were flying about as to that eminent Russian's whereabouts, and for a time he was reported dead. The Daily Telegraph was the first paper, we believe, to reassure his numerous admirers by making known the fact that he was still in the land of the living and in good health. Not long ago he was in Berlin, where he conducted two concerts, but at the behest—or should one say command?—of the Soviet government he returned to Petrograd a few months ago to resume his functions as head of the Conservatoire. And now, it appears, the distinguished composer has again vanished from sight, and his European agents have lost all trace of him. He had been engaged to conduct one of the Liverpool Philharmonic Society's concerts in the course of their winter series, and in consequence of his disappearance, and the mystery surrounding it, the committee have felt compelled to cancel the arrangement, and hope to obtain the services as substitute of M. Talich, conductor of the Prague Philharmonic concerts.

The Menestrel states that an American firm has paid Puccini \$120,000 for the right to jazz "Tosca."

Henri Curzon has contributed to La Nouvelle Revue, Paris, an article on Emma Calve.

Leon Beyle, one of the most celebrated tenors of the Opera-Comique, Paris, is dead. Born in 1871 at Lyons, educated at the Paris Conservatory, he made his debut at the Opera-Comique after a short stay at the Opera—as Don Jose in 1898. He created at the Opera-Comique in the course of 25 years the leading male part in "Aphrodite," "Tosca," "La-ravarraise," "Griselidis," and other operas, besides singing in the majority of the repertory operas.

W. von Baussern, Paul Graener, and Ewald Straesser have been admitted to the Academy of Fine Arts, Berlin.

Adam Didur of the Metropolitan Opera sang in opera at Warsaw last summer. Songs by Szymanowski were heard there.

So Felix Salmond is another of our distinguished musicians to leave his native land to settle in the United States of America, to be followed, no doubt, by others if the most lucrative solo engagements in our more important concerts

are to be given to the foreigner. When Felix Salmond left England in the early spring he had no definite idea of remaining permanently in America. But it was not long after his arrival that he discovered the endless possibilities there and the hopelessness of the position here grew darker. In a letter received from him a few days ago he speaks of "many splendid engagements in the United States of America and Canada" he has already booked for the coming autumn, including two with Damrosch's New York orchestra. This is all the more interesting in view of the fact that in America the violoncello is by

no means so popular as a solo instrument as it is here.—London Daily Telegraph.

NOTES ABOUT MUSIC NEW AND OLD IN ENGLAND AND ELSEWHERE

Louis Aubert's "Habanera" for orchestra was performed in London on Aug. 15: "A symphonio movement," says the Times, "in the characteristic rhythm of the dance, but treated so as to suggest the sensuousness of its movements. Like other sentiments and moods this cannot be done by color alone, and one soon found Aubert's rich sounds becoming cloying to the ear. The subject matter is, in fact, quite undistinguished, and as the tempo was, we thought, on the slow side, the music droned and dragged to the point of sheer dullness. There are some good orchestral effects, likewise some bad ones, for the trick of using the extreme registers only achieves a certain intensity at the expense of the quality of the orchestral sound as a whole. One consequence of this is that it is difficult to get a real fortissimo."

The Daily Telegraph said the Habanera fell a little flat. "And the reason is not far to seek. It is all very well for the authors of the program notes to inform the amateur that the habanera probably reached Spain via Cuba, and that while gaining a certain degree of dignity in its new surroundings it still retained its sultry and voluptuous characteristics; but if on a first hearing he finds M. Aubert's dance neither sultry nor voluptuous, the tacking on of a poem by Baudelaire will not make the composer's score more convincing. We are assured that the composer has actually attached such a thing; yet no amount of romantic description to the effect that the music 'swells and sinks, advances and retreats, or repels to allure more effectually' will avail if the swelling and sinking, advancing and retreating, is a demonstration of creaking machinery and the allure a thing of a academic formula. Somehow consciously or unconsciously the audience tumbled to all this."

Mr. Monteux thought of producing this work here two seasons ago. Aubert is known in Boston chiefly by his ineffective opera "The Blue Forest" and by a few songs. A piano piece with orchestra has been played at the N. E. Conservatory.

HUBERT BATH HAS BEEN CHOSEN composer of the test work for performance by the various competitors at the great brass band festival to be held at the Crystal Palace on Sept. 23. This piece, which is of important dimensions, Mr. Bath claims to be the first symphony ever yet composed for a brass band; it is in three short movements in modified symphonio form, and, as a title seems to be a necessary condition of these affairs, the new work has been christened "Freedom." It is a healthy and an encouraging sign that our composers should be turning their hands to original work for brass bands, whose playing ability in many cases is unrivalled. It all makes for the spread of good taste, and if composers will proceed in the matter of the military band upon the lines recently laid down by Col. Somerville at Kenner Hall, as well as on those implied by Mr. Bath's symphony, we shall soon develop an almost entirely new branch of musical composition.—London Daily Telegraph.

New publications: "Burns and Folk Song" by Alexander Keith (D. Wyllie & Son, Aberdeen); "Introductory Sketch of Irish Musical History," by W. H. Grat-tan Flood (William Reeves, London); "The Sonata. Its Form and Meaning, as Exemplified in the Piano Sonatas of Mozart," by F. Helena Marks (William Reeves, London).

At a Chamber Music Festival of modern compositions held in August at Donaueschingen in the Black Forest under the patronage of Prince Fuerstenberg, these composers almost or wholly unknown in this country were represented: Ernst Krenek, E. Schrodter, E. Zolner, H. Grabner, R. Dinkel, B. Van Dieren, Reinhard Laual, Felix Petyreck, Fidello Fincke, M. Bulting, Paul Hindemith. The "Kleine Kammermu-

sik" of the last named, for flute, clarinet, bassoon, trumpet, percussion, piano, harmonium, string quintet in four movements, "each one full of originality and musical ideas, written with unflinching and brilliant technic" was so enthusiastically received that it was repeated.

A new operetta, "The American Girl," musio hy Mario Capellan and Giorgio Bellig, has been produced at Rome.

Rabaud's opera, "The Daughter of Roland," produced before the war at the Opera-Comique, Paris, is in rehearsal at the Opera of that city. "Paul and Virginia," with his unpublished music, will be played at the Sarah Bernhardt Theatre, Paris, this season.

The new Bach Society will hold a festival at Breslau next month. The General Association of German Musicians will have its meetings at Cassel next year.

Two light operas by Schubert, "The Faithful Soldier" and "The Woman's Conspiracy," with librettos adapted by Roll Lauckaer, music revised by Fritz Busch and D. F. Tovey, have been performed at Stuttgart.

Vaughan Williams's mass will be performed for the first time in Germany at Leipzig.

Gluck's "Iphigenia in Tauris" has been performed at the Amphitheatre, Orange, France.

Cimarosa's "Secret Marriage" has been revived at Rome. In this city a musical comedy, "Adolario ringiovanisce," with music by Walter Kollo, has been produced. It tells of Dr. Woronoff and the experience of an old husband, who has undergone the gland treatment, with his young wife. Conjugal happiness threatened for a moment, redounds to the doctor's credit.

DOES ANYBODY NOW possess musical pigeons? It seems quite easy. Lady Dorothy Nevill, the delightful gossip, tells how many years ago she had sent to her from China a number of whistles made out of gourds, something like small organ pipes, which could be attached with great ease to a pigeon's tail. "The effect produced by the flight of these birds with whistles attached was extremely pretty, resembling Aeolian harps, the whistles all being of a different note. People," she writes, "used to be considerably astonished at such heavenly music, and their bewilderment afforded me great amusement. It ought to be a cheap way of brightening London if a section of our communal pigeons were equipped with these whistles. But perhaps the R. S. P. C. A. might have something to say in the matter."—Daily Chronicle.

Turina's "Danzas Fantasticas" at a promenade concert, London, Aug. 12. "This work, though tinged with latter-day musical effect, is at bottom easy enough to follow, and enjoy, too, when in a light and not too critical mood. Otherwise one would feel that Turina's

invention and ingenuity do not always exactly fit, the ideas sometime sound- ing commonplace and the rhythmic and orchestral treatment being perverse rather than clever. The whole, however, has a certain Spanish coloring, which is not unattractive."

There is building at Loughborough, England, a campanile 150 feet high, to contain a carillon of 47 bells. This was nearing completion, and was the great- est bell project of modern times. The cost was £20,000, and of the 47 bells, the largest would weigh five tons. It was expected that the arrangements would be completed about next June, and that Josef Denyn would play the opening recital. Mr. Starmer added that England at the present time in the premier bell-making country in the world, a fact largely due to the energy and perseverance of the Taylor Foundry of Loughborough.

A NEW LIFE OF MACDOWELL The Daily Telegraph of London has this to say of J. F. Porte's life of Edward Macdowell, published in London by Kegan Paul, Trench, Truebener & Co.:

The work of great men acts like a beacon at sea. It is a guiding light and a snare. It guides those who understand its message; it bewilders the novice. Sometimes one noble thought generates another, beauty gives birth to beauty, and the commentary, as in the case of Pater, becomes no less valuable than the work which inspired it. Sometimes admiration is expressed in an utterly inadequate manner, as, for instance, by the common statement that such an opera or book is "nice." Between the two extremes there are countless grades of admiration, as one can easily find by listening to the conversations which usually take place during the intervals at the theatre or concert-room. Mr. J. F. Porte, who has recently written a book on Sir Edward Elgar and on Edward Macdowell, needs to be classified somewhat apart from the average critic and biographer, for he expresses his admiration in an unusual way. Even the form of his books is utterly unlike that of any other critical study or biography. He gives us a little of everything—bio-

graphical sketch, the composer, the man. Above all, he gives us short notes on every work published. The critical sections occupy a very few pages in both volumes. Nine short pages tell us all that, in Mr. Porte's opinion, we need know of Elgar, and seven pages dispose of "Macdowell as composer." But in this brief space he finds enough room for some startling assertions. He expresses the hope (shared by "those who know the Adagio and the glorious final pages of his first symphony and the slow movements of the pianoforte quintet and second symphony), that Elgar will become one of the immortals "entirely irrespective of nationality"—which implies an undeserved rebuke for us who believe in the enduring worth of the oratorios. Still more surprising is the statement that "Macdowell the man" showed affinity "with the English composer, Elgar," in loving the days "when men lived the wonderful tales of heroism that are now discredited." There are passages the meaning of which is none too clear. For instance, it is not easy to know exactly what Mr. Porte means when he says that a certain expression is "a lovable one, imitatively Macdowell-like in effect," or when he asserts that we "listen not to Bach the contrapuntalist and Beethoven the men." What should we do in the case of Schumann, who says that "Mensch und musiker suchten sich immer gleichzeitig bei mir auszusprechen?"

But by far the largest share of these books is given to notes resembling closely the analytical program. The information thus given is accurate enough in the main, but who will gain anything by the knowledge that a certain work "is a creditable and tuneful specimen," or that the vocal score of Elgar's offertorium, "O Harken Thou," can be purchased for 2d? The portraits of the composers which adorn the frontispiece are admirable.

A NEW "COLOR SYMPHONY" INVENTED BY THE ENGLISHMAN, ARTHUR BLISS

(The London Daily Telegraph) Music and color have always been closely associated, and this association has led some composers to tyrannise. Scriabin, for instance, would have us listen to his "Prometheus" and force upon our attention the colors which his music suggests to him, instead of allowing us to work our own kaleidoscope. It is all the more interesting because of this to note that Arthur Bliss, in his new work called "A Color Symphony," has avoided this psychological error. His own words are: "This title and the sub-title for the four movements are given solely as hints of the various moods of the music." This is wise, for, although he assigns a definite color for each movement—the first purple, the second red, the third blue, and the fourth green), yet he leaves the hearer at liberty to choose his own colors, and, indeed, if need be, to overthrow a color-scheme altogether. There are some people—intensely musical people—who are so devoid of the "protective" sense that music brings no color to their consciousness; others who would disagree with Bliss that—for instance—green is the color of joy—or blue the color of loyalty. But these people will not, on this account, be numbered among the Philistines with regard to the "Color Symphony"; they will still be able to listen to the symphony as music without any such distraction as Scriabin's "color keyboard." To them the work will be "A Symphony of Moods," and as full of meaning as to those who paint their moods in glowing colors.

We have hitherto looked upon Bliss as the daring experimenter in tones and rhythms, a musical magician who snatches music from Tube-railways, committee meetings, and all the clashing and clanging of modern life, just as a conjurer snatches pigeons and billiard-balls from the air. Just as with the conjuror we are content for the time being to be deceived into thinking that his pigeons do really arrive from places where we know there are no pigeons, so with Bliss. He is so slight-of-hand that we yield to him and open our mouths when he rolls up his sleeves and produces music from the roaring of a train. But when we go away—for all his magic—we become conscious that the music was not in the train-roar at all, but carefully concealed about his person.

Here, in this "Color Symphony," we meet him not so much as the magician as the prodigal returning home—not indeed repentant, but with a buoyant stride bringing back all the traditions from his experience to the traditions from which he obtained his godly heritage; so that once again the symphony form has been exploited and expanded. The "Color Symphony" is more than in name a symphony. The composer readily submits all the shackles of sonata form, perhaps to show us that he is stronger than they; and the last movement—the

movement of hope, joy, spring, youth, and victory—is an overwhelming double-fugue with a flashing opening subject which, with each entry, gives a new impetus to the movement. The scherzo is the second movement—the "red" movement. The effect of this will be interesting, for to large numbers of people red is the color of barbarity, torture and excess. "Red in tooth and claw"; but with Bliss it is the color of "revelry, wine, furnaces, courage, and magic." It remains to be seen whether the music or the color will be the more persuasive with those who disagree with him. Many of us will also be anxious to learn if the old bottles will prove themselves worthy of containing this strong new wine or whether all will be marred. Kipling's old mill-wheel began by grinding corn and ended by driving dynamos. Why not Haydn's, too?

This symphony was announced for performance in Gloucester Cathedral on Sept. 7.

SCREEN NOTES

Cyril George wrote this letter to the Spectator: "I believe that I shall not incur the wrath of any theoreticians on aesthetics when I say that the present cinema posters are a disgrace to our streets. No body of advertisements is so consistently hideous, and it seems to me that a combined effort on the part of the more powerful journals might help to remedy this. The example of the Underground alone is evidence that the public appreciate something better than the worse on their hoardings. I think that I may say that I have never yet been stopped by a cinema poster, but on the contrary I am hurried past with averted eyes. I know that I am not the only one so affected. Before writing this letter I examined a display at a large cinema theatre, and I am more convinced than ever that all the posters are unmitigatedly ugly in design, color, and drawing, besides having little relation either to natural or significant form. Can nothing be done?"

Lawn tennis enthusiasts are interested this week in the film which Mdlle. Lenglen has made for the Stoll Company. It illustrates her methods of play in both formal and slow motion pictures. The champion exhibits all her best strokes, and we first see something of the quickness of foot, hand, and eye that makes the French champion supreme on the court. Then, with the action slowed down 10 times, it is possible to see how each stroke is made—at least by a player of her ability. Her changes of expression while playing also are an interesting study, and one notes especially the eyes, which follow the ball right on to the racket almost. The film is as interesting as it is instructive to all players of the game, good or bad, of either sex.—London Times, Aug. 16.

Mr. Max Linder, who has spent the last three years in the United States, declares that French films are systematically boycotted in the States, not because the public do not care to see them, but because "90 per cent. of the cinema theatres in the United States either belong to, or are under the direct control of the two great American producing concerns," who are determined to keep out all intruders if they can possibly manage to do so. M. Linder further avers that the two producing concerns to which he alludes are, to a great extent, controlled by men who are as bitterly hostile to France as they are favorably disposed towards all things German. In the three years he passed in the States he he succeeded, he says, in completing no more than three films, for only one of which, "Seven Years' Bad Luck," recently exhibited with great success in this country, was he able to find a purchaser. He declares, moreover, that when this film was exhibited in the American cinemas it was purposely mutilated, in order to discredit him in the eyes of the public.

Whether we accept M. Linder's statements as accurate about the Germanophil proclivities of the American producers or not, it is an undoubted fact that a very large proportion of the cinema theatres in the States are either owned by or are tied to one or other of the film producing firms, who have thus not only a ready-made market for their own films, but are in a position to ban any other films they like. It seems highly probable that this state of affairs is not altogether foreign to the disquieting falling off in public patronage alluded to above. Monopoly must inevitably tend, sooner or later, to monotony. Interest can be kept alive only by the brisk competition of a number of producers, each of whom is trying to outdo the other. Remove such incentive, and languor, bearing insufferable tedium in its train, can hardly fail to supervene.

A recent expert visitor from Ameri-

ca assures us that the malaise from which so many cinema theatres are now suffering might be readily cured by the exercise of a little common-sense. If the public displays, less alacrity to form queues outside the doors the reason is that the easy-going exhibitor, instead of showing the latest films, contents himself with those made a year and even two years ago, when the art, or business, was in its swaddling clothes. Unfortunately for our acceptance of this theory, the American exhibitor who is showing films that were made yesterday is grumbling about the abstention of the public quite as much as his British colleague. Unlike our visitor, he declares roundly that the average moving-picture play, so far from improving, is actually deteriorating, and so on that account is ceasing to attract to the same extent as formerly. Complaints of this kind come from most of the big cities of the States.—London Daily Telegraph.

SAINT-SAENS

(London Daily Telegraph)

Oddly enough the truth is rather that in all his long and eventful career Saint-Saens never exercised much influence on the main course of musical history. This composer, who first astonished Paris in 1833, has had considerably less effect on music than Franck, whose whole output is not one-half that of Saint-Saens. Like Dante he can claim to have "made a party unto himself." But, lacking the individuality of a Dante—or even a Berlioz—he is not likely to exercise an influence on the future. Saint-Saens has great qualities; greatest of all, lucidity and distinction. But where the thought is superficial lucidity only helps the listener to discover its shallowness. And it is impossible to deny that Saint-Saens's music lacks occasionally weight, conviction and sincerity. How else can one explain the neglect into which the great majority of his works has already fallen?

If the public has thus chosen from this great mass a few compositions of outstanding merit, it must not be supposed that the rest of Saint-Saens's work holds out the promise of harvest for a future and more enlightened generation. Throughout his life Saint-Saens was consistent to his creed. After fixing in his mind the formula which he conceived as necessary to musical composition he set to his task utterly impervious to the new ideas that were springing up everywhere.

He had not felt the true greatness of Berlioz as Dukas and Debussy felt it. He had not seen where the art of Schumann was leading German music. When, later, Frenchmen revolted against Wagner and initiated the reform, all that great movement passed by him without his perceiving its causes or its importance. His limitations are due to too rigid a regard for rules as much as to the facility which prompted him to pass over superficialities utterly unworthy of his best. F. B.

Sept 11 1922

"Language is not primarily a vehicle of ideas and information, but an emotional outlet, corresponding to various coolings, growlings, snarls, crows and brayings."

SONGS OF THE SEA AND SAND

(Herkimer Johnson)

Herkimer Johnson where Oh, where art thou?
I've searched all Clamport and thou wert not there,
I've looked through Harwich and such places rare
To find thine arbor but I failed somehow.
I long to see thy philosophic brow,
To watch thee musing, in thy antique chair,
And weaving wonders of the earth and air
While round about thee all the muses bow.

It is no marvel that thy soul is great—
That earth is compassed by thy master mind;
Time's tide and ocean's that for no man wait
Have paused at Clamport while thy circle dined.
In old Hyannis where the sad sea moans
Tis said thou'rt hiding from the artist Jones.

BEAUTY ON THE BEACH—CAPE COD

In Harwich Harbor where the wavelets stole
To kiss her feet she stood upon the strand.
She was the centre of a merry band
And the most lovely. And she played the role.
In my fond bosom soon she found the goal
And made it fiery as a burning brand
Without the lifting of a brow or hand—

How can a woman steal man's peace of soul!

Her hair was bobbed and like a shower of gold
It fell about my heart-strings and her ears.
O would I were the barber or the shears
That touched that head of beauties manifold!
And in her eyes the day and night e'er meet
My heart this moment lies beneath her feet.

JAMES T. GALLAGHER.

SYNONYMOUS TERMS

(From the Portsmouth, N. H., Herald)

Anna Bird, electrocutionist and reader, K. of C. Lawn Party.

LOCAL PRIDE

As the World Wags:

In the postoffice at Nahant hangs a picture of the Capitol at Washington, D. C. The title of this picture is given underneath: "The United States Senate at Washington: 'Have the people of Nahant an exaggerated idea of the Senate? No other town in Massachusetts has.'"
M. E. STONE.

Brookline.

HOW MUCH GOOD DOES YOUR OLD PROOF ROOM COMMA DO HERE?

(From the Ponca City News, Okla.)

FOR SALE—Fine Jersey cow giving milk, furniture and chickens.
208 South Ash street. 306-4

SHOPPING MANIA

As the World Wags:

I cannot refrain from bringing to your attention the discouragingly conventional shopping habits of Mrs. Griffin, as portrayed in The Traveler:
"Mrs. Griffin ran to the store and plunged in, with all her clothing on."
M. B.

AND WITH ALL MY HIGH GRADE MEATS I THEE ENDOW

(A postal card invitation to a wedding)

MRS. WEISBRAD

Requests the Honor of Your Presence at the Marriage of Her Daughter FANNIE

to

MR. DAVID KOSTOFF

on Sunday, April 2nd, 1922

2 P. M. Sharp

at the Home of

Rabbi Levinthal

716 Pine Street

Philadelphia, Pa.

DAVE KOSTOFF

High Grade Meats

2445 Ridge Ave. Phila., Pa.

WHO AND WHAT

As the World Wags:

In a speech which Senator Andrew P. Butler of South Carolina made in the Senate on June 12 and 13, 1856, he said that at that time Massachusetts was still pervaded by the same sentiment as "denied Daniel Webster the right to speak in Faneuil Hall and threw off the coffin of Lincoln because he had fallen in performing his professional duties in the cause of his country." What Lincoln was it, and what incident in Lincoln's life was it, that Senator Butler thus alluded to?
OBSERVER.

PAINT

"Little beds of flowers,
Little pots of paint,
Make a pretty cottage
Out of one that aint."

Lynn Daily Item.

But,

"Little hats with flowers,
Little cheeks with paint,
Fail to make a beauty
Out of one that aint."

W. T. O.

THE CANDID DECORATORS

(From Oak Park Oak Leaves)

THE BEST THAT WE CAN DO—

Is none too good
Painting Decorating Window Shades
F. M. PEBBLES CO.
1107 Lake Street, at Marion.
Phone O. P. 154

MIND YOUR EYE

As the World Wags:

Keep your eye on the ball when learning to play golf. Whatever you look at you will run into, whether riding a bicycle or driving a Ford, so then keep your eye on the road ahead.

Recently a cheerful, rather stout lady was driving in a Ford coupelet merrily along the broad macadam way in East

Milton. A large cart, drawn by two horses, loaded with stone, loomed up ahead, going in the same direction. Our lady, as she approached to pass the cart, looked steadily at it and, of course, ran smack into it on one side, scored a knockout and the coup ceased to be useful for transportation purposes. I was nearby and could see no reason for running into so formidable an object as a heavily loaded stone cart with a perfectly good Ford coup, except as stated, the lady looked steadily at the cart, minded her eye and scored.

One of the most effective advertisements used years ago by Mr. P. T. Barnum was, "Keep your eye on day and date." Mr. Barnum knew that you would follow your eye to his circus. Therefore, mind your eye, watch the road ahead and remember that "we are all mighty fine people."

BARVEL WHANG.

Sept 12 1922

The Detroit News says that the word "loafer" had "its origin with an old Dutchman who settled in America many years ago." A lazy and poor young American was in love with the Dutchman's daughter. The lover disgusted the father whose accent turned "lover" into "lofer." This word "finally grew to mean some one who never did anything."

Sunbeams from cucumbers!

The etymological statement of the Detroit News reminds us of Eugene Field's answer to a correspondent, who, eagerly in search of information, asked the derivation of the slang word, "Corker."

"It comes from the Greek word 'Korka,' which means 'the adorable one.'"

LITERARY NOTE

(From the Spectator)

Some people look best in negligee—flannels, a sweater, a dressing-gown, an overall, or a bathing wrap. Others are never so *bien mis* as in the staid black-and-white of boiled shirt and tailed coat or the glories of laces and diamond tiaras. In the same way there are two sorts of books. One kind appears to greatest advantage when it is spoken aloud or read in manuscript, and the other sort is more to be esteemed when we see it embalmed in trim print, set staidly between boards. There are a great many seemingly volumes—especially memoirs and travels—that pass well enough in print which it would be a great shock to meet *en pantoufle*.

THE MISSES NOMER

(For As The World Wags)

Of all the girls in our crowd
The wisest one extant
Once bore the nickname Greenhorn
'Cause her name was Emma Grant
And one with neither chick nor child
We frequently, in play,
Referred to as The Rabbit
'Cause her name was Bertha Day.

And one who's straight as the feathered shaft
By an archer swiftly shot,
We always knew as Pisa
'Cause her name was Lena Lott.

Of all the other girls no more
Sedate could now be found
Than one we christened Weather Vane
'Cause her name was Vera Round.

And only Humpy ran to form.
She, with a chap named Sam'l,
Skipped off and joined a circus, and
HER name was Rhoda Campbell.

DIX.

SUSPENDERS THAT SLIP FROM THE SHOULDERS

As the World Wags:

I am worse off than "Quentin Durward," who is troubled by the slipping of his left suspender from his shoulder, for suspenders as usually made will not stay upon either of my shoulders. My shoulders are more sloping than is generally the case, and I suppose that that is true of all persons who are troubled by the sliding of their suspenders from their shoulders. That sliding can be remedied by having the suspenders crossed farther from their back ends, and that is the remedy which I apply to all my suspenders; every time I buy a pair, I have them ripped apart where they have been crossed and stitched together farther from their back ends. That method of remedying is, I think, much to be preferred to "Quentin Durward's"

method, connecting one suspender with the other by a string extending across the lower part of the chest.

Brookline. SPECTATOR.

ON THE CAPE

As the World Wags:

I notice in J. C. Snaith's story "The Van Loon" a frequent use of a word that I had not heard since I was a boy on the Cape. It was not used by the younger generation, but occasionally I would hear some old-fashioned person remark of a rather green and gawky youth: "He's a regular sawney." It appears that in England it originally was applied to a Scotchman as a corruption of "Sandy." Snaith also applies to the same young man the term "gaby," which I had never heard.

My mother used to tell about hearing in her girlhood a woman in Barnstable speak endearingly to her child: "Mamma's little toshus with a white tow head!" She had never heard the word before or since; that was in the second decade of the 19th century.

On the hill overlooking the pond at Baxter's Mill in West Yarmouth was a fallow field known as "the Old Fund." In the old days a factory for making lamp-black stood there; I think the name must have come from the factory. Did you ever know the word "fund" to be used in such a sense?

SYLVESTER BAXTER

"Sawney," meaning a lout, with the adjective "stupid" goes back to 1567; meaning "a Scot"; it came into use early in the 18th century. Sir Walter Scott in his "Fortunes of Nigel" speaks of "Jockey," a name which at that time was used as Sawney now is, for a general appellation of the Scottish nation. In slang "sawney" meant "bacon," also "stolen cheese," "Sawneying" meant "soft speaking," as by one with a mutton-tallow voice. "Gaby" means a fool, a babbler, a boor. We shall consult Mr. Herkimer Johnson about "toshus" and "fund."—Ed.

BILL ASCHOMB

I want to tell Edgar Lee Masters that when Bill Aschomb came home from the Confederate army
He loafed and invited his soul as much as Walt Whitman ever did;
He loafed in Tom Genola's drug store and invited his soul to sauerkraut, drank whisky and cried and talked about
The Stars and Bars;
And when the band played Dixie he blew his nose violently and said he felt like a quilt with patches all over it.
But Miss Sue Aschomb—a forerunner of Carrie Nation—made Bill sleep in the smoke-house, and burned his gray uniform;
And after that he came a recluse and fished in the Wabash mill-pond for a quarter of a century;
Late in life they took Bill to the Confederate Home,
where he read the Bible and Eugene Quantrell's raid on Lawrence, Kansas;
And one day the nurse found him forever asleep
with old Pap Price's picture under his pillow.

ABORIGINE.

ATTAGIRL, ETHEL! ATTAGIRL!

(Star and Herald of Colon, Panama)
NOTICE—My Husband, Sam'l. Williams, having left my home and protection without any just cause since the 13th May, 1920, and his whereabouts are unknown to me, I therefore notify the public that it's my intention to get married.—(sig.) MRS. ETHEL WILLIAMS.

ST. JAMES THEATRE—"Dear Me," an optimistic comedy in three acts, presented by the Boston Stock Company. The cast:

Wilbur Ogilvie.....Edward Darney
Manny Bean.....Ralph Remley
Herbert Lawton.....Harold Chase
Joseph Renard.....Mark Kent
Mrs. Carney.....Anna Layne
April Blair.....Eveta Nudsen
Edgar Craig.....Walter Gilbert
Clarence.....Frank McDonald
Dudley Quail.....Houston Richards
Maid.....Lucille Adams

Perhaps the transformation effected last night by Eveta Nudsen, as April Blair, in blossoming from a run-down slavey at a home for literary and artistic failures to a pampered and petted favorite of the stage, was the greatest and best liked surprise of the Boston Stock Company's offering for the third week of their season. But we are inclined to think that the more serious element brought out by her acting carried greater force with a packed house. In other words, she found herself, lost herself, and was again found, all through the medium of letters written to herself, which, though perhaps an old medium was nevertheless effective. There was good material there, but she perhaps tempered her success a little by poorly carried laughter in parts demanding the genuine.

The play is a marked success for the

week. Everything went with polished finesse, and too much cannot be said of the manner in which practically all of the parts were played. Joseph Renard, a failure as a violinist and composer through an unavoidable accident, and played by Kent, was a rare bit of character work. Gilbert, as Edgar Craig, was very likable, and well up to the standard he has set in the past. Anna Layng's mistress of the failure's home was true to the popular concept of a boarding house keeper almost too true at times, with its reminders of overdue rents and lights left burning. A perfect "Johnny Pick-up" was that of Houston Richards. The lighting was worthy of notice and speaks well for the high standard set by the company for this season's productions. A piece well produced and worth seeing.

WEBER & FIELDS AT MAJESTIC

Joe Weber and Lew Fields, the famous German dialect comedians appearing in a tuncful and colorful musical review. "Reunited," opened the second season of Shubert vaudeville at the Majestic Theatre yesterday. Many friends greeted them at both performances, other members of the cast being also enthusiastically received.

The two return to the stage in the kind of entertainment that made them famous in 1885 and for the quarter of a century following. That this kind of work is still appreciated was evidenced by the laughter and applause of the audience.

The program opened with a musical comedy, "Tulip-Land." The sketch is full of songs, dances, pretty girls and laughter. The principals as well as chorus sing, dance, and act well.

The two Ladellas in "Bits of Stumbling" do some clever acrobatic stunts and fine dancing. They are followed by Charles T. Aldrich, who was seen here before in a rapid changing character act.

Sid and his piano playing brother, Ed Gold, present a fine turn. Sid has personality and voice, and dances well. His brother who accompanies on the piano received much applause for a solo. Lynn Canter, billed as "A Girl of Girls," gives a pleasing act.

Weber & Fields first appear in a skit in which a burlesque pool game is the feature. The entrance of the two was the signal for an outburst of applause which lasted several minutes. The old time play on words and the well remembered antics are brought back by the comedians. They received curtain call after curtain call when they had finished.

The second section of the bill in which Weber & Fields appear is made up of three parts, "The Tick of Time 'Tween Twelve and One," "On the Golf Links" and "The French Garden Hotel."

Weber & Fields and those with them have succeeded in getting in tabloid form three exceedingly clever acts. There is no doubt that crowded houses will be the rule while they are here.

Next week's unit show in Shubert vaudeville at the Majestic Theatre will be Blanche Ring and Charles Winninger in "As You Were," a musical revue in two acts and six scenes.

KITTY DONER WINS FAVOR AT KEITH'S

Van and Schenck Again Part

Kitty Doner made a decided hit at Keith's Theatre last evening in "A League of Song Steps." There never was a man like Kitty when she appears in her manly costumes and does her snappy songs and dances. In the act are also Sister Rose and Brother Ted with Eddie Fitzgerald at the piano to help the fun along. Van and Schenck are back for another week with their inimitable character songs that never fail to win applause from an audience. "The Son Dodger," presented by C. B. Maddock with a large cast is a bright and elaborate musical sketch that sets off to excellent advantage some gorgeous costumes and scenery—ending with the appearance of the leading characters in startling luminous gowns.

The Hegedus Sisters, violinists, have an unusual bit of real music that proves them artists. The ventriloquist act of Walter and Emily Waiters is one of the best of its kind and the "Baby's Cry" is almost too realistic. Other acts include Pinto and Boyle, who can make a banjo talk and a trunk sound like a whole orchestra; Williams and Taylor in a clever dance act; Bronson and Edwards in an amusing burlesque of a variety show, the Three Whirlwinds in a roller skating stunt, and Aesop's Fables and the Pathe News.

"Whosoever put's his decrepitude under the presse, committeth folly, if thereby he hopes to wring out humor that shall not taste of dotage, or feppery, or of drounsinesse."

"VIVE, VALE"

The sunset over Cattaro,
A drifting moon in Spain,
The rainbows o'er St. Michael's Mount,
And Naples in the rain.

A smile or two in Calra,
Farewell in gay Parle,
And Cherbourg, greeting sounding,
Far out at sea.

M. J. HICKEY.

Tennant Harbor, Me.

"BEAT IT," IF YOU CAN

(From the Boston Evening Transcript)
Young Man Going to Pacific Coast
wishes to reduce expenses.
Address G.O.K., Transcript, Boston 8. (B):

Mrs. Arthur Gilman of Marshfield, Vt., writes: "The enclosed doggerel was copied from the Marshfield Register of April 28, 1889. The interest lies in the date of the verses, and the fact that the authors were residents of this town."

BEAUTY, WIT AND GOLD

In her bower a Widow dwelt, at her feet three lovers knelt, each adored the Widow much, each essayed her heart to touch. One had wit, and one had gold, one was cast in beauty's mould; guess which it was won the prize, Tongue or purse or handsome eyes.

First began the handsome man, peeping proudly o'er her fan, red his lips and white his skin, could such beauty fall to win. Then stepped forth the man of gold, cash he counted, coin he told, wealth the burden of the tale, could such golden projects fall.

Then the man of wit and sense, wooed her with his eloquence now she heard him with a sigh, Then she blushed scarce knowing why, Then she smiled to hear him speak. Then a tear was on her cheek. Beauty vanish—Gold depart, Wit has won the Widow's heart.

Will you my friend.

Diana Smith of Marshfield.

REMEMBER WELL AND BEAR IN MIND

As I walked out one evening in the spring, to hear the birds whistle and the nightingale sing, I heard a fair damsel a making sad moan, For I am a poor stranger and far from my home.

I stepped up to her and made a low gee, I asked her forgiveness for making so free, I took pity on her in hearing her moan, For I am a poor stranger and far from my home.

Her cheeks blushed like roses, her eyes shed a tear, saying I am surprised at meeting you here, Pray do not delude me in the desert alone for I am a poor stranger and far from my home.

Oh what is your country this fair one did say, or what is the cause of your coming this way, What misfortune has caused you to roam, That makes us two strangers meet in the desert alone.

Oh my dear jewel the truth I will tell, when I am at home in New Jersey I dwell, and it was misfortune that caused me to roam, that makes us two strangers meet in the desert alone.

The lads of New Jersey they are roving blades, they take great delight in deluding fair maids, They will court them and kiss them and call them their own, Whilst their dear jewel lies weeping at home. And there is one more request said he If ever you marry you marry to me.

I'll guide you I'll guard you in the desert alone. For I'm a poor stranger and far from my home I'll build you a castle in some pleasant town where Lord, Duke nor Nobles, can ere pull it down, If any one asks why you live there alone Tell them you are a poor stranger and far from your home.

Now they are married as we understand in a fine pleasant city their castle doth stand, Happy and contented and loving to roam, Two strangers got acquainted in the desert alone.

CELINDA B. SMITH.

JULIA SOMERVILLE

As the World Wags:
Royal Cortissoz's biography of Whitelaw Reid says (Volume 1, page 27) that Reid didn't like the female characters in Walter Scott's writings, "Irving's Julia Somerville pleasing him 'more than the whole of them.'" In which of Irving's works is Julia Somerville portrayed?

Washington Irving's complete works are not in the village library. We have a vague recollection of his Julia. Is she,

or is she not, the attractive young woman in "Mountjoy"? And we are not sure that "Mountjoy" is the title of the sketch. Alas, O Inquirer, alas, the fleeting years, and falling memories! ED.

GLIDE, O GLIDE WITH ME

The Daily Chronicle asks, who was the first glider? The writer mentions one Dante, who "is said to have made a successful glide at Perugia in the 15th century."

But this Dante was eminently unsuccessful. The story is told by the celebrated Mr. Bayle. Dante rigged up a harness and flew, but he fell to the street and the rude Perugians indulged themselves in harsh, jarring laughter.

The Daily Chronicle also mentions the Marquis de Bacqueville, who skimmed across the Seine at Paris in the middle of the 18th century. "But there is no doubt of the theoretical claims of the Frenchman Louis Pierre Mouillard, who provided a quarter of a century ago in poverty at Cairo. In two volumes he set out the principles that should guide man in seeking the conquest of the air. To seek to fly by imitating the beating of a bird's wing was not feasible.

"Men should imitate such birds as fly with steady wings and avail themselves of the currents of the air. Ten years after poor Mouillard was dead (with his dreams of an actual machine unfulfilled) the Wright brothers began the development of his ideas."

A PROPHECY

An Italian, P. Francesco Lana, is not mentioned by the Daily Chronicle. About 1679 he showed in his "Prodroma" how a flying ship could be made which would be sustained in air and moved by sails or oars. A brazen vessel would weigh less than the air it contained and consequently float in the air when that which was within was pumped out. He had a moral objection to the employment of this flying ship. "It may be thought that God will never suffer this invention to take effect, because of the many consequences which may disturb the civil government of men. For who sees not that no city can be secure against attack, since our ship may at any time be placed directly over it and descending down may discharge soldiers? The same would happen to private houses and ships on the sea; for our ships descending out of the air to the sails of sea ships, it may cut their ropes; yea, without descending, by casting grapples, it may overset them, killing their men, burn their ships by artificial fireworks and fire balls. And this they may do not only to ships, but to great buildings, castles, cities, with such security that they which cast these things down, from a height out of gunshot, cannot on the other side be offended by those from below."

And so Dr. Johnson in "Rasselas" foresaw men in the air devastating cities far below.

In Verona there is a society for the suppression of swearing. The members say that profanity has in three months been reduced 75 per cent. and will wholly disappear in 15 years. There is zealous and varied propaganda—posters, pamphlets showered from airplanes, etc. The committee wishes policemen to take the names of persons using bad language in the street, so that the names with addresses may be posted in public places to excite scorn. Why not bring back stocks, pillory and whipping post?

So Verona and Nahant are to be freed from "cuss words." The Manchester Guardian, we are sorry to say, treats the purification of Verona in a flippant manner. "Evidently the last 10 years of the war will be the worst—hard, stubborn fighting among desperate men, determined to let go of one oath only when there is another ready for them to fall back on. They do not play golf to Italy or we might look for a clubhouse as the last grim garrison of the diehouse. However, be the last stand where it may, all will be well with Verona by 1937. The Fascists will bomb the Socialists with a 'by your leave,' and the Socialists will assault the Fascists to the accompaniment of language that would not disgrace a tea table."

The Italians have not been so inventive in the matter of oaths as the Spaniards, if students of profanity, from Brantome to Richard Ford, are to be believed. Brantome drew up a list of Spanish oaths and profane expressions. To the lover of the picturesque and extravagant in speech this list is disappointing. Ford in his "Gatherings from Spain" is enthusiastic over the native oaths, and the brilliance of the native oaths. Burton refers to the ingenuity and splendor of oriental profanity.

In competition we would back a western mule driver against Italian, Spaniard, Hindu, Persian or Cockney. And the English are rude, coarse swearers today, in spite of Williams's invasion with his pompous oath, "By the Splendor of God," a more sonorous phrase than

Ethan Allen's "By the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress," or Gen. Jackson's "By the Eternal."

Beaumarchais's Figaro found English a nice, easy language. "You need so little to take you so far. With 'goddam' you can do anything in England."

The English, it is true, use some other words here and there, but it is easy to see that 'goddam' is the basis of their tongue."

Is profanity on the increase or the decrease in New England? (It is said that in England there has been a noteworthy increase in the freedom of profane phrases.) There is much more profanity in Boston on the stage than there was 20 years ago; more swearing among supposedly refined people; even what might be called family swearing; and, we are informed by some who mingle freely and gayly with our "best people" that the daughters in many instances indulge in language that is "painful and free."

A CLASS DISTINCTION

(G. Keith's "Way Cast Up," 1677.)

Those called the commons had their kind of swearing, and those called the gentry had theirs, so that the ordinary way of swearing would not serve their turn; but, as they exceeded the commons in outward greatness, so they thought it a property to exceed them in swearing more great and terrible oaths, and these are called gentleman oaths."

TO AN OLD BARGE

Soggy in an oily slip, beyond the river's bend

She lay in grimy loneliness and waited for the end
With all her silver canvas that strange suns looked upon
Disposed to river Shylocks, and her proud masts gone.

Only their ragged stumps remained, and gloomy and begrimed
Looked up into the windy skies where royals once had climbed;
And, bows, once so immaculate, were daubed with river brown—
The slender, snowy roving bows that tramped blue water down!

Cast out by those who loved her and knew her very soul
To traverse dirty rivers and ferry dirty coal,
She lay there by the string-piece, be-draggled, without name,
And seemed a wasted beauty forgotten in her shame.

And all the men that came and went spit brown upon her rails
Where proud-lipped skippers once had leaned and eyed the straining sails.
They wheeled their barrows on her decks to please a hairy boss—
The decks that gleamed to northern lights and sought the Southern Cross.

But one, still strange to landsman's work, rubbing a sooty eye,
Gulped: "Cripes—it is the Albemarle—my ship—come 'ere to die!"
And dropped his barrow on the plank, stalling the men below,
His hat off, his head bowed, for the beauty of long ago.
GORDON SEAGROVE (Vanadis).

AND THEN HE GAVE UP GOLF

As the World Wags: All summer my boss has been going out three and four afternoons a week to play golf. I being only his private secretary had to be content with Saturday afternoons and Sundays. The other day when the thermometer registered about 90—and with my day's work cleaned up around 3 o'clock in the afternoon, I asked him if I could get away the rest of the afternoon to play golf. His reply was, "You're not here to do as I do, but to do as I say." WHY.

THE CHICAGO TRIBUNE UNDOUBTEDLY GOES TO BOTH PLACES

(Adv. in the Chicago Tribune)
PERSONAL—REWARD FOR INFORMATION leading to whereabouts of Jacques Seigneur, a Frenchman, who died in 1879. VINCENT, 109 W. 54th st., New York.

"I CANNOT SING THE OLD SONGS"

As the World Wags:
"Then give what you can with a generous hand—
Tho' it be but a dime or a penny—
Remember that many can always help one—
Tho' one cannot always help many."
One verse of a song sung at the Old Howard forty-odd years ago—can you supply the other verses? B. W.

"PERSONATE" AND "IMPERSONATE"

As the World Wags:
Although I am accustomed to come upon newspaper articles in which the words "personate" and "impersonate" are confused, I never expected to catch the very clever Heywood Brown in such

confusion, and I am entirely sure that he knows well that although in real life one man impersonates another, usually for evil purpose, on the stage an actor professionally impersonates a character. Nevertheless, since the actor, in his professional impersonating, assumes the play to be real life, the critic and the audience accept it as such, and for him and them one character in the play, "personates," but does not "impersonate," another. Here is Mr. Brown's funny little "slip" in a critical notice of a play in the World of Sept. 2:

Brookline.
"The shrewd-witted hero, who has fallen in love with the heroine at first sight, puts on whiskers and impersonates the invalid at the wedding ceremony."

Is our correspondent unduly particular? "Impersonate: Represent in bodily form, personify; play the part of, personate; act (character)."—Ed.

HAVING ENJOYED THE ADVANTAGES OF A COLLEGIATE EDUCATION

As the World Wags:

Having business with an editor of an out-of-town newspaper, I overheard the following dialogue:

College man, now sporting editor: "Say, boys, help me out. I'm new at this job. Give me the names of two famous horses."

Second college man, now financial editor: "Pegasus and Bellerophon."

W. A. T.

THE FAULT OF THE HENS

An Italian visited James IV of Scotland and was made Abbot of Tungaund.

He attempted to fly to France with wings of feathers. Flying off the wall of Stirling castle he shortly fell to the ground and broke his thigh bone. He ascribed the blame to the fact that in his wings were the feathers of hens, "who coveted the dunghill and not the sky."

"I HURL IT IN HIS TEETH"

As the World Wags:

The dignified force of some of the speeches in Fanuell Hall reminds us of Mrs. McCarthy's description of the Finnegan-Flaherty fight. "Phat's thot yez hov in the basket?" Mrs. Flaherty's axed Mrs. Finnegan.

"It's fish," sez she.
"It shtinks," sez Mrs. Flaherty to Mrs. Finnegan.

"Ye lie," sez she, and that is the way the throuble began."

Worcester.

ELI WILD.

If Tony Pastor were alive would we again join lustily in the chorus "Down in a Coal Mine" as he waved his shiny plug that to encourage the shy-voiced? In England there have been verses about the hardships of miners, men, women, boys in the pit, and a pitman in recent years published a volume that met with more than respectful attention. As coal is now a burning question, no wonder that Apollo has laid a live coal on the lips of a contributor to laud him, not as one of the seraphim laid the coal taken with the tongs from off the altar on the mouth of Isaiah the son of Amoz, to purge him of sin.

THE POET OF TODAY

As the World Wags:

My neighbor is putting in coal; the sound of it awakes me to philosophic meditation. I have seen the time when such an interruption to a siesta would inspire me differently, but—tempora mutantur—and I could now lie listening to it for ecstatic hours. Could any noise be sweeter on a warm afternoon than that made by hard coal proceeding out of the wagon by way of the chute into the cellar—preferably one's own cellar? Some may delight in the singing of birds, some may seek the purling of brooks, some may be thrilled by the cry: "Hull corn and hominy!" or some other summer melody; give me the merry tune of descending coal! The subject deserves to be preserved in verse—in a triolet at least:

The song of the coal
As it cellarward tumbles!
It is balm to the soul,
The song of the coal,
And it's worth your whole roll
Just to hear how it rumbles—
The song of the coal,
As it cellarward tumbles!

AS POE WOULD SING

If Edgar Allan Poe were alive he would find the theme worthy of his genius. I imagine he would have written something like this:

Hear the rattle of the coal,
Costly coal!
How it makes the heart rejoice to hear
It roll!
As it shivers down the tin

Of the chute and falls within

The cellar bin!

How it rumbles and it grumbles
As it musically tumbles
In the bin!

Gliding, sliding, lump by lump,
Dropping, flopping, thump by thump.
What a world of satisfaction, what a power to console.

Just to listen to the coal,
To the coal, coal, coal, coal,
Coal, coal, coal,
To the drumming and the thrumming
Of the coal!

WORDSWORTH AND OMAR

Meanwhile my neighbor is putting in another ton. I speculate vainly as to where he gets it and wish that I had his luck. To cheer my discouragement I wonder how Wordsworth would have dignified the situation in a sonnet. Thus, perhaps:

When softly summer mellows into fall,
And autumn colors here and there betray

The breath of winter, and the shortening day

Warns that warm weather's gone beyond recall—

When sumach, asters, goldenrod, and all

The Heralds of the frost in brave array

Stand on the sloping hills as if to say

That sun and hope alike are seasonal—

'Tis then I turn, despairing, from the sky

And the sweet light of heaven and the whole

Dodgasted autumn landscape and I hie

My weary footsteps downwards, to my goal.

And empty walls re-echo to my cry,

"What in the devil shall we do for coal?"

The possibilities of this pathetic theme are endless. Probably the immortal Tentmaker would have summed them up succinctly, had he lived in a less abundantly heated region and period. As, for example—

Since Volstead lets us put no heat within

Our shivering bodies, sure it were a sin

If Thou, O Coalman, pitiless in Thy pride,

Pass by and leave us but an empty bin!

FOR "FOOTBALLERS"

Articles about fall fashions for men have already been published. As yet we have not seen any description of costumes for football players. We read that in England "footballers" have a

fancy for gaily colored handkerchiefs for which high prices are sometimes paid. "Some players of fame have refused to wear the regulation costume of their club and sported fantastic habiliments on the field. Wilson, for instance, one of the best goalkeepers Lancashire ever produced, invariably wore a black velvet jersey and knickers, red stockings and a tam o'shanter. Another famous player, vain in regard to his figure, wore corsets on the field until one day a fellow-player gently hitched his jersey up at the back, and he was greeted by the crowd with shouts of 'Miss, you're showing your stays!'"

There is talk in England of celebrating the coming centenary "of one of the greatest reforms of modern times." The record of the inspiration is on a wall in the playing fields of Rugby:

"This stone commemorates the exploit of William Webb Ellis, who, with a fine disregard of the rules of the game of football as played in his time, first took the ball in his arms and ran with it, thus originating the distinctive feature of the Rugby game. A. D. 1823."

YOU NEVER CAN TELL WHEN

YOU'RE GOING TO RUN ACROSS

ONE

As the World Wags:

It was Saturday night on a country road. The hour was late and the two of us were speeding homeward. I noticed a dark object ahead. "There's something in the road," I murmured. Just then the object turned. It was a tramp! And yes—"Beaver!" I shrieked and we all went into the ditch. But he ran my total score up to 14 and the nurse said that was the highest made by any of the injured brought in that day.

P. S. Oh, they're wheeling the tramp out on the porch. BEAVER!

Miss Jane Burr, "the American marriage reformer," is having a joyous time in London. When a reporter of the Evening Standard talked with her Miss Burr sported a blue Norfolk coat, a pair of "brecks" and gray stockings.

"I love men as pals, as beaux," she said to the reporter; "I like admirers; I like the thrill of an offer of marriage once a year. . . . I have a job, I have a

little money, I have all the social position I want, and the only thing there is to be demanded of any man is that ecstatic companionship which is as near to perfect love as human beings can get.

"Some one asked me how my second husband married me. He didn't; I married him. When I proposed I just asked him whether he would like to live up town or down.

"I am terribly fond of my present husband—a very brilliant, charming man, but terribly depressing as a companion, with a difficult New England ancestry behind him.

"Our friendship was really very charming. If he had been less neurotic, we would have lived together all our lives. We never quarrelled."

Otto Jahn, a German of the good old sort, at the end of his voluminous biography of Mozart, exclaimed triumphantly and affectionately: "And he was ours!" This we can proudly say of Miss Jane.

"I am studying women and children and the future of marriage," concluded Miss Burr, "and I am going to India, Turkey and China, interviewing all authorities on the subject."

She should invite Mrs. Margaret Sanger to accompany her.

THE WAY OUT

(With acknowledgments to the shade of H. S. Leigh)

"Most of the unhappiness comes from being forced to do things we hate."—The week's great thought, contributed by Miss Jane Burr as an advocate of collapsible wedlock.

Folks will tell you, "Always choose
Duty's nobler way."

Nonsense! There's just the view's
You should certainly refuse

Ever to obey.
Duty's nobler way be blowed!

Go your own enlightened road.

If you'd like to hit your wife,
Hit her, then, you should;
If she still disturbs your life,
Do not settle down to strife—

Run away for good.
Do the things you like, unless
You prefer unhappiness!

Things that incommode and irk,
Send them right about.

If you do not like your work,
Do not mess about and shirk—
Cut it boldly out!

"Little bills" their load have laid;
Leave the beastly things unpaid.

Make yourself, in fact, the sole
Umpire of the game;
Let your lightest wish control;
And if every other soul

Promptly does the same,
This our world will shortly be
Quite a happy place, you see.

—Lucio in the Manchester Guardian.

TENNIS AND "BAD MANNERS"

As the World Wags:

The excellent editorial in The Herald answering the comments of the New York Times on the "bad manners" of Boston tennis fans reminded me of a quip in "B. L. T.'s" column several years ago.

"This country can never be considered a true democracy until some one has hit the umpire of a tennis tournament over the head with a pop bottle."

It looks as if we in Boston were outstripping New York in our progress toward the ideal democracy, if in little else.

Boston.

B. F. L.

EARLY RISING

As the World Wags:

I recently heard of two farmers who were discussing in the country store one evening the subject of early rising. One said: "Si, I'll bet you what you like that I'm the earliest riser in this town." "Well, maybe you be, Josh; I don't make any claim." Two or three days later, Josh went to Si's house at 2 A. M. and rapped on the door. Mrs. Si opened it, saying "mornin' Josh." "Mornin' Nancy! Is Si around?" "Well, he was here early this mornin'; I don't know where he is now."

Boston.

B. C. C.

"THE WORLD WAS MADE"

As the World Wags:

The annexed clipping from Queries and Answers, New York Times Book Review and Magazine of Sept. 10, is worthy of your consideration.

EDMOND F. CODY.

New Bedford.

J. M. WILSON—I would like very much to find the poem containing the lines:

"The world was made when a man was born;

He must taste for himself the forbidden things,
He can never take warning from old-fashioned thinkers, &c."

THE PLEASURE IS ALL YOURS

As the World Wags:

A sign along a highway reads as follows:

THANK YOU.
OAK RIDGE CEMETERY

S. S.

SCHWILL, PROBABLY, MISS— BUT NO

As the World Wags:

Three distinguished gentlemen filed into our classroom at summer school last Thursday. Our professor, who was reading from his notebook, said: "I wish to introduce to you 'Dean Hogg, Prof. Bacon and Principal Hamm.'" Immediately one of the girl students bolted for the door. "Stop," said the professor, without raising his eyes, but the girl said, "This is no place for me, not with the name I've got." What in the world do you suppose her name was?

HONORA.

"PASSING AWAY! PASSING AWAY!"

As the World Wags:

"Expected forever tomorrow comes never,
So doth the old Proverb say,
Then still be all sorrow reserved for tomorrow
And still be all Joy for today."

These lines written with pencil are on a card that has lain in a little fancy box some 50 years. The box at one time contained two bottles of Tea Rose perfume. Figures and characters on the box are all Chinese except:

G. T. Barney & Co., Agents—Boston

The little box and the card bearing the cheerful message quoted above have survived all these years, but what of G. T. Barney & Co. Has the expected tomorrow for them arrived, or are they still Agents and Distributors of the delicate perfume of the Tea Rose of China?

"Merrily we roll along."

BARVEL WHANG.

On Monday, Sept. 25, the Hollis Street Theatre will open its season with a comedy by Rachel Crothers, entitled "Nice People." It was brought out at Atlantic City on Dec. 27, 1920, and was then described by the Atlantic City Evening Union as follows:

"Theodora Gloucester is the pampered and unrestrained motherless daughter of a father who has made millions from war profiteering. He exercises no guardianship and Theodora's appetite for liquor and cigarettes and motor parties unchaperoned is on a par with that of the other sons and daughters of the best families. It is Margaret Rainsford, Theodora's aunt, who deplores the pace the giddy, rapid group is leading and rebukes the father. The latter, partly aroused to his responsibilities, puts on the brake so suddenly that his daughter, returning for a wrap to take a motor ride, is ordered to bed, a proceeding that provides opportunity for an absorbing clash between the amazed, then angry, daughter, who turns on both parent and aunt, and as a climax to the scene slips away to take the trip that had been forbidden her."

The consequences of this clash are developed in the acts that follow. The part of Theodora is played by Francine Larrimore.

THE JEWETT PLAYERS purpose to perform Henry Arthur Jones's comedy in four acts, "Dolly Reforming Herself," on Monday, Sept. 25, at the Fine Arts Theatre (in the building of the State Theatre on Massachusetts avenue). It is said that this performance will be the first in the United States. Not even the rashest amateur organization has brought the play out on a parochial stage.

This comedy was produced at the Haymarket Theatre, London, on Nov. 3, 1908. The cast was as follows:

Mrs. Harry Telfer.....Ethel Irving
Harry Telfer.....Robert Loraine
Matthew Barron.....C. M. Lowne
Capt. Lucas Wentworth.....Charles R. Maude
The Rev. James Pilcher
Professor Sturgess.....E. Lyall Swete
Mrs. Sturgess.....Margaret Halstan

The critics differed in opinion about the play; they warmly praised the acting. The Standard looked at the play

sourly: "It is not brilliant or witty, it has no plot, etc. The Pall Mall Gazette spoke of the wit and the adroitness of the author."

Mr. Walkley wrote a column and a half for the Times in his most discursive and entertaining manner, showing that he enjoyed the comedy hugely, declaring that the quarrel scene of the third act is "a specimen of English comedy at its very best." Let us quote Mr. Walkley's opening:

"LUCKLESS AUTHORS WHO PRO-

FESS to know the secrets of women's apparel! Some time ago, when M. Paul Bourget described one of his mundane heroines as wearing black satin corsets, all the boudoirs in Paris rang with laughter. It appeared that no lady with the slightest pretension to fashion ever wore corsets of black satin. We are wondering what the boudoirs will say to a passage in 'Dolly Reforming Herself,' wherein Dolly's husband, inspecting Dolly's unpaid bills, reads 'three pairs of blue silk garters, forty-five shillings.' Garters? We suspect Mr. Jones's blue silk garters to be as bad a 'howler' as M. Bourget's black satin corsets. In alluding to this recondite subject we have, however, no desire to fasten upon any trifling inaccuracy of Mr. Jones; we do it just to set everybody's mind at ease. For 'garters' strikes a note. The mere word at once indicates that we are in the region of light comedy. To mention garters is to give a pledge of frivolity. Evidently Mr. Jones is going to be playful. Then, too, there is a touch of cynicism about the word—as who should say 'I am a man of the world with no illusions about feminine dessous or anything else.' So Mr. Jones is going to be cyni-

cally playful or playfully cynical. Well, that is the true Mr. Jones, no doubt. Mr. Jones 'abounding,' as the French say, 'in his own sense'; the Mr. Jones that we all know and expect. For our part we ask for nothing better than Mr. Jones being true to himself. Mr. Jones 'letting himself go' at the wayward will of the comic spirit. In his old serious, didactic days he was apt to be crude and, what was worse, 'criard.' Behold him in his riper years mundane, tolerant, quietly and, as it were, paternally festive. Skipping is recommended as a hygienic practice for gentlemen no longer in the first flush of youth. Mr. Jones has taken to skipping on the stage, and we love to see him at it."

IT APPEARS FROM THE CRITICAL

articles that there are three interests in 'Dolly Reforming Herself,' which has been described as a series of skips, not a comedy in the strict sense of the word. The first is the flirtation between Capt. Wentworth and Mrs. Sturgess, and Dolly's determination to have no scandal under her roof. The second is Mrs. Telfer's (Dolly's) habit of running up bills and her husband's attempts to teach her economy. The third may be expressed in a saying of Prof. Sturgess: "The more I live, the more I'm convinced that free will is a purely subjective illusion. States of consciousness are entirely dependent upon the condition, quantity, and arrangement of certain atoms in the gray matter of your brain. You think, you will, you act according as that gray matter works." And so Capt. Wentworth flirts because his gray matter renders him inevitably a flirt; for the same reason Mrs. Sturgess is sentimental, Dolly plunges into debt, and the professor chatters pessimistically in drawing rooms. They and all of us are mere machines.

Mr. Jones's men and women in the play propose to reform themselves by an effort of the will. Mr. Barron, Dolly's father, genially cynical, bets that a year from that New Year's day they will all be exhibiting their foibles. The dramatist would have us believe that these foibles will exist, and the characters after various vicissitudes, will at the close of the play be what they were at the outset. The critics all agreed that the quarrel scene between Dolly and her husband with its finely worked crescendo is the most brilliant episode in the play, one that sustains comparison with Sheridan. There is a certain Miss Smithson who, at a dinner, looking at Dolly had said: "My dress allowance is a hundred and twenty a year, and I don't understand how any reasonable woman can wish for more!" Mr. Telfer actually had asked this Smithson woman to give his wife lessons in economy, whereas, what he really had said, he wished Miss Smithson might give some women a lesson in economy. Had papa said: "Dolly's in one of her high gales again; I remember what the little devil was like at home." That drove papa, wishing to be a peacemaker, back to his bedroom.

"A scene on classic lines . . . but very modern, too, in its details, its rapid staccato talk and slang of the moment, its wonderful catalogues of hats with plumes of Nattier Bleu and helio-

trope velvet toques and gowns of white cloth with Postillion coat of Rose du Barri silk and evening cloaks of straw-berry satin charmeuse, trimmed silk passementerie, motifs and fringed stoles of dull gold embroidery. It reminds you of the catalogue of ships in Homer, and includes that item of blue silk garters which also reminds you that this Homer, like the other, sometimes nods."

"BLUEBEARD'S 8TH WIFE," as adapted from the French by Arthur Wimperis (Queen's Theatre Aug. 26), did not shock the Londoners. There were no piercing shrieks of outraged morality. The Daily Telegraph hoped that the pruning knife would be applied to one scene, but the critic described the play as having its strong as well as its weak points and found the dialogue more than usually conspicuous for epigrammatic brilliancy and many witty lines. The Times said nothing about the need of a pruning knife.

"Lawful Larceny" at the Savoy excited the derisive laughter of the Times. The critic thought that the poor devil of a hero must have been brought up on the films, but admitted that the play is ingenious. "It was received on Saturday afternoon (Aug. 26) as if it had been a satisfactory game of baseball." The Daily Telegraph paid the play much more attention and was loud in praise of Miss Catherine Calvert, who, as the vampire, made her first appearance in London. "She creates at once that impression of temperament which grips a house, and speedily creates another of art. With a rich and flexible voice, a most expressive countenance, and any amount of magnetism, Miss Calvert is indeed a memorable and welcome arrival. We have seen no actress so vivid and intense since Mme. Aguilera-Ferrau, and Sicilian, came and electrified us all in the years before the war, and London playgoers will hope to see her in other and more important parts by and by."

"COMIN' THRO' THE RYE," the story by Helen Mathers, has been adapted for the stage by Constance Stuart. It will be produced tomorrow at the Opera House, Cheltenham, Eng., the birthplace of Miss Mathers.

"The Bat" reached its 200th performance at the St. James Theatre, London, on Aug. 30.

The Birmingham, Eng., Repertory Theatre began its 11th season on Sept. 2 with "The Admirable Crichton." Since the opening night of Mr. Barry V. Jackson's venture in February, 1913, 182 different plays and operas, exclusive of revivals, have been produced. Ordinarily the bill is changed once a fortnight, which entails very hard work for the permanent company and staff, since all costumes, scenery and properties are designed and executed in the theatre's own workshops. Among other plays announced for production this season are "The Showing Up of Blanco Posnet," Hauptmann's "The Thieves' Comedy," Masefield's poetic drama of Japan, "The Faithful," which was first produced at the Repertory Theatre a few years ago, and "Britain's Daughter," a new play by Gordon Bottomley.

"Sally" was withdrawn at the Winter Garden Theatre, London, on Aug. 26. W. G. Wills's "Charles I" will be revived tomorrow at the Ambassadors, London, with Russell Thorndike as the monarch. Henry Irving brought it out at the Lyceum 50 years ago this fall.

"Conquering the Alps," an Ideal film, describes in detail the ascent and descent of the Jungfrau. The Times spoke of magnificent views of scenery. It is all the more pity, therefore, that the production should have been marred

by the unnecessary grandiloquence of its subtitles. Most of these are in the most extravagant poetic prose, and many are in exceedingly bad taste. To describe sunset on the mountain the following words are thrown on the screen: "Saffron gleams from the West wrapped the battered survivors of a million tempests in golden glory."

THE ENGLISH ARE FAITHFUL to tradition. "Son of Kissing Cup" on the screen is the good old-fashioned Drury Lane racing melodrama with desperate villains, kidnapping of the hero's horse which is to be run at the Derby, the rescuing of the horse by a heroine, and then the race. A famous surgeon is introduced who is removed to an asylum, on account of his obsession that all his patients will die of lung trouble in a few months. He takes the place evidently of an old friend the weak clergyman who becomes the tool of the villain but confesses in the last act.

GENEVIEVE WARD

(From the Nation and the Athenaeum)

I never saw Genevieve Ward as Lady Macbeth, but I have an indelible vision of her in "Forget-Me-Not," when, as a boy, I saw her stand motionless by a curtain, her eyes fixed on a scene the figures and constituents of which I no

longer recall. It was the eyes which drew and ever after haunted my imagination. They were Lady Macbeth eyes, large, and of a stern and piercing quality. I frequently saw them in later life (she was a great attendant at matinees and first nights), and in an instant the figure of the adventuress in the play took its fearful pose and captured my frightened memory all over again. She had a splendid diction and a most noble style in acting; and I think she would have made a greater figure on the stage had Paris or Milan been her dramatic home, rather than London. Mr. Whiteing truly says that she had the ill-luck to light on a London career at the opening of the long reign of Galety burlesque, and that frivolous hour killed or overdid her serious art. That misfortune, and the long and cruel tragedy of her marriage to a scoundrel, account, I suppose, for the partial loss to the later Victorian stage of our most wonderful natural tragedian.

A NOTE ABOUT EMMA CALVE, VERLAINE AND OSCAR WILDE

To the Editor of The Boston Herald: In a recent instalment of her "Life"

now running in the Saturday Evening Post, Mme. Emma Calve alludes to a meeting under unusual and distressing circumstances with Oscar Wilde and the poet Paul Verlaine. It was in the course of a London season. Wilde was speaking in behalf of Verlaine, whom he wished to present in the drawing-room where Lady de Grey was receiving.

"He is very poor," Wilde explained, "and very unhappy. He is a distinguished French poet, a man of genius, but now in great trouble."

Mme. Calve contrasts the appearance the two made on their entrance—"at the height of his glory, brilliant, dashing, bejewelled, a veritable Beau Brummel," Verlaine "ill-clothed, shrinking . . . just out of prison."

She also refers to Wilde's rejoicing in his recent theatrical successes, while somewhat further on she comments on seeing Wilde's similar plight in Paris a few years after this meeting—completely disgraced, furtive, shabby, seeking to hide himself in the crowd.

The meeting must have taken place in 1894 or 1895. Wilde's chief plays were first receiving public approval between 1891 and 1895, while in 1898 he was only a short time out of jail after serving the two years' sentence at hard labor imposed on him in May of 1895.

Verlaine was in England in 1894, but instead of being just out of prison he was a European celebrity, welcomed as a distinguished poet, and lecturing at London and Oxford. There seems, therefore, to be something badly out of joint in this recollection of the appearance of these celebrities on the occasion related by Mme. Calve.

It is true that at one time in his life Verlaine had been in prison—he served two years at Mons as a result of being rather careless in the use of fire-arms—but this was prior to 1875. By 1894 he was famous, probably fairly well off, and in any case far removed from the miserable figure pictured as being introduced in Lady de Grey's circle by Wilde.

Lapsing into the vernacular, 'tis funny how many literary gents have landed behind the bars for one offense or another. Some scientist ought to make a study of this phenomenon and discover whether the quality of present day literature can be improved by "sending up" leading literary lights for long or short terms. CAPT. BRASSBOUND.

Boston. Verlaine was imprisoned at Mons on account of the Rimbaud affair, which was not to the credit of either poet. —Ed.

MARTIAL TENEO

As The Sunday Herald has frequently quoted the opinions of Martial Teneo concerning plays and acting in Paris the obituary notice published in the Daily Telegraph of London (Aug. 28) should be of interest to our readers.

Our Paris correspondent wired last night: Readers of The Daily Telegraph will learn with regret of the death of M. Martial Teneo, which took place in Paris today after a long and painful illness. In his "Aspects de Paris" and his criticisms of the French stage which for some years past have given in the columns of this journal so true and clear a picture of the intellectual life of Paris, those who knew Martial Teneo personally could see the man himself and his great qualities. Before everything he was sincere and loyal, valuing nothing but real merit, scorning easy success, and, so far as he himself was concerned, never writing without conviction. Combined with these characteristics went that wide learning and knowledge of the past which enabled him to write with sureness and authority about the tendencies and developments of the present. It was a foundation that had not been easily laid, for

Teneo's life had been a hard one. In his youth he had spent some years in London, and out of the memory of his stay there and from his friendships with English people had grown a deep affection for England. On his return to France a taste for letters and the theatre had led him into journalism in Paris, but while fulfilling the demands of that hard profession he found time to cultivate his passion for history, and he made himself a veritable mine of knowledge on France of the 18th century, the revolution and the empire. It was the irony of fate that his last illness should have overtaken him just at the moment that he was preparing to give some of this knowledge to the world in a study of Napoleon in his earlier period.

In 1911 Martial Teneo was appointed librarian of the Paris Opera, but for more than 20 years previously he had worked and studied daily among the valuable archives of the National Theatre, and there are few latter-day historians of music and musicians to whom his knowledge of the contents of the Opera library has not been of signal service. Death has overtaken him at

the age of 66, with his intellectual vigor still at its height and his talents ripened by experience. During his last illness one of the chief sources of satisfaction to which his mind constantly returned was the opportunity that he had had of putting his ideas before English people in the columns of The Daily Telegraph. For a summing up of Martial Teneo's character one cannot do better than give in the original the estimate of one of his French collaborators and friends. "Nous," he writes, "qui l'avons vu à l'œuvre, nous garderons de lui le souvenir d'un collaborateur des plus distingués, d'un ami dont la conversation prouvait une science étendue et un goût profond de la poésie et des arts, un esprit original, indépendant, et un cœur ouvert aux sentiments les plus nobles."

MR. A. B. WALKLEY DISCUSSES THE DEPARTMENT OF AUDIENCES

When Sir Roger de Coverley went to the theatre to see "The Distrest Mother," Addison tells us that "upon Hermione's going off with a menace to Pyrrhus, the audience gave a loud clap." But that was at the end of an act, when a loud clap does not interfere with the action, and disturbs no one. One may be sure that even in those days, when "houses" were small and correspondingly select, few audiences subconsciously selected to this wise restraint. It was an age, notably, of violent disapprobation, hooting, whistling, cat-calls. Disapprobation in the playhouse of today is, normally, less noisy; on the other hand, applause has become more boisterous and inopportune than ever. Hand-clapping, in season and out of season, has become one of the nuisances of the theatre. If you think of it, striking one palm against the other with a resounding smack is a queer way of expressing your delight. It suggests the monkey tricks of primeval man. It is, like Tarzan, "of the apes." It is one of our failures in civilization. It is all very well at a public meeting, because it is there an expression of opinion, a sign of agreement with the speaker. If the audience were silent, it would argue dissent, or at least indifference. But in the realm of dramatic art where we are supposed to be under the spell of illusion, inhabitants for the time being of an imaginary world, applause is an interruption, a rude reminder of reality, a really impolite distraction between the player and his part. I suppose, human nature, being what it is, it is hopeless to protest, to ask audiences to keep their applause for the end of the act. People who go to the play for the play, who wish to lose themselves in the dream, the playwright has woven for them, must continue to suffer (very literally) at the hands of other people who cannot dream out their dream, who wake up at brief intervals to give vent to their delight in "a loud clap." But on behalf of the quiet ones, the playgoers who wish to enjoy their theatrical illusion in comfort, I protest that it isn't fair. At any rate, the noisy ones might restrain themselves until the act-drop falls. The effect of their hand-clapping would then be multiplied tenfold. Their enthusiasm would burst forth with all the greater violence for having been pent up. But, as things are, there is an explosion of applause at every exit, at every tirade, nay, at every entrance, before the player has opened his mouth. Why not applaud before the act-drop goes up? This actually happened the other night at the Princess Theatre, before the third act of "Daniel." The public was so excited at the thought of seeing Mme. Bernhardt within the next few seconds that they applauded her by anticipation. If only they would adopt the same plan over their other favorites! The act itself might then be allowed to proceed in peace. It is the continual interruption of the story and the illusion of it by little bursts of sporadic applause that is the nuisance.

PLAYERS AND APPLAUSE

I know that a great obstacle to rating the playhouse of this threemane habit is the players themselves. They say they cannot get on without instant applause. I cannot persuade myself that the true artist feels his art in that way; he must, surely, be aware of the effect he is producing on his audience, must know whether he is in touch with it, without needing the assurance of "a loud clap," should have thought that the true

artist would be disconcerted by what is sign that his imaginative hold on the spectator has momentarily broken down. Far worse, however, than the actor are his indiscreet "friends." Their applause is not only inopportune, but apt to be excessive. I had reason a week or two ago to notice the immoderate applause lavished upon one of the cleverest and most attractive of our younger actresses. It was continuous, deafening, out of all proportion, ridiculous. But so firmly has "a loud clap" now established itself among our theatrical habits that one or two of my readers actually professed to think I must be "prejudiced" against this young actress because I protested against excessive applause as likely to do her harm. I trust I can afford to regard any such wild outburst with amusement—in which, I conjecture, the young actress herself could join. But it shows to what extremes the custom of indiscriminate applause has attained, how we have grown to take it as a matter of course and to assume that we are lacking in proper appreciation of our favorites if we fail to mark everything they say and do with hurrahs of cheers.

SOUSA'S BAND

The annual Boston concerts of Sousa and his band will be given in Symphony Hall this afternoon and evening, under the personal leadership of Mr. Sousa. The programs are as follows:

- AFTERNOON CONCERT
- verture, "The Red Sarafan".....Ericks
 - ornet solo, "Centennial Polka".....Bellstedt
 - John Dolan
 - uite, "Leaves from My Note-book".....Sousa
 - (new)
 - (a) "The Genial Hostess".....Sousa
 - (b) "The Camp-Fire Girls".....Sousa
 - (c) "The Lively Flapper".....Sousa
 - ocal solo, "Ah Fors e Lui," from.....Verdi
 - "La Traviata".....Verdi
 - Miss Marjorie Moody
 - termezzo, "Golden Light".....Bizet
 - A Bouquet of Beloved Inspirations".....Sousa
 - entwined by.....Sousa
 - a) Xylophone solo, "Witches' Dance".....MacDowell
 - George Carey
 - b) March, "The Gallant Seventh".....Sousa
 - (new)
 - ollin solo, "Romance and Finale from.....Wienlawski
 - "Second Concerto".....Wienlawski
 - Miss Caroline Thomas
 - owboy Breakdown, "Turkey in the.....Sousa
 - Straw".....Sousa
 - Transcribed by Gulong
 - EVENING CONCERT
 - ustic dance, "The Country Wedding".....Goldmark
 - ornet solo, "Ocean View".....Hartman
 - John Dolan
 - uite, "Dwellers of the Western World".....Sousa
 - ocal solo, "Caro Nome" from "Rigo.....Verdi
 - letto".....Verdi
 - Miss Marjorie Moody
 - inale, "Fourth Symphony".....Tchaikowsky
 - enes Historical, "Sheridan's Ride".....Sousa
 - a) Duet for Piccolos "Fluttering.....Sousa
 - Birds".....Sousa
 - Messrs. Willson and Kunkel
 - b) March, "Bullets and Bayonets".....Sousa
 - arp solo, "Fantasia on the.....Sousa
 - Miss Winifred Bambrick
 - verture, "Light Cavalry".....Suppe

Sept 18 1922

Cricketer still inspires Englishmen to write heightened prose. Now comes Mr. Neville Cardus, who in "Cricketer's Book" likens certain famous cricketers to authors; sooner is the Robert Herrick of cricketers; Collins is the Martin F. Tupper, and so on.

Into the batting of Macartney the modern spirit of unrest entered. He defied at the limits which a chiselled perfection like Bardsley's puts upon cricketership. For him an innings was ways a great adventure. Bardsley's cricket might have moved to the serene and contented rhythm of the music which is known as Handel's Largo, but Macartney's called for wild and whirling music, some impudent Scherzo, and Macartney's 'L'Apprenti Sorcier' would have me. The writer, indeed, rarely saw Macartney bat without thinking of Macartney's mad masterpiece.

Here is a companion passage to John Macartney's description of the match between Little Hambledon and Ali England, or to Mr. Lucas's verses: "The Cricket Ball Sings." Is there an analogy of prose and poetry in praise of cricket? It would, of course, include the verses from "The Dream of Eugene Iwan":

"To a level mead they came, and there they drove the wickets in; incessantly shone the setting sun Over the town of Lynn."

Has anyone compared our baseball heroes to poets, living or dead? Is there any memorable poem relating to baseball besides the immortal "Casey at the Bat"? Perhaps "Babe" Ruth might justly be likened to Homer. We know of no prose, in praise of our national game comparable with descriptions of cricketers and cricket matches by Nyren and Cardus, no verse comparable with Lucas's.

Hazlitt glorified handball in his account of Cavendish, as his essay, "The Fight," is a classic for all time. Perhaps, after all, the story of Mighty Casey striking out is enough for us, even when it is recited by amateurs.

OCEAN FANCIES

Such ranks of snow white horses Are racing in from sea, What bevels of red-haired mermaids Under its waves must be!

Little white fingers creeping And grasping up the beach; They want my pretty sandals, I must keep them out of reach.

If you look far out upon the sea Where the waves curl smoothly over, You may see a mermaid arch and dive Arms stretched to greet her lover, CLARISSA BROOKS. Worcester.

IT IS HINTED THAT THE GAME IS BARBER PROPAGANDA

As the World Wags: Sara, the snappy stenographer, hands me the razzberry—"Beaver, you bolshevik!" every time I show up with more'n a half a day's growth of whiskers. Man, you gotta publish the rules of this game, or I'll be cutting my throat! MORON.

As the World Wags: Motoring through Littleton, N. H., we all noticed this sign in front of a farmhouse: "Chickens and rooms to rent." HELEN EHRMAN. Wellesley.

As the World Wags: If Mr. Herkimer Johnson, in search of sociological material for his colossal work, and also for the winter's supply, should motor to Canada this fall, he must not fail to pass through Bellows Falls, Vt., and stay there long enough to secure a subscription from Mr. Oscar A. Gast, pharmacist. Returning by way of Manchester, N. H., he should add to his list the name of Mr. H. L. Addition, the cashier of the Merchants National Bank. A copy of the first or second volume of "Man as a Social and Political Beast" bound in tin or wood and hollowed inside might aid him in Canadian research. A. CORN. Boston.

AN AESTHETIC SWITCHMAN

As the World Wags: Looking out of the car window while the train was running past the city dump, through the great South Boston terminal yards, I noticed a switchman's shanty gaily ornamented by a pretty little flower garden, only a few sunflowers, but how they shone in that wilderness of track! The spot was a veritable oasis in a desert of steel. It is often said we have not the discriminating sense of beauty inherent in the Latin races; the ability to create the beautiful out of the commonplace. Yet here in a railroad yard (than which there is nothing more typical American) we find many a native-born workman who has added an artistic touch to his otherwise dreary shelter. Perhaps only a few white-washed stones are arranged in front of the door, yet there is shown the impulse to create loveliness out of drab surroundings. So deeply has Puritanism penetrated our thought that to this day most of us labor under a subconscious censorship that inhibits spontaneous expression of a natural craving for bits of color in the work-a-day world. WILLIAM L. ROBINSON. Allston.

FOR THE FOOTBALL SEASON

We are informed that English professional football players are superstitious in the matter of dress. If one is in a hurry, trying to put a boot on the wrong foot is lucky; to break a boot lace augurs defeat; to wear borrowed boots, or any borrowed article of clothing, on the field brings disaster. A famous player fell and broke his leg. Two weeks later another member of the same team did likewise. The two had worn in turn the same pair of borrowed boots. After the committee had burned these fatal boots, there were no more accidents.

We are also informed that English physicians and schoolmasters look sourly on the football girl. Yet in former years athletic grandmothers of the English girls of today played football gaily and vigorously. At Inverness parish records dated 1735 tell of annual

rumes between married and unmarried women.

FOREWARNED IS FOREARMED

A Marlboro man advertises:

BE WARE

The market is flooded with trashy radio apparatus. Why take chances when you can buy thoroughly reliable supplies right here in Marlboro? My service speaks for itself. I can't stick you but once. Why not give me a try?

A VILLAGE IMPROVEMENT SOCIETY

As the World Wags: The item "We are fearfully and wonderfully made" in your column of Sept. 8 reminds me that a local newspaper informs us recently that Miss C., an old resident, had had her ell part painted. E. B. C. Southbridge.

SOUSA PLAYS

Sousa and his band attracted large audiences both afternoon and evening at their annual fall concerts in Symphony Hall yesterday. John Philip Sousa needs no introduction to Boston people and those who heard yesterday's performances greeted with much applause his old selections as well as several new compositions. To some it might seem that the announced programs formed but a background for selections—mostly marches—that have made him famous. Sousa knows how to respond with encores and gives an audience just the right thing at the right time.

PLAYS NEW COMPOSITIONS

"Leaves from My Note Book," one of the new compositions, is especially interesting. "The Genial Hostess," the first "leaf" is, as its name implies, a sketch full of warm tones and radiating well-being. But in the second theme, "The Camp Fire Girls," there are beautiful contrasts and the sense of the great outdoors at nightfall is most effectively woven through several changing moods. "The Lively Lapper," which ends the suite is a lively air that does credit to its name.

Another suite, "Dwellers of the Western World," brings in a rousing Indian war dance, a storm at sea, with a majestic finale, and ends with a bit of happy negro music. With all the vigor and dramatic effect that are characteristic of his compositions, "Sheridan's Ride" tells its historic and stirring story.

WHAT HE THINKS OF JAZZ

No one who hears the great bandmaster's arrangement of "Look for the Silver Lining" has any doubt of his possessing a keen sense of humor. Through the medium of this popular tune that has delighted followers of popular music during the past year, Sousa tells his audiences just what he thinks of jazz, and tells it in a most amusing vein.

Among the well-known selections played as encores were "Stars and Stripes Forever," "U. S. Field Artillery" and "El Capitan." All these favorites aroused long applause.

Miss Marjorie Moody, soprano soloist, has a delightfully clear, high voice that can become very low and sweet when she sings "Annie Laurie" and other ballads. The other soloists are John Dolan, cornet; Winifred Bambrick, harp; Caroline Thomas, violin; George Cary, xylophone, and Messrs Willson and Kunkel, piccolos.

Ignoring the troubles in Ireland, the policy of M. Polncare, the mess in Mesopotamia, and even the fact that Mr. Lloyd George at work on his memoirs values the truth, as he sees it, thinks it, and wishes it, at £90,000, earnest seekers after knowledge in London are asking: "When was the first Havana cigar smoked in England?" Raleigh and other herolo souls of his time smoked pipes, and the dates are not beyond all conjecture.

One seeker quotes from a London newspaper of August, 1822, where a Mr. J. Beynon informed the nobility and gentry that he had imported "1000 lbs. of Havannato Segars" of the finest quality from the manufactory of the late King of Spain.

No one seems to know the name of the first cigar smoker in England. We do know that for many years cigars and pipes were thought to be an abom-

ination. Witness the fate of Fitzboodde as described by Thackeray. Men smoked in "Turkish Divans."

Was Laurence Oliphant the introducer of cigarettes into England? Were they smoked shortly after the Crimean war? H. M. Hyndman says in his Reminiscences that cigarette smoking was almost unknown in 1860. If we are not mistaken, imported Honradez cigarettes were smoked in the United States in the civil war years. We'll not swear to the spelling "Honradez," but we see the packages now. The tobacco was jet black and crisp. There was need of reolling. In the seventies and at the colleges the ingenious and ingenious youths rolled their cigarettes, filling the rice papers with "Lone Jack," "Fruits and Flowers," or "Durham." Made cigarettes were then atrocious things. We remember the "St. James," made largely of perique. Then came the milder brands of Richmond. Coloring a meerscham was considered a fine art by the more sedate and industrious students.

Olda's heroes, the howling swells, smoked cigarettes. "That was the day of 'toying' with a cigarette, in striking contrast with the present system of devouring it."

CIGARETTES IN VERSE

Byron sang the praise of the cigar and spoke respectfully of the Oriental pipes. Sir George Trevelyan in his "Ladies in Parliament" (1866) wrote: "And why is your brow with a shadow o'ercast?"

And why did you stare on the ground as you passed, With one of those bits of white card in your mouth Which gentlemen smoke who have been in the South?"

In a new edition published many years later is this footnote: "This couplet has been more than once quoted as a proof that in 1866 the cigarette was still an exotic rarity."

OH, THAT DOESN'T BOTHER A REPORTER IN THE LEAST

(The Peoria Transcript's Reporter covers the K. K. K.)

TRANSCRIPT REPORTER, BOUND AND BLIND-FOLDED, IS, WITNESS TO EVENT

"BILL" NOT EVANS

J. A. M. of Hopkinton reminds us that it was Bill Hoey in "A Parlor Match," who, unlocking the safe, took out a hod of coal. In the same act he bore off the stage a red-hot stove with a fire in it.

MY STARS AND STRIPES!

(On the American judicial decision that a freeholder owns the air above his land, to any height.) His sire, a multi-millionaire, With houses, lands and cars, Had taught the lad to lip, "My air" And contemplate "My stars."

His mother, kind and fervid soul, Discoursed on higher things, Described the fiery chariot's roll And spoke of angels' wings.

Bewildered Sammy shook his head In masterful despair; "I don't like angels, mums," he said, "That trespass in my air." —A. W. in the Daily Chronicle.

"ART" FOR THE ARTLESS

As the World Wags: Summer wanes; the tourist departs and the dealer in the curious and antique of old America turns toward production for the coming summer of 1923. The comedy is without end. Cunning meets the half-wise and half-honesty wears strange masks—as art lover, collector, connoisseur and even olergyman! When a professional art lover rubs his hands to express his love for an old piece, beware! For cash you can buy his beard and take it with you.

"Art," it has been said, "is the expression of a man's joy in his work." Everywhere in New England this summer there has been ample evidence of man's joy in his work—working off "art" on the artless. We have practically no craftsmen, judged by old standards, and machinery and the gang system do not satisfy with their products. From time to time the contents of an old attic renews faith and keeps up appearances for the swarm of busy dealers, handlers, jobbers, buyers—and the professional art lover.

When the supply of worthy handiwork of the past fails to satisfy a want what will our dealers turn their hands to? Perhaps the combination folding bed or the Rose-Seabuck rocking chair will be promoted as quaint American art of the late 19th century.

That is not too ridiculous and will still be comedy. JOHN QUILL.

Sept 19 1922

WHY OMIT THE "JR"?

As the World Wags:

The Balloting Digest, in reviewing Col. Rowan's recently published account of his carrying the message to Garcia, says that upon arriving in Washington "he reported to the Secretary of War, Horatio Alger." D'yuh reckon this error is due to Gen. Alger's well-known ability to lift the mortgage from the old farm?

—M. C. B.

PRACTICE, ALSO THEORY

(The Fayetteville, Ark., Democrat)

"The Fayetteville School of Fine and Applied Arts" is the name given to a new art school to be opened here within a week by E. C. Aumick.

Mr. Aumick has been engaged in commercial art for some time, having had charge of the painting of signs on the trash boxes recently placed on the sidewalks on the square in big towns and in Sauler.

IT'S THE UNEXPECTEDNESS OF THE THING THAT GETS 'EM

As the World Wags:

Know what I use for a snappy C. R. these warm mornings when I get up late and miss my train and mope in at the office about 9 o'clock when I oughta punch the clock at 8:30 and one of the sweet things I work for says with a sardonic smile, "Good evening, Miss Blank; did you have a nice day?" I just look at 'em and say "Listen here, old man—you oughta be glad I'm here at all, the way I feel!" That gets 'em, every time.

DOLLY ANN.

FOR 600 COUPONS THEY OUGHT TO GIVE A SEAT

As the World Wags:

Overheard in a cigar store: "If I can't get profit sharing coupons with street car tickets, I'll buy them somewhere else."

EZRA SMALL.

ST. JAMES—"Kick In," described as an American "crook" play in four acts by Willard Mack, is being presented by the Boston Stock Company this week.

The cast:

Deputy Commissioner Garvey.....Mark Kent
"Whip" Fogarty, a detective.....Edward Darney
Jack Dicks, a detective.....Ralph Remley
Memphis Bessie.....Viola Roach
Myrtle Sylvester.....Alice Byrne
Old Tom, a police attendant.....Harold Chase
Molly.....Evelyn Nudsen
Chick Hewes.....Walter Gilbert
Charles, Molly's brother.....Houston Richards
Mrs. Halloran.....Anna Layng
Daisy, her daughter.....Lucille Adams
Gus, a detective.....Frank McDonald

There was much in last night's performance of "Kick In" that merited the enthusiastic plaudits of the audience. In the first place this play, which Willard Mack has written of the denizens of the underworld, is an absorbing and entertaining one. Its characters are human in emotion, natural in action, characteristically slangy in speech. Its story is swift-moving and wholly plausible, dealing as it does with a young wife who always was "straight" and an adoring husband who has been since he met her and the heavy load of suspicion and dread which the shielding of an erring pal and the blunder of a good-for-nothing brother causes them temporarily to carry. The play is not lacking in thrills nor in humor.

The smoothness with which last night's performance went indicated the many hours spent in rehearsal. There was not an apparent lapse of memory and the play went on with a finish which was creditable.

Walter Gilbert as "Chick" Hewes, the reformed crook, won the honors of the evening. His characterization was

graphic, likable and appealing. Evelyn Nudsen threw herself into her role with melodramatic emotionalism and her impersonation was interesting. Mark Kent as Commissioner Garvey played with marked artistry. Houston Richards was strikingly realistic as the "coke" fiend's brother, and Lucille Adams's Daisy, little product of the slums, was amusing. Viola Roach made a breezy "con" woman. Edward Darney and Frank McDonald made good detectives and Anna Layng played a good character part as Mrs. Halloran.

ARLINGTON THEATRE—"Opportunity Knox." New play in three acts, based on the Ponzi case, by William H. McMaisters. Staged by John Craig.

John Oppen Knox.....Ralph Kellard
Lucille Knox.....Jessie Nagle
Thelma Johnson.....Beatrice Whitney
William Johnson.....Eldon Costello
Wallace Carter.....Paul McAllister
Mrs. Carter.....Antoinette Roche
Sergeant Costigan.....Earl Craddock
Mills Kneeland.....Rae Bowdin
Helen Smith.....Lella Gerrish
Foster Cole.....J. Casler-West
Sherwin Stewart.....Richard Currie
Hawkins.....William Lennox
An Investor.....Frederick Murray
Policeman.....Dale Owen

The Arlington tries another play by way of experiment. If memory serves, Mr. McMaisters is a local "publicity man," who first served Ponzi, and then served him up in a Boston newspaper.

Later he was publicity manager in the dramatic thriller in which all Boston took part as "extras," and all New England, if not all the United States, as spectators, the third act of which brought down the curtain on James M. Curley, triumphantly elected mayor of Boston. Not content, however, with that climax, Mr. McMaisters hired a hall and staged an epilogue entitled, "How I Put Curley Across." The epilogue was said to have lacked the melodramatic quality of the main piece, but has evidently given Mr. McMaisters an appetite for dramatic authorship.

The Ponzi case has all the elements of the theatre. There was the bland financier of the people proposing sudden wealth to the many by means of a device that had all the world mystified. Millions poured into his lap. He annexed banks, hired high-priced lawyers, chauffeurs, publicity men. Government authorities and bankers were staggered at a scheme that looked too good to be true, but sounded too true to be attacked. Then enter the real hero, a plucky and resourceful young newspaperman unexpectedly in command of his paper. Step by step, against threats upon his life, he exposes the bland financier as a former felon who had done time in two countries, and his great scheme as childish first-cousin to a counterfeit 30-cent piece. Banks crash, lawyers scurry to cover, the poor wail over millions lost. More time for the villain, a great prize in his profession for the young newspaperman. Another historic hoax added to the list of the South Sea bubble, the Keely motor, gold extracted from sea-water, and all the rest.

But it is not of this that Mr. McMaisters makes his piece. He tells instead the story of a publicity man for 10 years a shiftless ne'er-do-well, who suddenly from the inside of the Renzi office makes a great scoop, delivers his "message" to the American people, and hands out to his faithful wife the fortune she has long expected. In some merry words after the second act Mr. McMaisters tried to put on Mr. Craig the responsibility for the play. Mr. Craig did not appear with a comeback, though the question thus raised is an important one for him. Perhaps he was content to let the audience judge if he was capable of such work.

"Opportunity Knox" is not a play, and nothing in the laboratory of the Arlington can make it one. It is rather an exchange of "snappy" witticisms between the publicity man and an ex-police inspector, delivered with the playful ways of an ambling trip-hammer. Mr. Kellard's smile and merry laugh, Miss Nagle's brave efforts, Mr. Lennox's imperturbable solemnity, all struggled to put verisimilitude into what might serve in spots as newspaper "comics," but never as a comedy of domestic life.

THURSTON HERE

Howard Thurston, magician, began a three weeks' engagement at the Plymouth Theatre yesterday with a program in which psychic and spiritualistic features play an important part. There is not a dull moment from the time the master magician steps on the stage until after he has finished the bewildering presentation of "The Mystery of the Water Fountains," the concluding offering in his diversified entertainment.

Thurston and his company are well known to Boston theatregoers. Warmly greeted, he surprised his old admirers with new illusions, while he made many new friends who had never seen him before as a result of the evening's fine entertainment.

One of his novelties this year is called "The Spirit of Silk." It has to do more or less with motion pictures, and it is one of the few stage offerings where there is perfect synchronization of the human voice and action with the figures on the screen.

In "Do Spirits Return?" Thurston produces physical manifestations and materializations of spirit forms as presented by him before a number of societies for psychical research. In presenting the act he explains to the audience, "My object is merely to mystify and entertain." He succeeds in doing both. Much that is humorous is injected in many of the acts. The audience and those on the stage join in the merriment that ensues. The program includes "The Levitation of the Princess Karnac," "Gravitation Defined," "The Magic Crystal," "Au Sid of Pekin," "Shadows of Life," "The Triple Mystery," "The Girl and the Rabbit" and "The Mystery of the Water Fountains."

Many of the scenes are reproductions of oriental settings and are very beautiful.

Revue by Ring & Winninger Keeps Audience in Uproar

Cleopatra brought down to Volstead days might be another title for one of the gorgeous scenes in "As You Were,"

as presented at the Majestic Theatre last night by Blanche Ring and Charles Winninger, with a surrounding company that pleased both eye and ear. This musical revue is billed as "fantastic" and well merits the descriptive adjective, but throughout the six scenes is carried a beauty of scenic effects, a grace and rhythm of dancing numbers that furnishes an entertainment in itself. Miss Ring's costumes in all scenes were wonders of the creative art, but most appealing of all when she appeared as Helen of Troy. Mr. Winninger's humor was irresistible, though what was comedy for the audience seemed to be tragedy for him when he "lost his transportation." The stage settings and costumes of the ensemble give the revue a delightful dress.

In addition to their appearance in the musical revue, Miss Ring and Mr. Winninger appear on the bill in their own original specialty "We'll Go Through the World Together." This gives the audience a foretaste of the entertainment furnished by these musical comedy favorites in the main feature of the bill.

Another hilarious item on the bill is presented in "Prevarication," a sketch written by Bert Baker and presented by Bert Baker & Company. This shows how a successful liar can make progress with just one lie after another.

Other features on the bill included Mary Elby and St. Leo in dance creations; Frank DuBell and Richie Covey in a skit "Just a Bit Different"; and the three Pasquale Brothers in an exhibition of equilibrium that won well deserved applause.

FOYS FEATURE AT KEITH'S THEATRE

Eddie Foy made a big hit last night at Keith's Theatre when he brought out his family in a "Handsome" revue that gave the six young Foy's a chance to show many of their stunts—to say nothing of their dad's. Their songs and dances, and in fact the entire act, radiated good humor and fun. Edith Clasper with the Trado Twins and Charles Bennett put on an act of dances that is not often equalled in vaudeville. She is unusually graceful and in some of her specialties is like a bit of thistledown or like the beautiful butterfly that she imitates in one of the gorgeous settings that go a long way toward making her act successful. "Good Medicine," with Howard Smith and Mildred Barker, is a one-act comedy that is very true to life and has a lot of good advice mixed in with the merriment.

Grace Hayes was warmly applauded in her program of songs that included some of the favorites of the last few years mingled with some of the latest. Billy Arlington with Eleanor Arlington, G. I. Taylor and Joseph Ward put over a highly amusing character act that introduced a number of good hits. M. Alphonse Berg had a novelty that was posed to interest women especially. From a few yards of stunning material and the all-important "fixings" M. Alphonse created in a second or two, with the aid of some pins several marvelous specimens of feminine finery. Other acts included Willie Schenck and company in a startling acrobatic novelty; Harold Nell and Fred Witt with an assortment of songs; Lydell and Macy in "Old Cronies"; and Aesop's Fables and the Pathe news.

Sept 20 1922

Who was the man, the ruler of fashions and the arbiter of elegancies, that first sentenced the straw hat to retirement on the 15th of September? No matter what the weather may be—even if the mercury is at 83 and general humidity is attacking complaining mortals—the respecter of conventionalities dens on the 15th a hat of cloth, derby or soft, and is inwardly miserable and outwardly sweaty. Dressing by the calendar is foolish in every way. In the years when heavy underclothing was thought indispensable, wretched boys in our little village were obliged to put on thick undershirt and drawers on Nov. 1, irrespective of the weather. Fond mothers in those days thought highly of red flannels. They also believed in the efficacy of chest-protectors—often of buckskin sheathed in flannel—for their skating and coasting offspring. Days of boyhood! What man of us would go back to them.

Hatters, mad and comparatively sane, told us, when there were remarks about the high price of straw hats, that they were imported from England; that the majority of straw hats were manufactured in that country. This surprised us two years ago, as the price shocked

us. Three months ago we read in newspapers of London that the straw hat, known familiarly as the "boater," was no longer popular in England. However hot the sun, the boater was seldom seen in the street, at garden parties, or on river banks. The demand for them was small; the shops were over-stocked with them. Yet we remember when straw hats were the rage in England, were worn even in the House of Commons.

Years ago either the Danbury News man or the Burlington Hawkeye man wrote: "It's the sight of fat men in these helmet hats that makes murderers." What is to be said of the spindleshanked or the bull-necked who go about the streets in a Tyrolean or Alpine cloth hat with a feather in the band?

BUT WAIT, THE SALAD DAYS WILL COME

As the World Wags:

Ran into a gadder friend of mine in a railway luncheon room ordering beans and coffee. "On diet?" says I. "No," says he, "on commission." Isn't business booming.

MACARONI MAC.

SANS SOUCI

(For As the World Wags)

A dreamy, mild September day;
Sunlight asleep on haze-draped hills;
Crickets chirping in the grass;
The low, sweet murmur of the rills;

The merest breath of lazy wind,
Vagrant amid the drowsy trees;
A locust zee-ing high and shrill;
The droning hum of myriad bees;

A thin white film of gauzy cloud,
Brushed out in wisps across the sky;
A placid lake of misty blue—
All this as on the grass I lie

I see and hear, and idly dream
That somewhere, far way, may be
A bustling world of men and things
That not a whit concerneth me!

ILGA HERRICK.

East Andover, N. H.

FAIR ENOUGH IF THE 1/4ER DOESN'T SNORE

(Small ad in the New York Times)
104TH, 73 WEST—Nicely furnished
room, 1/4 bed; adjoining bath; references. Ammer. PEST.

"TORSHEENCE": NOT "TOSHUS"

In "On the Cape," in The Herald of Sept. 12, there was comment on the word "Toshus." That is a new word to me. I have, however, heard on the Cape a similar word. I was boarding with an old lady and had a friend visit me there. One day she told us that it was easy to see that we were both "toshuns." When we asked for an explanation she said that it meant "Spelled only child." I have never heard any other person use the word. I have told this story to many people, but have never found one who had heard it or could explain it. Now comes "Toshus" from the same region. This woman was born in Maine but had spent her married life on the Cape. "I hope there will be more light on the subject." JOHN W. HERRICK, Plymouth.

As the World Wags:

I hope Mr. Herklmer Johnson can tell us the etymology of the word "torsheence," not "toshus" (as mistakenly remembered by Mr. Sylvester Baxter). I do not know how the word is properly spelled, but I can never forget how it is pronounced. This word is a Cape Cod Indian word meaning the youngest child of the family. By the year 1700, all the Indians on the Cape were semi-civilized. Some of the whites were, likewise. However, that is beside the question. Many of the Indian children were brought up on the farms of the white people and were playmates of the white boys. While a people apart, yet the Indians mingled as farin hands, shoremen and seamen. In my great-grandfather's family (he was born in 1780), was an Indian called John Rogers, boatsteerer and harpooner of a whaleboat crew, who lived with the family many years. He stood on just the same footing as the rest of the household. He worked on the farm and at the shore as the rest of the men did, and ate at the table with them. He was treated like one of the family, and darned mean treatment it was at that; since old great-grand never let a silver shilling go to any of the boys as long as they could be coaxed to stay on the place and work for their bed and board. However, to get back a bit, my grandmother used to say that John Rogers always picked up the youngest child of the family whenever he came into the house, saying "little torsheence," to it, John being very fond of children. My grandmother, my mother, and all my aunts always used the same expression when cuddling a baby, their own or another's. So that for a matter of 50 years I have been familiar with the use of "torsheence" as a word of endearment. ASPINET. Brookline.

EATING ALL RECORDS FOR THE SITTING HIGH JUMP

(From the Evening Messenger, Valparaiso, Ind.)

Mr. Chester, when the lightning ruck the barn, jumped over the cow as was milking, and is resting very say this afternoon.

A DELAY IN THE MAILS

(The Newport Herald of Sept. 13)

THE MEN'S CLUB OF ST. GEORGE

HEARS OF PERRY'S VICTORY

AND AS SWINBURNE SAYS: "THERE ARE WORSE THINGS WAITING FOR MEN THAN C. W. DEATH."

(The Advertising Blotter of an Insurance Agent.)

THE SUREST PROTECTION FOR THE FAMILY IS A POLICY ISSUED BY

THE EQUITABLE LIFE

C. W. Death, Representative
554 TENTH STREET
PHONE 8 DOUGLAS, ARIZ.

GLOOMY GUY

Sept. 21 1922

The diary kept by Joseph R. Anthony of New Bedford from Jan. 1, 1823, to June 14, 1824, has been edited by Zephaniah W. Pease and published with the title "Life in New Bedford a Hundred Years Ago," under the auspices of the Old Dartmouth Historical Society. This diary, first printed in the Morning Mercury of New Bedford in February of this year, while it abounds in family matters, describes the town life, the quarrelling among the Quakers, and gives entertaining information about the manners and customs of the inhabitants.

WHAT THEY ATE

Mr. Anthony had much to say about dinners and suppers. He was evidently fond of oysters, chowder and lobsters. In June he ate "roast beef" and noted his fact because beef was "a rarity at his season." He relished mutton "cooked in venison style." One day he devoted to bottling port wine, "rec'd by the Parthian." He filled 300 bottles and stowed them in the wine cellar. Some days afterwards he put some "ising glass to a cask of Lisbon wine to settle it." He attended cherry and cucumber parties. In November, 1823, he ate radishes for tea from the seed that grew that year; also the apple "which grew on my English Royal dwarf received from France this spring. It was in bloom when set out. The color red and white and very fine flavor." The next night he had "a grand supper of broiled eels." Like Mr. Pepys, he did not spare himself. One night, beginning with "June wine which put us all in high glee," he drank at the "Doctor's" a bottle of his "York" wine. "For my own part, I was pretty well cut, and the others not much better off." The next day he wrote: "Felt shocking bad all the morning from last night's frolic." Calf's head soup was not foreign to him. He must have liked his mutton rather high. "Had a saddle of mutton cooked, which I had in keeping for a month. It was very fine." His cellar was worth while: "Bottled 114 bottles of Madeira wine bought of Capt. Lumbard. Wrote Henry Grinnell for bottles and corks."

MR. ANTHONY IN NEW YORK

Visiting New York in 1823 he saw Mathews in "Monsieur (sic) Tonson." "The scenery of the theatre is superb—the glass curtain had a fine effect, particularly in dancing." He also saw "The Soldiers Daughters" and "The Forty Thieves." Walking with Cousin Tom on Broadway, "Tom to see the pretty girls and I to see everything I could—did not find many that we could call tolerably handsome." (New Bedford was famous for its beautiful women.)

On a Sunday at home he heard an edifying sermon from William James on the great importance of dress. "He alluded pretty pointedly to Mary and Susan on the sinfulness of their gay attire." (Susan Russell, afterward Mrs. Moses H. Grinnell, with Mary, resigned from the Society of Friends, for they were unwilling to accept discipline.)

Homesick in New York, he was impressed by the Roman Catholic church. He went to see the "Stepping mill" in full operation. "There were 30 persons on a wheel at a time, and as many more seated that every half minute a bell rings by machinery; one comes off and another takes his place, so each have 15 minutes' rest. Up stairs the females were at work. There were about half as many as in the men's apartment."

He saw Mathews in "The Polly Packet" and "The Clandestine Marriage." "He is a very good ventriloquist. It was astonishing with what rapidity he changed his dress and appeared in a new character."

AT HOME AND IN BOSTON

At New Bedford later. "Sunday. Passed a very pleasant day—didn't go to meeting." Late in 1823 he attended Mr. Holland's second Oratorio concert. "Was considerably amused, but more fatigued. He had an organ from Boston which added much to the effect." One evening he had "a very clever time."

It appears that on Mch 7, 1824, "Ben Rodman appeared at meeting with a black double-breasted coat."

When Mr. Anthony went by stage to Boston in February, 1824, he stopped at the Marlboro Hotel. He visited the House of Representatives; bought at a book store Parker's edition of the "Waverly" novels and Miss Edgeworth's works. He was shown through the glass works in South Boston. At the theatre he saw "Tom & Jerry" and at the hotel met Baust, "the actor who played Tom." The riding was superb at the circus. There was a pleasant hour at the "Athenian." At the theatre "Shakespeare's Jubilee" was performed for the first time. "There was too much of it, though very interesting. It consisted of scenes from each of Shakespeare's plays. Did not get away till 1 o'clock."

ANTI-CLIMATIC FERVOR

In "Mr. Ambrose," a novel by C. E. Lawrence, the hero is Gabriel, an angelic visitor, who, awakening the love of Nancy, promises her undying love.

"We shall be linked through the aeons in a living union when this earth is a shadow, and the stars that shine beyond encompassing clouds are blown out; and other stars, yet unforged on the anvils of Time, are brilliant in their places. Still will our love persist, vivid, immutable, triumphant. . . . The ages will come and go, passing down the corridors of silence, and still—still our love will abide and shine, infinite."

"Gabriel!" she broke in with enthusiasm, her eyes were stars in the mist. "What a lovely long time that will be!"

The Manchester Guardian sees the publisher of Lloyd George's £90,000 memoirs regarding the book as "a proper answer to Mr. A. S. M. Hutchinson, whose novels have now become so difficult to avoid."

Sept. 22 1922

Mr. Richard Spillane, writing in the Public Ledger of Philadelphia on "Eating as an Art," quotes liberally from an "iconoclastic American who has lived long abroad." This iconoclast, now visiting the United States, says that "of all the absurd ideas that prevail, the most ridiculous is that you get better cooking and better food in Europe than in America." He shouts in a fine burst of patriotism: This is the land of the epicure, and the fame of Europe in this regard, to use a colloquial term, is largely bunk.

This gentleman who has "lived so long abroad"—the phrase brings to mind Mrs. Florence in "The Mighty Dollar"—makes certain statements that brook contradiction.

"Italy has little to boast of except its macaroni and spaghetti," a rash statement, gentle sir. It all depends on whether in Italy you lived at a hotel where there was so-called "French cooking" for the English and the Americans; lived with an Italian family in comfortable circumstances; or ate at restaurants frequented only by Italians. In happier days we ate at the table of an Italian family in Rome. The man of the house was a wine merchant; his wife a fine specimen of a Roman matron who looked diligently after her household. There were soups to be found only in homes like hers. Beef of the best quality was roasted on a spit. We doubt if beef like that could be obtained at any hotel or any private house in this country. Vegetables were neither watery nor tasteless. Is the iconoclastic American familiar with the delicious cakes and pastry to be found in Milan and Turin? Has he eaten at the restaurants of Florence?

We readily admit that cookery in England is often a disappointment, yet the American founder is not to be compared

with the English sole, and the English damson tart and gooseberry tart are a joy forever.

"America gets the best coffee." Possibly, but what does America do with it, or to it? How seldom in pompous hotel or private house of this country does one obtain a cup of coffee fit to drink? How seldom is the bread eatable, even in the palaces of the rich?

"Europe doesn't know iced tea or iced coffee. They are delicious. Europe, instead, goes to wines." Well, we would not exchange a glass of Rhenish or burgundy or the better claret—not to mention the wines of Hungary and Spain—for a hoghead of iced tea or iced coffee. (We once drank resinous Greek wine and at once lost all interest in the past and the future of that country.)

Does the iconoclastic American believe that American mutton is as good as the English? The only American mutton comparable was the Helderberg that graced the tables of Albanians in New York, 40 years ago.

No doubt the motor car has brought a great improvement in our country inns, yet we doubt gravely whether so good a simple meal, soup, chicken, salad, omelette, can be found in any one of our country hotels as in nearly any village of France, where there is a dunghill near the front door, where the lawyer, some petty official and a cure drop in at the table d'hôte and are courteous to the stranger.

Nor is the art of cookery so highly developed in this country as in Switzerland, saying this, we do not refer to the huge and expensive hotels.

Undoubtedly we have a great variety of food. Unfortunately a great many mistresses and cooks do not know what to do with it, and there is abominable waste.

THE AMERICAN INVASION

The Daily Chronicle of London thinks it a sign of the times that some of the departmental stores gave a prominent place to "American groceries" in their price lists of last summer. "Some of the articles are familiar enough to British customers; others are not. There are—sweet corn, succotash, corn-on-the-cob, cranberry sauce, maple syrup and sugar, molasses, mate tea, salted shelled peanuts, clams, clam chowder, clam juice, pumpkin, okra, cottonseed salad oil, soda crackers, marrow squash—none of which is likely to make much appeal to untravelled Britons." "Mate tea," of course, is on the breakfast table of "our best people" in Boston and served at all the five o'clocks in the "exclusive residences" of "exclusive" residents.

THE JOYS OF THE THEATRE

"Richelieu" will soon be played here. Again there will be delight in hearing ingenious pronunciations of the cardinal's name by minor members of the company. Some prefer "Rishelieu"; others favor "Risherler."

On the 15th a correspondent, inspired by hearing coal descending in a chute near his house, indulged himself in a triquet descriptive of the event and then ingeniously showed us how Poe, Wordsworth and the Tentmaker (Omar, not Paul), would sing with regard to it, if they were now living. One of our correspondent's parodies was unfortunately omitted. We now repair the injury.

HOW MISS LOWELL WOULD EXULT

At last the cheerful noise ceases, I know that my neighbor, for one, has a full bin. Reflecting upon his happy lot, I decide that it would need our own Amy Lowell to give it the expression proper to the age in which we live.

Son of soil and toll listen to me!
Dig the coal and dust out of your ears
and hark!

Do you know why I am so happy tonight?

Do you know why I am singing for joy, like a little boy who has found a new way of teasing his sister?

Do you know why I can look at you serenely, contemptuously, like a bull-frog gazing at a waterlily?

You never could guess!

I'll tell you!

Yes, into your teeth will I cast my defiance!

Strike!

Strike and be damned!

I've got my winter's supply!

Malden. WALTON S. HALL.

ABBREVIATION'S ARTFUL AID

As the World Wags:
Mary Kmon, according to The Boston Herald, was found guilty of interfering with the mill workers at Ware. Doubtless she was wearing her Kmither look.

REX.

SOCIALISTIC STUPIDITY

The municipality of Pezenas has changed the name of Avenue Mollere to Avenue Jean Jaures. "Louis XIV's comedian does not deserve to give his name to the street of a democratic city." The Menestrel of Paris asks: "Is it necessary for a good socialist to be absolutely stupid?" But how about the Poe affair in Boston?

W. L. R. writes that he read this item on a bill of fare at a hotel in Torrington, Ct.

"Fille mignonne en casserole"
A Bostonian visiting an English seaside resort found "Cafe au lait (with or without milk)" on a card at his hotel. Travelers in Germany read "Roast beef gebraten" and "Mouton shops mit pomme frits" at a restaurant in Berlin.

ARROGANT EVEN THEN

As the World Wags:
Many years ago when the Prussian government had begun to eliminate words in common use which had been derived from the French, the word "billet" (railroad ticket) was among them. When I asked at the Berlin station where I could purchase a "billet" to Cologne, I was informed haughtily that "one no longer says 'billet,' but 'reise-karte.'" And where could I obtain a "reise-karte"? "At the billet-schalter (the ticket window)." W. A. F.

IS NOT THIS A LITTLE PREMATURE?

(From the Boston Globe)
WANTED A BOUNCER
One who can handle them rough at the same time being a gentleman. To those that are such apply —, Globe office.

GREECE HAS IT NOW

R. H. L. Says that Greece doesn't need Anastasia. "What Greece wants is Anaesthesia."

MAKE YOUR OWN HEAD, RUDE READER

(From the Thorncliff, Ga., Mercury)
JELLY-GLASS
Our popular mayor, John S. Jelly, yesterday led to the altar Miss Sophronia Glass, daughter of Enoch B. Glass of Atlanta.

THE NEWLY RICH

(Pitney hte Younger to Avitus)
Remember, therefore, nothing is more to be avoided than this modern alliance of luxury with sordidness; qualities extremely odious when existing in distinct characters, but much more when they meet in the same person.

THE "OLD FUND" ON THE CAPE

As the World Wags:
In regard to the inquiry of Mr. Sylvester Baxter in your column concerning the word "fund"—"a fallow field known as the 'Old Fund.'"
The village of Punkhorn (Dennis) is sometimes called "Funtown" or "Fundtown." It was settled, I have been told, by a people called Funs or Funds, who

gained their livelihood by the manufacture of lamp black.

LINCOLN CROWELL.

CONFIRMATION

"Getting out of bed should be a leisurely, not a hurried, process. The act of springing from bed is bad, because it accelerates the action of the heart suddenly after the period of repose."—The inevitable "Harley Street physician" as reported in a contemporary.
Why arise with senseless haste?
Bed has got a pleasant taste;
Hurry would be most misplaced.

If they call you, never mind—
They will come again, you'll find;
Do not rush to draw the blind.

Why consult your window-pane?
Ten to one it's wet again:
If it's not, it's going to rain.

Do not look for joyous thrills
From the stuff the postman spills;
Let them lie—they're merely bills.

Breakfast? Cut it out, I say,
Lunch will do as well today;
Overeating doesn't pay.

And in fact I now recall
Days that tempted me to draw
"Why on earth get up at all?"

And the answer, I decreed,
Was that, anyway, the deed
Wasn't one that called for speed.

Rise I might! but this affair
Needed some deliberate care—
Haste increased life's wear and tear.

Now, I'm rather pleased to see,
It was right as right could be;
Harley Street agrees with me!

LUCIO—in the Manchester Guardian.
WE WERE RIGHT—FOR ONCE
"Inquirer" quoted a saying of Whitelaw Reid that he preferred Irving's Julia Somerville to all of Sir Walter Scott's

heroines. "Inquirer" asked who was this Julia. We answered to the best of our ability. Now comes "H. F. P." of Harvard—the town not the university where English literature is taught, as we are informed: "Yes, Julia Somerville is in 'Mountjoy' in the collection of stories and sketches entitled 'Wolfert's Roost'."

TO THE BITTER END

As the World Wags:

My name is probably not unfamiliar to you, and what I now suggest should have more than ordinary weight.

I support with all my might Councilman "Jerry" Watson in his crusade against books of British propaganda—as Webster's Dictionary—now in the Boston Public Library.

O "Jerry!" Why stop at that? Why not go the logical limit and insist on substituting Gaelic for the present hateful English spoken in the deliberations in the chamber of your honored council? Thus would a country-wide freedom from loathed English owe its birth to you.

TIMOTHY THADY MULLIGAN.
South Boston.

THE CRITIC

(By A. B. Waikley)

The critic, I mean the man with the critical temperament, is naturally contemplative; a wise passiveness is part of his natural equipment. It is the active, practical persons, the worldlings, the "business" men, the "managing" women, who are in the greatest hurry to have opinions over works of art; for the simple reason that rapidity of judgment is an asset in this busy, pushing world, and the worldlings carry the habits of that world into the very different world of art.

Mind, I am not defending "the critics." Oh, no. I quite agree that hanging is too good for them. They have all the perquisites that Mr. Clutton-Brock finds in them, and many more. But the particular perversity of judging before experiencing belongs, I think, less to them than to the world at large. Let us give the devil his due.

NOVELS OF THE WORLD

World Fiction, a new magazine, quotes as follows from Jugend of Munich:

"A German novel is a book in which two people want each other in the first chapter, but do not get each other until the last chapter.

"A French novel is a book in which two people get each other right in the first chapter, and from then on to the last chapter don't want each other any more.

"An American novel is a book in which two people want each other at the start, get each other, and then want each other clear through to the end.

"A Russian novel, however, is one in which two people neither want each other nor get each other, and about this 450 profoundly melancholy pages are written."

In the larger club of the two frequented by Mr. Prohack, the hero of Mr. Arnold Bennett's amusing novel, smoking was allowed in the strangers' dining room, but not in the members' coffee-room. "Stroke of genius on the part of the committee! You see, it tends to keep guests out of the smoking-room, which for a long time has been getting uncomfortably full after lunch."

Clubs in all countries have their rules, some of them surprising, if not inexplicable, to the visiting gentlemen from Mars. In certain clubs of Boston, when the weather is hot, members are permitted to sit in their shirt-sleeves even at luncheon or dinner, if they wear a belt, but not if they sport suspenders, although they may have been cunningly embroidered by the loving hand of a spouse, sister, maiden aunt or sweetheart. At the United Services in London, rooms cannot be used to entertain, the view or engage domestic servants. The Junior Carlton forbids dripping umbrellas in the clubroom, frowns on feet put on chairs, and if a member bets by telephone, he cannot employ a servant for that purpose. At the Garrick, a member can entertain one friend, "not more than five times in one year."

There is an effort at White's to make room for pipe smokers. Few London clubs are willing to cash checks. At Arthur's, coins given in change were formerly plunged into boiling water, then put in a wash-leather bag and whirled about at the end of a stick until they were dry.

At the Bachelors' it is desired that the entertainment of ladies should be

confined to those who "would be eligible to be received at Court." This reminds one of the famous notice posted on the bulletin board of a club in a city of southern France.

ENTER MR. AND MRS. TIFFIN

(From the Nashville, Ark., News)

NOTICE

Notice is hereby given all persons that I will not be responsible for any debts contracted by my wife, Hopie Tiffin.

GARVIN TIFFIN.

NOTICE

This is to certify that I never made any debts against Garvin Tiffin while I lived with him, nor had I thought of making any against him since I left. I regard right and honor above earthly possessions, and furthermore, the nine months I lived there I had no money to spend only that I carried from my father's home. But I labored and toiled for him and his two boys for a dry morsel, with no appreciation shown whatever.

HOPIE BRADFORD TIFFIN.

The Nashville (Ark.) Ice, Coal and Light Company "will pay \$2 per cord for pine four-foot wood, and \$2.25 for hard wood delivered at plant. Cash for each load."

INDIVIDUALITY SHOWN BY

MR CUSH

(From the N. Y. Tribune)

F. F. V.: Mr. J. Throckmorton Cush believes in letters that express individuality. Acknowledging the receipt of the check, he writes:

"It's an inspiration that prompts a man to show his appreciation in the tell-tale smile under his eyebrows. I want to say 'Thank you' right now for your check and to say to you that it's born of appreciation.

"That is all now, but you'll think of us, won't you, and we'll think of you, and both of us join in the hope for an indefinite continuance of these very pleasant interchanges of our product for your needs, Mr. Blank. With these thoughts, think of

J. THROCKMORTON CUSH.
M. C. L.

WEEP NO MORE

As the World Wags:

The problem of sartorial suspension, perplexing to many of your correspondents, now gives me not the slightest uneasiness. There was a time—oh, h, there was time when slipping trousers, bearing down ineffectual belt, caused me constant and unutterable agony, so much that I often said to Baucis that a man's suffering from that affliction was undoubtedly greater than a woman's suffering from all causes whatsoever.

Of course, I could not appear so ill-bred and behind-the-times as to display suspenders in summer; yet my garments, in spite of most unsightly and uncomfortable tightness of the belt, reminded me always of Tennyson's line, "I slip, I slide, I grieve, I glance."

Early this summer, however, a blessed friend told me of the undershirt suspender, which puts the burden on the shoulders, where it ought to be, yet enables a man to walk coatless and unashamed. My belt is now worn purely for ornament; the invisible and beloved suspenders are for business.

Where? Any haberdashery. If these words of mine shall lead even a single thousand of your suffering readers to deliverance and comfort, I shall feel that I have not lived in vain.

Cambridge. PHILEMON FARGO.

HERE'S TO THE PRESS—THE LEVER

THAT MOVES THE WORLD

A weekly newspaper in Upper Bavaria, announcing that it is compelled to raise its price, holds out this inducement with the purpose of increasing its circulation:

"We wish to bring to the notice of our honorable readers that we are ready to take subscriptions to our journal in kind on the basis of the buying power of the mark in 1913-14. Then the subscription was M.1.20, or, through the post, M.1.50 per quarter. We are, therefore, ready to accept, as a subscription for three months, any of the following: 6 lb. of wheat flour, 1 1/2 lb. of pork, 1 lb. of butter, 1 lb. of lard, or 24 eggs."

The 42d season of the Boston Symphony orchestra will begin with the concert on Friday afternoon, Oct. 13. The list of soloists has already been announced, but it may here be repeated.

Singers: Mmes. Alda, Hempel and Matzenauer.

Pianists: Messrs. Casella, Cortot, Moiseiwitsch, Powell, Schnabel and Mme. Samaroif.

Violinists: Messrs. Burgin, Enesco, Spalding.

Violoncellist: Mr. Bedetti.

Organist: Marcel Dupre.

There is natural curiosity concerning the programs, the new works, or works that are unfamiliar, if not ultra-modern, the works that will be revived. Program-making is an art in itself. Many excellent conductors are in this respect disappointing. Mr. Monteux has been singularly fortunate. His programs have been well contrasted; due respect has been paid the worthies of past years; he has not been afraid of acquainting the audience with compositions showing the modern and also the ultra-modern tendencies. His taste is catholic, unusually so, as may be seen by looking at the programs since he has been conductor. To him music is not confined within the boundaries of any one country. Interpreting the works of composers, ancient and modern—French, German, Italian, Spanish, English, Russian, American—he has been cosmopolitan in his intelligent and forceful sympathy. He is not a conductor of any one school or of any particular period. In other words, he is not a "specialist." The Lord be praised!

Mr. Ernest Newman, discussing in August the programs of the Promenade Concerts in London, said that the "classics" are always safe for performance. Among the "classics" he included Grieg, Franck, Debussy and Rachmaninov, yet Debussy is still to the hidebound conservatives a radical, a dangerous fellow. Some may well rub their eyes at seeing Mr. Rachmaninov named by Mr. Newman, who says: "There are a few younger moderns for whom all of us have a certain respect, if not an enthusiasm. And there is a crowd of still younger men from whom a few people—chiefly the young ladies and gentlemen themselves—expect the most wonderful things, but whom the mass of musicians and the general public regard with a skepticism tempered by hope. Nowhere in all Europe is there a composer under thirty-five upon whom any level-headed musician would care to bank. Talents are as abundant as in the case of the novel; but hardly the hint of a real genius anywhere."

Musicians, even the "level-headed" ones, especially when they are composers, are not always sane judges or inspired prophets. Read Weber's articles about Beethoven's symphonies. Recall the many geese that Schumann in his critical articles insisted were swans. Of late years Mr. Newman has been rather contemptuous in his attitude toward the younger composers. At times he has written in an astonishing manner about some of the justly respected old ones.

Mr. Monteux, visiting Europe in July, met various composers with the view of bringing out in this country new or unfamiliar works by them. He also examined scores of composers no longer living; scores unknown to Boston audiences, as well as works, heard by audiences of former seasons, but new to the younger generation.

Among the compositions to be heard here for the first time will be Stravinsky's Suite from the "Pulcinella" music in the manner of Pergolesi, and extracts from Stravinsky's "Sacre du Printemps," a ballet considered by some as this Russian's supreme work. When Mr. Monteux conducted the first performance of this extraordinary score in Paris, there were such scenes that the police intervened. Scriabin's "Poem of Ecstasy" has been performed here more than once. Mr. Monteux purposes to perform an earlier work, "The Divine Poem," by Scriabin, whose talent is called genius by his ardent admirers. There is also promise of the Suite derived from Rimsky-Korsakov's "Tear-Saltan."

The English school will be represented by Holst, whose series of symphonic poems, "The Planets," has been characterized by the fastidious Mr. Newman, as one of the most significant English compositions; by Vaughan Williams, already and favorably known here by "On Wenlock Edge," brought out at one of Mr. Longy's concerts, and the "London" Symphony performed at Symphony concerts by Eugene Goossens, whose music, hardly known in Boston, has been enthusiastically applauded in London and in cities of the European continent.

Compositions by Honegger, Chausson and Saint-Saens will be new to the symphony audience. Honegger will be represented by his "Horatius Triumphal," which has to do with the fight of the Horatii and the Curiatii, Roman and Alban brethren returning home slew the surviving Horatius mourning the death of his sister who was mourning the death of her betrothed, one of the Alban brothers—the subject of Corneille's tragedy, "Horace." Honegger, a Swiss by birth, a voluminous composer, is known as "The Six." Chausson's "Solr Ete" will be played. The symphony,

symphonic poem "Vivian," chamber music, choral works and songs, with the "Poem" for violin of this composer, who died too soon, are justly esteemed here. Saint-Saens's "Carnival of Animals," a humorous score, was first performed in Paris at a concert of a quasi-private society, "La Trompette," when Saint-Saens was the pianist and Mr. Monteux played a viola in one of the double quartets of strings. This "Carnival" was recently revived in Paris. One of the numbers, "The Swan," has long been a favorite piece with violoncellists. Mme. Pavlova dances to it.

Italians will be represented by Tommasini of Rome—the Kniesel quartet played a quartet by him in Boston—and Davico. Muele by the Spaniard Turina will also be heard. He was first made known here by piano pieces played by George Copeland. An orchestral "Procession" has also been performed here, but not at a symphony concert.

There will be revivals of symphonies by Bruckner and Mahler, music by Max Reger and Strauss's "Thus Spake Zarathustra."

As in the past Mr. Monteux will give marked attention to works by American composers; marked, we say, not careless, perfunctory attention.

The 24 programs will of course include the orthodox masterpieces of the established repertoire.

RECENT SINGULAR BOOKS CONCERNING SHAKESPEARE'S TRAGEDIES

TRAGEDIES

The fact that Mr. Mantell and his company will perform plays by Shakespeare this week at the Boston Opera House—among them "Macbeth," "Hamlet" and "King Lear"—reminds us of some theories put forth by Miss Lillian Winstanley concerning the three tragedies just mentioned.

A year ago she argued that Shakespeare's audience must have regarded "Hamlet" as a play dealing with the problem of the Scottish succession. She drew a parallel between the positions of Hamlet and James of Scotland, between Claudius and the elder Bothwell, between Gertrude and James's mother, Queen of Scots.

Now she publishes her "Macbeth," "King Lear," and Contemporary History," trying to prove that the two

tragedies are political allegories: the former, a play on the Gunpowder Plot; "Lear," a play on the Massacre of St. Bartholomew and the murder of Coligny; the two also—like "Hamlet"—being associated with the murder of Darnley. She believes that the average Englishman of 1606-7—when "Macbeth" and "King Lear" were produced—regarded the Gunpowder Plot, related to Darnley's taking-off, and connected with the Massacre—all phases of "a great plot against the political and religious independence of England." The audience found "in the murder of Darnley the murder of Macbeth, the witchcraft of Bothwell; in the fate of Lear, the fate of Coligny; in the fidelity of Cordelia, the fidelity of Joan of Navarre; in the lust of Goneril and Regan for Edmund, the passion of Mary Queen of Scots and Lady Bothwell for Bothwell, and a thousand other analogies besides."

Mr. J. Middleton Murry says that 19 out of every 20 of these analogies are fantastically trivial. The basis of her argument is this: "When Shakespeare departs from his known literary sources, it must be because he used some other sources; since these other sources cannot be literary (in which case they would have been discovered) they must have been found in contemporary history."

"As an original argument it will compare very favorably with the wildest efforts of the Baconians, the only appreciable difference being that the Baconians are not yet published by a University Press, nor sold at 15 shillings for 200 pages."

Mr. Murry, writing at length and entertainingly, concludes that Aeschylus, vehement about Prometheus, had in mind the quarrel between Athens and Sparta; that Keats, who waxed warm about Hyperion was really passionate over Napoleon and Castlereagh. "I have a vague suspicion that 'Jude the Obscure' is a tract on Tariff Reform."

Another singular book about Shakespeare is one by Giuseppe Di Lorenzo, "Shakespeare e le Dolore del Mondo." In which the author attempts to prove that Shakespeare was a Buddhist; that is, "Underlying Shakespeare's work there is much the same consciousness of the world's woe as furnishes the basis of Buddhism." Signor Di Lorenzo finds the four sacred truths of Buddhism all over Shakespeare. (1) The sacred truth of woe; (2) The sacred truth of the origin of woe; (3) The sacred truth of the annulling of woe; (4) the sacred truth of the way that leads to the annulling of woe.

"No. 1 comprises birth, old age, sickness, death, grief, pain, despair, living

with the unloved, separation from the loved, not getting what you want, etc. See Schopenhauer pessimism and all the pessimists.) No. 3 is desire; desire of the flesh, of being, and of well-being. No. 3 is the total annihilation, repulsion, expulsion of No. 2. No. 4 is eightfold: right knowledge, right intention, right speech, right action, right life, right effort, right wisdom, right meditation."

Mr. A. B. Walkley asked: "How are you going to square Shakespeare with all this?"

"Pass for Nos. 1 and 2. They are easy ones." Shakespeare was a man, and had had the toothache. But No. 1 sees only one side of the soul. Life is full of joy as well as of grief. All people are not always sick and old and dying and loveless. "Thinkst thou there shall be no more cakes and ale?" If ever man saw both sides, it was Shakespeare. And if Di Lorenzo wants a close poetic analogue to Buddha, it is not to Shakespeare he must go, but to Leopardi. For where will he find Shakespeare's adhesion to Nos. 3 and 4? He makes a lame attempt by pointing to the suicides of Othello, Brutus, Anthony and Cleopatra, etc. But Buddha ennobled a mental, spiritual suicide, not a physical. And then all these question-bogging terms of No. 4—a 'right' life and so on—why are you to suppose that Shakespeare interprets them in the Buddhist way? That, of course, is the ascetic way, the way of renunciation. Di Lorenzo instances Hamlet's advice to Ophelia, 'get thee to a nunnery'—which simply indicates that (like most ascetics) he lacks a sense of humor. Also he quotes Prospero: 'I thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated to closeness, and the bettering of my mind . . . will retire me to my Milan, where every third thought shall be my grave.' When Shakespeare had to depict a tired old man, he did so. But he didn't depict men in general, as apparently Buddhism would have them be, 'born tired.' On the contrary, he celebrated with immense gusto the joy of living, the May of youth and bloom of lusthood."

ALL UP FOR OPHELIA

Mr. J. St. Loe Strachey, having read Mr. Clutton-Brock's three essays—"Shakespeare's 'Hamlet'" and "Coriolanus" as edited by W. J. Craig and R. H. Case in the Arden edition—wishes that Mr. Clutton-Brock had been "a little more chivalrously sympathetic toward Ophelia."

"I confess that I love beyond measure the fiery spirit of the English naval officer who, when a German critic, in writing about 'Hamlet,' declared with Teutonic effrontery that Ophelia had certainly been seduced by Hamlet, immediately sent him a challenge. After all, that is the proper way to feel about Shakespeare's characters. They are not quite as real, but a great deal more real, than life. With tepid admirers of Ophelia, Miranda, Viola, Juliet and Rosalind, and their vapid commendations, I have no patience."

RECITALS IN LONDON

Ernest Newman concerning recitals: "So few even of the well-known singers, pianists and violinists covered their recital expenses last season that some of them will probably give London a wide berth this season, while the outlook for the unknown or little-known recital-giver grows steadily worse. I recently had a communication from one of the best-known foreign composers asking me if I could do anything to help a compatriot—also a well-known composer and an excellent pianist—to get engagements in London. I could only reply that recitals at his own risk would probably prove expensive luxuries, and that his best plan was to try to get appearances at some of the English symphony concerts. My correspondent wrote me a little later that all his friend's efforts in this latter direction had been fruitless, the invariable answer being that he was not a certain enough 'draw.' This is typical of the present state of affairs; a few years ago this composer would have been sure enough of attracting English audiences in recitals of his own works. But after a season so disastrous for every one as the last one is not surprised at a general lack of optimism as to the future."

LONDON STAGE NOTES

Bransby Williams brought out at the King's Hammersmith, on Sept. 4, a new adaptation by Walter Dexter and Fred T. Harry of "Oliver Twist." He took the parts of Fagin and Mr. Grimwig.

Four of Mr. Milnes's plays have been seen in London within the space of a few months: "The Truth About Blayds," "The Dover Road," "Belinda" (revival), "Mr. Pim Passes By" (revival). "The Great Broxopp" is announced for the first time in London.

A controversy has arisen over the introduction of some 60 native Chinese supernumeraries into the cast of Mr. Somerset Maugham's play, "East of

Suez," which is to be produced at His Majesty's Theatre tomorrow night. "East of Suez" is a spectacular play dealing with life in China, and these Chinese performers have been included to create "local color." Few of them speak English, and at rehearsals they are directed by overseers who speak both English and Chinese.

"At a meeting of the Actors' Association a few days ago, the secretary, Mr. Alfred Lugg, said that in view of the fact that there were quite 60 competent English actors available, he thought it preposterous that such a thing should have been considered. The council of the A. A., he added, had taken a definite stand in the matter; a letter of protest had been prepared, which was being sent round for signature to all the London theatres; and a special emergency meeting had been called. This matter had aroused the indignation of all responsible actors and actresses in London."—London Times, Sept. 1.

But Mr. Lugg attended a rehearsal and said publicly "that in most cases the effects desired by the producer could not be obtained without the employment of the Chinese element."

Mr. Somerset Maugham, the author of the play, pointed out that the contention of Mr. Lugg that English actors were being robbed of employment was quite wrong. They had decided before the production was advanced that if they could not obtain Chinamen for the parts they would eliminate them altogether. If this had been done English artists would not have benefited and the play would have been considerably weakened. Miss Sybil Thorneike said that anything was wrong that hindered the artistic presentation of a piece.

TIPS ABOUT TYPES FOR THE SCREEN: OTHER FILM NOTES

Some of the agencies that claim to have certain film producing firms "in their pockets," and put themselves forward as being the sole and exclusive selectors of certain picture casts, assert that they are out exclusively to find "types." "If you want an actor with freckles, we have got the goods," they declare. "We make a specialty in squints, and have secured an absolute corner in 'bandy-legged comics,'" they shout from the housetops. As a rule, pictures cast by these blaring agencies, and not by an understanding and astute producer, turn out wretched productions. Types are something but not everything in studios. Acting talent is the only safe thing to rely on—not mere typical externals. Our old friend Sydney Paxton says—and he is no mean judge—"I do not advise make-up for make-up's sake, but I do think that the engagement of 'types,' whether they can play the parts or not (very often they can't), is a pity."—The Stage.

Every frequenter of the pictures must have heard some fellow kine-goer say of a screened novel, "Don't go to see that; it isn't the story at all! Why, the ending which was so beautiful that it made me cry has been made funny. When I saw it I felt sorry I'd gone!" On this subject Mrs. Belloe Lowmes has made a strong appeal to persuade producers to allow—even compel by contract—the author of a novel about to be screened to add those interpolations that are found really necessary. It may be confidently stated that no self-respecting author would refuse to take the trouble involved. The lady says, "Mark what happens today. A novelist, interviewing the head of a great film-producing company, is almost always addressed as follows: 'We do not want you to have anything to do with the actual scenario of your splendid story. Why should a great writer like you waste your time over what we call

the "donkey work" of preparing your novel for the screen?' We have some very clever people employed in that tiresome, highly technical task, and they have been trained to do exactly what is wanted.' And if the novelist consents, he finds his ideas carved and cut out of all shape by Buggins, the continuity butcher."—The Stage.

The London Times says of Constance Binney, who went to England to play the daughter in the British film "A Bill of Divorcement," "There is infinite charm and sweetness in her study of a youthful, joyous spirit, whose gaiety covers resolution strong enough to enable her, for another's sake, to cast aside, calmly, her own bright hopes."

"Camille," with Mme. Nazimova as the screen heroine, has made its way to London. The Times was amused by the efforts of the producer to bring the story up to date. "It might have been supposed that the essence of an exotic story of this kind was its rather exotic period. Now, however, these hothouse flowers are ruthlessly dragged out into the open. Marguerite goes from place to place in expensive motor-cars. She looks thoroughly 'up to date,' as do her numerous male acquaintances; yet all of them behave in a manner that has gone out of fashion for many years.

The result is incongruous, and that is the main drawback to this film. Otherwise it is quite a creditable production." The Times praised the gorgeous settings. "Some of the more difficult incidents are admirably acted." Mme. Nazimova "hardly looks like the heroine we had imagined from reading the book, but then she would probably have found it difficult to please all the thousands who will go to see the film—each with a different mental picture of Dumas's heroine."

"A Passionate Pilgrim" was found improbable and rather wearisome in London. "British audiences will probably be interested chiefly in the glimpses it gives of life in an American newspaper office. If we are to believe this film, journalistic life in America must be a very exhausting adventure indeed. The hero is dismissed after writing one article (in which he very foolishly tells the truth about a local celebrity), a woman reporter spends most of her time embracing an elderly descriptive writer, and the editor visibly trembles when a reader comes to upbraid him for something that has been published in his paper. Perhaps they order these matters differently in America!"

It looks, in fact, as if the prophecy made by Prof. Marey in 1899—a prehistoric age almost for the majority of those engaged in the film industry—that cinematography would return to its origin and once more become the right hand of science, is at last likely to be realized. Even in 1899, as Marey pointed out at the time, "the public is beginning to grow tired of scenes, however perfectly reproduced, with which it is familiar. The search for ever stranger subjects is obligatory, but soon even the spectacle of distant lands will be ineffectual to hold our interest." What Prof. Marey did not foresee was the long interregnum of the screen comedy-drama, now drawing to a close in the opinion of many competent observers, including, it is fair to assume, some of the American universities. "The Secrets of Nature" film just made by a British film concern, under the direct supervision of eminent naturalists, is admirable so far as it goes. It shows us how practically every living creature has to face the struggle for existence and exercise all its wit unless it is to fall a victim to its enemies. There is an illimitable field open to our producers here, and there is no reason why the Americans should be allowed to forestall us here also.—London Daily Telegraph.

CONCERNING CRITICS

(By A. B. Walkley)

I think it is not unfair to presume that the professed critic has at least something of the critical temperament, or he would not be where he is; and the true critical temperament includes the sense that one must enjoy, experience, understand, absorb the thing under criticism, as a necessary preliminary to applying principles and judging it. It is the irresponsible amateur who is the less ready to postpone or relinquish his egotism for the necessary stage of receptivity, who is the more intent on having opinions at once, who thinks he cannot afford to "wait and see." I know, at any rate, that it is so in the theatre. I have more than once bewailed the nuisance of the amateurs who rush up to one in the first interval with, "Well, what do you think of it? Pretty poor stuff, eh?" The more knowing ones content themselves, as they pass you, with a raised eyebrow and a droop of the mouth. It is useless to tell them that I am just letting it happen to me and shall probably not begin to "think" about it until I am in the taxi. And they would only put me down for an accomplished liar if I told them the whole monstrous truth—that even in the taxi, a cigarette, the cool air of the night, the lights along the embankment, are still postponing opinions about the play. These, in fact, do not emerge, if they ever do emerge, until one's first slip of "copy" is well under way. Meanwhile the amateur critics have already delivered themselves of definite opinions expressed with an emphasis that would frighten any editor in London out of his wits at the supper table or in the smoking room or on the top of the omnibus. It is, by the way, these amateur critics, not the professionals, whom the manager ought to fear. It is they, not the press, who make or mar the fortunes of a play.

Isn't it much the same story at picture galleries? Mr. Clutton-Brock knows a good deal more about that than I do. But, for my part, I have been often amazed at the rapidity of judgment, the prompt and trenchant verdicts pronounced in my hearing by fashionable dames over pictures which I have hardly begun to see. As I said before, it is human nature. The ego within us will not be kept back, but must hasten to assert itself by uttering opinions and delivering judgments.

MILHAUD AND HINDEMITH

One is so familiar now with the latter-day musical phraseology that it is easier than ever to obtain a general

impression as to the merits of a work of the kind at a first hearing. There is, in fact, nothing new about the "Suite Symphonique" of M. Darius Milhaud, played for the first time in London at the Queen's Hall last night, except possibly a few orchestral effects here and there and some rhythmical devices. Otherwise one had the usual jangle and discordant threads of orchestral coloring relieved now and again by a melodic phrase of an ordinarily intelligible type. The whole effect was trifling, amusing occasionally, as in the fugue played by trumpets and trombones over a basso ostinato of bassoon and double-basses, but mostly tedious, for there is a good deal of reiteration, and not a little tiresome when the composer obtained variety by sheer perversity and irrelevance. The score is remarkably finished and mature, particularly when one considers that M. Milhaud, who belongs to the group known as "The Six," is only 30.—London Times, Sept. 1.

Paul Hindemith's cycle of songs, "Die Junge Magd," for contralto, string quartet, flute and clarinet, poems by Georg Trakl, "describing the deplorable history of a young servant unbefriended by my association," was pronounced by Mr. Edward J. Dent the most noteworthy item of the Donaueschingen festival in August. "The songs ought certainly to be heard in England. They are genuinely vocal in their expression, the instruments being kept in their proper place—a thing very unusual in German music—and the tragic emotion of the words, reminding an English reader of John Wakefield or D. H. Lawrence, is most poignantly carried out in the music. Hindemith belongs to the same category as Frank Bridge and Ottorino Respighi—the born 'Musikant,' who must have come into the world with a fiddle under his chin, complete master of every technic, and gifted with a copious and powerful invention."

PARLOR CONCERTS

(Ernest Newman in the Manchester Guardian)

The parlous state of the concert-giver has brought up a new problem that may conceivably become one of considerable importance to the press before long. Last season several concerts were given at private houses to which the critics were invited by a sort of ad misericordiam appeal; they were told that X really could not afford to give a concert in the usual way on account of the expense. As X, in one or two cases, was a person or an organization of some importance, the critics duly attended on them at the house of Mrs. This or Lady That. But clearly there will have to be a limit to this kind of thing. In the first place, these private houses are anything but ideal places at which to listen to music; even if the acoustics were as good as they are generally bad, it is difficult for a critic to concentrate upon a piece of music with all distractions for eye and ear that are inseparable from a crowd of society women, most of whom are there for any reason but an intelligent interest in the music. Moreover, neither the critics nor the papers are particularly enamoured of this new departure. The critics already have enough to do without running round to private houses to hear music under dubious conditions; while the papers are not likely to look with a kindly eye on a practice one object of which is to cut out the expense of advertisement. The view of some editors is that if the event is not of sufficient public interest to be worth announcing to the public in the usual way it can hardly be of sufficient public interest to be worth reporting. No hard-and-fast rule, of course, can be laid down; but, on the whole, press opinion is against the practice. As soon as Y and Z discover that X gets his non-public recital noticed they will be less than human if they do not try to follow his example; and a line will have to be drawn somewhere.

HERBERT HOWELLS

A new orchestral work, "Procession," by Herbert Howells, was produced at a promenade concert, Aug. 29, in London. The composer conducted. The piece which occupied only three or four minutes in performance was so well received that it was repeated.

"Mr. Howells's idea has been to take a single theme and subject it to a treatment which, while not destroying its shape, develops it to a big orchestral climax. He trusts chiefly to the instrumental coloring to maintain the interest. The result is certainly a happy one, and it is principally due to the fact that the theme itself is quaint and full of character. On the second hearing one was inclined to wish that the treatment had been more musically important, and that the climax had given an impression of more than a piling-up of tone. On the other hand, there is some really brilliant scoring. Mr. Howells uses a large orchestra, calling in the aid of or-

gan and pianoforte, and everything is used with surety and a good deal of originality of effect."

The Daily Telegraph of Aug. 31 spoke of Mr. Howells as one of "the younger men whose work has recently helped to shift the centre of musical gravity from somewhere vaguely in Europe to somewhere definitely in England."

"Although written for the usual large concert orchestra, plus piano and organ, it is not a work of great dimensions or of great complexity; yet one is conscious that within its dimensions there is power just as, more obviously, one is certain that there is beauty in its expression. If we may take as gospel truth one hint from the writer of the descriptive note published in the program, the composition is the result of the composer's aim to cut out the centuries that have intervened between our own and the Tudor period, and revert to that policy which made composers keep to the same mood throughout a whole piece. Of course, really and truly, the policy or method is no new thing. It may be discovered in the exquisite songs of Gabriel Faure and Reynaldo Hahn as quickly as it may be recognized in the chants of the Polynesians. Let us therefore dismiss the rather affected Tudor theory and appraise the work on its own merits. In avoiding—deliberately, of course the old 'patrol' idea of the steady crescendo and diminuendo, he has done the difficult thing and has done it well. Where you may have expected the diminuendo to begin he suddenly withdraws his forces and you are left—you, the listener and spectator—conscious of a procession that has been more a dream than a reality. The work was played twice, conducted by the composer, and the second impression confirmed the first that the 'tremendous climax' was the one thing that failed the termination is charming."

WOMEN AS STAGE MANAGERS

"I. H. B." writes in the Manchester Guardian about the stage as a career for women. English girls are crowding into the schools of acting. "For those who have no influence or friends in high places the difficulty of getting and keeping work in this world of casual labor is bound to be very great. The wise girl will not rely on acting alone, but will apply herself to learning the duties of stage management. These are not sufficiently taught in the schools, but the tendency is to give more instruction on this subject. In any case, a woman who gets a small part in a play can pick up a tremendous amount of information and experience by watching the stage manager and his assistants. This may lead to a future engagement in this function."

"The duties are various and complex. During the rehearsals the stage manager sits beside the producer and marks all the business and moves in the prompter's book. There is also responsibility for seeing that scenery and 'properties' are being duly prepared up to time. During the run the assistant stage manager usually prompts, if a prompter is kept on after the first week or if an understudy is 'on.' The stage manager is responsible for the setting of the scene and for seeing that all the 'props' are ready for use. Most important of all, he is in charge of the stage hands and is responsible for keeping down the wage bill, checking time sheets and overtime demands, and generally being acquainted with the tangle of trade union regulations and customs that govern labor behind the scenes. He has, in addition to scene-shifters, electricians and master carpenter under his control. All this means a heavy demand upon tact as well as on memory."

"Stage management was long reserved for men, but women have found a footing and fully justified their entry. In attention to detail, often tiresome and apparently, but not really, trivial, women are generally men's equals. In several London theatres there are women in permanent positions either as stage managers or assistant stage managers. At the Everyman Repertory Theatre, for instance, where owing to the frequent changes of bill the work must be extremely heavy, women have been working at stage management since the beginning. Once a woman has proved her worth in this position she is far more likely to get regular work and well-paid work than if she relies merely on acting."

"The woman who controls the limelight does not get into it. She does not get press notices or photographs. But she is likely to get a rarer thing—steady employment. All this is no blind alley. The stage manager is at the producer's right hand during rehearsal, and so learns the whole technique of production and may easily get a trial as producer for some special matinee or Sunday show. To be a good producer is to be at the top of the tree. Moreover, there are profitable side-lines to

be explored, such as scene-painting or scenic design.

"That is why young women entering on a stage career without private means to carry them over long stretches of unemployment should look out for every chance to learn this side of stage work. A pretty face and figure will not help. The far less common attributes of tact, a good memory, and scrupulous attention to detail are required. Because these are rare, managers are always looking out for them, and now that the sex barrier has been broken the woman who is keen on the work of stage management has a fair chance of making her way to a really good position."

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They were talking about cookery at the Porphyry—not in a gross and sensual way, but in a light and airy manner with a store of anecdotes—an agreeable change at least from futile chatter about the tariff, bonus bill, imperialism and wise remarks about the desirable settling of Turkish affairs. A young member timidly said that he liked calf's head. He was treated with tolerance by his seniors, though some of us were tempted to assail him. His innocent remark called up a fearful vision to those of us who had lived in French pensions where calf's head was a favorite dish—with the landlady and the French at table. Not "calf's head a la terrapin" as described in the "Boston Cooking School Cook Book," which requires a flavoring of Madeira, but the head in all its nakedness. We see it now staring with an air of mild reproach. Day by day it lost an ear, an eye, a cheek, for it was carved sparingly and by degrees. The head as it thus grew smaller and smaller—with one eye fixed on the boarders opposite—then eyeless—was more terrible than the head of John the Baptist on a charger. It haunted us at night; it haunts us now.

Mr. Herklmer Johnson, who was in town inquiring into the comparative merits of fast-burning coke and house-heating soft coal, lifted up his voice. He assured us that a calf's head hashed according to a recipe given by Mrs. Glasse late in the 18th century might not be so bad; for this "hash" included strong gravy, eggs and butter, red wine or white (here Mr. Ferguson moaned), truffles, morels, pickled mushrooms, mushrooms not pickled, shallots, lemons, sweet herbs, forced-meat balls, fried oysters (twenty in number, indispensable), toasted bacon, cream, artichoke-bottoms, and asparagus. The calf's head was scored with a hashing-knife while whole and hot from the pan. No doubt a lordly dish, without a reproachful eye, but one that is not within the ability of many flat-dwellers to serve, even when there is a "guest of honor."

BY A HAIR

As the World Wags:
The impression of havoc and destruction with which I was afflicted on reading the account of the hair-raising atrocities at Smyrna was made the deeper when my eye fell upon the head-lined statement that Father Neptune had held court for Secretary Hughes returning from his visit to Brazil, where the nuts come from, when his ship crossed the equator. A composite of the descriptions of that ceremonial by Marryat, Melville and Mayne Reid flashed upon my mental screen. I saw with such emotions as would dilate one at sight of the impending destruction of a masterpiece the secretary of state in the grasp of the bosun, tight, thanks to the ruling of the shipping board on the Volstead Act, while Davy Jones operated upon the secretary's whiskerage with the traditional deck swab and bucket of suds and the rusty iron barrel hoop. It was with a sense of faith renewed in the stability of our institutions that I learned on further reading that Mr. Hughes was but a spectator, not an active participant in the revel, and the Samson of the administration remained unshorn.

"God reigns, and the government at Washington still lives."
Amherst, N. H. ABEL ADAMS.

CONTRARY TO THE WISHES OF HIS PARENTS WHO WANTED HIM TO GO TO CAMBRIDGE AND ENTER YALE

(From the Wisconsin State Journal, Madison, Wis.)

Mr. Rosenberry, Jr., leaves soon for New Haven, where he will enter Harvard University.

I. M. HAMISH: A SCOTCH TERRIER
(We have been asked to reprint the following verses by L. Hilton Brown, which were published in the Spectator in 1913.)

Little lad, little lad, and who's for an alring,

Who's for the river and who's for a run;

Four little pads to go fitfully faring,
Looking for trouble and calling it fun?

Down in the sedges the water rats revel,
Up in the woods there are bunnies at play

With a weather eye wide for a little black devil;
But the little black devil won't come today.

Today at the farm the ducks may slumber,
Today the tabbies an anthem raise;
Rat and rabbit beyond all number
Today untroubled may go their ways;
Today is an end of the shepherd's labor,
No more will the sheep be hunted astray;
And the Irish terrier, foe and neighbor,
Say, "What's old Hamish about today?"

Ay, what indeed? In the nether spaces
Will the soul of a little black dog despair?
Will the Quiet-folk scare him with shadow faces?
And how will he tackle the strange Beasts there?
Tall held high, I'll warrant, and bristling,
Marching stoutly, if sore afraid,
Padding it steadily—softly whistling—
That's how the little Black Devil was made.

Then, well-a-day for a "cantle callant,"
A heart of gold and a soul of glee,
Sportsman, gentleman, squire and gallant,
Teacher, may be, of you and me.
Spread the turf on him light and level,
Grave him a headstone clear and true,
"Here lies Hamish, the little Black Devil,
And half of the heart of his mistress, too."

THE OLD SORROW WAKES AGAIN

As the World Wags:
Don't you think the song "Oft in the Still Night" should be suppressed in these days?
C. B. C.
But Mr. Werrenrath will continue to oblige with "Drink to me only with thine eyes."—Ed.

SOME CEMETERY

(From the Portland, Me., Evening Express)
The visitors were also taken to the old Eastern cemetery, and they saw the birthplace of Thomas B. Reed and Henry W. Longfellow.

"G. T. BARNEY & CO: AGENTS"

As the World Wags:
I can inform Mr. Earvel Whang that George T. Barney made perfumery and soaps in his factory on the corner of Main and Acorn streets, Malden. He was a man of the finest character and instincts, beloved by all who knew him. He passed away a number of years ago, and all of his family have joined him. They were all nice people, wife and two daughters, and had many friends. The business was discontinued shortly after Mr. B. passed on.
Boston. EVERETT F. SWEET.

WELL EQUIPPED

As the World Wags:
In my copy of that sad and curious publication, the Congressional Record for Aug. 30, I read that the Hon. Addison T. Smith, M. C., resigned the chairmanship of the committee on alcoholic liquor traffic. The resignation was promptly accepted. Mr. Smith was at once made chairman of the committee on irrigation of arid lands.
E. G. W.

Sept 26 1922

Choosing a derby for the winter, Mr. Herklmer Johnson, having no wife, at least not in Clamport or Boston, to advise him at the hatter's, follows the example of the eccentric Earl of Harrington, whose first test of a new hat was to stand on it and then reject any one that showed the slightest dent.

As the World Wags:

It seems quite appropriate that Moore and McCormack Co. should operate the S. S. Shooters Island (U. S. S. B.) in their Ireland trade. R. F. MACKENDRICK, Taunton.

MR. EVANS STERN DISCIPLINARIAN

As the World Wags:
Mr. Evans, director of athletics at Northwestern University, is reported as saying:

"There will be no place in the student community for the cake eater and the tea-hound—"

"All I can say is that they will be frowned on."

Oh! my goodness, Mr. Evans, frowning doesn't hurt them a bit.

You've got to slap them thrice on the wrist or—

Not give them any sugar for their tea.
R. H. L.

TO A POET DYING YOUNG

(For As the World Wags)

I lit a candle in your name tonight
And said for you a grateful prayer of praise
After the day's last oriflamme of light
Remembering high-hearted yesterdays.

Your gay humor, and the things you said,
The smile that lit your mobile Celtic face;
(Not much a saint, nor clad in scarlet red)
A friend to sorrow, knowing pity's grace.

Had you a heart for gain above the good
And seen less beauty with artistic eyes,
Then it were wrong to be not understood
Though men are wise and yet not always wise.

Little you had to give, and gave it all.
St. Martin's coat, a smile, a bit of song;
Sharing the mite at each wayfarer's call,
Glad to have lived and shared it in the throng.

Now you have walked the land where
Suns are set,
The moon's park bounded by her
Silver bars;
And when the host of those you loved
Are met
Seek Poesy at the gateway to the stars.

EDWARD YERXA.

"FORBIDDEN"

Under the monarchy in Germany, the sign "Verboten" constantly stared native and stranger in the face. To the free and independent American—there was a time when he was free and independent—these signs were irritating (we have seen fellow countrymen running across railway tracks for a desired train in the station pursued by outraged officials). They say that Germany is now even more the land of "Forbidden." A German newspaper suggests there should be a museum of "Verboten" signs. Here are some of them. You read in a Saxon postoffice, "It is 'Verboten' to take your hat off." Is this to encourage a pure and undefiled democratic spirit? In a meadow near Munich is a sign: "It is 'Verboten' to exercise." There is a beautiful throne in a South German museum, and on the throne is a card: "It is 'Verboten' to mount the throne." Prince Ruprecht of Bavaria should take notice. Doors in the Berlin zoo bear this notice:

"It is forbidden to enter! Shut the door!" But in other lands signs of a similar nature are not unknown. An Englishman traveling in a fourth-class railway car in wild Serbia saw this: "Travelers are forbidden to scratch the car windows with diamonds." This sign was in five languages. A sign in a Greek hotel: "It is forbidden to sing in bedrooms and to bang the door when shutting it at night." Would that American landlords would enforce this order: also forbid the throwing of boots to the floor late at night. In a hotel in Japan: "Guests are requested not to spill their bathwater on the floor owing to leaky conditions of same."

The sign in the Serbian railway car reminds us of the quatrain written by a traveler on seeing names of guests scratched on window panes in an English inn:

Whene'er you see a fellow's name
Written on the glass,
You know he owns a diamond,
And his father owns an ass.

HAS SAM LOYD GONE INTO THE FIRE INSURANCE BUSINESS?

As the World Wags:

On a notice of transfer of my fire insurance to a new location I find this:

"To attach, during removal in each location in proportion as the value in each bears to that in all and after removal to attach in new location only."

What a comfort to a householder to know that this is true! C. T. M. Boston.

THE CANDID FARMER

As the World Wags:

On my way to Chocorua I saw something which hit my funny-bone such a whack that I nearly rolled out of my motor car from laughing. Between Wakefield and Ossipee on the side of the road is a shabby little farm which ekes out a hard struggle with rocks and sand by selling ginger ale, etc., to thirsty travelers. A week ago Saturday this large sign greeted me:

HOT FRANKFURTERS
PUPPIES FOR SALE

F. E. B.

Dolly Reforming Herself" Has First Presentation in United States

By PHILIP HALE

FINE ARTS THEATRE (in Loew's State Theatre): First performance in the United States of "Dolly Reforming Herself," a comedy in four acts by Henry Arthur Jones. The Henry Jewett plays. Produced at the Haymarket Theatre, London, on Nov. 3, 1908. Mrs. Henry Telfer (Dolly), Ethel Irving; Mr. Telfer, Robert Lorraine; Matthew Barron, C. M. Lowne.

Henry Telfer.....E. F. Clive
Matthew Barron.....H. Conway
Harry Telfer.....Catherine Willard
Sturges.....Walter Kingsford
Clifford Turner
Lucas Wentworth.....C. Bailey Hick
Sturges.....Katherine Standing
Rev. James Pilcher.....Charles Warburton
Jessamine Newcombe

Prof. Sturges, who must have been a faithful bore in a drawing-room, denied a New Year's night the free-will of any individual. Free-will, he said, is a subjective illusion. The arrangement of certain atoms in the gray matter of the brain orders the states of consciousness. A man thinks he wills as he acts as the gray matter works. The more or less eminent professor forgot Dr. Johnson's sledge-hammer remark: "Sir, we know our will is free, and there's an end on it."

Old Barron, Dolly's father, maintained that his daughter and others, who had been impressed by the Rev. Mr. Pilcher's sermon, would at the end of the year all have the same weaknesses, vices, petty vices. Mr. Jones's comedy built on this motive. It is fortunate that the play is dated 1908, otherwise Freud, Bergson, Dr. Brill et al., might have furnished the premises and pointed the dialogue.

Mr. Jones calls his play a comedy. Wit comedy, indeed, is the first act. Afterward we have farce with episodes of burlesque. Story there is none. Weaknesses of men and women are passantly satirized. There is little continuity. Even the title seems a misnomer, for Dolly is more bent on reforming others than herself.

For two acts she endeavors to reform sentimental and romantic Mrs. Sturges and the philandering Wentworth. She succeeds in driving the latter from her house, which he haunts for the sake of the fair one, the professor's wife, who has not been happy. The dialogue in these acts is often amusing; at times too long drawn out; occasionally pointless, merely for the sake of conversation.

But the third act in which Dolly and her husband quarrel over her bills with the feeble intervention of Papa Barron is extremely brilliant. The details of the bills, the catalogue of robes, hats, gowns, hose, corsets, a catalogue of little riches; the attempts of Dolly to cause herself, to cajole, to appeal to her husband's love, then her turning away, her fury, her jealousy and wounded pride, while the raging husband boasts of his calm—all this constitutes a scene that is among the very best in English dramatic literature. This is the "scene a faire." For it Mr. Jones might have written the play. One regrets what has gone before; one is different to what follows. One even pardons Mr. Jones for not carrying out inexorably his thesis; for his stringing together loosely certain episodes.

The comedy was briskly played. Miss Willard was roguish and captivating. At times there was a superfluity of gesture, too evident desire to act, but her performance as a whole was effective in its rapid changes of mood. Miss Standing was not too sentimental. The part itself is dangerously near burlesque, but she succeeded in saving it, and was wholly admirable in the scene of confession to the unsympathetic Dolly. The male parts were adequately taken, though it is easy to think of the professor being played in another manner. The audience was greatly pleased. There were many curtain calls. After the third act short speeches were made by Mr. Jewett and members of the company.

Early in November the company will move to the re-constructed Copley Theatre.

TOLLIS STREET THEATRE—First production in Boston of "Nice People," play in three acts, by Rachel Crothers.

Winifred Wellington.....Blanche Wallace
Baxter Jones.....Edwin Hensley
Edna Gloucester.....Francine Larimore
Comstock.....Schuyler White
Lila Wilbur.....Lyons Wickland
Margaret Rainsford.....Lenore Chippendale
Bert Gloucester.....Martin Alsop
Wade.....Walter Abel
Heyter.....Charles Gibney

It may seem like carrying coals to Newcastle for "Nice People" to make Boston bow before a traditional Hollis audience at the opening of the season. But this appearance was quite

superficial, as was the "wickedness" that was frankly portrayed and exposed on the stage. The audience, through the skill of author and actors, immediately discovered that the girls and boys who smoked cigarettes and took some drinks—even too many—and said "damn" and "devil," while careless and frivolous and too free for their own good, were essentially a pretty "good sort" of young folk, and that they were much like youthful persons of their own acquaintance.

So the traditional Hollis audience "took to" the giddy young things at once and enjoyed hugely the mess they got themselves into with their freedom that had become license, laughed heartily at the keen, bright things they said, and enjoyed immensely their gradual realization that really nice people do not do some of the things into which they had been drifting.

Particularly through the artful charm of Francine Larimore they fell in love with "Ted" Gloucester in the first scene, saw the underlying budding womanliness in her strong, free character and rejoiced at her awakening to real life through overmastering love for an actual man.

The awakening of "Ted," after she had been caught in a situation that was compromising, though innocent, during which the real man, Billy Wade, flashed before her startled heart, and the inevitable complications that followed, until her father finally capitulated to Wade form the groundwork of the whole play. So well is it constructed, so keen are the shafts of satire and bright humor running through its lines, so admirably fitted are the actors to their parts, all of them extremely difficult for any but the most skilled treatment, that interest in the piece does not flag for a moment.

Form and feature and red hair and intelligence have made Miss Larimore the very embodiment of "Ted." One must see her smoke and drink and tell her aunt that "there are kisses and kisses" and say to the old farmer: "If you were mine the first thing I'd do would be to bob your hair," and to her father after his boast that he would "buy" Wade and was standing abashed before the youth: "Buy him, dad! Buy him!" really to appreciate the exuberant and winning charm of her portrayal.

Miss Larimore is new to Boston as a "star." She has been here before in minor parts. She has been "Ted" Gloucester from the beginning, while "Nice People" was pleasing New York and Chicago. It is safe to predict that she will captivate this city for a long time. Schuyler White also has been in the cast from the start. The others are new in their parts, but they seem to have grown up in them.

Lenore Chippendale, as Ted's aunt, Margaret Rainsford, who forcibly deplores and denounces the license of Ted and her set and finally befriends the girl, when she is in trouble, as only one true woman can befriend another, is an element of great strength in a character that could easily be spoiled.

All the gay young persons are excellently pictured by the actors. Winifred Wellington in particular is charmingly catty as Hattie Livingston. Martin Alsop as Ted's father, who excuses and condones the madcap pace of the young folk, until his own daughter apparently oversteps the mark set by nice people, is admirable. So is Walter Abel, the real man of the piece. And one should not overlook Charles Gibney, whose bucolic hair Ted wanted to bob.

SOPHIE TUCKER

Sophie Tucker is the headliner at Keith's this week and, while the bill is exceptionally strong all the way through, Sophie, and none other, won first rank in the estimation of yesterday's audiences. Ted Shapiro and Jack Carroll, two pianists, are with her. Sophie's way of singing a song is all her own. She puts so much of herself into it that it would carry if she sang it in Chinese. Some time ago, when she was in Boston with her own jazz band, she and most of the theatrical stars in Boston entertained the Boston Press Club one night. It was Sophie then who dominated the whole evening, and at Keith's it is the same story. Incidentally she displays several new gowns, which attracted the eyes of the women in the audience.

Dotson is a colored dancer who drops a few trick jokes when he stops dancing trick steps. His dancing is fast. He kept the audience happy. Bert and Betty Wheeler are familiar to Boston, but in spots their well-known act is a bit too rough.

Owen McGweney offered a dramatic novelty in which he impersonated, one after another, characters in Dickens's "Oliver Twist." His changes were made with incredible speed and his characterizations for the most part were convincing. Lois Bennett and Phil Sheppard entertain pleasingly.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—"Richelieu," play in five acts, by Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton. A repertoire production by Robert Mantell:

Cardinal Richelieu.....Mr. Mantell
Gaston, Duke of Orleans.....Henry Buckler
Baradas, the royal favorite.....Vaughan Deering
De Berlinghen, an attendant on the king.....Franklin Salisbury
Adrian De Mauprat.....John Alexander
Huguet, a spy in Richelieu's service.....Deaver Storer
Joseph, a Capuchin.....A. C. Henderson
Francis, Richelieu's page.....Guy Lindsley
Louis XIII.....Edward Lewers
A captain of guards.....Roy Clifford
Pages to Richelieu.....Theresa Colburn and Violet Howard
Clermont, a courtier.....Dane Keene
Secretary.....Abraham Ivory
Another.....Edwin Foss
Marion de Lorme, a spy for Richelieu.....Agnes Elliot Scott
Julie de Mortemar.....Genevieve Hamper

After a long tour throughout the United States, Robert Mantell returned to the Boston Opera House last night to give once more his varied, yet for the most part, familiar repertoire of plays. Although Shakespeare as usual predominates, there are other selected productions of which "Richelieu" as played last night is not the least interesting.

To many, "Richelieu," lengthy five-act drama of the great, the fighting cardinal, smacks of a stago long since clothed in the dusty raiment of a generation past and well forgotten. It is play of an older stage, but in "Richelieu" the great novelist finds himself working in best modulated unison with Charles Macready, that actor-playwright, who aided him to tread unfamiliar field with imperceptibly faltering step. History treated with well-earned thrills and legitimately colorful adornment meets nowhere in this play the over-sweetened sentiment of "The Lady of Lyons" or the dull seriousness of "Money." Instead it cleaves its fascinating way with all the inevitableness of life and the suspenseful intrigue that surrounds a puppet king. Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, master novelist that he is, has rarely spun better tale than when as dramatist he drew sympathetic portrait of the wily and resourceful French cardinal.

The part of Richelieu has been a favorite since that day in 1839 when Macready first brought it to the stage; Booth is but one of the many who have tried it at one time or another. Consequently the role is rich in accumulated business and varied interpretations. Of the latter unhappily but few are familiar to the present day audience. Mr. Mantell, while following in the main the general conception of the part, chooses to make his own points of originality. He gives the cardinal a touch of age that at times approaches the dried and withered aspect of the dotard; the senile laugh, the shaking, palsied hand are sufficiently strong to discount sharpened wit and keen edged mind that hold the crafty statesman in his seat of power. If at times Mr. Mantell discloses unexpected vigor of youth seemingly forever past, he also gives a humorous twist to certain passages

Instead of the discerning glance possessed, we think, by Cardinal Richelieu. Piece and player are a well directed structure to draw piquant and not unromantic picture of the struggle to retain diplomatic supremacy. The centre of this struggle comes in the conflict between Richelieu and Baradas, the royal favorite. Last night this latter was a too shadowy figure to bring out the more sharply etched figure of the great churchman. Baradas was never the villainous politician and wily lover; instead he was easy going courtier of sunny France.

In addition to the choice fruits of this play must surely come in gallant young Adrian de Mauprat, soldier of fortune

and lover of France. Mr. Alexander gave his robust qualities, and shared with Mr. Deering a tendency to read his lines over rapidly. Between these two came the attractive and genuinely simple Julie of Miss Hamper. This child of the court is little more than a pawn for the courtiers to seek, yet in the hands of Miss Hamper she was never sentimentally weak.

"Richelieu" as played last night is a worthy play with a great acting part handled in surfaced shadings that are never too deeply subtle, yet pleasing without. Attractively staged in the older style that fits well the studied direction. It is even balanced production that seeks no vividly soaring heights.

GIMME A THRILL" AT THE MAJESTIC

The musical comedy, "Gimme a Thrill" at the Majestic Theatre this week, with its tinkling tunes, pretty girls, startling gowns and gifted principals, contains every element required to please the taste of the most jaded theatregoer. The show is produced by Joseph M. Gates, who has to his credit such successes as "Take It From Me" and "Up in the Clouds," as well as the

dramatic sensation, "The Monster," now playing in New York.

The book is by Will M. Johnstone of musical comedy fame. The music is by his brother, Tom Johnstone, and the two have outdone all their previous efforts. The show is divided into two

parts, the first comprising eight scenes in which there is much fine singing and dancing. Here Ed Gardiner, Arlino Gardiner, Harry Lang and Gene Barre carry off the honors.

The second part of the performance is made up of five feature vaudeville acts. The Tip Top Four, singing several selections well, is followed by Frank Byron and Louise Langdon in "The Dude Detective." This sketch is steadily comic. Gene Barnes and company present "A Pressing Engagement." There is good singing, dancing and comedy in this little act. Several encores were given Mr. Barnes for his offering. Bigson Herbert and William Baggett, "Comedians De Luxe," and Sorel and Gluck, in a dancing specialty, billed "The Nymph and the Fawn," brought the bill to a close.

'THE BOOMERANG' AT THE ST. JAMES

Boston Stock Company Is
Seen to Advantage

Once more the Boston Stock Company players have scored a success at the St. James Theatre. Before a full house of enthusiastic first-nighters, the company last night presented in a truly delightful manner the Belasco production, "The Boomerang."

With the same fervor and sincerity that has brought the company to the foreground of Boston's theatrical institutions, the players last night demonstrated again their sensitive appreciation of true dramatic art. The individual interpretations, to those who had seen the play in its original cast, were strangely familiar.

Built on a theme allowing a wide possibility of treatment, "The Boomerang" is an odd, but delightful, blending of mirth and pathos. There are moments when the throat is dry and the eye is dimmed by the really pathetic situation in which the doctor unintentionally draws himself; and before the play is complete the appeal is to the humorous and the house is in an uproar that makes speech on the stage inaudible. "Make 'em laugh; make 'em cry," the good play must do both, and "The Boomerang" does.

It is impossible to give due credit to each individual in the cast. It is a good production made up of many good parts. But who can think of the play at any point and not think of the principals?

Walter Gilbert and Eveta Nudsen, idols of the St. James fans, are always good. Gilbert, as Dr. Sumner, and Miss Nudsen, as Virginia Xelva, a nurse in the doctor's office, take the pre-eminent places in the cast of "The Boomerang."

But perhaps the first-nighters derived greatest satisfaction from the fact that Houston Richards was given a part in the cast worthy of his ability. No other member of the company, with the exception of Mr. Gilbert and Miss Nudsen, has been watched throughout the season with so much interest as Mr. Richards has been watched. He apparently takes his work in all seriousness and puts his whole soul into his interpretation.

Then there is Lucille Adams, as Marion Sumner, the doctor's sister. Miss Adams, the young, vivacious little girl of the company, is fairly effervescing with fun in her part as sister to the new and doubtful physician.

Sept 27 1922

Is it possible that there is a new version of the old prayer "Now I lay me down to sleep"? We have heard that it omits "If I should die before I wake," which is regarded as "inappropriate for a child's prayer."

Well, this is an age of revision and expurgation. The censor is abroad and his name is Legion. Here comes a deep and solemn thinker, Dr. Brill, with his "Fundamental Conceptions of Psychoanalysis." He informs us in his chapter on "Fairy Tales and Artistic Productions" that he knows of "numerous cases that very clearly show the direct harmful effects of sadistic and masochistic reading material in childhood. . . . Fairy tales are very harmful to the normal psychic development because they are primitive and archaic studies

of expression; and catering as they do to the primitive impulse, they encourage primitive modes of thought and action in the individual."

My! My! Mrs. Ferguson, throw Hans Christian Andersen, Grimm, Perrault, and "The Thousand Nights and a Night" (even the edition for family use) out of the window and give your children the works of the learned Freud and Brill. Even "Alice in Wonderland" must go, with Andrew Lang's compilations of fairy stories. Will not some one revise the Holo Books, the Franconia stories and the Dotty Dimple series? As for Oliver Optic, Mayne Reid, Henty and the rest of them, they are immoral authors, not to be tolerated for a moment. Nor should the dear children be allowed to see "Hansel und Gretel" with its angels, drunken Peter and the terrible witch.

THE GROCER THE BEST MAN

(From the Lowell Courier-Citizen)
Tyngsboro, Sept. 18.
Mr. and Mrs. Harry F. Hoyt announce the engagement of their eldest daughter, Dorothy May, to Glenn Ray Carter of Somerville. The wedding to take place Oct. 31.
Use the best, Bridal Veil Flour.—Adv.

MEMORY TESTS

- 1—When was the first busboy born?
- 2—Did Napoleon wear garters?
- 3—Who wrote "Ja Da"?
- 4—When was he put to death?
- 5—Did George Washington like his eggs scrambled or soft boiled?
- 6—When was the City Hall last ventilated?
- 7—Who was punished for it?
- 8—How many times has William Jennings Bryan not been President, and of what country not?
- 9—What famous woman said, "Shoot, if you must, this old gray head, but leave my gln alone (she said)"?
- 10—Did she get away with it?
- 11—Did Lucrezia Borgia wear a camisole?
- 12—Who was the first man to walk a mile for a camel?

VANADIS.

WE THOUGHT IT WAS EVANS

As the World Wags:
Kindly permit me to correct the statement attributed to "J. A. M." of Hopkinton.
Scene 2. Act I. "A Parlor Match" shows the room of Isinglass McCorker (Evans). Enter "Old Hoss" Hoey armed with a kit of burglar's tools. Before he can get busy he hears some one whistling, and hides behind a couch. McCorker appears, walks over and kneels down before a small safe in the corner. He fails to master the combination on the first attempt, but succeeds on the second. "Old Hoss" looks on with interest from his hiding place. McCorker grabs a small coal hod and with a smaller shovel fills the hod with coal from the safe and marches away whistling. "Old Hoss" filled with disgust goes over to

the open window and throws away his burglar's kit.

It is true that later, he, finding nothing else to pinch, picks up the stove with the fire in it and lugs it off the stage. Also, in a garden scene, he steals something else, and a white bulldog comes out and fastens his teeth in "Old Hoss" Hoey's coat-tails. He makes his exit with the dog still hanging on.

I feel very sure that this description is accurate, for this was the first play I ever saw, and I attended six consecutive nights.
W. M. SNELL.
Melrose.

SEPTEMBER 15TH—MASSACRE!

(For As the World Wags)
The temperature is ninety-two;
Humidity's on the start.
I've chucked away my cool straw hat—
I read the "Daily Blart!"
My cloth-felt pot hat scalds my brow;
But I must play my part
As one of those poor sumps who read
And mind the "Daily Blart."
Land of the Brave! (now just how brave?)
Is it for ease or art
We follow, meek, the dictates of
The penny "Daily Blart!"

THE MAD HATTED.

Easton Furnace.

Capt. Harriman of police station 13, Jamaica Plain, writes: "It was Evans who took the coal from the safe. Hoey carried out the stove because he could not collect the \$3 which was due him. Don't you remember how he chalked '3' on the walls and also on the sole of his shoe?"

"C. W. M." of Everett and "H. D. E." of Arlington also point out "J. A. M.'s" mistake.

WAS CELINDA A MERE IMITATOR?

As the World Wags:
The pathetic verses about the maiden in the desert published in The Herald of Sept. 13 and written in 1839 by Celinda R. Smith of Marshfield, Vt., have an old

world savor that makes the reference to New Jersey unpalatable. The verses were probably adapted from some old English, Scottish or Irish ballad.

In chapter XX of "Harry Lorrequer" there is an amusing dialogue between Harry and Counsellor Daly, in which the counsellor takes issue with Harry's preference for Schiller and quotes the following lines, which he attributes to one Mossey McGarry:

"And I stepped up unto her,
An' I made a congee,
And I axed her pardon
For the making so free."

Boston.

F. EDWARDS.

THE LADY DEERS MUST HAVE OBTAINED THE RIGHT TO VOTE

[From the Chicago Evening Post.]

KILLS A DOE WITH HORNS. WILL NOT BE PROSECUTED

"MORE HIGH SCHOOL NEEDED"

As the World Wags

A correspondent writes in praise of high school, and incidentally illustrates the need of one in the following sentence:

"High school learns one how to learn, how to think and talk, vocationally helps one to get a position, and gives the opportunity for entering college, the best law, medical, dental, agricultural and army and aviation schools, and the complexity progress has made in electrical and other work."

JOTTER SCRIBBLING.

South Hanson.

WRITE TO GOOD OLD DOC EVANS

As the World Wags:

"WAR TORN ERIN NOW MENACED BY LABOR TROUBLES" are the headlines in an esteemed newspaper. But what can one expect when giving birth to a nation?
OLD NICK.

'OH, JOY,' OPENS AT THE ARLINGTON

Another colored show opened in Boston last evening at the Arlington Theatre and offered "Oh Joy," a two-act musical comedy before a large audience that were on the tip-toe of expectancy for something new.

The book and lyrics are credited to Whitney and Tutt, both of whom appear in the performance and the music has James J. Vaughan, Edgar Dowell and Eddie Hillman as its authors.

There are several scenes depicting the home of Silas Perkins, the railroad yards, a country road, Booker Washington Park, the old plantation, a cabaret scene and the old stage door and the slight plot concerns the nerve of two-colored promoters who raise \$2000 to float an oil concern and fail. As a last resort they secure a recipe to make "joy water" and incorporate the "Ham and Sam Joy Corporation." This causes them to get into many difficulties from which they emerge with a clean slate and a happy wedding at the finish.

Heading the large cast of principals are Whitney and Tutt, Amon Davis and Andrew Tribble, all of whom have been seen in vaudeville in this city before and on their shoulders rested the laughing spells that were very frequent during the evening.

As Ham, S. T. Whitney is a very clever comedian and bids fair to ably fill the late Bert Williams's place as his style is similar and his song numbers have the same telling effect, especially "What's the Use."

J. Homer Tutt was the straight man and acted as a good feeder to Mr. Whitney.

Sept 28 1922

In "The Teaching of English in England," sent out by a special committee of the education board, with Sir Henry Newbolt as chairman, is this sentence:

"At the present time the Bible is probably less widely read and less directly influential in our life and literature than it has been at any time since the reformation." This declaration or confession called forth letters to the newspapers. The writers agreed that when the Bible was read in schools it was too often for dogmatic teaching. Only in a small minority of families is it read at all. Mr. Edward Clodd wrote: "If you quote it, people look puzzled, and wonder whether your quotation comes from Shakespeare, with whom they are a trifle more familiar. So the Bible grows spiritually and intellectually poorer."

We are surprised to hear from Mr. Harlow, a clergyman, that family

prayers in England are "admittedly less customary than they were." He suggests that as "the prayer is a difficulty even where printed forms are available"—why, oh, reverend sir? why? oh, why?—"the Bible should be read, preferably in the morning. A national revival of Bible reading might well begin in English homes."

We regret to say that there is a woful neglect of Bible reading in this country, even in New England. Children in the sixties in our little village were "brought up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord." We went to church on Sunday always once, often twice, and attended Sunday school. We read the Bible and were as well acquainted with Abraham, Saul, Solomon, Daniel and other worthies as with our playmates. We recited verses from the Bible in the Sunday school class and at Sunday school concerts. There were family prayers in many households twice a day. Parents, children, guests and the second girl—if there was one—read in turn a verse from a chapter of the Old Testament in the morning, and from the New Testament in the evening. Genealogical tables were omitted as negligible—possibly on account of difficulty in pronouncing some of the proper names; but chapters in the Old Testament that would in this prudish age be censored were read aloud and without thought of evil.

Biblical language entered into the daily and every-day speech of the villagers. It was heard at town meetings, where the lawyer or the expressman pointed an argument by reference to a patriarch or a prophet. Lawyers in court reminded the jury and the judge of an episode in biblical history. George M. Stearns of Springfield, addressing a jury, was famous for his use of the Bible, defending a criminal or arguing in a horse case.

How many of our schools and colleges today taking courses in English literature could pass an examination in biblical history or identify quotations from holy writ? The prevailing ignorance of the Bible, merely as literature—we refer to the King James version, not the revised version with the sorry attempts at improvement!—is lamentable and shameful.

As the World Wags:

Apropos of the cleansing of a well-known Public Garden statue and the application to it of a real Bixby and Whittemore shine, a friend of mine inquires whether it is the committee's intention to wash the Common trees in Twink or Diamond dyes.

While they are renovating, may I suggest that a Velasquez on the north wall of the Museum could be rendered far more snappy by the addition of a coat of Valspar; and a saxophone placed in the hands would lend verve. Also, consider the condition of the Old North Church. It is, indeed, appalling. If they will stain the brick work a bright purple and freshen the wooden upper steeple with pink bands to correspond with a pea green ribbon bow upon the weather vane, the orange and black curtains which I suggest for the windows would surely produce that modern atmosphere which must pervade our objects of art and veneration.

However, I do wish to register my disapproval of the rumored intention to paint Faneuil Hall red, white and blue. While they are the most loved color combination in this, our country, yet from a cold-blooded business standpoint I fear it will cost too much money to keep the white fresh and clean. In that district it will necessitate repainting about every six months. A subdued vermilion with opal trimmings should be practical and is entirely in line with present-day decorative color schemes.

I am in a position to state definitely that the report that Philadelphia intends to melt the Liberty bell and recast it along modern lines is a canard. I am notified by direct wire that they are merely welding the crack with Bab-bitt metal in order to make it serviceable.

In the near future I shall be able to make public the plans just submitted for rebuilding Bunker Hill monument. At present I can divulge only this fact—the new design is entirely modern and in keeping with the latest works of Jazzerine, the submittor. C. T. M.

THE IDEAL HOME

(London Daily Chronicle)

It boasted no especial style,
No architectural fame,
No gabled roof in mellowed tile,
No latticed window frame;
No spreading creeper decked the eot,
No roses round the door;
In fact, you might have wondered what I raved about it for.

Its garden beds were poor and few,
Its grasses rankly waved,
But at the merest glance I knew
In it the home I craved.
I felt as at its walls I stared
A thrill I can't forget;
It might be ugly, ill-repaired,
But, oh! it was "To Let."

T. H.

REBECCA WEST'S NOVEL, "THE JUDGE"

(From the Nation and the Athenaeum)

Our chief regret, however, about the end of the book is that we shall have to go without a review of it by Rebecca West. The mother commits suicide; while the family mourn this fact in a cold morning light, Richard reads her last message on the pad. His weeping half-brother Roger (who is present with his sweetheart Poppy) makes an idiotically false and unpleasant suggestion about Richard and Ellen through the tears he is shedding over his mother. Richard plunges a bread-knife into his brother's heart as casually as though it were a loaf. Poppy remarks: "This is a copper's business. I'm off before they come." Ellen, though sobbing, is sufficiently collected to express a criticism of the shocking affair subtle enough for a considered statement in a rose-bower. And the murderer? He has the great idea at that moment, that he had better invest his reduced future in a baby before the police arrive. And Ellen? Well, the last we hear of that child is a soliloquy as to whether she will have a boy or a girl.

FOR A LAST SHOT

As the World Wags:

First impressions are quite important, of course, and much is to be—and, I might add, has been—said on the subject; but to my way of thinking, a really swank parting shot establishes one's reputation as a wit beyond cavil. And while on the subject, what could be a more brilliant finish to any conversation than to sling out blithely as you walk off: "Well, be good—and if you can't be good, be careful?"

HELEN OF MEDFIELD.

MANTELL IN 'AS YOU LIKE IT'

"Julius Caesar" Also Given

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—"As You Like It" and "Julius Caesar" by William Shakespeare. Third and fourth performances in the present repertory production of Robert B. Mantell.

Jaques Mr. Mantell
Orlando John Alexander
Banished duke Guy Lindsey
Adam Henry Buckley
Oliver Vaughan Deering
Duke Frederick Franklin Salisbury
Jacques de Bois Edward Lewers
Touchstone Day Keene
Sylvius Deaver Storer
William A. C. Henderson
Corin Frank Grimeshaw
Charles Frank Salisbury
Le Beau Edwin Poes
First lord Roy Clifford
Second lord Charles Jarvis
Amiens Miss Theresa Colburn
Celia Miss Violet Howard
Audrey Miss Violet Hall Cairne
Phoebe Miss Genevieve Hamper
Rosalind Miss Genevieve Hamper

For yesterday's matinee performance Robert Mantell brought interesting production of Shakespeare's "As You Like It" to the Boston Opera House. Although the part of Jaques is a newer task for his resources, Mr. Mantell did not find qualities too extended for him. Rather was it a day for Miss Hamper to test her favoring capabilities in the role of Rosalind with Mr. Mantell giving easy going support through the exiled courtier.

As "Romeo and Juliet" is personification of young love, so is "As You Like It" study of a mood, nay many moods, the effervescent joy of life, laughter and love. The forest of Arden, some say, is but Stratford countryside, so well known to and dearly beloved by Shakespeare; here introduced it serves ready purpose to embody part of Rosalind, to give that many-sided, sparkling, ever-changing portrait of youth thrilled with life and love.

Miss Hamper found favoring circumstances in every portion of piece and part. Her fingering was light and deft; wit and beauty hers. Mr. Mantell, too, made ready use of Jaques, that figure, mature and worldly, noticeably fashioned by a Shakespeare well versed in gentle arts of the theatre and of acting. If the cynicism of middle age steeped in the vacuity of worldly pleasures was fondly played by Mr. Mantell, he also saw at times the value of underlying tenderness. The Orlando of Mr. Alexander was excellent; bewildered youth and perplexed lover he.

"As You Like It" is keenly played by this company of the repertory manner. Mr. Mantell finds himself here unhampered by the demands of hot youth; his the opportunities of reflective maturity, the eye for speculation. Miss Ham-

per makes artful personation, and a goodly company, even in the main, supports them both.

The repertory of the opera house brought Julius Caesar for last evening's entertainment. The magic charm of the

nes recalled memories of Booth and Arrett, Mansfield and Forbes-Robertson, as well as of Jack Mason in days of the old Museum, when his portrayal of Jare Anthony was one of his greatest triumphs. Mr. Mantell again showed the competent skill of the veteran in his handling of the lines and in the power that comes from reserve.

Mr. Henderson as Caesar shared with him that skill and that power. Those two shone out like a good deed in a naughty world by contrast, for pity 'tis true that few actors of the old tradition can extract from Shakespeare's lines the magic of the grand style that should be our greatest heritage of the stage.

Miss Hamper made a fair picture of Portia, and John Alexander made much of the great scene of Caesar's funeral. His distinction above his fellows should be a lesson to them if they will but mark that he was able to work up to a notable climax just because he began on a pitch so low. The others generally started on what should be the climax, as in the case of Mr. Buckler as Cassius, who ranted where he should have tried seduction. But excess of zeal is to be pardoned to those who have the courage to present to us that great repertory that we have often not the will to enjoy.

54. 27 1922

We have received a copy of the Norfolk (Conn.) Daily Prune, "vol 1, No. 1—Never Again," price one dollar, edited by Julian Street, with contributing editors: Messrs. McCutcheon, Irwin, Curtiss, Camp, Low, Mrs. Post and others. We turned at once to page three to read the "Fashion Notes" ably edited by Mlle. de Maupin, "In Society's Whirl," and "Lena Cafeteria's Beauty Hints." We reprint with pleasure some of the more interesting paragraphs.

FASHION NOTES

"We wish that women would always be careful to get the seams of their stockings straight. We abhor that spiral effect.

"We haven't noticed a pair of rouged knees around the postoffice this season, but we hear that there have been some Annette Kellermann bathing suits at Tobey. We have not seen them, and on the whole we are not sorry. Successfully to wear an Annette Kellermann bathing suit requires, to put it mildly, a certain je ne sais quoi; while a certain den ne va plus is required to wear one if you haven't the je ne sais quoi.

"Julian Street, Jr., has a very light colored Norfolk suit which his father advised him not to get. His father well remembers when he, in turn, had a very light colored suit which his father advised him not to get. In both cases the fathers were right."

IN SOCIETY'S WHIRL

"Ken Gillett's apple trees are reported to be several inches shorter than last year, but it is expected that he will have his first crop of fruit in 12 years instead of 14 as originally planned.

"Miss Marion Kerr of New York and win lakes has been a frequent Norfolk visitor. We wish she would come here to live. It would save the roads and asinine bills.

"Bud Smith was recently made famous through having his name printed light out in the Saturday Evening Post. The rumor that Louis Lestrade's Ford will not run is indignantly denied. It will run all right if pushed as far as the top of the golf club hill."

BEAUTY HINT

"A simple bleaching lotion for sun-issed cheeks, that may easily and economically be prepared in the most modest homes, can be made with the following ingredients:

Compound tincture of nitroglycerine r. XXV (1-6 g. m.)
Pulverized Pampa root, 3 i. j. (8 g. m.)
White of one ostrich egg (f) 3j-30cc.)
One cake corrugated yeast (qt-j.)
Fifteen drops peptonized cognac (ok-og.)
Kitchen zinc oxide (3ss-6pm.)
Three globules granulated gelatin 1/2 gr-XX.)

"Dissolve the yeast in the nitroglycerine. Beat the white of ostrich egg until exhausted and add, stirring it in thoroughly. Heat in a double boiler, first drinking the cognac absentmindedly. After boiling for 40 days strain the globules of glycerine through cotton,

and while beating briskly, sift in the pulverized Pampa-root through a fine tooth-comb. Allow mixture to stand for 94 days, then melt by boiling again, strain once more, put in the cooler for seven hours and apply with a camel's hair brush at night."

PERSONAL

"George Dyer is giving lessons in poker. The course is free to the public."

HELP WANTED, FEMALE

"Retired lion-tamer to take care of girl of 14. Mrs. J. Street, Norfolk."

"Question—Answerer, to amuse two boys of 6 and 4. Mother and father both working. Apply Crissy place. Ring Irwin's bell."

The Norfolk Daily Prune published a Bedtime Story, "The Evils of Gambling," by Thornton W. Bughouse.

DICKENS AND HAGIOLOGY

As the World Wags:

Finishing my annual perusal of "The Pickwick Papers," I laid down the volume with a vague feeling of discomfort at having been, as usual, unable to understand and fully appreciate an allusion by the elder Mr. Weller to certain holy persons. None of my friends, two of whom are deeply versed in Dickenslore, have been able to help me.

The allusion is in chapter 45 of my edition, on the occasion of the visit of Mr. Weller, senior, Mrs. Weller and the Rev. and red-nosed Mr. Stiggins to Sam Weller in the Fleet Prison, when Mrs. Weller called the red-nosed man a saint: "Whereupon Mr. Weller, senior, ventured to suggest in an undertone that he must be the representative of the united parishes of St. Simon without and St. Walker within."

There is no mention of these saints in the Legenda Aurea of Jacobus de Voragins, nor in any other hagiology with which I am acquainted.

Taunton. C. ST. C. WADE.
Was it not C. S. Calverley that drew up a Pickwick examination paper? Is it not possible that old Weller's "Saints" were associated with the slang or colloquial phrases of his day? St. Walker might have been our old friend "Hookey Walker."—Ed.

THE TOAST ALWAYS IN ORDER

As the World Wags:

THE "Ladies of the Invisible Eye" took another lady out on the prairies near Fort Worth, Tex., and gave her a hundred lashes with the cat-o-nine tails whilst other ladies looked on.

MR. TOASTMASTER and gentlemen, let us raise our glasses and drink to those whose sweet smiles brighten our lives, whose gentleness awakens our better nature, whose weapons are only tears, and without whom this grim, old world would be a hideous wilderness—TO THE LADIES, God bless 'em!
—JACOB POORGRASS.

As the World Wags:

I notice in Haydon Jones's article in The Herald of the 19th the spelling "Moosilouk," which is a form I never saw before. When I was a child I heard old people call this mountain "Moosehillock," but "Moosilauke" is the usual spelling. Whence the form "Moosilouk"?
Boston. G. B. HATCH.

THE SPELL BINDER

(A barber has installed a listening-in apparatus for the benefit of his waiting customers.)

"Was not in crowded concert-hall That Blank's diverting power Was able to entrance us all For over half an hour. With no surroundings helping him He held us spellbound through Eleven hair-cuts and a trim, Four shaves and one shampoo. —T. H., in London Daily Chronicle.

TWO'S COMPANY: THREE'S A CROWD

(From the Peoria Transcript)

BIRTH REGISTRATIONS
Alice Meads born September 7, to Clarence, Albert and Evelyn Meads, 104 Spencer street, first child.

WHAT YOU MIGHT EXPECT

As the World Wags:

Yesterday while I was motoring in the country I saw this sign: "Iced cold milk, apples, gas." EZRA STIMSON.

'KING LEAR'

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—"King Lear," by William Shakespeare. Produced in repertory by Robert B. Mantell.

Lear, King of England.....Mr. Mantell
Earl of Gloucester.....Mr. Henry Buckler
Earl of Kent.....Mr. A. C. Henderson
Duke of Cornwall.....Mr. Franklin Salisbury
Edmund.....Mr. Vaughan Deering
Duke of Albany.....Mr. Day Keene
Curan.....Mr. Deaver Storer
Duke of Burgundy.....Mr. Abraham Ivory
King of France.....Mr. George Keane
Edgar.....Mr. John Alexander
Oswald.....Mr. Edward Lewers

A Fool.....Mr. Guy Lindsley
A Fool Man.....Mr. Edwin Booth
A Physician.....Mr. Charles Warfield
A Herald.....Mr. Gilbert Sells
Lear's Daughters:
Goneril.....Miss Agnes Elliot Scott
Regan.....Miss Helene Van Hoose
Cordelia.....Miss Genevieve Hamper

For last night's performance Robert Mantell brought repertory production of "King Lear," play of passing interest, but one not seen too frequently on stages of the present day. This drama of dire tragedy and relentless adversity contributes, perhaps, Mr. Mantell's most famous and most favored role.

"King Lear" on the printed page strikes one as gloomy, depressed and sinister, a play of study concerning one man, his unkind children being streaked types not too finely sketched.

Last night, however, acting parts of merit were discovered and well utilized by Miss Agnes Elliot Scott as the haughty Goneril and Miss Helene Van Hoose as the equally grasping Regan. Guy Lindsley also found succulent part in the faithful fool; his pantomime at the foot of angry Lear in the first act was a bit of genius.

The Lear of Mr. Mantell was robust, of piercing quality, yet never fired with the qualities of emotion seemingly stirred by the sonorous lines of Shakespeare.

Mr. Mantell was at his best when the weakened mind came upon him, but here, too, he carried on the powerful resources of a voice sounding on this occasion more familiar with the platform than the stage. Lear, we think, lacks strength, as the end draws near, of body as well as brain.

Miss Hamper was a pleasing Cordelia, but she, too, was inclined to lack the animation of emotion keenly felt. The present production is of uneven pace and lacking some of the sparkle that should be there, but is one to be seen.

BRETTON WOODS CHOIR GIVES FIRST CONCERT

The Bretton Woods Boy Choir, under the direction of Frank R. Hancock, appeared in Boston for the first time last evening at a concert in Jordan Hall. Every summer this organization gathers at Camp Duncan, is trained for church music in the Stickney Memorial chapel at Bretton Woods, N. H., and also gives a series of concerts at the vacation resorts.

Their program last evening was admirably arranged, the numbers ranging from anthems to a collection of informal favorites sung in lively boy fashion. The high, clear, well-blended voices showed very careful training. The soloists were F. Brent Curtis and Paul MacKay. Robert B. Boyd, baritone, who managed the concert, assisted the boys and also sang "A Spirit Flower," by Campbell-Tipton.

'HAMLET' GIVEN

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—"Hamlet" by William Shakespeare. Second production in the repertoire of Robert B. Mantell.

Hamlet.....Mr. Mantell
Francisco, a soldier.....Mr. Abraham Ivory
Bernardo, an officer.....Mr. Day Keene
Marcellus, an officer.....Mr. Deaver Storer
Horatio, a friend to Hamlet.....Mr. Guy Lindsley

The ghost of Hamlet's father.....Mr. A. C. Henderson

Polonius, Lord Chamberlain.....Mr. Henry Buckler

Claudius, King of Denmark.....Mr. Vaughan Deering

Laertes, son of Polonius.....Mr. John Alexander

Rosencrans, a courtier.....Mr. Day Keene

Guldenstern, a courtier.....Mr. Franklin Salisbury

An actor.....Mr. A. C. Henderson

Another.....Mr. Edward Lewers

An officer.....Mr. Abraham Ivory

A grave digger.....Mr. Edward Lewers

Another.....Mr. Charles Jarvis

Osric, a courtier.....Mr. Lawrence Krey

A priest.....Mr. Thomas Lear

Gertrude.....Miss Agnes Elliot Scott

The player-queen, Miss Helene Van Hoose

Ophelia.....Miss Genevieve Hamper

As second performance in his repertory production of classic and Shakespearean plays Mr. Robert Mantell last night introduced a Boston audience once more to his interpretation of "Hamlet."

A time there once was upon our stage, when the casual theatre-goer could name with random ease a round half dozen Hamlets, and naming find them all performers of artistry and well-tempted quality. But such days are done. The student now flicks the pages of his "Hamlet" and hurries off to a college where such dull symbols of scholarship are wont to be cast aside, at least are not compulsory. The burning embers of an elder memory alone can call recollections of the mournful Dane as played with dignity, nay majesty, by Edwin Booth. For a generation of the present the staid, almost ascetic yet always colored and poetical elocution of a Forbes-Robertson or the more active, burning warmth of a Walter Hampden must suffice. And yet there is bridge between old and new; midway between the two comes remembered and always welcome picturing of Robert Mantell. His is a studied Hamlet that retains much from foundations estab-

lished in other days, but which finds itself at times not unakin to the simple ruggedness of Mr. Hampden and the mellowed beauty of Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson.

Sombre and mature is the Hamlet of Mr. Mantell, a figure that hesitates and seems overwhelmed by a world of care and sorrow. Capable of emotion that blazes forth and overswells the heart as in the scene within the queen's closet, this Hamlet, however, frequents the mournful, minor key of life as evidenced in softly drooping voice.

Last night's production was well rounded and well schooled in the technique of an earlier day. Convention found free play; music and accompanying scenes of emotion, strange movement of lights to aid stilted arrival and departure of the ghost and many another device of the passing theatre appeared and were accepted by audience rightfully interested, held.

A sundry company rendered good support to Mr. Mantell. The Polonius of Mr. Deering was ample, yet restrained. Mr. Alexander made excellent Laertes, a courtier son to be admired. Ophelia as played by Miss Hamper was very genuine and keenly individual. The handling of the mad scenes gained especially from a fingering that was light, deft and never weird or uncanny.

Mr. Mantell's performance of Hamlet is an interesting, dominating one. Fine edged, it can only be improved by a shortening of waits perhaps necessary, but which are the cause of some in-judicious cutting. Less of the rude humors of a grave digger and more necessary plotting that follows the return of Laertes from France would do much to smooth roughened portions.

52630 1922

SAMUEL ADAMS

(Loquitur.)

Here stand I, in conscious pride—

Samuel Adams deified!

'Twas I who taught men to be free

The gospel of sweet liberty.

Men placed me here this space to fill,

For here 'he'll look on Bunker Hill'?

This spot 'tis only just and fair

Henceforth be known as "Adams Square."

I, Peleg Priam, wrote this apropos of Samuel Adams Day. But as in front of his statue there has been placed a specimen of nondescript architecture—an entrance to the subway obstructing a view of Bunker Hill, these two lines are not malapropos:

Well done, well said, thou seest my plight,

No Bunker Hill, by Adamsight.

Boston. PELEG PRIAM.

TO A CERTAIN EXTENT, YES. BUT THERE IS NO CERTAINTY ABOUT IT

As the World Wags:

As a connoisseur, do you not agree with me in regard to the new slinker skirts that the flappers' short skirts are all right to a certain extent?
FREDERIQUE.

CHESAPEAKE AND SHANNON IN 1922

As the World Wags:

As I remember the historical propaganda with which it was sought to grave upon my youthful mind the then current version of the causation of the war of 1812, it was that it chiefly lay in the insistence of the British government upon the alleged right to search American vessels on the high seas, with no particular care as to whether such marine altitude began three miles, 12 miles, or at some other imaginary line in water writ, off shore.

Now comes Prohibition Commissioner Haynes, commander-in-chief of certain of the armed forces of the United States under the now current constitution, and orders his naval forces to stop, hold up and board 12 miles from our shores all ships of foreign registry suspected of having illegal liquor stocks on board, and demand their manifests, just as the British cruisers used to stop, hold up and board all ships of American registry suspected of having deserters from the British navy on board. To show his own conformity to the present conformity to law, established in large part by the legislation under which the commander-in-chief directs his departmental war against the commerce of the world, he decrees that the actual demand for the manifests of the suspected ships shall be by the voice of an officer of the treasury. The voice is Mellon's voice, but the hands are the hands of Volstead, and by such and in such manner is the revised version of the constitution supported as an inspiration to the people.

The possibilities in such a maritime campaign as planned seem many. Assume the case of a true British sailor

MANTELL BEST IN 'MACBETH'

OPERA HOUSE—Robert B. Mantell in Macbeth.

Macbeth.....Mr. Mantell
First Witch.....Miss Agnes Elliot Scott
Second Witch.....Miss Helen Van Hous
Third Witch.....Miss Theresa Colburn
Duncan.....A. C. Henderson
Malcolm.....Gur Lindsley
Lennox.....Day Keene
A Sergeant.....Franklin Salisbury
Ross.....Henry Buckler
Banquo.....Vaughan Deering
Seaton.....Deaver Storer
Fleance.....Miss Violet Howard
A Porter.....Edward Lewis
Macduff.....John Alexander
A Gentlewoman.....Miss Theresa Colburn
First Murderer.....Franklin Salisbury
Second Murderer.....Guy Hawks
Second Apparition.....Miss Georgia Fox
Third Apparition.....Miss Bessie Fox
An Officer.....Abraham Ivory
A Doctor.....Frank Barry
Lady Macbeth.....Miss Genevieve Hamper

Mr. Mantell won a triumph last evening in Macbeth. From the first moment of his appearance before the ancient dames upon the heath, there was a spark of electricity in the air that communicated itself to actors and audience alike. The house was well filled with a crowd reminiscent of the days of opera in numbers an in dress, far surpassing in size any other during the present engagement. What drew the unwonted throng, who can say? Was it knowledge of Mr. Roosevelt's profound admiration of Macbeth as greatest of stories? Was it memory of former days when every ambitious tragedienne would have her trial of Lady Macbeth? Or was it that the play is seen infrequently in recent years and that the desire to feel and hear the magic of our great heritage is still potent?

Whatever the reason, audience and enthusiasm were equally large. The overheating of the house was forgotten, the antique management of crude and manifest spot-light did not trouble; the universal flashings for legs too meagre or too opulent did not distract. There was little of that competent but unimoving declamation that has marked the earlier part of the work.

Miss Hamper has not the grand style demanded by the part of Lady Macbeth. One does not see in her the driving force of the female of the species more deadly than the male, urging on a spouse filled with the mill of human kindness to deeds of derring-do. But Mr. Mantell had a voice that gave a real illusion; his emotions had a wider range than usual, a fire that was felt by all throughout a drama that perhaps has a particular appeal to a modern audience, because, in addition to his mastery of words, Shakespeare here adds an unusual element of the play well-knit and well-contrived.

An evening of satisfaction to those whose memory goes back to the great actors of the tragic stage, and of joy spontaneously expressed by those who were new to such things.

Some years ago a friend of Mr. George Bernard Shaw wrote a play that was accepted by the Abbey Theatre, Dublin. Mr. Shaw was asked by his friends to give some hints as to how he should put the play into rehearsal. Mr. Shaw answered by telling him how he himself produced plays, what the aim should be, what should be avoided. His letter has been published in the Arts League of Service Annual. What he wrote might well be pondered by amateur societies; and the professional producers, expert as they are, might be interested.

Mr. Shaw begins by an attack on the "star" actor, the actor that in the language of the passionate press agent has "acquired stellar honors."

"The beginning and end of the business from the author's point of view is the art of making the audience believe that real things are happening to real people. . . . To your star actor a part is a mere *oeuvre de bataille*, the play does not exist except as a mounting-block. That is why comparatively humble actors, who do not dare to think they can succeed apart from the play, often give much better representations than star casts. . . . The success of the Abbey Theatre was due to the fact that when it began none of the company was worth twopence a week for ordinary fashionable purposes, though some of them can now hold a London audience in the hollow of their hands. They were held down ruthlessly to the formulae of making the audience believe that real things were happening to real people. They were taught no tricks." As to the hard work of the producer: "If before you sit down to the manuscript of your play and work out all the stage business, so that you know where every speech is to be spoken and what it is to convey, and where the chairs are to be and where

they are to be taken to, and where the actors are to put their hats. . . . and if you arrange all this so as to get the maximum of effect out of every word, and thus make the actors feel that they are speaking to the utmost possible advantage—or at the worst, that they cannot improve on your business, how-ever little they may like it. . . . you will at first rehearsal get a command of the production that nothing will shake afterwards."

It is futile to make actors learn their lines by heart before they have learned by heart their positions on the stage; it is equally futile to interrupt scenes during later rehearsals. Notes of mistakes should be taken, and then spoken about afterwards.

"If a thing is wrong and you don't know exactly how to set it right, say nothing. Wait until you find out the right thing to do, or until the actor does. It discourages and maddens an actor to be told merely that you are dissatisfied. If you cannot help him, let him alone."

This letter of five pages has been described as "the very essence of the common-sense art of producing."

MUSIC NOTES

Leopoldo Cassone has had the courage to write an opera, "The Barber of Seville." "The Italian newspapers speak much about—Rossini."

Apologies of the 50th birthday of "La Fille de Madame Angot," Raoul Devray says that Mme. Angot became a folk-type in the time of Law and his bubble, and became popular during the revolution. She is the newly arrived parvenue, the enriched fishwife, with her slang. At the beginning of the revolution farces and parodies of a gross nature were put on the stage, showing her in the Halles, then at Malabar and Constantinople, with the Grand Turk throwing his handkerchief at her.

Wilhelm Kienzl has completed an opera, "Hans, the Dreamer."

The Frankfurt Opera House will bring out this season Debussy's "Martyrdom of Saint Sebastian," Moussorgsky's "Khovantchina," Ravel's "Spanish Hour," Stravinsky's "Sacre du Printemps" and Offenbach's "Blue Beard."

A new opera by Siegfried Wagner will be produced at Schwerin this month.

Isotta Bonicini as Tosca lost her voice at the Quirino, Rome, early in the first act of Puccini's opera. The curtain was lowered. Adele Fabiani, who was in the audience, took her place.

At the American Conservatory, Fontainebleau, first prizes for organ playing were awarded to Julian Williams of Newcastle, Pa., and Norman Coke of Rhinebeck, N. Y. Mrs. Virginia Carrington Thomas of Hartford, Ct., and Hugh MacArnis of New York took second prizes. The competitors played Bach's Toccata and Fugue in D minor.

A facsimile of the autograph score of Wagner's "Mastersingers," which is at Nuremberg, will be published.

"Mam'zelle Nitouche" has been revived at the Theatre Antoine, Paris.

The Colonne concerts, Paris, will begin on Oct. 21 at 5 o'clock. The Sunday concerts will be at 2:30 P. M. Tickets for 24 public rehearsals Saturday morning will cost 120 francs.

Rhene-Baton and Andre Caplet will conduct the Padeloup concerts in Paris, which begin on Oct. 7.

Julian Tiersot is the author of "Music in Moliere's Comedies," just published in Paris. Castil-Blaze's "Moliere, Musician," in two stout volumes, published in 1852, is full of entertaining gossip.

A SINGULAR ARTICLE ABOUT THE INFLUENCE OF THE CINEMA ON FRENCH YOUTHS

Sebastien Herscher, archbishop of Laodicea, formerly Bishop of Langres, writes for Les Annales (Paris) an article showing the evil influence on the young of corrupting film plays that should deservedly be censured. He gives several "Shocking examples," but he writes in a manner that leads one to think the good archbishop's sense of humor is not strongly developed.

He tells the sad story of Gaston Z., a 10-year-old child of an excellent family. The whole neighborhood admired his fresh appearance, his large eyes, frank and wide open, his constant good humor, his irreproachable behavior. Today he is pale, his eyes have lost their candor, he is brusque, disrespectful, disobedient, quarrelsome and lazy. He has taken to thieving, visiting his mother's purse, not respecting the lunch boxes and purses of his school-mates. Why this change? Gaston himself explains it. "Since I have been going to the 'movies' I am no longer stupid, oh, no." When his masters remonstrated with him on his bad choice

of film plays, he answers: "What nonsense! I don't go alone. Papa and mamma go with me."

THE CASE OF ZELIE

There is Zelle, a chambermaid in a highly respectable house. She is 20 years old, and was wholly different from Octave Mirbeau's too famous chambermaid. She was dutiful, honest, worthy of confidence. But the cinema has done its deadly work. Certain film plays have taught her that a pretty girl, who wishes to be coquettishly dressed without great expense and without loss of honor can run in "grande toilette" to dances and cinemas. She lives in Paris on the sixth floor and is free most every evening. Now she helps herself to her mistress's silk stockings, elegant shoes, model dresses, costly furs,

fashionable hats. Thus arrayed, she draws attention and boasts of it. To a friend, older and more serious, who wished to open her eyes to the indelicacy of her conduct, she replied: "Old girl, you are behind the times. Go to the picture shows and you will learn how to live now." Her friend shook her head and said in a low voice: "Today you borrow; tomorrow you will not return. Look out, look out! The police court awaits you."

MISS MARTINEZ AND THE CHAUFFEUR

Example No. 3. Miss Martinez, 18 years old, belonging to an excellent family, rich, well brought up, well educated, and very attractive. It looked as if she should be happy. But for several weeks she has been thinking of marrying the chauffeur, "who motors her and her mother to certain society functions of which, they say, she is one of the most gracious ornaments." The family is in despair. Reproaches and violent scenes. It is disclosed—the young girl admits it—that it is at the cinema where elopements are so frequently pictured that she learned to consider a chauffeur a hero. Between two bursts of impertinent laughter she said to her parents: "Choose! Marriage or an elopement. Arsene can take me to the end of the world. Besides, what is the good of all this fuss? Go to the picture shows with me and you'll see that things happen in this way. Marry a man in one's own station? That's an old prejudice, dear parents! You are decidedly not in the swim."

And the archbishop concludes by saying: "What does the reader think of these three examples? It is for him to reflect and draw conclusions. Fathers and mothers, look out for poisonous films!"

There is no doubt, however, that the influence of certain films, shown in small towns and in cheap theatres controlled by illiterate men, is bad. Fortunately the unexceptional films, serious and comic, are in the great majority.

The London Daily Telegraph speaks of the influence of moving pictures. "Whether of imaginary occurrences or of real events, especially over youthful minds," as well high incalculable. "An investigation recently conducted in Chicago, involving 3000 school children, showed that only 13 per cent. of the whole number were not regular attendants at the cinema theatres. Of the remaining 87 per cent., none visited the theatre less than once a week regularly, and many were in the habit of going every day. The sum of money they spent in this way in the course of a year reached an astonishing total. A similar state of affairs exists practically everywhere today. There can be no reasonable doubt, in fact, that the young generation, in whose hands lies the future destiny of the race, must necessarily have its whole outlook on life moulded and directed to a great extent by what it sees on the screen. In these circumstances, the older generation cannot look on with folded hands and allow this new force it has unleashed to work its own salvation without supervision."

PERSONAL

Messrs Guymaler and Lea Pattison have been playing music for two pianos in the chief cities of Australia and at Hobart, Tasmania. Their success has been great. The newspapers of Sydney published uncommonly intelligent and appreciative reviews of the concerts.

Les Annales (Paris) tells a story about Jules Lemaitre that we had not seen before in print. He went before the committee of the Comedie Francaise to read a new play. After he had read the first act he looked about him, then to the amazement of his hearers he rose, put his manuscript in his bag and saying: "I don't wish to bore you further," walked out and took his play to the Renaissance Theatre.

It is interesting to recall that the act from which the Lord Chamberlain derives his authority to license plays was passed during Walpole's administration as the result of Henry Fielding's

ranting and roaring across the wide seas, filled with the idea that Britannia rules the waves and that certain well defined acts by persons without warrant visible from his bridge amount to piracy, is such a one going to heaven to on call, or clear away the starboard battery?

When in future days the history of the war of 1922 is written and the story of this meeting of a British Chesapeake and an American Shannon told to the boys of England, one can imagine the inspiration to their youthful minds when they read the dying words of the gallant British sailor:

"Don't give up the booze!"
Amherst, N. H. ABEL ADAMS.

FROM AN ANNISQUAM GUEST-BOOK

My birthland was ancient Cape Cod,
Where sand underlies all the sod;
But the Lord built Cape Ann
On a different plan:
He here carried rocks in his hod.

SHE HITS IT TOO MANY HARD LICKAS

(From the Sibley, Ill., Journal.)
Our high school piano is so badly out of tune that only the practised ears of the students and teachers can tell whether the tune played is one they know, or one they don't. Virginia Hrdlicka is the pianist and we appreciate her services.

AND THE EDITOR LEFT THE NEXT MORNING

(From the Aledo, Ill., Democrat)
Mrs. Alvin Odell and son of Long Beach, Cal., who have been visiting relatives at Aledo, left this morning to spend several days with Mrs. Odell's uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Barr, at Monmouth.

AFTERWARDS, YOU CAN GO TO IT AS THE World Wags:

Motoring, I saw this sign:

AVOID ACCIDENTS UNTIL
AFTER NEW ROAD IS
COMPLETED

JOSEPH NIMSHI.

ADD "UNNATURAL HISTORY"

As the World Wags:
I saw on Sept. 21 this notice on the bulletin board of the Boston Globe:

SHARKS SEEN OFF NAHANT TWO ARRESTED FOR MURDER OF LOWELL POLICEMAN

Query: Did sharks swim up the Merrimack river, climb out on the bank and bite fatally the policeman?

C. A. BARRY.

"ALASI WHAT BOOTS" (MILTON)

As the World Wags:

Well do I remember, as the cooler weather comes upon us, my first pair of red-topped boots with gilt lettering. But I am puzzled to recall what was the "kip" boot I wore when I was old enough to attend kitchen dances. It was neither a calfskin nor a cowhide, and as I remember it was considered superior to either. Do any of my contemporaries know just what it was?

Boston. QUBRELA.

As the World Wags:

The attention of the National Association of Flappers, said to be in search of a motto, is called to the following passage from "Macbeth" (which is one of the plays by Shakespeare): "I dare do all that may become a man; who dares do more is none."

A slight and allowable alteration might be, "I dare do all that may become a man."

PHILEMON FARGO.

AND A BIT OF AN ORNITHOLOGIST

We called on Mr. Herkimer Johnson last week. For recreation he is studying the habits of birds. "Whenever a blue jay alights on the rim of the bird bath, he utters piercing and discordant cries. Is this to keep other birds away, until he has bathed and pecked among his feathers, or is it an invitation to his mate: 'Come in, the water's cool!'"

YES, THEY MAY BITE

As the World Wags:

When touring, we have often been warned to "Look Out for School Children," but we never knew why till the other day when we saw the sign "Children cross here."

Lexington.

W. M. T.

ay "Pasquin." This piece, Mrs. Gay's Beggar's Opera, was a heavy satire on the expense of the government, attracting crowded audiences to the Haymarket for its run of 50 nights, the cast being termed "The Great Mogul's Company of Comedians." The attack proved very galling to the government, and in spite of great opposition the act was passed in 1737, decreeing that no play should be produced which had not previously been licensed by the Lord Chamberlain.—London Daily Chronicle.

Laurence Irving, playwright (the Manchester Guardian). Judging from his play "Richard Lovelace" his capacity for playwrighting was not negligible. I haven't seen or read "Peter the Great," which was performed 38 times at the Lyceum in 1893, but it must be about a quarter of a century ago that I was talking to an old friend of Henry Irving—a man well known then in Manchester life—and he told me of an interesting experience. He had been to see Irving at the Queen's Hotel after a performance, and Irving was very full of a play, "Peter the Great," which his boy Laurence had written. So Irving went to his bedroom and brought down the play to read to his old enemy. It was wonderful; my informant assured me that he let his cigar go out; it was magnificent. I was very much interested, and "Is it in prose or in verse?"

I asked. He paused and considered. "Well, now," he said, "you know there we were, it was three o'clock in the morning, friendly together, you know—and I really don't know which it was. But it was splendid stuff."

WHO REMEMBERS?

(For The Sunday Herald)
Don't imagine folks forget
Those who pleased them in their youth.

Actors are remembered yet,
Less renowned than Edwin Booth.
Let me venture one remark—
Listen to the quick reply—
Who remembered Annie Clark?
"I do." "I do." "So do I."

Though we seldom hear today
Dear old William Warren's name,
Most of us can truly say,
Our regard remains the same.
Barron, Crisp and Norris too
Flourished in the days gone by.
Who remember them? Do you?
"I do." "I do." "So do I."

Smith, LeMoyné, familiar names,
Mrs. Vincent, well we know her,
Mary Cary, Amy Ames,
Laura Phillips, Susie Cluer,
Burrows, Nolan, Carlos, Ring,
Stevenson, McClannin, too.
Who has heard Jack Mason sing?
"I have." "I have, haven't you?"

"Pinafore" made folks sit up,
Bright, melodious and clean,
Lizzie Harold's Buttercup,
Marie Wainwright's Josephine.
Dainty Sadie Martinot,
Wilson's pompous K. C. B.
Who amongst you saw that show?
"We did." "We did." "So did we."

Feeling loath to quit so soon,
One more query let me try.

Who recalls "The Silver Spoon?"
"I do." "I do." "So do I."
QUINCY KILBY.

JAZZ, BEETHOVEN, AND THE APOCALYPSE: MUSIC FOR FILM PLAYS

(From the London Daily Chronicle)
Music, in the cinema, is half the battle; it puts the spectator into the mood to receive emotion. But just as in life there is a time to weep and a time to dance so, in the cinema, there is a time for different kinds of music. There is a time for the jazz and a time for Beethoven.

Let not the reader mock! Like Mollere's pickle-merchant who had been speaking prose all his life without knowing it, the cinema-goer listens to a deal of good music without being put off by the fact that it is good music. He entertains the classics unawares.

At a recent screen-show I heard in succession the "Spring" section from Grieg's music to "Peer Gynt," the famous Rachmaninoff Prelude—of which, by the way, some pianos are so tired that when I tried it on one in Baywater recently the instrument went on strike and refused to utter a note—the great love-song from "Samson and Delilah," Schubert's "Serenade," Handel's "Largo," the brilliant overture to Wagner's "Rienzi," the swan-song of Saint-Saens to which Pavlova used to die so exquisitely, and that old Nocturne of Chopin which begins pom-pom (pause) pom-pom (little pause) pe-e-e. Every schoolgirl whose parents have paid a guinea for 13 lessons knows the one I mean.

The point about this program is that it helped almost as much as the picture itself to all that clearing of throats, wiping of spectacles and blowing of noses, which is the sure sign of a

jolly evening among the elders. As for the young people, we may be sure that not even the Dead March in "Saul" would keep them from squeezing hands. And they would be quite right, bless them. Gather ye cinema roses while ye may. These fade as quickly as any others.

FINE MUSIC FOR FINE THEMES

More seriously, there is no doubt that the new big pictures demand music which need not be "high-brow," but must have some quality of nobility. I allude to those films of which the setting is placed in Nineveh and Tyre, Byzantium and Babylon; of which the story deals with the clash of armies, the sway of dynasties, the growth of peoples.

These matters call for a sense of proportion. You cannot adequately accompany the chariot races in "The Queen of Sheba" with Mr. Irving Berlin's "Settle Down in a One-Horse Town," delightfully though that melody suits the tale of a village where there is only a single cob. The loves of Sheba, of Theodora, of Cleopatra, hardly go with accounts of their own, or anybody else's, "Coal-black Mammy." Charging elephants bringing the walls of Babylon literally about their knees do so less adequately to the tune of "Shuffle Along." If the film is going to reconstruct history there is a chance for the modern composer on a big scale.

At present cinema conductors place great reliance upon the Fifth Symphony of Beethoven, of which the opening notes represent "Fate knocking upon the Door," and the same composer's Overture to Coriolanus. They make great use of the latter in "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," unfortunately stopping short at the divine second subject, and switching off on to such comparative rubbish as the late

Signor Tosti's "For Ever and for Ever." Whereas if ever a scene called for Beethoven's healing power it is that hospital scene at Lourdes.

JAMES AGATE.

A TRULY NATIONAL THEATRE

(The Nation and the Athenaeum)
Now that Mr. Dance's cheque (helped by a vigorous effort by Lady Cunard) gives the "Old Vic." time to breathe again, we shall all, I hope, begin to acquire the habit of regarding it for what it is—the true National Theatre. It is that not only by virtue of its work in Shakespeare and the classical drama, but by a great popular acclaim of merit. Many must feel that there is no audience in London to be compared with a typical "house" at the "Old Vic."—none so completely and happily absorbed in the spectacle, so devoted to the honor of the theatre, and so characteristic of the whole play-going public. No west-end theatre establishes this magical correspondence between stage and auditorium, or can hope to awake it. It is an "intellectual thing" unborn from the drama of amusement. So that in effect, while the memorial committee has been looking far and wide for the money to build its Shakespeare Theatre, the desired place has all the while been growing under its nose. Is it not possible for it at the last hour to recognize this fact, and (with reserves, if it pleases, in favor of Stratford or any promising scheme of Shakespearean festivals) make the "Old Vic" safe with an adequate endowment? For we all know that, for all it achieves, the company is a very hard-worked and not a highly-paid one, and that Mr. Dance's generosity merely staves off a catastrophe. These are the days of insurance. Why not take out the "Old Vic's" "policy" and have done with it?

ROMANCE IN THE THEATRE

(Daily Telegraph, London)
Rostand, the last of the old romantics, used verse, color, and every device of the craftsman-playwright; but not this bag of tricks, but romance, was his mistress when he left out nothing that could contribute to the irrational magic of "Cyrano de Bergerac"; and in the new romance the bag of tricks must always be kept in its place, subservient to the spirit of romance. We speak of the "new" romance, and romance is never new; that is why it is so difficult to think of a romantic play in modern dress. Romance has values which are not fluid. They have been settled by time, and the case against romance in modern clothing is that our modern points of view are all "unstuck." The romantic play is not the controversial play, and while we have points of view about modern life we accept universally the great truths of chivalry as things too deeply rooted in the past to be the occasions of differences. What is new is the vision of each new author concerning romance, his choice of symbols of old time or of no time, and his individual management of them. Then, if he has seen with ecstasy, and if in the translation of his vision into terms of the theatre he is the master of his tech-

nique, then in glowing splendor he has let loose a new intoxicant upon the world. The values of romance are as fixed as the characters of the old Italian *commedia del' arte*, but the possibilities of fresh vision about them are infinite and reassuring that romance shall not become a tawdry draggle-tail.

"What a jolly and a merry world would this be, may it please your worships, but for that inextricable labyrinth of debts, cares, woes, want, grief, discontent, melancholy, large jointures, impositions and lies!"

GENERAL DELIVERY IN ALLERTON

As the World Wags:

At the end of my ice bill in Allerton I read: "Please Report Any Failure to Deliver Ice or Dissatisfaction."
Newton Centre. MEDICO.

ONE MIGHT ALMOST CALL HIM RETICENT

(From the Panama, Ill., Palladium)

At the hospital the wounded man refused while alive to make any statement concerning the stabbing affray or to give out the name of his assailant. He made no post-mortem statement, it is said.

PEACE HAS ITS HEROES

As the World Wags:

In the midst of packing in expectation of a pressing engagement with the Sheikh of Araby, we at last succumb to the temptation to tell you that A. Braver Son and Company do "Horse-shoeing in the rear" in Hampden street, Roxbury.

We present arms aghast at the reckless abandon of this Superman and trust that he will not receive a present of hooft in the performance of this delicate operation. SCOTS WHA HAE.
Boston.

OLD BOSTON

As the World Wags:

As an octogenarian with six years over the line, having a good memory of the old times in Boston, I was much pleased in reading about Quincy Tufts's store, where I could always get any unusual article not to be found in much larger shops. Close by Quincy Tufts was a similar small shop kept by Thomas G. Atkins, who when he died left over \$100,000 as a result of his thrift and business ability. Not far south of these shops was a small store of wall paper kept by Charles Cook. This store was rather unusual, as wall paper was often sold by dealers in crockeryware, though no one could account for any association of the two commodities. My father, who was a wholesale dealer and importer of glass, china and crockeryware, always had a stock of wall paper on hand, as did others in his business. His store for the last 25 years of his life was at No. 24 Central street. The next store was a "Botanical Drug" store, kept by B. O. & G. C. Wilson. To my amazement, during the epidemic of influenza in Boston, I saw in a street car an advertisement of a remedy by B. O. & G. C. Wilson. They gave my father some "Neuropathic Drops" and some "Peristaltic Pills" with a lump of Turkish rhubarb, and told him that if he carried them in his pocket he would never be sick.

I wonder if those who knew Quincy Tufts ever passed by Grace Dunlop's tobacco shop. It was on Theatre alley, between Federal and Franklin streets. I used to rush through this narrow alley when a child of nine years, in a delirious frenzy of fear of the more than life-sized figure of an Indian beside Grace Dunlop's door. He was reaching over the narrow walk with a threatening fist lifted high. I liked the fear that was not really fear. This alley made a short cut toward my father's store. No one has ever written about the Boston cries, night and day. Beginning with Andrew Jackson, I have lived through 21 presidential terms, with Harding as the 22d, and observation has had a good ally with memory from my fourth year.

West Roxbury. E. F. A.
If we are not mistaken, an article by Arlo Bates about Boston cries was published in the New England Magazine.—Ed.

"TORSHENCE"

As the World Wags:

When I was a child my father spoke to me affectionately as "torchence," adding the remark "you and I are both torchence." As he was the youngest member of his family and I was his youngest child, I have supposed the word to mean the baby or youngest of the family, and this opinion is confirmed by another who remembers hearing the term. As there is nothing resembling it in the dictionary (however one chooses to spell the word) and all references seem to have their origin on the Cape, it would appear to be strictly a Cape Cod expression.

JOSEPHINE M. CROCKER.
Marston's Mills.

As the World Wags:

I was the last born of twelve children, mostly boys. The word "torchence," sometimes coupled with "baby" ("baby torchence") was used by all my elders as a term of endearment whenever they would cuddle or make of me, particularly when I had been teased into a burst of tears or temper. It was used more especially in the sense that we use "cry baby" to our children, a sort of teasing, loving word, for which it is difficult to find a synonym in the English language. Like the word "cruelize," it was in common use on the Cape and I presume, like the poverty grass and beach plum bushes, indigenous to the soil. I doubt if "torchence" or "cruelize," can be found in the English dictionaries, but they are good form in the mother tongue of the Cape Codder. My family has a strain of Indian blood in its veins which may account for its semi-civilized condition and the survival of this word from the tongue of its remote ancestors.

For the enlightenment of "Aspinet" I will say that the etymologist would tell him that no word of the native Indian language is spoken or understood in the land where his namesake once ruled most royally (for an Indian). But still down around the shifting dunes of Nawssett may be heard the melodious word "torchence" which the dusky Indian squaw cooed to her little papoose many centuries ago as she tucked him into his moss-lined swinging cradle.

And in spite of the etymologist the quahog and tautog and a host of other Indian words still survive and are doing a thriving business for some of Cape Cod's younger sons.

BABY TORSHENCE.

Harwichport.

A STUDY IN EUGENICS

(From the Peoria Transcript)

Alice Margaret Swearingen, born Sept. 10, to Walter J. and Ralph M. Swearingen, 900 Knoxville avenue, first child.

HE PROBABLY LIVES IN A FLAT. HOW MANY LITTLE SHARPS ARE THERE?

"C. Sharp Minor: organist and composer; one of the highest salaried musicians in New York."

HOME FROM A FOREIGN SHORE

(From the New York Tribune)

Sir: Since Mr. J. Throckmorton Cushman's return from the other side his living room has become "the lounge," where he has his after-dinner demitasse gingerly and unenthusiastically served by Olsen. Formerly this heavy-handed retainer, under the title of Wanda, used to plump down a full cup under his left elbow at the dinner table.

New York has changed under Mr. Cushman's broadened vision. The surface cars have turned into trams; stalls for the music hall or variety he buys at a booking office, and when he inadvertently, or otherwise, jostles some one in a tube crush he beams patronizingly upon his victim and says: "I'm sorry!" SIB.

"Merchant of Venice" Gives Joy to Large Audience

OPERA HOUSE—Robert B. Mantell in "The Merchant of Venice." Cast:

Shylock.....	Mr. Mantell
Salanio.....	Franklin Salisbury
Antonio.....	Deaver Storer
Gratiano.....	Vaughan Deering
Lorenzo.....	Guy Lindsey
Bassanio.....	John Alexander
Balthazar.....	Miles Violet Howard
Old Gobbo.....	Henry Buckler
Launcelot Gobbo.....	Edward Levers
Tubal.....	A. C. Henderson
Duke of Venice.....	Henry Buckler
Nerissa.....	Miss Therisa Colburn
Jessica.....	Miss Violet Hall Caine
Portia.....	Miss Genevieve Hamper

To throngs of happy youth and their accompanying elders Mr. Mantell brought yesterday afternoon a Shylock

only little lower than his admirable Macbeth of the evening before. To those of more mature years came swarming memories of Booth and Irving, Forbes-Robertson and Tree, Mansfield, Sothern and Otis Skinner, of dear Ellen Terry or captivating Ada Rehan, or the dimpling smile of Julia Marlowe. Mr. Mantell stood far above his fellows in the cast; he had another voice for his Shylock and another face than those heard and seen earlier in the week in his other parts. He had a well conceived and well executed idea of the Jew, in which many deft bits of characterization and business served him admirably. He knew how to make the most of hands and eyes.

Miss Hamper's face is often a mask behind which emotions are concealed, but at moments she lets shine through the bubbling mocking humor of Portia; in the court scene she shared with

Mr. Mantel the ovation extended by an enthusiastic audience. She was handicapped by a Bassano who was hardly copped by a Bassano. Mr. Alexander, an impassioned lover, has certain elements of a good actor. Therefore he should study to put more expression into face and voice; he has evidently studied other elements of his craft.

The gentle Jessica of Miss Violet Hall

Caine deserved a better Launcelot Gabbo than fate awarded her. Mr. Lewers was not the merry devil she described, but rather a youth who had weighed heavily on his mind certain serious business of the theatre, which he turned into horseplay, with utter lack of comic spirit. Mr. Day Keene, who essayed Lorenzo, marred the most glorious scene of romantic love known to the theatre by an utter inability to read Shakespeare's glorious lines. He should be compelled to stand in the wings and listen to Mr. Mantel's reading until he has caught the tradition. He has a sweet face and should have made a good lover, had he known how.

A performance that often reached distinction in the role of Shylock and sometimes charm in that of Portia and gave joy to a large audience.

We read that 15 tons of whale tails have been shipped from Japan from Puget Sound by a North Pacific whaling company. "In Japan this part of the whale is considered a health food, containing a large amount of iodine and medicinal salts. Besides, when properly cooked, the meat and bones are an appetizing dish."

If we are not mistaken, there was an effort about four years ago in England and in this country to encourage the eating of whale steaks. Were the steaks cut from the tail? Mr. Stubb, the second mate of the Pequod, in Herman Melville's wild tale, ordered Daggo to cut his steak from the whale's "small"—the tapering extremity of the body. Stubb liked his steak tough. "Hold the steak in one hand, and show a live coal to it with the other; that done, dish it, d'ye hear?" Mr. Stubb said nothing about iodine or medicinal salts.

In old English law, the head of a whale captured by anybody on the coast of England, belonged to the king; the tail belonged to the queen. The learned William Prynn declared that "Ye tail is ye queen's that ye queen's wardrobe may be supplied with ye whale-bone." In Prynn's day the black limber bone of the Greenland whale was commonly used in women's bodices, but this bone is in the head, not in the tail of the whale.

Today whalebone in Boston is a scarce article.

Chapter lxxvi, entitled "The Tail," in "Moby Dick," is one of the most remarkable in that gloriously fantastical book. Describing the tail, Melville introduces Hercules, Eckermann, Goethe, Michael Angelo, Darmonodes, Satan, Dante, Isalah, Ptolemy Philopater, King Juba and Free and Accepted Masons; nor does he lug them all in by the heels. Next to the breach, the peaking of the whale's flukes is "perhaps the grandest sight to be seen in all animated nature." Read this passage aloud:

"Out of the bottomless profundities the gigantic tail seems spasmodically snatching at the highest heaven. So in dreams have I seen majestic Satan thrusting forth his tormented colossal claw from the flame Baltic of Hell. But in gazing at such scenes, it is all in all what mood you are in; if in the Dantean, the devils will occur to you; if in that of Isalah, the archangels. Standing at the mast-head of my ship during a sunrise that crimsoned sky and sea, I once saw a large herd of whales in the east, all heading towards the sun, and for a moment vibrating in concert with peaked flukes. As it seemed to me at the time, such a grand embodiment of adoration of the gods was never beheld, even in Persia, the home of the fire worshippers. As Ptolemy Philopater testified of the African elephant, I then testified of the whale, pronouncing him the most devout of all beings. For, according to King Juba, the military elephants of antiquity often halted the morning with their trunks uplifted in the profoundest silence."

Victor Hugo's Ursus in "L'Homme Qui Rit" describes the dog as a comic beast, whose sweat is in his mouth.

whose laugh is in his tail. Does the whale converse with his fellows and the world at large by graceful gestures of his tail?

THE SPORTING SEX

As the World Wags:

The lady who recently ordered from the publishers a copy of "Football and How to Watch for It," by Percy Haughton, must have had an interesting conception of the game—something akin to Hide and Seek most likely.

D. W. Newtonville.

CONVERSATION MANUAL FOR DIPLOMATISTS

As the World Wags:

Uncle Lloyd's comeback was not very snifty. If we had told Mustapha that he and the Turks had to keep the hell out of Constantinople, Adrianople, and Thrace, and then we had been reluctantly obliged to say he could have them, we would have brightly added, "But don't take any wooden nickels. Mustapha!" Or how much more consoling it would have been to the allied pride if Uncle Lloyd had said: "We give in, you may have Constantinople, Adrianople, and Thrace. What would you like to have for Christmas?"

GEORGE PROFFIT.

Boston.

IT NEEDED SAND BADLY

(From the Kankakee, Ill., Daily News)

GRAVEL FALLS ON SECOND SESSION 67TH CONGRESS

A VILLAGE TALE

As the World Wags:

Summer indeed wanes, as your correspondent, John Quill, remarked—in fact, has passed. But fortunately the memories brought back by the tourist are not all so destructive of one's faith in human nature as those which sometimes linger after experience with the numerous roadside dealers in antiques, whose traffic in "art" he satirizes.

Witness this true tale from the unspoiled little village of—well, never mind its name. It is far from the maddening crowd, yet not too remote, I believe, from the rural habitat of Mr. Herkimer Johnson, who may well find a moral in the naive social status the story indicates.

Early in the season a simple, necessary toothbrush was needed by a wanderer from the city, and the genial proprietor of one of the two village shops, unable to supply it, regretfully explained, honest man, "sorry, but we haven't our summer novelties in yet." At the other shop the article was found, but of a pattern not quite what was wanted. Thereupon this accommodating dealer said: "O, take it home and try it. If you don't like it, bring it back."

Could anything have been fairer, or have shown a more human and fraternal spirit? HORACE G. WADLIN.

Boston.

This reminds us of a story. Years ago campers in the Adirondacks (the "Adirondacks" as our guide pronounced it) favored toothpicks made from a little bone of the deer. In our party all were provided with one, fresh ones, I hasten to say. All but one. Jake, the guide, took pity on him and said: "Here, Mather, take mine and keep it. I've had it for years." This was in the 60s, before "Adirondack" Murray advertised the mountains and lakes in his book; years before luxurious "camps" with hot and cold water, sanitary plumbing and Persian rugs sprang up on private "reservations."—ED.

"A. C." writes to the Herald: "Among the hundreds of phrases which lend character and strength to the English language, there are two prominent specimens which have been wrenched out of shape and in which the significant simile that lent them force has been destroyed, rendering them beyond recognition. These are:

"To the 'manner' born—should be: To the 'manor' born."

"That was a 'corker' should be: That was a 'caulker'."

"A. C." says that this "wrenching out of shape" is in many other instances "due to reckless newspaper reporting as well as to careless readers and observers."

We regret to say that "A. C." is wrong in his correction of the two phrases.

"Manner" not "manor."

Oxford Dictionary: "To the manner born (Shak. 'Hamlet' I IV. 15) destined by birth to be subject to the custom, (pop.) naturally fitted for the position, etc."

Standard Dictionary: "To the manner born, familiar with something from birth; often improperly 'manor.' "Corker" is slang. It originally meant a circumstance that precludes further discussion, especially a notable lie. Thus it is supposed to be derived from the noun or verb "cork." Later in this country the word became a term of eulogy, as "honey-corker," "lalapalooza" (there are variants in the spelling of this word). "Caulker" is as remote from "corker" as Eugene Field's derivation which we quoted not long ago: "It's a Greek word 'korka,' meaning the adorable one."

We regret to find Mr. Arnold Bennett picturing Mr. Prohack eating a Welch "rarebit" in the Turkish bath. "Rabbit," Mr. Bennett, "rabbit," as we have "Cape Cod turkey," "Bombay duck."

KIPLING INTERVIEW NO. 2

(By Bloob Billaney)

LONDON, Eng., Oct. 2.—I had the first authentic interview with Mr. Rudyard Kipling today that he has given out since his famous chat with Mrs. Clare Sheridan. Being warned not to introduce America as a subject of discussion, at least not at first, I proceeded quite warily.

"Mr. Kipling," I said jauntily, "nice day, isn't it?"

"Wait!" replied Mr. Kipling sternly. Going out into the yard he gazed long and earnestly at the brightly shining sun through a telescope. Then he carefully measured the length of the shadows of all the objects in the garden. He next took a small thermometer from his pocket and jotted down the reading both in the sun and in the shade.

Mr. Kipling then returned to the drawing room and asked me to repeat my question. "Exactly so," said Mr. Kipling, "will you put it in writing?" I did so and Mr. Kipling gazed at it long and earnestly. Then picking up a small rain gauge he again repaired to the garden and studied it most carefully. Lying down upon his back Mr. Kipling looked long at the blue sky and the white, fleecy clouds overhead. Again studying the sun carefully through the telescope, he once more consulted the thermometer and returned to where I was sitting.

"Oh ripping!" said Mr. Kipling, "good afternoon."

THE SHOPPER'S COMPLAINT

As the World Wags:

The following was inspired while I was trying to do a bit of shopping between 12 and 1 this noon.

Why do the people dawdle so

Along the midday street?

I leave my office in a rush,

My lunch I have to eat,

A hat to buy, a spool of thread,

(At loitering mobs I glower)

A manicure, a birthday gift,

O, precious noonday hour—

All hemmed about with crowds so slow.

What makes the people dawdle so!

JEAN CRAGIN.

BREAD AND GAS FEES

On account of the deterioration of currency and the constantly rising prices physicians in a district of Saxony decided to make the price of bread the basis for determining their fees. We are told that in Berlin the teachers that give private lessons in music and the languages—one is tempted to add, in drawing, deportment and the use of the globes—have agreed that for each lesson they are to be paid three times the price of a loaf of black bread and three times the price of a cubic metre of gas. When our informant was in Berlin—and although travelers are said to tell strange tales, he is a respecter of the truth—bread cost 40 marks and gas 10 marks, the pupil therefore paid 150 marks for a lesson. There have been cases of wages reckoned on the basis of street car fares. Some think the taxi-cab fare a good basis, for in Berlin the driver is paid 80 times what the metre showed.

In our student days at Munich in the 80s workmen and messengers often estimated their pay in litres of beer. A carpenter, for instance, would do a little job. Asked how much it was worth to him, he would answer: "Give me three 'mass'." As our curriculum included a thorough course of beer at the Hofbrau, Francis Kaner, Loewenbrau or Abentum, the amount was easily determined.

FASHION NOTES

Kings still have their uses. The King of Spain has introduced a double-breasted evening coat. "It bids fair to be a popular fashion." Yet we read that in London the dinner jacket is now more favored even for formal occasions than the swallow-tail. (It is said that Charles VII invented the long-

tailed coat, to hide his ugly legs. George IV set several fashions and Edward VII gave an example by peculiar creasing of his trousers, by his hats and no doubt his cravats.)

The dinner jacket—even when it is called a Tuxedo, a name that might identify a toothwash or a cravat, a cigar or a brand of chewing gum—is much more comfortable for theatre, opera, in fact for any occasion, than a claw-hammer, although Carlyle in his sartorial articles of faith quoted the dictum: "No license of fashion can allow a man of delicate taste to adopt the posterial luxuriance of a Hottentot," and followed it with "there is safety in a swallow-tail." Yet there is no more grotesque sight than that of a gentleman anxiously parting his coat tails before he takes his seat. In like manner the gibus is a much more convenient hat for the opera house or theatre than the plug, which must be held or put in the aisle where it is often kicked by a belated person in the semi-darkness.

FINE ARTS THEATRE—The Henry Jewett Players in "The Title," a satirical comedy in three acts, by Arnold Bennett. First time in Boston. The cast:

Mr. Culver.....Charles Warburton
Tento.....F. E. Clive
Simpson Straight.....H. Conway Wingfield
John Culver.....C. Balfie Hick
Mrs. Culver.....Jessamine Newcombe
Hildegard Culver.....Catherine Willard
Miss Starkey.....Katherine Standing
Parlor maid.....Marie Hassell

In the program appears a sketch of Mr. Bennett which speaks with appreciation of the author's ability to write "pot boilers" and get away with it. "The Title" is indubitably one of those same pot boilers and the easy cleverness of his lines goes far to justifying the assertion. There really isn't very much to it—scarcely enough to justify its extension through three acts—and its construction leaves much to be desired. But it is bright and amusing, verging continually on the farcical, and is deftly and competently acted into the bargain. "The Title" is English, super-English, and one had to be extremely agile minded to follow the Brittanian slang and innuendo with which Mr. Jewett's players invested it. The satire is very mild, indeed. The story has to do with the plight of a member of the cabinet, offered a baronetcy on the honor list by the government as an offset to several dubious appointments.

For the sake of principle he decides to refuse. His wife, who wants to be called "My Lady," after a frightful row, gets him to change his mind, whereupon his son and daughter, of the "advanced" type, bring effective counter pressure to bear and then his friend, a newspaper publisher, in love with the daughter, cynically advises him to accept. The battledore of circumstance and conflicting personalities, the luckless man has an unhappy time of it until the problem is settled for him incessantly by an agency outside the match, as the golfers say.

Mr. Warburton plays the part of the cabinet minister on broad, farce comedy lines. He is a shade too comic, in fact, but gets a stack of whimsical fun out of the situation and is a perfect volcano of epigrams and political satire, directed at government, all governments, indeed.

Miss Newcombe, playing opposite him, enters into the very spirit of the thing and carries the action along with great vivacity. In the family quarrel scene she was all the stronger for refusing the opportunity to rave.

Miss Willard made a captivating Hildegard and Miss Standing took the small part of the private secretary with distinction. Mr. Clive, as the successful journalist, was the very antithesis of the popular Lord Northfield conception of such a personage and helped materially in conveying the ideas of the author across the footlights.

Mr. Wingfield contributed a capital character part as a cheerful imposter, who pretends to be a mysterious contributor to the newspaper, and who is neatly trapped at the end. Mr. Hick is a newcomer. It was the opinion in the smoking room that if he would not speak his lines so explosively a much larger part of what he was saying would be understood than was the case last night.

Music Box Revue

To review any "revue" is difficult. In the case of the "Music Box Revue," which last night at the Colonial Theatre made its first stop in its travels after a year's run at the Music Box Theatre, New York, is impossible. So why try? Irving Berlin wrote the words and music. Hassard Short staged it. Sam H. Harris presents it.

A host of bright minds took part in putting it together under Mr. Berlin's inspiration and direction. The list of those who designed costumes and gowns and mechanical effects and lighting and all the multitudinous "staging" details, many of them extremely novel, is formidable. In its remarkable

framework of scenery, quite unlike any settings of previous "revues," such favorites as William Collier, Florence Moore, Joseph Santley, Ivy Sawyer, Solly Ward, Ethelind Terry, Hugh Cameron, Paul Frawley, Mlle. Marguerite, Rose Rolanda, Renle Riano, Brox Sisters, Chester Hale Carlos and Inez, Dorothy Ruggles, Ada Boshell, Katherine Van Pelt, Mary Milford and Frank Gill disport themselves and mightily divert the onlookers and hearers. And do not by any means forget the Music Box girls. You will not after you see them.

The Colonial Theatre was crowded from orchestra to top row in the gallery with a deep fringe of standers when the great golden music box was revealed on the stage last night and comely feminine burglars crept in and stole the plot the revue was intended to have. From the beginning on through all the changing skits and scenes of fun and fancy and beauty the great throng present gave every evidence of pleasure and appreciation with hearty bursts of applause and gales of laughter. It is evident that the Music Box Revue will be welcomed joyously in Boston as long as it can stay.

Three characteristics in particular lift this revue above and set it apart from others—frankness, beauty and poetic fancy. Frankness begins with the theft of the plot, which no one tries to find or replace. It is revealed in the direct sincerity of the acting, crops out in Florence Moore's "Under the Bed" skit and in her song in which she bewails the fact that she must go through life appearing in bed room scenes and it appears in the attractive and appropriate display of exceptionally fine human forms. Here is frankness for you raised almost to the nth power.

Beauty is all over the show. There are the girls, and little attempt is made to hide this light under a bushel. Beauty spreads over the sumptuous, magnificent hangings and scenes with which the stage is set. Other revues have been "gorgeous" in this respect. This is not. It is beautiful, startlingly so. Space does not permit one to describe this feature of the piece. Artistic conception and fine appropriateness of form and color pervade every scene and act. It is especially noticeable in "The Fan," "My Little Book of Poetry," "The Fountain of Youth," and even in the divorce court scene, "Air Exchange." It is a delight just to see the shifting of scenes, done by raising and lowering and drawing aside of the splendid draperies and hangings.

Poetic fancy touched by a fine artistic feeling also throws a glamour of beauty on nearly every scene—even those where lively comedy and hilarious fun are the chief objects aimed at. There is little slap-stick comedy in the piece, but even that little is refined by the frame in which it is shown.

The principal actors display their talents and other things with abundant life and zest. They seem to be having the time of their lives. They are well known in Boston. They all do their best. So it is needless to particularize. They all unite in making the Music Box Revue a production that no one who sees it will forget.

K. P.

ST. JAMES THEATRE—The Boston Stock Company in "Three Wise Fools," a drama in three acts by Austin Strong. The cast:

Hon. James Trumbull, Justice of the Federal Court.....Edward Darney
Mr. Thomas Findley, of Findley & Co., bankers.....Mark Kent
Dr. Richard Gaunt, of the Rockefeller Institute.....Harold Chase
Miss Fairchild.....Evelyn Nudsen
Mrs. Saunders.....Anna Layne
Gordon Schnyder.....Walter Gilbert
Benjamin Spratt, alias "Benny the Duck".....Houston Richards
Poole.....Ralph Rendley
Gray.....Lionel Bevans
Miss Cravshaw.....Henry Crossen
Clancy.....Frank McDonald
Mary.....Viola Roach

A curious play—"Three Wise Fools"—that makes one wonder when it's over just what it was all about. But it really does not matter since it furnishes a full measure of keen amusement. The author seems to have woven together with a somewhat hackneyed plot some interesting observations and character studies. Even the characters, however, seem to change from scene to scene without much provocation or excuse. As a study of human nature, particularly "fossilized" human nature, the whole play is excellent and incongruities are overlooked and forgotten because of the acting of the entire cast in their widely varying parts.

The Boston Stock Company has made of "Three Wise Fools" an exceedingly sympathetic drama that was hugely enjoyed last evening by the audience, a large part of which evidently watches with interest each week's offering at the theatre.

Mark Kent, as the banker in the "fool" trio, had an excellent chance to portray a difficult character part—that of an old man who suspects there has been something missing from his life. Those who have watched Mark Kent in his

characterizations of different parts can never fail to wonder at the detail that he masters in each succeeding one. Edward Darney, as the judge, played his part with dignity and just the human touches necessary. The third member of the trio, Dr. Richard Gaunt, played by Harold Chase, was of the three the most aware of his own and others' shortcomings, and of the three, perhaps, had the most consistent role.

Evelyn Nudsen, as the angel who saved these three men from ending their lives in the same old ruts, and offered a plausible motive for a love affair with the judge's lazy nephew, played her somewhat unconvincing part very sweetly and gracefully. Walter Gilbert, as the nephew, had a breezy, light-hearted part that showed him at his best. All the other members of the cast did his or her share in rounding out a production that was up to the usual standard of the company.

B. F. KEITH'S BILL

All varieties of vaudeville are presented this week to patrons of Keith's Theatre. The bill is a well-balanced one, from the Brants in "The Dream of the Moving Man," to the tab-concert of Josef Diskay, Hungarian tenor, and the interpretive dancing of Mlle. Germaine Mitty and M. Eugene Tillio, latest Parisian importations and ex-Follies members.

This week's bill is far from being an All-America affair. In addition to the foreign artists named, there is also Rasso, a juggler prominent in Europe.

Outstanding in the current Keith program are the members of the dance orchestra conducted by Oscar Adler. It is perhaps the best of the many popular light orchestras that have played on the Keith stage this year. Eva Shirley is featured in songs in the number and Al Roth dances, but they are more in the sense of a detraction from the orchestra than an addition to it.

The Brants in "The Dream of the Moving Man" are a marvel of comic tumbling and contortion.

"Pee-Wee" Myers and "Ford" Hanford, rural musicians with a common straight saw as their instruments, have been seen and heard here before, both at Keith's and in musical revues in the legitimate.

Another rural offering was that of Blanche and Jimmie Creighton, in "The Special."

Harry Norwood and Alpha Hall, in a dialogue of repartee, also have been seen here frequently before. As in their past appearance, they were well received.

Rasso, the European juggler, is one of the best to perform in Boston, but he has carried over here with him the continental idea of explaining everything he does.

The remainder of the bill is composed of Sherwin Kelly in "Bike-ology," Aesop's Fables, Topics of the Day and the current Pathe News reel.

JOHNNY DOOLEY

Majestic Audience in Uproar Over His Comedy

One of the cleanest fun makers in vaudeville and certainly the most original comedian Boston theatregoers have had the pleasure of seeing this season, Johnny Dooley, known as the cosmopolitan comedian, received due recognition as the headliner in the big program opening at the Majestic last night. Dooley, with a refreshing type of comedy, kept the house in an uproar from the moment of his first appearance on the stage. Assisted by a large company of pretty, lively girls, and by his pet horse, Bertie, known as "Man-o'-War's only rival," the young comedian converted an otherwise vaudeville performance into a very good musical comedy.

"Town Talk," in which every element of a musical revue is present, consists of six scenes, built around every conceivable location and circumstance. A theatrical agency is established to prepare for a musical show. Luke Tickle-toe, a really humorous rube, and the financier of the venture, is co-comedian with Dooley, who is an officious office clerk. The disappearance of several thousand dollars introduces complications. Then follows the bareback act of Dooley, the funniest moment of the revue, and finally the oriental scene. This setting for the finale is little less than magnificent, and the costumes are peculiarly fitting and attractive.

Two specialties preceded the revue. Frank Bacon and Nina Fontaine presented an interesting skating exhibition, while Riano, Northlane and Ward gave an entertaining act under the name of "Nuttie Nonsense." Bert Walton, master of polse, and a connoisseur of pretty lips, offered a 12-minute sketch

in two scenes. The performance is filled with pleasing musical numbers, the most striking of which is "I'd Like to Take a Snapshot of You."

The managing editor of a magazine, "Serving the Hotel Field," writes to us, asking what we eat at breakfast.

"Breakfast," he explains in a fine burst, "is the keynote meal of the day. It makes or mars whatever follows. It should be intelligently planned, carefully prepared and perfectly served. . . . Do you prefer to start the day with a hearty breakfast of fruit, cereal, bacon and eggs, rolls and a beverage, or does the cup of coffee and a slice of toast plan appeal to you?"

The editor assures us that our "opinion on the ideal breakfast will be highly valued; it will be released to the press of the country for the good it will do." Gosh—what a responsibility! And just before the November elections.

BREAKFAST THROUGH THE CENTURIES

The ancient Romans ate no breakfast. It was not then invented. A raisin or two, a date, an olive eaten in the morning sufficed. In old Hollnshed's time breakfast was abolished. "These odd repasts, thanked be God, are very well left, and each one in manner (except here and there some young hungry stomach that cannot fast till dinner time) contenteth himself with dinner and supper only." But dinner was at 11 A. M. or at noon, and physicians in certain cases prescribed 9 or 10 A. M.

When a hearty breakfast was eaten in baronial halls in the "good old days" of England, the Percy family for example—my lord and my lady—sat down to loaves of bread, 1 quart of beer, 1 quart of wine, half a chine of mutton, or else a chine of beef boiled.

On the other hand note this dialogue from "The Compleat Angler": "My diet," says Cotton, "is always one glass of ale so soon as I am dressed, and no more till dinner."

Viator: "I will light a pipe, for that is commonly my 'breakfast too.'"

LEIGH HUNT'S IDEA

Some time ago we published in this column Leigh Hunt's idea of a breakfast. Tea and coffee, dry toast, butter, eggs, ham, something potted, bread, salt, mustard, knives and forks, etc. The round end of the egg should be cracked with a silver, not a flimsy, inefficient brass spoon. "We cannot, in conscience, recommend hot buttered toast; but it is a pleasing quiet." Hunt preferred tea to chocolate, which is "heavy" and coffee which is "heating." He called tea the most ingenious, humane and poetical of Chinese discoveries. "It is their epic poem."

"Something potted." Here the imagination runs riot. Nothing is said about marmalade or jam.

AGE VS. YOUTH

To go back to the question—what do we eat at breakfast? Gentle sir, that which is set before us. We rise from table refreshed and contented with a little fruit, a roll or two with butter and jam, a cup of tea without the impertinence of sugar and cream or lemon. Yet if we were to breakfast at the auriferous Golightly's we should no doubt eat fruit cereal (preferably the pocketbook whiskered species), bacon and eggs (or hashed meat on toast, or little sausages with scrambled eggs), various sorts of bread, marmalade, coffee (two cups). This breakfast would no doubt incommode us—but weak and irresolute is man; strong is the lure of the flesh.

The appetite of youth is wolfish. Suspended—of course unjustly—from college in the Seventies, two of us tutored in Conway of this commonwealth with a mild-eyed clergyman who had been the valedictorian of his class. His reward was the church in Conway at \$600 a year. We ate at the inn. Our breakfast for three months or more was as follows: Beefsteak or ham with potatoes, bread and coffee, flap jacks of some sort, with maple syrup, doughnuts, and three kinds of pie. We not only lived to tell the tale; returning to college we passed triumphantly the examinations.

Dr. Cecil Webb-Johnson of England says that normal persons should eat only one meal a day, at the end of the day's work. On the other hand there is the old nurse remembered by Mrs. Andrew Crosse. This nurse who lived to be nearly a hundred believed in taking her meals regularly. She had eaten from the time her working life began:

"A dewbit and breakfast, a staybit and dinner, a mommet and crummet, and a bit after supper."

IT MAY SURPRISE YOU

As the World Wags:

I have received this circular:

"Dear Sir—You and I walk by some of the good things of life every day and never know it. If you pass down Merchants row from State street you will probably notice a sign on your right reading: 'Restaurant, but until you have lunched or dined there you do not know what awaits you inside.'"

"Yours truly, Restaurant." Should not "you inside" read "your insides?"

OSCAR P. HATCH.

REACTION TO THE SMALL TOWN

(For As the World Wags)

I am surfeited with the respectable middle class; It irks me.

I was born into it, and reared by it, and schooled with it.

It is the monotonous background of all I can consider education.

It goes to school in caps, and wears plaid neckties to relieve its striped shirts.

Always blue serge caps, like umpires'. Sons of clerks and tradespeople, future clerks and tradespeople.

Whose life is an inherited round of illogical precedents.

I am in it, of it; I cannot escape it.

It has haunted me through the self-sufficient period of youth till now. The pallid youths exult in driving their fathers' cheap motor cars.

Taking insipid girls to tiresome dances. Pursuing tawdry excitement for a little day.

I am caught in the current of respectability. Respectability ad nauseam.

The respectable middle class has jobs, and wives, and must economise.

Mechanically surging to the city, and drifting back to typical homes.

Vacuously gazing at the headlines in the newspapers.

Swallowing opinions whole, to avoid the extravagance of thinking.

Extravagance is wicked.

Some become prosperous, and buy cheap motor cars for their monotonous offspring—

These are the "live wires"—ugh!

I am surfeited with the respectable middle class; It irks me.

SATYROS.

WHY, LUCY!

(From the Buhl Herald, Buhl, Idaho)

WANTED—A good roomer. Bath.

I am alone. Mrs. Lucy Parry, 412

North Ninth. Phone 193W.

We have received a little book which has a good old-fashioned title page.

"The Art of Tying the Cravat: Demonstrated in 16 Lessons, including 32 different styles, forming a Pocket Manual; and exemplifying the advantage arising from an elegant arrangement of this important part of the Costume; preceded by a History of the Cravat from its origin to the Present Time; and Remarks on its Influence on Society in general. By H. LeBlanc, Esq., with explanatory plates. 'Nothing is more laudible than an enquiry after truth.' Addison. From the second London edition. The first edition, 3000, being sold off in a few days. Philadelphia; Robert Desilver, 110 Walnut street. 1828."

The sender enclosed a voluminous cloth for tying according to the plates; also his card, "Mitch ka Ditch." We thank him.

We already owned a translation into French of this invaluable work published at Paris in 1823.

H. LeBlanc, Esq., was a genteel writer, observing the elegances. He began his treatise: "No one accustomed to mix with the higher classes of society will be at all inclined to dispute the advantages arising from a genteel appearance; it, therefore, becomes necessary that the means of acquiring this distinction should be clearly demonstrated. . . . In the concluding chapter the correct construction of the cravat is proved to be of paramount advantage to the wearer; and the consequences arising from an ignorance of this important subject are pointed out in a manner which cannot fail to convince every enlightened mind." He regretted that the "amalgamation of all

"When it is correctly formed it presents the appearance of a column, destined to support a Corinthian capital. This style has many admirers here, and also among our friends, the fashionables of the new world, who pride themselves on its name, which they call 'Independency'; this title may, to a certain point, be disputed, as the neck is fixed in a kind of vice, which entirely prohibits any very free movements.

"The prevailing color is sea-green, or striped blue, red and white."

Our H. Le Blanc, Esq., occasionally dropped into sentiment, as his essay on the Cravate Sentimentale, which is not suitable to all faces.

ON THE IMPORTANCE OF THE CRA-
VAT IN SOCIETY

Note the conclusion of the whole matter. These lines might be written today by the superb person who instructs the readers of *Vanity Fair* in sartorial matters.

Thus we are reminded of a picture published years ago in Punch. One howling swell says to another: "Fwed, how do you manage to have such a mlwack-nous tie?"

Mr. Prohack in Arnold Bennett's amusing novel "comprehended in a flash that suits of clothes were a detail in the existence of an idle man and that neckties and similar supramacies alone mattered."

"Life was enlarged to a bewildering, maddening maze of neckties. Mr. Prohack considered in his heart that one of the needs of the day was an encyclopaedia of neckties. As he bought neckties he felt as foolish as a woman buying cigars. Any idiot could buy a suit, but neckties. . . . The neckties which he bought inspired him with fear—the fear lest he might lack the courage to wear them. In a nightmare he saw himself putting them on in his bedroom and proceeding downstairs to breakfast.

If our friend, "Mitch Ka Ditch," will favor us with his address, we'll return the cravat he sent to us. We can not live up to it. We are not worthy of it.

"At the time I advised suit, doctor had some property, but he is a gambler and a crook besides, and before judgment was obtained everything had disappeared and now to cap that the Ku Klux Klan have taken him out and whipped him, then tarred and feathered him, requesting that he leave town and never come back. He has taken their fatherly advice. The town loses a resident, the company its account and we our time and energy. This is the usual fate of an attorney who takes contingent fee, but we are willing to lose for the common good and it looks as if the company will have to do the same." J. L. G.

A writes to a newspaper relating
he saw at a theatre. B follows with a
courteous letter of correction. C, equally
courteous, corrects B. And so on
through the alphabet. What is truth,
asked Pontius Pilate, but not neces-
sarily in jest, as some would have it,
Bernard Shaw's General Burgoyne
would not hang an American rebel by
an American clock.

Let us now consider for a moment the adventures of Messrs. Evans and Hoey in "A Parlor Match."

The titles of all Mr. Hoyt's pieces began with "A" just as his characters took on names with meanings, often related to the title. Instance, the "Maverick Brander" and "Bossy" in "A Texas Steer." FRANK E. HATCH.

I have just been reading W. M. Snell's correction of "J. A. M." with regard to a statement concerning Evans and Hoey in Hoyt's "A Parlor Match." Now, kindly permit me to correct Mr. Snell.

I saw this play not only once, but several times, for it was in Boston several successive seasons.

"A Parlor Match" was a play of three acts and it was in the second act, an interior, that the "coal, in the safe" episode occurred, and was as described by Mr. Snell. But the other episode took place in the first act. This was an exterior. The entrance garden to a house, the front steps to which were on the right. Hoey played "Old Hoss," the tramp. After "Old Hoss" made his first entrance and exit in the direction of the house, he led up to the lighted stove episode by going across the stage several times during the progress of the act, each time bearing some article taken from the house. One time it was a life size marble (?) statue on a pedestal, another time the dog hanging on his coat-tail; finally, just before the curtain was to descend, and the whole cast was gathered for the finale of the act, he appeared bearing in front of him the lighted kitchen range. He had denuded the house under the eyes and nose of the whole family and the range was the only thing left.

S. J. BELL.

When that
 in the
 neck-
 the mat-
 ering, a
 Mr.
 hat one

Cambridge. _____

POIGNANCY!

There comes the strangest sort of
 pain
 When birds turn south in summer's
 train,
 And leaves are wet with autumn rain.

There comes the strangest sort of
pain
When birds turn south in summer's
train,
And leaves are wet with autumn rain.

bought
 woman
 buy a
 neckties
 with fear
 courage
 he saw
 bedroom
 breakfast.

And something hurts the soul of me
 When boats are putting in from sea,
 And brown is on the basswood tree.

I know that summer swifter flies
 Than geese that gray the azure skies,
 With whirr of wing and troubled cries.

And when the spider spins a strand
 From sunflower to some distant land,
 The hour-glass runs its summer's sand.

—
NOW THAT IT'S GETTING TOWARD
WINTER

Moved by Ald. Sims and carried unanimously that the chief of police be empowered to purchase a pair of trousers for uniform.

(From the Earlville, Ill., Reader.)

Now that the city jail is completed and the churches are being given our attention we can emphatically state that Earlville is becoming more and more attractive as a place in which to reside.

I like fall. I like the way it smells. It smells of smoke and dry leaves burning. It smells of pickled pears and apple butter, of red haws and wild grapes. I like fall. I like the way it smells.

As so the World Wags:

(As so often one thing leads to another, recent reminiscences of "Old Hoss" Hoey's exit with the flaming kitchen stove clasped to his own bosom in "A Parlor Match" with the white bulldog pendant from that of his Plymouth Rocks brought to mind another scene in which "Old Hoss" figured back stage at the Boston Theatre as a sort of skeleton at the feast offered by the charms and allurements of Anna Held singing at the footlights. Her advance agents had made much of the alleged fact that it was her custom to bathe daily in milk, as Madama Recamier in her time used to bathe in the cream which still bears her name, and Miss Held's costume was designed to give veracity to the advertising. At a time when she was engaged in telling and demonstrating to the audience how difficult it was for her to make her eyes behave, "Old Hoss" was wandering about behind her in an aimless sort of way when a prop cat appeared on a fence outside a window in the back scene. "Old Hoss" saw the cat as it was disappearing and also made exit, L. Z., presently returning with two bricks, which he hefted with eye upon the window. In a few moments back came the cat and stopped full in the middle of it. Bam! went one of the bricks through the splintering glass, and my memory is that on the night I was among those present he hit the cat. All this with no more apparent consciousness of the present and performance of the fair Anna than as if she did not exist.

A little later on Miss Held was singing "Oh, Won't You Come and Play with Me?" in a way which was making tired business men and revered fathers of families wriggle responsive in their seats. On stalked "Old Hoss" with a battered eight-quart can in each hand. "Annie, here's your milk," he bellowed, and, setting down the can, departed, thus giving the tired business men and the revered fathers of families something else to think of.

Two other memories of robustous comedy spring from these: The Spanish dance by Kate Davis, clad in bloomers and leggings that didn't fit, in "Miss Helyett," in imitation of Carmenolta then in fame, and May Irwin's temperance talk as Aunt Mary to her erring nephew, John.

"John, when you have had all the whiskey you want why don't you ask for sarsaparilly?"

"Mary, when I've had all the whiskey I want I can't say sarsaparilla."

Amherst, N. H. ABEL ADAMS

Oct 7 1922

Again we are lost in admiration contemplating the intelligence of our valued readers. Some days ago "Querela" asked: "What was the 'kip' boot I wore when I was old enough to attend kitchen dances? It was neither a calfskin nor a cowhide, and as I remember it was considered superior to either."

We regret to say that "W. H. G." answers in an unkind if not contemptuous vein. "Why doesn't 'Querela' look in his dictionary? I wore kip boots and my dictionary tells what kip means."

Others are more courteous. "T. F. A." for instance, "Kips are something 'betwixt and between' in leather raw stock. 'Skins lighter than hides and heavier than calfskins, weighing 15 to 25 lbs.'—'Hides and skins.' Preferable to sheepskin for binding volumes of kindling."

Mr. G. R. Sargent is even more informing: "When I was a boy in Philippl, W. Va. (where my father published the Barbour Jeffersonian) the local tanners used to split cowhides and called the grain

Mr. H. N. Coney of Woodbury, N. J., says: "When a calf is fed wholly on milk the hide is a veal or calf skin. After being fed a while on solid food the nature of the hide changes to a harder and tougher texture, and is called 'kip' leather." We repel the insinuation of a friend that Mr. Coney is spoofing, taking advantage of our crass ignorance, although as the old song has it, "There's nothing like leather."

As the World wags:

I noticed in The Herald today an account* of Robert Mantell as Brutus in Julius Caesar. I remember nearly 40 years ago a notable production of this play in which Laurence Barrett was Cassius; Louis James, Brutus; Marshall Wainwright, Portia; and an actor by the name of Mosley, Marc Antony.

The acting of Moseley was of a high character. The funeral scene stirs many enthusiasms now as I think of it. Do any one know what became of him (Moseley, not Caesar) for I never saw mention of him afterwards? I remember also the fine acting of Mr. James. One scene sticks in my memory where Lucius attempts to play to him and falls to sleep and Brutus takes his military cloak and tenderly covers him saying: "O murderous slumber, Lay thou the leaden mace upon my boy, that plays thee music?"

SCOTTICUS

Athol.

S. O. S.

As the World Wags:

After a pro-
with the enclosed clipping from a
daily, I am constrained to broadcast
S. O. S. This column has always
tended a helping hand to those seek-
information along the less trodden
ways of human knowledge. Will s-
one again volunteer:

ALMOST A BLACK MITT

with black stripes, a little white for collar and white on his belly.
turn 49 Essex st.

1. Is it to be inferred that, in the process of evolution, this particular creature has yet to reach its objective?
 2. Can the birth-control propaganda be blamed for this distressing calamity?
 3. As a fringe is commonly a terminal ornament, was this household pet decapitated before being lost?
 4. Kindly give a detailed description of a black object with black stripes.
 5. Was this kitten wearing the stripes, carrying them in his pocket or simply associating with them for the time being?
 6. In polite society which is the correct term to use, belly, abdominal surface?
 7. Did the cat come back?
- B. R. AINSLIE
East Brownfield

As the World Wags:

Once more to decry prevailing
 ions—O tempora, O mores!—the
 work of vanity!

I note in reading Stubbes, in
Anatomie of Abuses," (4to, 1596)
speaking of the extravagances
time, he says, "Then have they
stockes (i.e. stockings) to the
hosen, not of cloth (though
fine) for that is thought too late
jarnsey worsted, crewel, silke,
and such like, and so curiously k
open seame downe the leggs
quirks and clockes about the
and sometime (haple) interlac
gold and silver threds, as is wor
to beholde. And to such impu
sency and shamefull outrage l
growne, that every one almost
otherwise very poore, having
fourtle shillings of wages by t
will not sticke to have two
paire of these silke neyther st
els of the finest yarne that ma
though the price of them be a
20 shillings or more, as commo
for how can they be lesse, wh
the very knitting of them is
noble or a royall, and some mu
The time hath bene, when o
have clothed all her body wel,

to toe, for less than a pair of these nether stockings will cost." Now let some Boston ballade-maker sneer. Where are the legs of yester-year? Boston. L. O'D.

ON THE HIP

As the World Wags:

Those who are troubled because their belts do not keep up their pantaloons in place should start a movement to revive the hip trousers, which were in fashion when I was a boy more than a half century ago. They kept trousers in place without suspenders or the leather circle that is always either too tight or too loose and requires an almost constant care to secure decency or comfort. The negligee shirt was not in vogue in those far-off days and the highly polished shirt front gleamed like the top of Mount Washington under the glowing sunlight. When I first knew if I had not attained to the dignity of displaying this shining forefront, but I envied the person older than myself who, Panama hat on his head, exhibited this pleated bosom. My trousers at that time were buttoned on to my jacket and there was no danger of their going where they did not belong in the direction of the long-legged boots which were still worn, as a useless reminder of other days when they were not hidden under the nether habiliments. This was a waste of leather which would not be sanctioned even in the present era of extravagant wearing apparel. BAIZE.

Dorchester.

Oct 8 1922

Arnold Bennett's new play, "Body and Soul," produced at the Regent Theatre, London, did not meet with favor. The Times said that his mind, at any rate in the theatre, remains provincial. "He still seems to think mayors and mayor-esses and uncouth English and allusions to the Staffordshire Sentinel and other local institutions funny in themselves. And funny they are, perhaps, to some London playgoers, just because they are strange to them. But in Burslem or Hanley, where they are not strange? We wonder." The Daily Telegraph described the play as "a rather shapeless and entirely unconvincing piece of work," which, as a social skit, does not rise to any exalted level. There are "cynical epigrams and humorous hits at social foibles and weaknesses but that it is not wanting in dull passages, long-drawn-out, must also be admitted."

One London critic likened the failure of Mr. Bennett with this play to the disastrous production of Mr. Maugham's "East of Suez," which the Spectator found to be "all the 'strong.' 'If you've heard the East-a-calling' magazine stories that you have ever read distilled into a thick syrup," the characters all puppets. "Sawdust does not lend itself to prolonged analysis."

The Spectator imagined Mr. Dean, the producer, and Mr. Maugham talking about a play.

"Those Chinese fellows, down at Lime-house, you know. Couldn't we get a lot of them to walk on? You could put in something about opium and joss-sticks. And what's the word about the East? Like elms—immemorial. And how about pldgin English? Me no savvy, you cathee top side! And don't you think Miss Meggie Albanesi ought to have a really strong part this time—something rich, where she can fairly let herself go? How long would you want to do us a play like that?" And one imagines Mr. Maugham replying, "A fortnight." And perhaps in answer to a raised eyebrow reducing it to two days.

The reader may remember that certain English people of the stage protested in London because real Chinamen were engaged for Mr. Maugham's play, whereas true-born Englishmen should have formed the crowd.

Mr. Walkley rushes to the manager's defense. Mr. Maugham wished "Chinese atmosphere." But we English, said an objector, don't understand Chinese. "Quite so, but the author, far from forgetting that difficulty, has adroitly used it for the artistic benefit of his play. He brings in his Chinese-gabbling crowd at the moments, and only at the moments, when their very incomprehensibility is a dramatic value."

The less you understand what is being said, the more your excitement is stimulated." The author in one of the crowd scenes wished to produce in the audience a state of anxious suspense.

Take a scene in modern Pekin. "You find yourself," says Mr. Walkley, "amid the hurly-burly of a Chinese street crowd. You don't understand a word they are saying, and so much the better for your illusion. You are enjoying the scene for its strangeness, its incomprehensibility, its Chinoliserie." The objector thinks the spectacle would be more "artistic" if the Chinamen were not Chinamen but real Englishmen pretending to be Chinese. No, says Mr. Walkley, "I suspect this to be the re-

full of a common fallacy: the fallacy that, because plays ought not to be written round real pumps, water ought not to be poured on the stage out of real pumps, but out of canvas imitations of real pumps. There is a bondage of anti-realism as well as of realism."

Mr. Deems Taylor of the New York World received from Mr. A. W. Grant, the managing editor of the San Antonio Express, the stories of "Rigoletto," "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Lucia di Lammermoor" sold by the Graziani-Castillo-Mondragon Italian Grand Opera Company when it visited San Antonio in 1920. The story in each instance is not a literal translation. There is narration with a dropping into dialogue. The narrator says of the "mad scene" in "Lucia": "Her voice is so sweet, so tender that everybody around her feels awfully sorry for that poor little crazy girl."

But what is to be said of the finale of Mascagni's opera?

"Properly armed Turiddu runs to the place arranged for the encounter; the fight does not last long because a few minutes later everybody is heard stating that Turiddu has been killed. At this statement and place Santuzza and Lola meet each other and upon hearing the news throw each other's arms around their neck and cry, while the music does not hesitate in showing signs that something real grave has passed."

MR. COMPTON MACKENZIE A ZEALOUS CONVERT TO THE GRAMOPHONE

Mr. Compton MacKenzie has discovered the gramophone and in joyful mood he writes about his discovery a column for the Daily Telegraph of London. For a long time he thought the instrument was only a detestable interruption of conversation and country peace. "Gramophony was a noise to me rather more unpleasant than would be the combined sounds of a child running a hoop-stick along a railing, a dentist's drill, a cat trying to get out of a basket in a railway carriage, and a nursemaid humming upon a comb wrapped in tissue paper." Now he thinks the gramophone a consolation for living in the age of Lloyd Georgian verse and of being assured that Mendelssohn did not know how to make music." Unfortunately he does not tell us how he was converted. He writes about his own gramophone and varieties of needles as if he were an enthusiastic, aggressive salesman on salary and with commissions.

He argues, and justly, that 12 first-class records are worth more than 25 second-class records, "but there are few gramophone cupboards that are not littered with dreadful skeletons—records bought less from economy, I believe, than from laziness or impatience."

His opinions on the records of a certain company are interesting. "Vladimir Rosing, for me, is impossible upon the gramophone. Ruffo, de Gogorza and Scotti, like most baritones and all contraltos, lose much on the gramophone. Judged by that alone, the greatest modern baritone is De Luca, whose notes never break in two and who never sounds harsh, as often sounds even Battistini. Another fact that for me the gramophone has successfully proved is the impossibility of English opera. Apart from lack of temperament and the musical difficulty of the language, English singers simply do not know how to begin to make themselves intelligible. It is easier for me to follow Caruso in a Neapolitan song than Gervase Elwes in Vaughan Williams's exquisite 'On Wenlock Edge.'"

"Yet English can be sung intelligibly. Frederick Ranaow can make himself understood in those clear-cut records of 'The Beggar's Opera.' So can John McCormack. But his diction is exceptional. He can be followed word for word through a Neapolitan song like 'Carmela,' in which, by the way, how deliciously Kreisler condescends to play the simple little obbligato! Personally I dislike McCormack's jujube tenor; but I am not astonished at his popularity. He takes the trouble to enunciate his consonants. When I listen to Madame Kirkby Lunn or Madame Emma Eames singing 'All Souls' Day' or 'Who Is Sylvia?' I begin to wonder if they are not using that odd Andalusian dialect which makes a point of omitting all consonants."

IS WAGNER LOSING HIS HOLD IN CITIES OF GERMANY?

Some of us remember the visit of Ethel Smyth, the composer, the D'Amé Ethel Smyth Mus. Doc. of today. She was in Boston hoping that Corried would produce her opera "Der Wald" at the Boston Theatre as he produced it at the Metropolitan. We were denied the pleasure—or spared the experience. She was, and is, a vigorous woman.

Attending the recent Salzburg Music Festival, she wrote letters to the Daily Telegraph in which she was not timid in the expression of her opinions. She

made some surprising statements.

"A curious thing is happening here: Wagner has lost his hold over those who once were his most ardent apostles, namely, the intellectuals."

She came to this conclusion by talking with her old friend Excellenz Professor Wach, son-in-law to Mendelssohn "and still a power in musical Leipzig"; with X., "a very well known writer, whose wife used to be one of the greatest exponents of Wagner's great heroines." He said to Miss Smyth: "The whole thing seems to me preposterous now, but I don't say so to my wife." He made the usual exception in favor of a severely cut "Tristan." And at Salzburg Miss Smyth's Austrian publisher remarked: "I don't suppose any one ever raved about Wagner as I did, but now I can't sit out an act of any single opera of his."

At Munich a well-advertised and finely produced Wagner cycle packed the opera house—mainly with visitors; the Oberammergau and mountain-climbing crowd; no test of what happens on normal occasions. "But in my own mind I have no doubt that the hypnotic trance is wearing off, and that in a few years' time, in spite of some immortally beautiful music, Wagner will be found, as regards his scheme of music, drama, to be a product of that casting overboard of discretion and self-restraint, that ruthless, systematic ignoring of the limits of the achievable, that self-assertion and megalomania, in short, which led through Pan-Germanism to the temporary ruin of Europe."

Miss Smyth, it should be remembered, was never a Wagnerian. Brahms was her idol.

Nor is she now favorably impressed by the modern Austrian music she heard at Salzburg.

"Anything more anaemic, more hopeless than nine-tenths of the Austrian music dribbled out to us in exasperating spoonfuls at Salzburg I have never heard. The only thing it resembles is a piteous spectacle familiar to every golfer, a half-squashed worm buried up to its middle, too feeble either to crawl out or to withdraw the rest of its poor carcass into safety. Some say the cause is the appalling conditions of life in Austria; if I believed that I should not have the heart to write about it thus. But it is not so. This school of impotent wrigglers came into being before the war, their hero being one Webern, much advertised in Austria as Schoenberg's most talented pupil."

A quartet of Webern, "about 35, dry and thin as though pickled in perennial fury, and erect as a ramrod," was played at Salzburg. Miss Smyth gives the formula: "One long-drawn note upon the bridge of the first violin (pause); a tiny scramble for viola solo (pause); a pizzicato note on the cello (long pause); an excruciating chord in harmonics, pianissimo (a very long pause); a soft thud with the back of the bow on the body of the cello, then another pause, after which the four players get up very quietly, steal away, and the thing is over."

Webern was angered by the snorts and yells in the audience. It was amusing to see him face up to each of his four executants, as if he were going to kill them, then relent, wring their hands bitterly, glare defiance at the audience and rush off stiffly into the artists' room.

But Miss Smyth applauded the quartet by Hindemith of Frankfurt: "Music of immense power, of gaiety, of fury, superb as to technique, and of genuine string-quartet invention. Exquisite in sound, it is irresistible as a mountain torrent and carried the audience off its feet. . . . Terrible though the situation in Germany undoubtedly may be, a country that can produce music such as this need not fear the future. And it is not in the English tradition when your foe is down to wish he may never get up again."

THEATRE NOTES

The Mayfair Dramatic Club (London), will revive this fall the 18th century ballad opera "Rosina," written by Mrs. Brooke, with music by William Shield, which was produced at Covent Garden in 1782. Some say the libretto is founded on the story of Ruth and Boaz; others say it is the story of Palemon and Livamain in Thomson's "Seasons."

Massinger's "A New Way to Pay Old Debts," will be played at the "Old Vic," London, this season. The last time the grim comedy was played in London was in 1840 at the same theatre.

Arthur Boucher celebrated his 27th consecutive year as actor-manager in London on Sept. 7.

Ibsen's "Peer Gynt" is to be the chief attraction of the season at the Leeds Industrial Theatre, which began at the end of September. The 80 speaking parts, ballets, chorus, orchestra, as well as stage hands and electricians, to the total number of 150 persons, will be drawn almost entirely from the workers on a single factory at Hunslet. The theatre was founded with the object of presenting plays of a high standard by

factory workers before working-class audiences, the idea being that dramatic art should rank with literature as one of the principal features in the intellectual education of the worker. The season which "Peer Gynt" introduced will include seven Shakespearian plays, besides Shaw's "Capt. Brassbound's Conversion," Plinero's "The Amazons," Shelley's "The Cenci," and Ibsen's "A Doll's House," as well as "Il Trovatore" in grand opera. There is a large body of unattached middle-class who thirst for good plays at reasonable prices—the "Old Vic" type of audience. The Industrial Theatre produces plays every Monday and Tuesday throughout the winter.

The assertion continues to be made that the main reason for the growing abatement of the public is the age of many of the films exhibited. This is surely an exaggeration. Doubtless a very considerable proportion of every audience consists of women who are not satisfied unless the leading female characters in a screen play are attired in the latest fashions, but is it so certain that a majority of even such women would prefer to see an uninteresting or tedious play with elaborately dressed characters rather than a stirring drama showing the modes of yesteryear? The newer play may, of course, also be the better of the two, but there certainly can be no guarantee that this will be so. "The Birth of a Nation," now being exhibited at the New Scala Theatre, is a case in point. It not only sustains a comparison with the most recently produced films, but actually could give any one of them points in every particular.—London Daily Telegraph.

There has been talk in London about the salaries paid to stars of the music halls. Billy Merson, they say, refused an American offer of £1000 to work for a film company. He says that his present contracts do not bring half that amount. Sir Harry Lauder made £1000

a week in Great Britain, but when he was running a production of his own, so the sum represented salary and profit. George Robey is the highest paid of all music hall performers in London, but his salary is a long way from £1000. Beatie and Babs were mentioned recently in a dispute about music hall sketches. The author, Mr. Kahn, uncle of the girls, alleged they had earned close on £20,000. Four years ago their salary was £200 a week. A couple of years ago it was stated in court that Little Tich received £300 a week; Hetty King, £100; Hoface Goldin, illusionist, £250; George Robey, £120.

NEW MUSIC HEARD IN LONDON, WITH OTHER CONCERT NOTES

"Paysages Franciscains" (Promenade Concert, London), three pieces for orchestra by Gabriel Plerne. They picture in tones passages from Johannes Joergensen's "Pelerinages Franciscains"—"In the Garden of Sainte Claire," "The Olive Gardens of the Plain of Assisi" and "On the Road to Poggio-Bustone." There was nothing jarring or strident, or ultra cacophonous, such as the young bloods among the composers of today find it necessary to affect, the composer freely draws upon modal harmony and the manner of plain song for the Franciscains atmosphere, and with the aid of a fine color-sense—the expression that comes easiest to us at the moment—he succeeds in painting pictures that are pleasant enough. To continue this metaphor—he would have been wiser, we think, to have chosen smaller canvases, to have concentrated, rather than dissipated his energies. The work . . . seemed to lack human interest and verve."

The Daily Telegraph described Edgar's orchestral transcription of Bach's C Minor Fantasia and Fugue—the fantasia was played for the first time at the recent Three Choirs Festival at Gloucester—as "undoubtedly the most felicitous transcription of the present day."

showing a dazzling wealth and variety of orchestral color, extraordinarily brilliant and effective yet thoroughly in keeping with the spirit of Bach's music."

Georges Migot's, "The Lacquer Screen with Five Pictures." (Promenade Concert, London). Ernest Newman discussed it at length. "Migot is filled with the ambition of writing music in three dimensions; it is to have density plus surface; this result of course is to be obtained by writing in several planes. It sounds dashing, but means little. . . . We find the usual thing—fragments of themes that never get anywhere, the easy exploitation of color effects, an inability to think consecutively for more than five bars, and in general very little being done with an air of doing a tremendous lot."

The five pictures on Migot's lacquer screen last in all about 10 minutes; and

the trouble with them is that none of them is first rate. We can put up, if we have to, with a fault or two in a canvas 12 feet square, but an etching 3 inches by 6 has to be perfect or it is damned."

The orchestra demanded for Eugene Goossens's incidental music to Maugham's "East of Suez," consists of the usual strings, two flutes, oboe, clarinet, bassoon, two horns, trumpet, harp, celesta, piano, full percussion. On the stage a string-wind and percussion band of Chinese played native ritual music on which Goossens based his score: Overture, six entr'actes and incidental music for scene 1. The orchestra numbered 24 players.

Mme. Tetravini arrived in London on Sept. 9 and will spend three months in England before making an extended tour in America.

It is now said that Chaliapin will "take up his permanent abode" in England, not in the United States. He has been collaborating with Maxim

Gorka in a film subject to which he will devote his time after his return from the Metropolitan Opera House. He will settle in England next spring to give his children an English education.

"Caruso and the Art of Singing," by Salvatore Fucito and Barnet J. Beyer, seems to the London Times "a tribute overpowering in its adulation." Caruso is presented as "a model of all that a man and a singer should be, and the resultant picture is as little convincing as the hero of many operas he interpreted. Caruso himself, we fancy, would have deprecated this flattery, for like all artists, he was never satisfied with results, but always striving to attain a higher standard. . . . The chapters which deal with Caruso's vocal method are more valuable, though the theories are vaguely presented, and there is a great deal of unnecessary repetition. . . . It is when Signor Fucito, who was for some years Caruso's accompanist and coach, acclaims this singer as the greatest operatic artist of our age, that we must part company with him. Caruso's ordinary repertoire contained only one work which can be ranked among the first masterpieces of opera, 'Aida,' and he attempted neither Mozart on the one hand nor Wagner on the other. He was probably wise to refrain, but his limitations should not be set down to his credit."

Commend us to opera audiences at Rio de Janeiro. "Tannhauser" in Italian did not please, so the manager came on the stage and promised it wouldn't happen again. Puccini's "Gianne Schicchi" disappointed expectation. The audience stopped the performance.

John B. McEwen's "Winter Poem" for orchestra (Promenade Concert, London). "His idea of winter is not the Shelleyan shroud of dead leaves, but something that calls for courage and endurance. The music in consequence has energy and spirit to contrast with the duller aspects of nature."

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY—Boston Opera House, 3:30 P. M. Mme. Galli Curci. See special notice.

Symphony hall, 3:30 P. M. Concert by the Triangle Festival Chorus (100 male voices), with Astrid Olson of New York, soprano and John H. Loud, organist. See special notice.

FRIDAY—Symphony hall, 2:30 P. M. First concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Monteux, conductor. See special notice.

Symphony hall, 8:15 P. M. Concert by the Ukrainian National Chorus, Alexander Koshetz, conductor; Oda Slobodskaja, soprano. See special notice.

SATURDAY—Symphony hall, 8 P. M. Repetition of Friday's Symphony concert, Mr. Monteux, conductor.

FREE LECTURES ON MUSIC AND DRAMA

Free public lectures will be given in the lecture hall of the Boston public library on Thursday evenings at 8 o'clock and on Sunday afternoons. The Thursday lectures are illustrated by lantern slides. The entrance is from Boylston street only. The doors will be opened two hours before each lecture and closed 10 minutes after the lecture begins.

1922.
Sunday, Oct. 22—The Times of Shakespeare. Frank C. Brown. With lantern slides.
Sunday, Nov. 5—Old Opera Days and Opera Singers. Francis H. Wade, M. D. With lantern illustrations.
Thursday, Nov. 16—The Passion Play of 1922. Dr. John C. Bowker, F. R. G. S.
Sunday, Nov. 19—Famous Productions of Shakespeare. F. W. C. Hersey. With lantern illustrations.

Sunday, Nov. 26—The Music of the Western Church. Wallace Goodrich. With musical illustrations by members of the choir of the Church of the Advent.

Sunday, Dec. 2—Back to Shakespeare: The Technique of the Spoken Drama. Robert E. Rogers.

Sunday, Dec. 10—Message of Music, or the Art Work of the Future. Mme. Beale Morey. Musical illustrations from the early Greek by girls in Greek costume—Melodies of the chetio. Songs of the Nile boatmen. Hymnology and Motette of Germany and England.

Sunday, Dec. 17—Franz Liszt, Man and Artist. Lecture-recital by John Orth.

Sunday, Dec. 24—The Development of Mechanical Music. Geoffrey O'Hara, composer. With musical illustrations.

1923.
Sunday, Jan. 14—Musical in Adversity. Archibald T. Davison. With musical illustrations.

Sunday, Jan. 21—Shakespeare in the 20th Century. E. Charlton Black.

Sunday, Feb. 4—The Orators and Oratory of Shakespeare. Henry L. Southwick.

Sunday, Feb. 18—The Problem of Popularizing Good Music. Leo R. Lewis. With musical illustrations.

Sunday, April 1—Dramatizing the Master: Recent Plays Upon Shakespeare. Albert H. Gilmer. With lantern illustrations.

This day, and every other day, is one for further consideration of Bible reading and family prayers. The Reverend Mr. Charles F. Weedon of Worcester writes that his parishioners, the congregation of the First Church, Old South, are trying to carry out the idea of reading the Bible in no careless or perfunctory manner. He relates an incident which happened in his home at one time when the family was gathered for prayers.

"We happened to have as a guest over night a young lad who evidently was not over familiar with the Bible. As my own young people recited verses and the turn came for this 12-year-old lad, he blushed like an autumn leaf, and finally blurted out as his verse: 'A rolling stone gathers no moss.'"

And yet this verse might have been written by the compiler of The Proverbs, or have been found in Ecclesiastes, Ecclesiasticus, or The Wisdom of Solomon. Would that the last two books were included in every copy of the Bible!

POLYGLOT BIBLE READING

Mr. Herbert D. Ward of Brookline writes to The Herald about a remarkable family habit of three generations in Bible reading.

"Morning prayers always consisted of reading a single chapter, each one reading two verses in rotation, but each one translating from some other language into English. For instance, in my father's family, he, Dr. William Hayes Ward, always translated either from Hebrew or Syriac; his eldest sister from the Hebrew; his youngest sister from German; his son from the language he was most interested in at the time. Visitors were often embarrassed by having different versions thrust into their hands after breakfast, but they always tackled the problem bravely.

"I recall particularly one joyous practical joke played by my father on Prof. Toy of Harvard, the Hebrew expert. That morning when he was present at prayer, the chapter to be read was in Job. As every theological student knows to his undoing, the Hebrew of Job is archaic and most difficult. At that time I was also using the Hebrew version. The night before, my father gave me the hint to pony up on the chapter to be read, which I studiously did.

"Dr. Ward was always a most fluent translator, and he rattled off his two verses as if he were reading English. His son followed, this time not yielding anything to his daddy. Then came Prof. Toy, from whose brow beads of perspiration were starting. He began, stumbled on an unknown word, and stopped.

"My son," the doctor spoke gravely, "will you not help Prof. Toy out?"

"So the boy coached the eminent professor of Hebrew, and he never suspected a near conspiracy.

"So for over 75 years in that family the Bible was read and re-read daily, an education, inspiration and a never-to-be-forgotten family joy. Those few minutes after breakfast were the most valuable of my life and the holiest memory."

"GIVE ME THE OLD"

(R. H. Messinger)

Old books to read!
Ay, bring those nodes of wit
The brazen-clasped, the vellum writ.
Time-honored tomes!
The same my sire scanned before,
The same my grandsire thumbed o'er
The same his sire homeward bore,
The well-earned meed
Of Oxford's domes:
Old Homer blind,
Old Horace, rake Anacreon, by
Old Tully, Plautus, Terence lie,
Mort Arthur's olden minstrelsie,
Quaint Burton, quainter Spencer, ay,
And Gervase Markham's Venerie—
Nor leave behind
The Holy Book by which we live and die.

REASSURED

As the World Wags:

WE'VE found out at last who is the father of Baby Guy.

THAT'S good; That's good!

NOW we hope to find out who is the father of Baby Tiernan.

AND NEXT to discover the father of Baby Fontaine.

OUR national pride will then be restored.

IT IS a grand country, but we were afraid for a while—

THAT it would never go down in history as the Fatherland. H. L. R.

"NOW I LAY ME"

As the World Wags:

Several days ago your column had reference to the child's prayer, "Now I lay me," and its disturbing line, "If I should die before I wake."

That line was a horror to me in my youth and when my first child arrived at the age when the prayer seemed necessary, I asked my clergyman-father to provide a substitute line. His successful attempt has been passed to many children and I trust been the saving of children's fears at night.

"Now I lay me down to sleep;
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
Guard me safe throughout the night,
And wake me in the morning light."

For Jesus sake, Amen.

MAY SLIPPER RUGGLES.

As the World Wags:

When I taught school I had in my English classes both Protestant and Catholic boys from well-to-do and presumably intelligent families. Whenever a Biblical allusion occurred in our textbook, the Protestant boys invariably "fell down" on it, while the Catholic boys almost as invariably returned intelligent answers.

HENRY EVANS.

AND SHAKESPEARE SAYS, "I SAW YOUNG HARRY WITH HIS BEAVER ON."

As the World Wags:

I have found conclusive evidence that the game of Beaver is of ancient vintage.

My authority on this subject is "Don Quixote," vol. 1, chap. II, published in 1615, from which I quote:

"The wenches stared at him and with all the eyes they had, were looking to find his face, which the scurvy beaver almost covered." SEEASY.

MADE IN GERMANY

As the World Wags:

At last I have achieved the secret ambition of a lifetime. I've found a word which is not in the Standard or the Century Dictionary. The word occurred, if I am not mistaken, in a story in The Sunday Herald having to do with Sir A. Conan Doyle.

"Poltergeist." Somewhere I've seen it said that it means a noisy ghost—but why the omission? A. M. B.

Arlington.

"Poltergeist" is a German word meaning a racketing, practical-joking ghost or hobgoblin; also a boisterous, blustering fellow. Of late the word has been creeping into the English language as employed by ghost-hunters, societies for psychical research, and revealers of the spirit world.—Ed.

THEY SPOKE RIGHT OUT IN MEETIN'

(The Rice Lake Chronotype, Rice Lake, Wis.)

A very beautiful wedding took place at the Methodist parsonage on Tuesday, Sept. 19, when Henry Anderson and Miss Hannah Byhre were united in holy wedlock by the Rev. C. Ernest Burdon.

The responses were given in a very clear voice which was heard by all assembled, among whom were the father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Byhre.

Mark Concert of San Francisco Society

The Chamber Muslo Society of San Francisco (Louis Persinger, first violin; Louis Ford, second violin; Nathan Firestone, viola; Walter Ferner, violoncello; Elias Hecht, flute), gave its first concert in Boston yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall.

This society was founded in 1915 by Mr. Hecht. Mr. Persinger, who studied at Leipzig and later with Ysaye and Thibaud, was solo violinist at the Monnaie, Brussels. Just prior to the war he was chosen concertmaster of the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra. For the past six years he has been concertmaster and assistant conductor of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra. Mr. Ford, an American, is assistant concertmaster of this orchestra. He was formerly a first violinist and leader of the San Francisco Quintet Club. Mr. Firestone is also an American; is solo viola of the San Francisco Orchestra. Mr. Ferner, born at Baltimore, studied here and at

Leipzig where he won, as a pupil of Klengel, the Mendelssohn prize. At the age of 19 he was solo cellist of the Wiesbaden Royal Orchestra, and for 12 years he filled that position with the Berlin Philharmonic. For four seasons he played with the Chicago Symphony Orchestra. Mr. Hecht studied the flute with the late Charles Mole (first flute of the Boston Symphony Orchestra), Correggio of Frankfurt, and Barrere of Paris and New York. He has played in chamber concerts in European cities.

The program of yesterday was thus made up: Beethoven, Quartet, F major, op. 69 No. 1; Mrs. Beach, Theme and Variations for flute and string quartet, op. 80; Ravel, Quartet, F major.

The entire program was one of marked simplicity; there was nothing to detract from the charm of the exquisitely played selections, and a large audience gave itself over to the full enjoyment of each number. Beauty of tone and delicacy of interpretation were noticeable in every theme and every variation.

Of particular interest was the second number, the Theme and Variations composed by Mrs. H. H. A. Beach especially for this organization. Mrs. Beach was in the audience and rose graciously in response to recognition from Mr. Hecht.

The afternoon will be remembered by those who were present as one of the exceptionally fine performances that have been held in Boston.

RICHARD THIRD

THE BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—"King Richard the Third," by William Shakespeare. Final performance in Boston of the Robert Mantell repertory company.

Duke of Gloucester.....Mr. Mantell
An officer.....Mr. Edwin Foss
Sir Robert Brakenbury.....Mr. Day Keene
Lord Stanley, Earl of Derby.....Mr. Henry Buckler
King Henry VI.....Mr. Guy Lindsley
Tressell.....Mr. Franklin Salisbury
Duke of Buckingham.....Mr. Vanhook Deering
Prince of Wales.....Miss Theresa Colburn
Lord Mayor of London.....Mr. Edward Lewers
Duke of York.....Miss Violet Howard
Sir William Catesby.....Mr. A. C. Henderson
Sir Richard Ratcliff.....Mr. Deavor Storer
Sir James Tyrell.....Mr. Franklin Salisbury
Earl of Oxford.....Mr. George Baker
Sir James Blount.....Mr. Roy Clifford
A captain of guards.....Mr. John Alexander
Earl of Richmond.....Mr. Edward Lewers
Duke of Norfolk.....Miss Helen Van Hoose
Duchess of York.....Miss Agnes Elliot
Elizabeth.....Miss Genevieve Hamper
Lady Anne.....Miss Genevieve Hamper

The two weeks' season of Shakespearean and other classic plays produced under the favoring circumstances of a repertory company assembled and manipulated by Robert B. Mantell came to a striking close last night with a performance of Shakespeare's spectacular tragedy, "King Richard the Third."

Through two weeks this company, variously assorted as to manners and abilities, have performed plays many of which have long since been relegated to the not too kind mercies of the printed page. If a public, sometimes feeling itself chilled by the uninviting and lofty reaches of Boston's Opera House—a chamber never designed for even Shakespeare of the platform stage—found "Hamlet" and "Julius Caesar" of wavering merit, it nevertheless was treated to a "Macbeth" and "Merchant of Venice" incisive as to characterization and harmoniously woven values in ensemble playing. And for praiseworthy revivals of performances none too often seen came "Richard III" and now the tragedy of "King Richard the Third."

Although it is one of the most famous of the great Shakespearean historical plays, "King Richard the Third" is rarely seen upon the stages of our day. If memory does not fail, production of this piece, with due exception for the soft finesse and intellectualized performance of John Barrymore, has been almost entirely limited to the limping and studied malevolence of Henry Irving or the more robust and pictorially articulated figure visualized by Richard Mansfield. Savor is not to be found in this play for the managerial eye which scans the lengthy list of dramatic personae. Even with many duplications the demands upon most companies; particularly those whose transportation difficulties are a thing to be considered, will be found of undue weight.

Last night's performance, however, found surcease from these numerous troubles of production by employing the freely adapted, and be it added, improved version modulated into form by Colley Cibber.

The King Richard of Mr. Mantell is a notable one. Sinister, leering, a braggart and egotist, yet ever sapient in conduct of the state's affairs. He can be brutal or tender, cynical or sweet and glib of mind at will. Truly a many-sided figure, etched with bold, sweeping, but always subtle strokes, through scenes undeveloped, crowded with full grown simile and illogically forced moments, scenes in a word of which the later, matured Shakespeare was

...not proud Mr. Mantell winds thinking path; his steps are paved with discretion and their reward is in magnificent character portrayal.

A goodly company supported Mr. Mantell capably, but none too brilliantly. Characterization more than of the surface was created by Miss Helen Van House as the Duchess of York, and by Miss Agnes Elliot Scott as Elizabeth, the widow of Edward IV. Lady Anne, as played by Miss Hamper was beautiful, but disappointingly colorless. Her voice, rich and of emotional timbre in parts previous, lacked quality of feeling. Hers was practiced, manipulated fancy of the elocutionist. Actress she has been, but not last night.

A performance to be seen and tendered to recollections warm in memory, a single part created, moulded, smoothed close to perfection.

Oct 9 1922

We have never played golf. We are saving that sport, or rather exercise, for our old age, with books on the Einstein theory, books showing how generals in the world war bungled and how politicians won the battles, and novels, which, now hailed by publishers as epoch-making, may then possibly be found by the curious in book-stalls on the sidewalk marked 10 cents. Not that we are prejudiced against the exercise, we look with delight at Mr. Briggs's sketches, "And Then He Took up Golf," and those showing why the poor fish stopped playing. We listen patiently to Mr. Jennywhacks at the Porphyry describing minutely his score; for it he were not mauling in this manner, he would be boresome about the tariff, Constantinople, or his adventures with the coal-merchant. We have even tried to learn the vocabulary of golf so that we might seem facially intelligent while our thoughts were far away during Mr. Jennywhacks's description of his prowess or failure. For this reason we were interested in an article published in a Berlin sporting periodical.

A GERMAN ON GOLF

"As for the tactics in the golf, that is to be found in the main feature of the game—the psychological. To play the golf tactically, one must free oneself psychologically from one's opponent and his efforts. To prevent one's opponent achieving this by all available and permitted rules of the game is tactics in the golf. . . . The golf differs from all other sports in that one has to do with a passive ball, which one has to hit away, while in most other games the ball, at the moment of hitting it, is in motion. Here it is that the golf sets itself on the zenith of logic, for the very fact that the ball is passive creates those manifold psychological and technical developments the ultimate solution of which has not yet been reached. . . . Good golf can only be achieved by perfect trust—trust in oneself, in one's ability, in one's clubs, in one's position in addressing the ball, in the weather, in one's surrounding."

We shall have a sweet revenge. We shall read the whole of this German's article on golf to Mr. Jennywhacks. If there should be a match between two psychological Germans we might be induced to join the "gallery."

By the way, when did "gallery" in this sense first come into use?

THE ELEPHANT'S TRUNK

The recently published "Critical Fable," representing the ghost of James Russell Lowell freeing his mind about the American poets of today, Messrs. Frost, Robinson, Sandburg, Masters, Lindsay, Aiken, Fletcher and others, male and female after their kind, though long spun out, is entertaining even to those who are slightly acquainted with ultra-modern poetry; no doubt doubly entertaining to those who are on familiar terms with these illustrious sons and daughters of the Muse. We value highly the poems of Mr. Robinson and Mr. Masters's "Spoon River Anthology"; but we are saving the other volumes for a succession of rainy days. Shall we have the courage to read the poems by Marianne Moore? They have been described by the English reviewers as "the painfully born result of life." "The poems are thick and uncouth, blocks of meaning; a strangeness like that of negroid art."

Yes, yes, Miss Moore is speaking of the elephant's trunk: that tree trunk without roots, accustomed to shout its own thoughts to itself like a shell, maintained intact by who knows what strange pressure of the atmosphere; that spiritual brother to the coral plant, absorbed into which the equable sapphire light becomes a nebulous green. The I of each is to the I of each, a kind of fretful speech

which sets a limit on itself; the elephant is? Black earth preceded by a tendril? Is it to that phenomenon the above formation translucent like the atmosphere—a cortex merely—that on which darts cannot strike decisively the first time, a substance needful as an instance of the indestructibility of matter; it has looked at the electricity and at the earthquake and is still here; the name means thick. Will depth be depth, thick skin be thick, to one who can see no beautiful element of unreason under it?

Well, Miss Moore, "you've got us going." We are inclined to prefer two lines by a conservative poet of the '60s, whose thought is expressed in rigid, rather than free verse: "Eternal silence laughs along the shore, And spectral negroes bleach upon the floor."

THRIFT DEPARTMENT

As the World Wags:

The other evening a friend loaned me \$1 to help pay for some gas because I was short of change. After riding for three hours in the back seat with his girl and having a gay old time, when the party broke up he asked me when I could repay the \$1. A. P.

A BACHELOR OF ADVENTURE

(For As the World Wags)

Experience has taught me
Full many a jocular tale,
Though misadventure sought me,
I answered, hail for hail.
When Fortune's sold and bought me
I still am all for sale.

A new love may have sought me,
But fairest loves may fall;
A charming web has caught me,
But its soft strands were frail.
Experience has taught me,
But lessons don't avail.
Worcester. CLARISSA BROOKS.

GALLI-CURCI IN

Amelita Galli-Curci gave her first concert here for this season in the Boston Opera House yesterday afternoon. Assisting artists were Manuel Berenguer, flute, and Homer Samuels, piano. The program by Galli-Curci:

Amorosi miei giorni, Donaudy; The Pretty Creature (old English), Giorace; Roberto, tu c'je adoro, from "Roberto il Diavolo," Meyerbeer; Villanelle (with flute) dell' Acqua; C'est l'extase langoureuse, Debussy; Chanson legere, d'Erlanger; Pastorale, Bizet; Sevillana, Massenet. By Mr. Berenguer—Chanson, Camus; Badinerie, Camus. By Galli-Curci—Charity, Hagemann; Pierrot, Samuels; Dry be thy tear, Dobson; Mad Scene, from "Hamlet" (with flute), Thomas.

An audience that filled every bit of available space in the Opera House greeted the singer. Perhaps, owing to the eager, almost aggressive expectancy of the huge throng, possibly for other reasons in addition, the singer was visibly nervous at the start. This had an effect on her singing during the first third or half of the program. It accentuated the tendency to hardness in her ordinary tones between high and low notes and it robbed even her best tones of some of their wonted beauty.

As she gained better vocal and breath control and gallily answered uproarious encores with extra songs, the early symptoms gradually faded and presently Galli-Curci was almost herself again. As the program went of its course, she became more and more herself in the announced pieces, which had a certain depressing sameness of style, and especially in the extras, but she really blossomed forth as the wished-for and expected and remembered Galli-Curci, when she sang "Silver Threads Among the Gold," "Love's Old Sweet Song" and "Suwanee River."

Then again was heard in her singing but the limpid, exquisitely sweet and melodiously living tones, infused with poignant and delicate emotions that draw great crowds to hear her. She was at her best among the ambitious pieces of her program in the final mad scene from "Hamlet," and reached the height of tenderness and beauty in "Home, Sweet Home," which she added. K. P.

TRIANGLE CHORUS

The Triangle Festival Chorus, composed of the Verdandi Male Chorus of Providence, the Worcester Male Chorus of Worcester, and the Harmony Male Chorus of Boston, gave a concert yesterday afternoon at Symphony Hall. The Festival Chorus was assisted by Miss Astrid Ohlson, coloratura soprano, Ernest Johnson, baritone, and John Hermann Loud, organist.

This program was given:

Concert Overture in G minor, Alfred Hainke, John Hermann Loud; Swedish Flagg (Sweden's Flag), Hugo Alfren, Ben Store Hyde Flex (The Great White Host), Grieg, Triangle Festival Chorus and Mr. Johnson; Bel Raggle from "Semiramide," Rossini, Astrid Ohlson; Come Where the Lilies Bloom, W. L. Thompson, Astrid Ohlson; Evening Peace, F. Kuhn, Hermann Loud; Chorus—Brollop Stass (Peasant Wedding), Edward Lindh, Triangle chorus with organ and piano; Shepherd Thy Demeanor Vary, Brown, Viol, Bechgaard, Lark (The Lark), Heland, Miss Ohlson; Styrbjorn Starke (Styrbjorn Strong), Horen, Till Osterland (To the Orient), Noren, Worcester Male Chorus; Morning (Morning), Einar Eklof; Muntra Musikanten (The Jolly Musicians), Rieckus, Triangle chorus; Aria—Di Poppen from Agrippina, Handel, The Little Fishes Song, Aronsky, Butterflies, Seller, Miss Ohlson; Skona Sol du Allt Forgyller, E. Kremer, Havn (The Sea), Oscar Borg, Verdandi Male Chorus; Landkjending (Landlighting), Grieg, Triangle chorus with organ and piano.

The selections were well arranged, and the Scandinavian numbers were by far the most interesting. The individual choruses were well trained and sang with considerable expression and attention to tone quality. The Verdandi Chorus, conducted by Mr. Ekeberg, was especially pleasing and Mr. Ekeberg proved himself an able leader both with his own organization and with the entire Festival Chorus.

"Brollop Stass" (Peasant Wedding) was an effective tone poem that showed the entire organization of 100 voices at its best, while Grieg's "Landkjending" formed a majestic conclusion for the program. Miss Ohlson has an unusually clear, sweet voice, and was delightful in her well-chosen groups of songs.

SHIPMAN PLAY

By PHILIP HALE

PLYMOUTH THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "Lawful Larceny," a play in three acts and a prologue by Samuel Shipman.

Marion Dorsey.....Belle Bennett
Andrew Dorsey.....Fleming Ward
Judge Perry.....Byron Beasley
Mrs. Davis.....Margaret Bird
Mrs. French.....Edna Darling
Vivian Hepburn.....Edna Goodrich
Celeste.....Ebba Andrus
Guy Tarlow.....Lowell Sherman
Marion Sylvester.....Belle Bennett
Andrew Dorsey.....Fleming Ward
Mr. French.....David Landau
Mr. Davis.....Harry Gibbs
Nora.....Florence Williams
Detective Farrell.....John Sharkey

When this play was produced in New York on the 2d of last January it was described as a melodramatic comedy. Last night it was played by Miss Bennett in the manner of the domestic drama with episodes of high comedy; by Miss Goodrich and Mr. Ward in the melodramatic vein, and by Mr. Sherman the play was evidently regarded as a farce, for his performance was enlivened by "nods and becks, and wretched smiles" at his co-mates on the stage and at the audience which roared at his every remark.

Mr. Shipman made a fatal mistake when he wrote his prologue, which prevents the spectator from being surprised in the first act. Now in a crook play—and this play might thus be classified—the element of surprise is essential. Yet preposterous as the drama is, with impossible persons doing incredible things, it is entertaining by reason of the very impossibility of the situations and by another presentation of the century old duel between the female vampire and the devoted wife. In plays of this order the sympathy of the spectator usually goes out toward the vampire, who is portrayed as most seductive, as in the good old-fashioned English melodrama the polished villain of high degree—as a rule a baronet—with his glossy stovepipe hat and his case of cigarettes was more attractive than the honest ass of a hero.

In "Lawful Larceny" as played last night, the sympathy was for the wife. The story is a simple one. Vivian keeps a polite gambling parlor. She uses marked cards. This is bad enough, but she has a confirmed habit of luring men to love her and then stripping them of their money; incidentally, taking husbands from their wives. When her male victims are dead broke, she throws them over. Mr. Dorsey was one of her victims. He tells his sad story to his wife in the prologue.

Mrs. Dorsey seeks a situation as secretary to Vivian, pleases her, becomes her bosom friend, attracts the male visitors. They all kneel Dorsey, but evidently did not know his wife even by sight. Among the frequenters of the house is a young man by the name of Tarkow. Stripped of his fortune by a "vampire" after he left college, he vows to strip all other vampires of their earnings or thefts. A herculean job for a young man. He even puts a safe in Vivian's parlor for her Liberty bonds, jewels, stocks, cash and other spoils of married men, bachelors and widowers, carefully noting the combination lock. He falls in love with the secretary; she with him. Mr. Dorsey frequenting Vivian's, but now against his iron will—which he had previously left in her safe

recognizes at once his wife and to his horror. But he makes no sign. She says she is there for his sake. She and Tarkow rob the safe, but she alone makes her escape with the plunder.

Vivian pursues her to Dorsey's house. There is a screaming match between the women, who, with Judge Perry, indulge in a long sociological disquisition. Vivian says: "You stole my jewels." Mrs. Dorsey answers: "You stole my husband, a greater crime." Judge Perry explains the law. It is all delightfully illogical and absurd. Meanwhile a detective stands outside the door. Neither woman will go to jail. Mrs. Dorsey will live with her husband but only as a friend until—

Mr. Ward played the erring husband vigorously, in such a serious and almost aggressive manner that his marital infidelity might otherwise have been pardoned by Mrs. Dorsey. Miss Bennett's portrayal of the wife was womanly in its devotion and its shrewdness. She really gave life to Mr. Shipman's puppet. In the sociological discussion she let go and almost out-screamed the vampire. As for Miss Goodrich, she delivered her lines in what Artemus Ward called "a play-acting voice," nor did she suggest the voluptuousness and the seductive power that made men prisoners. Mr. Beasley played the Judge who might have spent his days on the bench, but certainly sat up till reprehensibly late hours with Vivian, while he bewailed her naughtiness.

The audience enjoyed the performance hugely, especially the light and airy manner and the mugging of Mr. Sherman.

A debutante of 1920, "related to some of the socially most prominent families in New York and Philadelphia"—not merely to the first families as you enter those cities—complains in a New York court of cruel treatment because her husband compelled her to live in a six-dollar-a-day room at a hotel and to eat in rotisseries. Because of this cruel and inhuman treatment "she has gone into a decline."

A six-dollar-a-day room. It depends on how it was furnished. Suppose it had been a hall bedroom in a New York or Brooklyn boarding house with an old-fashioned fishtail gas burner, with a washstand (bowl and cracked pitcher), a hard and narrow bed, a shabby rug, a window shade that would not "stay put" and barely room for a modest trunk. Yet high-born women, young and old, women of liberal education accustomed to a luxurious life in early years, have thus lived and possessed their souls in patience. Nor do meals in a rotisserie sound so bad, unless the tyrannical husband had insisted on her eating hash without a dropped egg. We would gladly eat at the rotisserie of Queen Pedaque as described by Anatole France, an inn far preferable to the Great Babylon, or the Golden Aristocrats.

FIRST CLASS IN PHYSICS

As the World Wags:

Returning to my classroom, where I work more diligently than effectively with my boys, I found on my desk this note from a pupil who had "left the room."

"Dear Mr. ———
"Please excuse me. I have gone to the Boys' Laboratory."
ROGER ASCHAM.

AN INTELLIGENCE TEST

As the World Wags:

I was interested, as a pedagogue, in an "Intelligence test" for new students at the Northwestern University.

The principal question was this: "If you bought an ice cream soda at 15 cents, two cigars at 20 cents each and a package of cigarettes for 15 cents, how much would you get back out of a \$5 bill?"

This doesn't look hard. There must be a catch in it. Probably if a girl student says: "Why, I'd have \$3.15 left" or "I'd have \$2.25 left," or whatever it is, the examiner says, "Ha, ha, so you smoke cigars and cigarettes, do you, my lady? This is no place for you!"

And if a he-student answers: "Oh, I'd have \$3.35 left" or "I'd have \$5.50 left," the foxy old examiner might say, "Ah ha, so you squander your papa's money on ice cream sodas, do you? We're not going to get a team to lick the other colleges out of fellows like you. This way out." TUPTO PARR.

THE FIRM OF SILKS AND SATINS

As the World Wags:

I think you should know that I Satlin is a ladies' tailor in Arlington. I. C.

HALCYON NIGHTS

The night is still, and 'neath the placid moon
All softly wrapped in slumb'rous mists we lie,
And dream of fairies dancing lightly by,
The moonlight glistening on their silver shoon;

No sound except the crickets' drowsy croon
And now and then the melancholy cry
Of wand'ring owls with muffled wings,
which vie
With whip-poor-wills that chant their mystic tune.
But, sudden, on the peaceful stillness break
Some hideous noises, swiftly murdering sleep,
That threat to hold us wakeful till the day.
We rise in haste, and all together make
A yell like fiends, and pound and stamp to keep
That everlasting porcupine away.
ILGA ELAINE HERRICK.
East Andover, N. H.

E PLURIBUS UNUM

As the World Wags:

That headline seen in a Boston newspaper "Data is found," somehow reminds me of the Englishman's question: "What are molasses?" C. B. G.
Harvard Club.

OUR GROWING LANGUAGE

(From the Burlington, Vt., Free Press)

Packaging Department

Wells & Richardson Company
—133 College Street—
Apply to Mr. Beckwith Supt.
228,tf

PROBABLY EARACHE

(From the Rice Lake, Wis., Chronotype.)
Eugene Holman is having trouble with a sore foot and is under the doctor's care. At present they are unable to decide what the trouble is.

CHANCE OF A LIFETIME

(From the Akron, O., Times)

RARE BARGAIN—CHANCE OF A LIFETIME. Thousands of automobiles pass this property every day, making it an ideal location for a doctor.

FALL FASHIONS

(Seen by the New York Evening Post on the Polo Grounds)

J. Fedderwedder, electrical supplies—Loose-fitting dark winter overcoat (1907 model) over heather-gray sports jacket over V-neck red sweater over olive drab army shirt. Model K golf cap. Tan brogans. Old chamolles morning gloves. Thaddeus C. Oomph, butter and eggs—Three-quarter-length tan raincoat over 1918 mackinaw over hand-knitted smoking jacket over red flannel shirt. Ankle-length corduroy trousers. Overseas army cap with earflaps down.

P. J. Klooth, Insurance—Leather officer's trench coat over 1904 spring raglan over cast-off uniform of Centre Moriches Hose company No. 1 over silk summer outing shirt. Hand-knitted wristlets, gray wool hunting socks, cordovan brogues.

Emil P. Crush, table luxuries—Form-fit winter overcoat (mahogany brown, 1921 model) over black frock coat (last used at minstrel show in the late 90's) over double-breasted tweed business suit over high school jersey (his son's) over the conventional starched white shirt and collar. Gray suede gloves, tan derby. Black velvet earmuffs in reserve.

EGYPTIAN "ARABIAN NIGHTS"

As the World Wags:

A good many people caught their breath at Symphony hall when a Massachusetts statesman of international fame compared the cultural contributions of the Turks and the Arabs, attributing "Arabian Nights" to the latter. He might as well call "A Trip to the Moon," by Jules Verne, a part of lunar literature. The tales of the "Arabian Nights," while naming Asiatic cities, are Egyptian in every characteristic. It is peculiarly unfortunate for a man, whose reputation for scholarship is world-wide, to make such an error in public, for many young hearers are likely to be misled.
PHILEMON FARGO.

Cambridge.

What? Egyptian? Mr. Fargo should read the essay on the origin of "The Thousand Nights and a Night" in the 10th volume of Sir Richard F. Burton's translation—ED.

When Huxley heard that Herbert Spencer was writing a play he remarked that it would be a tragedy in which an awkward little fact slew a beautiful theory.

ST. JAMES THEATRE—The Boston Stock Company in "The Boss," a play in four acts by Edward Sheldon. The cast:

James D. Griswold, of Griswold & Co., Contractors Harold Chase
Donald Griswold, his son Edward Darney
Emily Griswold, his daughter Eveta Nudsen
Marie, a maid Lucille Adams
Lawrence Duncan, a friend of the Griswolds Houston Richards
Michael R. Regan, of Regan & Co., Contractors, the "Boss" of the Fourth Ward Walter Gilbert

avis, his private secretary
Frank McDonald
Mrs. Cuyler Viola Roach
Gates, a butler Lionel Bevans
"Porky" McCoy, Regan's representative
in the Fourth Ward Ralph Remley
Scanlan, of the Union Henry Crossen
Archbishop Sullivan Mark Kent
Lieutenant of Police Blair McCloskey

When Walter Gilbert appeared on the stage last evening with a hastily acquired and rather charming Irish brogue and when he started to act "tough" in his part of Michael R. Regan, "the Boss," the audience was skeptical—it was not a Gilbert part. But Walter Gilbert made that part of the rough, uncultured, impulsive Irishman, his part and made a decided success of it to the delight of the large and enthusiastic audience.

"The Boss," while possessed of at least as probable a plot as many dramas is nevertheless entirely a vehicle for one character, Regan, who through four intensely interesting scenes travels his stormy, dauntless way, indomitable but never losing the boyish code of honor and pluck that makes the tale worth telling.

While dealing with the stern affairs of business and politics in a city ward the play is by no means one that attempts to settle the affairs of the world. The entire plot is kept on a basis of characterization interwoven with keen humor, both of lines and situation.

As Regan's wife, who thought she had sold herself to save her father from financial ruin, Eveta Nudsen played the part of a haughty, self-righteous woman who believed herself miles above her husband in every way. Miss Nudsen is particularly good in parts that call for intense emotion and rarely loses herself in them. She offered just the contrast needed to Gilbert's acting.

Ralph Remley, fortunately or unfortunately, can weep buckets full when overcome by grief without getting anything but a howl of mirth from a St. James audience—and he weeps well, as he proved in his characterization of the loyal friend of "the boss." Mark Kent as the Archbishop and Viola Roach as the silly, coquettish society woman, added interesting sidelights to the main theme. Although the other parts were comparatively small, they rounded out what will certainly be considered one of the best offerings of the Boston Stock Company.

FINE ARTS THEATRE—"Rutherford and Son," a play in three acts by Githa Sowerby. Produced by the Copley Players for the first time in Boston.

John Rutherford H. Conway Wingfield
John C. Bailey Hick
Richard Charles Warburton
Janet Catherine Willard
Ann Jessamine Newcombe
Mary Katherine Standing
Martin Walter Kingsford
Mrs. Henderson Marie Hassell

Strong fibred drama mixing brief but characterizing phrase with quickly tensed emotion replaced for the Henry Jewett Repertory Company last night.

The light comedy plays of manners, conversation, and society with which an audience newly led to the Fine Arts Theatre has been finding satisfaction. "Rutherford and Son" is the play to work this change, a tale of the theatre that first won appreciation to itself some 10 years ago. Seemingly new methods, new vogues in the pacing playhouse have not been sufficiently progressive to give air of antiquity to this formulated story of English life.

It is in a northwestern corner of the British Isle upon a Tyneside moor, sparse and gray grim, that the Rutherford home unfolds itself, spaced somewhat apart from the town wherein lies her business and financial centre. To this family hearth set down in proud isolation Rutherford senior turns varying emotions of soul, heart and mind. When others of his household resentfully refuse to follow line of his demand, then enters drama swiftly modulated, flowing ruggedly from strings unmuted but never inharmonious.

As a play of family circle in its conflicting thoughts and emotions "Rutherford and Son," depicts a man, hard, powerful of will and virtue, who has raised his kin by shrewd conflict with the world to exalted position, which separates them from the little town whence they are sprung. Besides the central dominating figure of the almost ruthless father there is a skeptical, worldly wise, but not sophisticated sister, an artistic and insolvent young genius, who is the rebellious son, and finally the daughter, discerning, cynical, a domestic slave, who seeks liberty in the arms of a faithful laborer, faithful to the father, so faithful indeed that after 25 years he cannot break away, bring freedom to this long suffering girl whom he loves.

With characters such as these and another one or two the author weaves his tragedy of a household dominated by a father, his dream, his will, his "Rutherford and Son." The play is of uneven merit. Sometimes exposition barely concealed robs it of the grandeur won by scenes many and beautiful developed. In a word it varies in

swaying pace from brief bits of sombre photography and unselective talk to dramatic, probing, pulsing scenes where the author finds ability to dip seemingly at will into the potency of silence or the power of words poured out in gushing torrents of palpitating emotion.

Piece and author gain much in the acting. Last night the Copley Players outdid themselves. Boston has rarely enjoyed the privilege of acting so expert and finished. Each member of the company contributed a character, fine and uncompromising in truth of line, but Mr. Wingfield and Miss Willard won well deserved applause for creation that was shaded, discriminating and keenly felt.

"Rutherford and Son" is a production to be seen—one that makes much from material somewhat untheatrical but always dramatic and to the life.
W. E. H.

AT MAJESTIC

"Steppin' Around," with

Another musical comedy, "Steppin' Around," preceded by several specialty acts, makes up the program of the better-than-average vaudeville at the Majestic Theatre this week. The action of the play, built around the well-known comedian, James C. Morton, includes ship scenes, a Calro slave market, the conventional summer home garden and a harem scene. Outside of the work of Morton, who plays his part well, the outstanding attraction is some excellent dancing by Harry Royce, Margo Raffaro, Malda DuFresne, Joyce Wayne and Billie Maye. Miriam Hopkins is the other noteworthy member of the cast. She plays her musical comedy part well and very cleverly handles her role in the trite bedroom playlet, "One Night in June," which is one of the introductory acts.

"Steppin' Around" tells of an American (Dan Healy), who goes to Egypt to sell radio appliances. He is accompanied by "Jimmie Jones, middleweight champion of the Bronx" (James Morton), who believes himself to be a fugitive from justice.

The chorus work is only fair, so with a mediocre, trite plot, the saving grace is the comedy, which more than atones for other deficiencies. A large, well trained supporting cast rounds out the production.

All the principals of the opening acts take part in "Steppin' Around." Of these the opening turn, the Vintour Brothers, is outstanding. Their tumbling act is unusually good. James Morton's skit is too "slapstick" to be appreciated.

A few vulgar, "raw" spots in the humor could well have been omitted. They spoil an otherwise well rounded show.

GRIFFITH FILM AT

"One Exciting Night"

The only thing that saves D. W. Griffith's new picture, "One Exciting Night," which was given its first performance anywhere in Tremont Temple last night, is the storm scene in the second part. It is no exaggeration to say that it is the most realistic tempest that the art of man has ever simulated upon the state. The gale which leads up to the climax in "Way Down East" is a tame, and kittenish affair in comparison.

It was suggested by the hurricane that struck in the vicinity of New York in the summer of 1922, when many persons lost their lives and 5000 trees were blown down in Westchester county. This is achieved in the film with a hardened theatergoer gasp with excitement.

The air is full of flying branches and streaming rain. Huge trees are uprooted and fall with splitting crashes. The howl of the wind and the concussion of thunderbolts comes as near to the reality as anything can be and be only an imitation.

When the heroine, in pursuit of the mysterious villain who has killed a couple of men and decamped with half a million, plunges through the confusion and is herself rescued from beneath a prostrate trunk by the hero, (who is handcuffed under suspicion of being the murdered) and dragged forth, and dragged and breathless in the nick of time, the applause that rises from all parts of the house is the real article. As for the remainder of "One Exciting Night," there is little to be said in commendation. Mr. Griffith has tried his hand at "comedy and mystery" and has betrayed the sad fact that he has no

experience whatever in that department of the moving picture drama. There are 40 pictures extant in which comedy-melodrama is shown twice as skillfully and acted with far greater effectiveness.

The action takes place in a country house in which evacuating bootleggers have left all their profits. A dozen people, from the policemen down, try to obtain the treasure which passes from hand to hand and is successively concealed in chests, secret safes and flour barrels. There is a perpetual hurly-burly of running to and fro for no particular reason, as far as can be seen. The action finally crosses the border into the realm of sheer burlesque. Murders are committed in the most casual manner and there is a total disregard of the slightest shadow of probability throughout.

The villain, masked and cloaked in conventional fashion, pervades the place until he becomes a sort of comic character. He peers through a window shutter, extends a claw-like hand from behind doors and mysteriously disappears with a whisk of trailing robes up staircases and behind curtains. It was supposed to be very spooky and mysterious and doubtless some in the audience indulged in the luxury of a shudder. Others laughed.

We are requested not to divulge the identity of the villain and will heed the request.

Carol Dempster, well remembered in "Dream Street" takes the leading role. She works earnestly and conscientiously, besides photographing very well indeed. Her best pose is a full face close-up, with a soft focus lens. It is an attractive face, piquant, animated and expressive of many shades of emotion.

As was to be expected in a Griffith production the photography and stage effects were of the highest order.

LAUDER AT THE

OPERA HOUSE—Sir Harry Lauder once more returns, the merry little Scotchman with his brogue (or does a Scotchman have a burr?), his smile, his quips and his quorks, but, above all, his shrewd and understanding philosophy of life. He does not have to make his way to the hearts of his audience. He has done that years ago. Myriad smiles, chuckles and loud guffaws await him before he has made his first appearance, and would doubtless do so even if he but sang the alphabet in his inimitable way. Wherein lies his power? Is it because to a surpassing degree he possesses the ability to impersonate human beings of most diverse qualities? That ability he surely shares with Miss Ruth Draper to an extent possessed by no others of present-day entertainers. Thereto is added an understanding of the foibles, the weaknesses, the dreams and aspirations of average humanity, such as his compatriot, Bobby Burns, possessed, and his contemporary Barrie uses. Add a smiling sympathy with the lot of those who are not most blessed in this world's goods, and perhaps one has a bit of an explanation of the charm of Sir Harry Lauder.

The evening's show starts with a section out of a typical London music hall, perhaps somewhat thriftily chosen. Gintaro of the Orient deftly span his tops. De Pace played Pierrot to his mandolins. Winona Wipster plaintively demanded "Who'll take my place when I'm gone?" without seeming to interest the audience in answer. The brothers Gaudsmith did some unusually competent clowning, in which they were ably assisted by their French poodles. Unitah Masterman whistled woodland songs, until at last, at 9:35 the stocky little knight trudged merrily upon the scene.

In no time he had turned the awesome reaches of the opera house into an "intimate" theatre, with orchestra joining what Sir Harry humorously called "the shelders" in humming or singing choruses.

The old songs followed thick and fast, with "Doughie the Baker" added to the familiar cycle. The list of last evening follows: "Singing Is the Thing to Make You Cheery," "Bella, the Belle o' Dunoon," "Doughie the Baker," "Sunshine o' a Bonnie Lassie's Smile," "She's Ma Daisy," "Hame o' Mine," "I Think I'll Get Wed in the Summer-time," "There Is Somebody Waiting for Me," "I Love a Lassie."

Sir Harry had a different twinkle, a new face and a new pace for each part. A glorious evening was had by all.

KEITH'S BILL IN

The bill at B. F. Keith's this week is worthy of the best traditions of vaudeville—there are two good musical acts, plenty of excellent comedy and a smart pace is set in dancing.

The curtain raiser is Anderson and Yvel, in a roller skating thriller, in

which Miss Yvel is thrown about in perilous abandon. Jess Libonati follows and gives his audience something new in dexterity and manipulation of the xylophone. Stanley and Birnes present one of the best dancing acts of this or any other season, and lead off with the dance of the inebriates—a treat to the lovers of novelty in steps.

Al and Fannie Stedman, natives, and from South Boston, too, contribute the big noise of the bill between Al's burlesquing at the piano and Fannie, the irrepressible, in song and dance. And then there is our old friend, Fritz Schett, piquant and gingerful as of yore, in a group of her old favorites. Did she sing "Kiss Me Again?" She did, even if she has affected a new tempo in this particular number; nor was the change the less agreeable to the ear, and there was a nice and pertinent by-play. She hid her head playfully as the leader started the score of this number. There is no need of apology. The song belongs to her by association as well as by interpretation. Mr. August Klein-ecke conducted.

Moran and Mack, two bad coons, have a "line" that is unique both in substance and method, and they had the audience in an uproar. Blossom Seely and company returned in their act of syncopated song of last season. McKay and Ardine contribute one of the best numbers on the bill—Mr. McKay by the excellence of his style of simulated spontaneity, Miss Ardine as an admirable foil and by her enchanting toe dancing and prouetting. Herbert's leaping canines concluded an admirable bill.

So the famous Ukrainian national chorus will sing here next Friday night; the chorus that "sounds like a choir of violins, a symphony orchestra, or again like a gigantic organ.

Ukrainian. It's a sonorous, noble word. The first time we saw the word "Ukraine" it was in a piece that we learned, alas, imperfectly, to spout in school.

"Bring forth the horse!" The horse was brought.

In truth he was a noble steed, A Tartar of the Ukraine breed.

These lines lodged securely in the memory. So did the lines from "Damon and Pythias" with E. L. Davenport as Damon.

"Lucullus, bring forth my steed!"

"Master, in hope to save thy life, I slew thy steed."

IS THERE STILL GENTLEMANLY GIN?

As the World Wags:

A roadside sign in Sudbury informs the passing motorist that "Refined Cider" is to be had for the asking. Hard or soft, its effect could never be other than one of uplift and fine feeling.

Mr. J. Throckmorton Cush would surely stop. H. E. HARRINGTON, Boston.

AMONG THE OLD TIMERS

How the old jokes defy the centuries. Ancient jests and wheezes recur as regularly as any justly celebrated and esteemed comet. Here is Mr. Mutt asking Jeff if he saw the Dardanelles when he visited Turkey. Jeff replies: "I must have, because I met all the best people."

In the sixties the joker of our little village framed this dialogue:

"Did you see the Dardanelles, Mrs. Ferguson?"

"Oh yes, indeed; we dined with them twice."

We have forgotten the formula of this jest during the Crimean war.

WE DON'T UNDERSTAND THIS

As the World Wags:

One flapper says: "I like to follow the dictates of fashion, but I'm too patriotic to wear these 'Big Berthas.'" R. F.

ADD EXHUMATION DEPARTMENT

(From the Appleton, Wis., Post-Crescent.)

FURNISHED ROOMS for rent; gentlemen or college students preferred. 663 Meade-st.

THE EASTERN SITUATION

"Turkey seems to have gotten everything at the Mudania conference except the Rhine valley, Upper Silesia, the Island of Yap, coaling stations in the Caribbean, and a triumphant entry of the Turkish army into Paris and London. As the United States was not involved in the treaty, the humiliating acceptance of the allies of Mustapha Kemal's demands that all shower-baths in Christian countries shall be immediately replaced by Turkish baths and that only Turkish towels can be used in the future does not apply to America."

AFTERWARDS

When you have leashed the hawk Desire By Jess and varvel,

You will sit

Silent beside your daughter's fire And she will marvel,

While you knit,

That one there was who loved to rhyme Your face with all hodcramed or said—

When you are old and tired of time And I am dead,

Ah, Love, the days are overfleet

Before December,

Though we spend

Not half the Summer's gold, and, Sweet, Though we remember

'Till the end.

There shall be time to chide desire

When all our passionate prayers are said,

And you are old beside the fire

And I am dead.

—The King of the Black Isles.

Very pretty, O King. Unfortunately a Frenchman of the 16th century, one Pierre Ronsard, expressed your thoughts in a still more felicitous manner, and thus moved Thackeray to translate the verses, beginning:

"Some winter night, shut snugly in Beside the fagot in the hall, I think I see you sit and spin,

Surrounded by your maidens all.

Old tales are told, old songs are sung,

Old days come back to memory;

You say: 'When I was fair and young,

A poet sang of me!'"

IN THE BOOK MARKET

As the World Wags:

Absorbing to read and convenient as a guide and handbook is the recently published volume by Sir Keno Hirsute: "Beavers I Have Met." Sir Keno, himself a beaver of no slight attainment, has here listed and classified no less than 178 different types, including such little known species as the Full Flowering Chestover, the Bulbous Broomly and the Mandible Mop.

The book is prettily illustrated to make identification easy, and a feature is the directory of hangouts, making it a much simpler task to trace the diffident beaver to his lair. Armed with one of these, and avoiding the popular pitfall of the barber shop, one should run up a most creditable score rapidly.

BIRDIE.

FOR TIMID CHILDREN

As the World Wags:

Our family version of the objectionable verses in "Now I Lay Me" is as follows:

"May angels guard me through the night,

And wake me in the morning bright."

Metrically, it is the best I have heard. I didn't write it. My wife did.

Boston. W. L. S.

"DISTINCTIVE HAND PAINTED AMERICAN ART"

As the World Wags:

Having doffed my hat to the memory of a fine American painter as I passed his bronze memorial palette on my way to Park square, I was reminded of an incident in his life which may interest your readers.

"You are Mr. Stuart, sir, the great painter?"

"My name is Stuart, sir."

"My name is Winstanley, sir; you must have heard of me."

"Not that I recollect, sir."

"No! Well, Mr. Stuart, I have been copying your full length of Washington. I have a number of copies; I have now six that I have brought on to Philadelphia; I have got a room in the State House, and I have put them up; but before I show them to the public, and offer them for sale, I have a proposal to make to you."

"Go on, sir."

"It would enhance their value, you know, if I could say that you had given them the last touch. Now, sir, all you have to do is to ride to town, and give them each a tap, you know, with your riding switch—just thus, you know, and we will share the amount of the sale."

"Did you ever hear that I was a swindler?"

"Sir!—Oh, you mistake. You know—"

"You will please walk down stairs, sir, very quickly, or I shall throw you out at the window," said Gilbert Stuart.

JOHN QUILL.

We are sorry that the descendant of Gen. Grant, the Duchess de Talleyrand, was disappointed in China because the cities were "not imposing and travel there was very uncomfortable." Worse remains to be told: The coffee was "very bad." After all, China is only for archaeologists and librettists of comic opera; but we have heard that tea is not unknown in China and is of a very fair

quality. Possibly the duchess does not like tea, even with a squeeze of a lemon.

HOW OLD IS FATHER?

(From a Boston newspaper.)

"Filled with ice cream sodas and wanderlust, 161-year-old Winnifred L. Wheeler of Concord, N. H., gave her father the slip last evening in the North station."

THE CAPTAIN'S DAUGHTER

("I'd be a parody.")

We were crowded in the cabin, Not a soul that cared to sleep— The Volstead laws were on the land, And Daugherty on the deep.

For 'tis fearful on a voyage,

When a voice comes from afar, And sputters through the wireless To "Cut away the bar."

So we thirsted there in silence,

And hoped it was a joke, Then some one murmured "Cocktails," And we feared that we would choke.

And thus we sat and suffered,

Each one breathing quick and hard, "We are lost!" the captain shouted, As his tongue hung out a yard.

But his little daughter whispered,

As she took his fevered hand: "Hain't bootleggers on the ocean, Just the same as on the land?"

Then we kissed the little maiden,

And we mustered up a grin, And at morn we spoke a rakish craft All loaded down with gin.

ADD "CONDITIONS IN EUROPE"

An American and his wife journeying from Amsterdam to Berlin complain that four Swedes turned toward him and made hideous grimaces to express their hatred of Americans and America. They made faces for six hours. "I felt very weak when I reached Berlin." The American may have been oversensitive, even suspicious. Perhaps these Swedes were suffering from a cruel nervous disease. And there are many forms of the justly celebrated Swedish movements.

NOTHING COULD BE FAIRER

(From the Los Angeles Times.)

COLORED woman cook. Willing to sleep night. Call 273-953.

A singing teacher in New York is suing for tuition fees the Baroness de Hullub. A case of hullabaloo.

DE MORTUIS

Miss Ilga E. Herrick sends us this item of news from the Pasadena Star-News:

"Three persons have died lately. Our town is rapidly improving."

TO ELIZABETH

(For As the World Wags)

Your heart's the motor of a Ford— I cranked a week, and then we parted Colder than ever—you were bored By all my work to get it started.

Perhaps the timing was awry—

At least I couldn't start the sparking; But time was short, and in your eyes There seemed to be a sign "No Parking."

I wonder why the chilly steel

Showed life at first, but soon revoked It—

Perchance, in my o'erweening zeal, I gave it too much gas and choked it.

L'ENVOI

You may be cold forever, but Perhaps again you'll keep me busy; Or will you think me just a nut, And drop me, like your namesake, Lizzie?

Manomet. ROBERT DROWNING

BACK TO THE OLD DAYS

Barbers at their convention in Chicago tell the world that men are purchasing scented soap, perfumes, cold cream and toilet waters; having their eyebrows plucked, purchasing individual shaving mugs with their names on them.

"Scented soap." We remember Ned Harrigan as Mr. Mulligan, using this sort of soap when Cordelia was exulting in her Fifth Avenue mansion.

We do not like to hear of the plucked eyebrows. We know a musician and a lady of high degree who paint eyebrows on their faces because Nature was unkind to them. Julius Caesar was over-curious—some say fantastical—about the trimming of his body. "He would not only be notted and shaven very precisely, but also have his hair plucked, in so much as some cast it in his teeth, and twitted him therewith." (Cast the pro-

vice, not the hair, in his teeth. In these days candidates for office hurl back lies in the teeth of their opponents). Did Caesar have his eyebrows plucked?

We look forward to the return of the mustache cup—adorned with flowers and the inscription, "For Husband," or "For Darling"; the semi-covered tablespoon and the bib with a handsomely embroidered neck band so that black bean soup can be eaten without injury to shirt front, waistcoat and lapels.

BILLET AND FAHRKARTE

As the World Wags:

Your correspondent, "W. A. F.," ought to revise his German before he talks about it.

The word "REISEKARTE" was never used in German in the sense indicated—a Reisekarte is a map showing the trip, round trip or the like, while a ticket has been a "FAHRKARTE" for the last 50 years; when I was in Germany in 1875 I traveled north and south, and while some of the passengers would speak about a "Billet" (pronounced billyet) and a billet-schalter (ticket office), the officials only knew officially "Fahrkarte" for ticket, "Schaffner" for conductor (the travelers or passengers would speak about a "condukteur" at times, especially those that lived at the border), and "Schalter" for ticket office. I have before me an old ticket book purchased—but not used completely—some time in 1875, covering distance between the station of Waldshut and Stuehlhingen, of the Baden government railway, which says plainly:

"Alle Fahrkarten muessen am Schalter der Hauptthaltestellen geloeset werden," that is: All tickets must be secured at the main station ticket offices. Your correspondent may have mixed up ticket, Fahrkarte, and round trip ticket, "Rundreise-Fahrkarte," short Rundreise-Karte, an abbreviation used by the public, but never by the officials. Give the devil his due!

JOHANN JAKOB SCHAEUEFELE.

Member Jacob Lelsler Post, S. S. A. G.

Mr. Schaeuefele states the case correctly. For "Billet" or "Fahrkarte" some Germans said: "Fahrschein."—Ed.

NOTES and LINES

—By PHILIP HALE—

So "The Rose of Stamboul" will arrive in Boston next Monday. It has been so late in coming that the suspicious might think it had withered on the stalk, but we are assured that it is still fresh and blooming.

How many Roses have perfumed the garden of the stage! They have been odorous, and at times malodorous, in drama, opera and operetta. Roses of —. Here is a list that no doubt is incomplete:

Rose of Arragon, of Auvergne, of Castile, of China, of Corbell, of Dawn, of Devon, of Ettrickvale, of the Old Tenderloin, of Persia, of Plymouth Town, of the Rancho, of Rathboy, of Romford, of the Alhambra, of the Riviera, of Windsor.

There is a "Rose of Sharon," but that is a cantata with music by Sir Alexander Mackenzie, to be sung in concert halls by quivering ladies in full evening dress and complacent gentlemen sure of their swallow-tail coats, carefully cleaned waistcoats and irreproachable cravats.

Mr. Erlanger is "presenting Margaret Lawrence as a full-fledged star." As she therefore must have feathers, we are surprised to learn that she will fly and chirp in "The Endless Chain," not in "The Blue Bird," not in "The Bird of Paradise."

One must read the foreign newspapers to know what happens in the musical life of this country. The Menestrel of Paris informs us that at some national commemoration the Marine band played "The Long, Long Trail" in the presence of President Harding and his wife. "It is in the movement of a march, but a very lively one. 'Splendid!' exclaimed the President; 'But how fast you play it. The slower it is played, the more I am pleased, for then my pleasure lasts longer.'"

The Menestrel adds: "Ignorance in musical matters is not the exclusive right of English royalty." This is another proof of the coolness between France and England.

Cyril Scott, it appears, has written an opera, "The Alchemist," which will be performed at Welsbaden in the course of the winter. When he was in

Boston he assured guests at a dinner party that he was only a tube through which spiritual forces in India blew musical thoughts. He said this in a low voice, and the women on both sides of him were deeply impressed, so that they actually bought tickets for his piano recital.

Is the libretto of his opera based on Ben Jonson's comedy?

The 'Symphony' concerts begin this afternoon. Bossi's Theme with Variations, which will be played here for the first time, was written a good many years ago. He is known in Boston by his "Gouldian Intermezzi" for orchestra, his "Paradise Lost," which was performed by the Handel and Haydn Society, and by his many pieces for the organ. The years rush by, and Bossi today is a member of the old guard; not one of the young Italians—among them Respighi, Pizzetti and Malipiero—whose music is so disquieting to the conservatives here and abroad.

The other pieces on the program are the Fantastic Symphony, by which Berlioz sought to revenge himself on the actress, Miss Smithson—he took complete revenge by marrying her, later—and the prelude to "The Master Singers."

At the second Symphony concert Mme. Frances Alda will sing an air from Korngold's opera, "The Dead City," and two songs with orchestra by Joseph Marx of Graz. This will be her first appearance at a Symphony concert in Boston. A symphony, No. 3 by Dvorak, will be played for the first time in this city, and so will "Fairy Tale," by Rimsky-Korsakov, inspired by Pushkin's introduction to his "Russian and Ludmilla." Strauss's "Thus Spake Zarathustra," which has not been performed here for several years, will end the concert. Those who are deeply versed in the philosophy of Nietzsche will not fail to be present.

Carmela Ippolito, the young violinist of Boston, whose talent is undisputed, will play with the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Cambridge this season.

Theosophists at Point Loma, California, performed "The Eumenides" of Aeschylus last month. Mr. Havrah Hubbard, a Bostonian during the existence of the Boston Opera Company, saw the tragedy and wrote a letter to Mme. Tingley, in which, expressing his delight, he struck a rapturous note.

We regret to learn that Mme. Olga Terry, who at one time took the part of a bearded lady in a circus, has been sentenced for two years in the Delaware county (Pa.) jail for stealing horses. She had been convicted before this for her passionate love for horses, a love that knew no bounds or owners.

John McNally, Jr., whose father wrote many comedies that were popular and was for many years the widely-known dramatic critic of The Boston Herald, will henceforth devote his time to writing sketches and producing them with May Tully.

Isadora Duncan having proved to the satisfaction of the Ellis Island officials that she is not a hardened, wild-eyed bolshevist bent on destroying American institutions, will dance here next week. She is still interpreting music: Tchaikovsky's Pathetic Symphony and Slavic March have been added to her repertoire.

In New York she not only shook the hand of Mr. Franko, the conductor; she patted him on the head. Of course she made a speech, introducing her young and courageous husband as "The Walt Whitman of Russia" and saying that her red robe meant "The good red blood of Russia, and the good red blood of America, and the good red blood of all honest people."

The Tribune was deeply impressed. "she constantly suggested the lines of the poet Nekrasov:

"Thou art beggarly,
Thou art plentiful,
Thou art powerful,
O, mother Russia."

Purists might substitute "art" for "are."

All up for Isa Kremer, whose career "reads like a tale from the Arabian Nights."

"Of what does the talent of this remarkable artist consist that she is able to sway vast audiences with a simple song until they laugh and weep and

suffer and share with the artist in the joys and sorrows which she depicts; to so imbue her songs with traits of sweet love, pure ideals, passionate desires and religious concentration: joy, sorrow, desperation, ecstasy, passion, tenderness, romanticism, even the feelings of a child she knows how to interpret?"

We infer from this, Oh, passionate press agent, that Miss Kremer may be persuaded to visit Boston soon.

FRANCESCA CUCE

Francesca Cuce, soprano, assisted by Susan Williams, pianist, gave a recital last evening in Jordan Hall. Her program was as follows: E. Martin, All for You; Delibes, Bonjour Suzon; Respighi, Nebbie; Franck, La Procession; Spross, Rohin; Massenet, Plenez Mes Yeux from "Le Cid"; Handel, Rendil sereno al ciglio; Beethoven, I Love Thee; Caldarà, Sebben, Crudele; Scarlatti, Le Florindo e fedele; Puccini, In quelle trine from "Manon Lescaut" and Madama Butterfly's Farewell.

Miss Cuce was heard here for the first time Jan. 29 of this year. (She had made her first appearance in New York in the preceding November.) She has a fresh and sympathetic voice, especially in the lower section. Perhaps a chief charm of her singing is her frank and unsophisticated manner. At home in Italian music, she is not at a loss in catching the spirit of composers of other nations.

Her program last evening was arranged to show her real dramatic ability to the best advantage. She was especially appealing in her last number, Madame Butterfly's Farewell, and responded with an encore selected with far more care than is usually shown, for in Tosti's "Goodbye," she echoed the feeling expressed in her previous selection and displayed the power and the sweetness of her voice with excellent effect without detracting in any way from her well-planned and completed program.

Oct. 14, 1922

Orchestra Opens Its 42d Season—Monteux Is the Conductor

By PHILIP HALE

The first concert of the 42d season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Monteux, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The conductor and the orchestra were warmly welcomed. The program was as follows: Berlioz, Fantastic Symphony; Bossi, Theme with Variations (first time in Boston); Wagner, Prelude to "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg."

At the beginning of a symphony season conductors, as a rule, pay homage to one of Beethoven's "three B's"—Bach, Beethoven or Brahms. Thus do they think to "play safe" and please the conservative of all ages in the audience. Mr. Monteux yesterday considered favorably of two B's, neither one of them in Beethoven's trinity. Berlioz is seated securely with the great in the temple of art. Bossi is a serious, respectable composer, if he was not in writing his Theme and Variations the white-haired boy of Apollo.

This Theme with Variations is not a recent composition. It was published 14 years ago. Published at Leipzig, it might bear the hall-mark "Made in Germany," for it has little of Italian grace, suavity or headlong dash. It is a scholarly work. The damning epithet "well-made" might be applied to it.

Themes with variations are as a rule to be avoided. Some of those by Beethoven, Cesar Franck's Symphonie Variations, d'Indy's "Istar" and Brahms's Variations on a Theme of Haydn are noteworthy exceptions. One might say that this form of writing is the more endurable when the variations disguise the theme, so that the hearer is on tenter-hooks in the endeavor to trace it; or when the theme is wholly unrecognizable. Bossi is more orthodox. His theme is always in evidence, a good straightforward theme, one easily forgotten if it were not for the repetitions, and then easily forgotten.

There are 10 variations. Perhaps those of genuine beauty are the contemplative one just before the one in the gypsy manner, and the Pastoral. They are euphonious and have a certain individuality. The "Zingaresca" itself makes a brave attempt to be wildly gay, but it has not the requisite abandon. One hears Signor—one is tempted to say "Herr"—Bossi saying to himself: "Good Lord, here's another variation to write. I must have something by way of contrast. Well, I guess I'll go a-gypsying."

The Fantastic Symphony is nearly

100 years old. Each time it is performed—and the performance yesterday was impressive—there is wonder at the achievement of this genius, who taught the world what might be done with orchestral instruments used daringly, for in 1830 Berlioz was regarded by most of his contemporaries as a madman; the genius whose influence affected nearly all the composers that came after him, Liszt, Wagner, the Russians, the men of today. It is impossible to think of modern orchestral music without honoring Berlioz.

Nor was he merely a master, self-taught, of instrumentation. He was a man of musical ideas, some of them gigantic. In 1830 romanticism was in the air. Byron was the poet of poets to Europeans. Hugo, the elder Dumas Gautier, in the younger years of Berlioz, with certain painters, broke away from the accepted conventions. That Berlioz startled the hide-bound classicists, that he was mocked and derided is not surprising. His program for the Fantastic Symphony may now seem as extravagant as Hugo's "Hernani"; as Dumas's "Antony." There are pages in the symphony where the extravagance that was once exciting is now out-worn formalism. One finds in the "Witches' Sabbath" a straining after effect, an impotent attempt to be real devilish at the expense of the actress, Harriet Smithson; yet the Mephistopheles section in Liszt's "Faust" symphony owes much to this Finale. The Ball music seems curiously old fashioned; one wishes the Scene in the Meadows were a little shorter. But the man that wrote the first movement, so expressive of the delirious sleep-chasings and flaming passions of a half-crazed brain; the man that conceived and formed the grisly, the tremendous March to the Scaffold; he, beyond all doubt and preadventure, is among the greatest of the great.

A brilliant performance of Wagner's Prelude brought the end. The performance will be repeated this evening. The program of the concerts next week will be as follows: Devorak, Symphony No. 3, F major (first time here); Puccini, "Visse d'arte" (Mme. Frances Alda); Rimsky-Korsakov, "Fairy Tale" (after Pushkin)—first time here; Marx, "Marienlied," and "If Love Hath Entered Thy Heart" (Mme. Alda); Strauss, "Thus Spake Zarathustra."

UKRAINIANS

By PHILIP HALE

Max Rabinoff brought the Ukrainian National Chorus led by Alexander Koshetz, to Symphony Hall last night. Miss Oda Slobodskaja, soprano, sang two groups of songs, accompanied by Nicholas Stember, pianist. There was a very large and enthusiastic audience.

For once the praise of the passionate press agent seemed reasonable, even cool. Seldom, if ever, have we heard a chorus so firmly and at the same time so musically controlled. A chorus may have precision of attack, pure intonation, a decent regard for dynamic contrasts and gradations, and yet be without a vivifying soul.

These Ukrainians have been admirably trained. They have a strongly developed rhythmic sense. They have a legato line in sustained passages that accomplished solo singers might envy. Their command of nuances and their variety of expression are remarkable. They sing with unaffected spirit; their emotion is not content with the following of the conductor's wishes; it is apparently unfeigned and spontaneous. Although they have given concerts in many European cities and might faithfully accomplish now a perfunctory task, they sing with a freshness, a zest and an emotional intensity that show no sign of physical or mental weariness. Possibly it is because in a strange land they have their own country in mind and are thus inspired, unlike the exile by the waters of Babylon who asked how they could sing the songs of Zion.

The program of the choral numbers

was varied and interesting; interesting musically to layman and folk-lorist alike. It included hymns and canticles, Christmas carols, sung as serenades beneath windows, Spring songs containing hints at the survival of paganism. The names of Leontovich, Demotovsky, Stetzenko, Lyssenko, Barvinski-Koshetz were on the program as arrangers, adapters; some of the most charming selections were signed Koshetz.

And often in these songs, now melancholy but not gloomy, gay but not frivolous, solemn but not depressing, Mr. Koshetz brought from this chorus surprising, impressive, but not extravagant orchestral effects. Miss Slobodskaja, evidently an experienced singer, has a voice that pleased when she did not use full force. Unfortunately she too often abused her vocal strength, forced her voice, so that her upper tones recalled Tennyson's shrill-edged shriek of a mother dividing the shuddering night. When she sang

simply in songs of tender nature her voice was appealing. She did not show a great command of nuances, alternating for the most part between fortissimo and piano. The composers represented by her were, according to the program, Dargomizsky, Glinka, Tchaikovsky, Cui, Glazounov, Moussorgsky and Rimsky-Korsakov.

Mr. Eli Slater's trap-drum, bugle and talking machine disturbed neighbors who are not in sympathy with the tendencies of modern music and find no delight in novel orchestration. They dragged him into court, complaining of the "noise," an injurious term applied by the conservatives in the Boston Symphony Orchestra's audience to ingenious compositions by noteworthy contemporaries. Judge Creed, evidently a man of advanced musical taste, found Mr. Slater not guilty.

Theophile Gautier was for a long time accused of saying that music was the most expensive and disagreeable of all noises. His daughter Judith indignantly denied his saying it and pointed out that he attended concerts and operas as a critic, even sending to Paris a report of an early performance of "Tannhauser" in Germany. But perhaps for this very reason he did make the remark attributed to him.

Headlines in a Boston newspaper: "Football Star Weds Quietly." What was expected of him? to give his college yell at the altar?

FANEUIL MALL

(For The Boston Herald)

Aye tear the glorious relic down
All level with the earth!
Destroy the holy cradle—dear
To liberty's swift birth.
Tear down the walls where heroes
stood
Far rather than thus shame them,
Aye batter down the hoary piles,
But, oh, do not defame them.

Here Adams's glowing eloquence
Inspired the patriot throng;
Here Otis fired our father's hearts
To venge the tyrant's wrong;
Destroy old sacred Faneuil Hall
And raze it to the ground;
Or else remove those signs of "Cheese
Just thirty cents a pound."

VEE DEE.

Some actresses gain the attention of the public by having their jewels stolen. Miss Geraldine Farrar is selling her jewels, opera costumes, furniture and bric-a-brac, including articles marked "T." From descriptions of the sale, we learn that she purposes to make a concert tour, after which she will play in drama. Juliet? Lady Macbeth? or in some emotional, thrilling play of contemporary broken hearth-stones?

RULES OF BEAVER

As yet we have not seen the game of beaver played in the streets of Boston. The London rules have crossed the Atlantic and were recently published in the New York Herald. Here are three of them:

"Calling 'Beaver' during a golf stroke is forbidden.

"Actors may be beavered unless it is stated on the program that the beard is false.

"If a negro is seen riding on a green bicycle with a red beard and holding up a parasol over his head it may be counted a game and set for two months."

IT'S A GREAT GAME IF YOU DON'T WEAKEN

As the World Wags:

Now cometh a game equal even unto the great England's "Beaver"—it is called "Decameron," and it is also British. Ladies are the main object of this exciting hunt of the great outdoors. Moles are good for fifteen (15) points apiece.

Now, to pursue the game properly, one must fasten his gaze on the female and cry in a clear, ringing voice: "Decameron, old thing; Decameron!"

MORTIMER.

CONCERNING SKINKS

W. M. P. asks: "What is a blue-tailed skink?"

A small lizard, common in North Africa and Arabia, formerly regarded as of great value in medicine for its stimulative qualities, is called a skink. It is often not over six or eight inches long, with short legs and a foot like a hand. We do not know whether there is a blue-tailed variety. We hope there is. As Artemus Ward said of the Tower of London, it's a sweet boon. Skink also means a tapster or waiter.

four of poor quality; formerly a ham oldsmith and Coleridge spelled skunk. Askink."

M. SIKI PSYCHOANALYZED
As the World Wags:
Careful study of the full list of casualties suffered by M. Georges Carpentier in his meeting with M. Siki led many, including M. Carpentier, to believe that the Senegalese gentleman used an ax, a sledge-hammer and a machine gun. I should be very much pleased to see a little meeting arranged between Mr. Dempsey and Mr. Siki, but pending that time trust that Mr. Siki will be commissioned as an army corps and sent in to drive the Turks back to their reservation.
JOHN HENDRICKSON.

WIGGLESWORTH FIELD
As the World Wags:

Why not have a municipal speeding ground for passionate motorists? A high brick or concrete wall—possibly padded within—would surround a wide, superbly graded race track. There, with safety to all but himself (herself, perhaps), those infected with motor bacillus could disport themselves. Here the enthusiast could bring his friend to prove "how fast the little boat can go"; or on payment of a moderate fee the friend could bring his own car, and the track quite to themselves, they could race, thus discovering conclusively whether a Stuo or a Diflex could travel faster. What a boon for the timid motorists who long to step on it, but rarely see enough clear road ahead to give them courage! This track should be self-supporting, once made, as the fees for exclusive use would mount up and the consideration of a grandstand for palpitating relatives and those imbued with sporting blood should yield more. Then a fine revenue could be had from the fines imposed on persons who need the extra thrill that comes with illicit joys, who tingle delightfully at thought of a possible ambushed officer—those with the jam closet complex.

SILAS B. WIGGLESWORTH
Cambridge.
P. S.—Might I suggest, should our noble plan materialize, that our local grounds could, with propriety, be named Wigglesworth Field? Aside from the obvious reason one could with a stretch of the imagination find the name Wigglesworth appropriate.

TO CONCEAL THOUGHT
As the World Wags:

If C. T. M. were in the fire insurance business he would think that the pro rata clause, used in transferring fire insurance from one location to another, was of very simple construction. However, the general public would feel that Sam Loyd was in the fire insurance business for keeps after reading the co-insurance clause, demolition and explosion clauses. It is quite probable that many of those actually engaged in the fire insurance business little understand or comprehend them.

04 15 1922

"The Rose of Stamboul," an operetta with music by Leo Fall, ran for many months in Vienna before it crossed the Atlantic. It will be seen at the Shubert Theatre a week from tomorrow. It is said that the Shuberts were over a year in making preparations for the production in this country, which was at the Shubert Theatre, New Haven, on Feb. 22 of this year. The cast was then as follows:

Kemel Pasha.....Henry Warwick
Kondja Gul.....Tessa Kosta
Achmed Bey.....Donald Brian
Howard Rodney Smith.....Jack McGowan
Bob.....James Barton
Abdul.....Leon Hascall
Rodney Smith.....Rapey Holmes

The books and lyrics had been adapted by Harold Atteridge. Sigmund Romberg had written additional music.

For the ballet, the Shuberts brought from Paris Zita Lockford and Naro Lockford, who had danced here under the Shubert management in vaudeville.

When the operetta was performed at Hartford on Feb. 27, it was hinted that Mr. Brian might be replaced by Marlon Green, for the music was not suited to the range of Mr. Brian's voice. Mr. Green, with a short time given him for rehearsal, took the part of Achmed Bey at Hartford.

It was at Hartford that two of the chorus girls were arrested and taken into court for "jay-walking" and being saucy to a traffic policeman. Miss Kosta had a violent attack of temperment. She telephoned to the manager that she would not appear at the matinee on March 4 or at any subsequent performance. She left for New York soon after she had startled the manager. He, quickly recovering, replaced her.

Miss Kosta, however, took the part of Kondja Gul when the operetta was produced at the Century Theatre, New York on March 7. The critics and the public were unanimous in praise. The stage settings and the costumes were described as gorgeous. Mr. Hammond characterized the entertainment as "one of those romantic hippodromes with clown and ballet done so lavishly every now and then by the Messrs. Shubert. Numerous young women wear rich dresses, the many colors of which now smite, now soothe the eye. Zita and Naro Lockford, from the Folies Bergere, exhibit their naked sinews in startling leaps and postures, and there is a luscious background representing the living room of a commodious harem."

The chief singers were warmly praised. Even the vocal censor of the Billboard said that in speech Miss Kosta is careful of final consonants. "In song she avoids an exaggerated off-glide on consonants at the end of a phrase. For instance: She does not say the final i-sound in 'Stamboul,' 'Stamboul-er.'" He also informed his readers that "Stamboul" is pronounced with the stress on the second syllable, "the first syllable has the a-sound in 'at,' the second has the u-sound in 'boot.' I take this to be the official pronunciation of the company at the Century Theatre, although individual actors took the liberty of putting the stress on the first syllable."

We quote these remarks to show what a high standard is required in New York to win the favor of the enlightened critics. They probably consulted before seeing "The Rose of Stamboul" Mr. Vizetelly's "Desk-Book of 25,000 Words Frequently Mispronounced." Sure enough, "Stamboul" is in it on page 804, between "Stalwart" and "Stamen," and we learn that it is the French form of the Turkish name (Istambul) for Constantinople.

And so this operetta may truly be called an educational entertainment.

Mr. Alan Dale, however, was more interested in pantalettes than in pronunciation. "The Stambouliques seemed to wear dresses just about as short as the New York girls, but they wisely added pantalettes to chasten the exhibit, as it were."

Some one may wish to know the plot of this operetta, though in modern operettas, which when they are imported are often turned into musical comedies, the plot is like the needy knife-grinder's. Kondja Gul is the daughter of a Turkish diplomatist. Achmed Bey, a member of the diplomatic service, is also a literary man, and his love stories signed by Andre Leery have won her heart. She marries Achmed, knowing him only as a diplomatist, and yearning after Leery. To find him and elope with him she leaves her husband. It is easy to imagine ensuing complications. She finally discovers that diplomatist and the poet-novelist are one and the same man. The first two acts are laid in Stamboul; the final scene is on the Riviera.

A CURIOUS OMISSION

Elsewhere on this page will be found a short sketch of Mr. Monkhouse, whose "Education of Mr. Surrage" will be played this week at the Fine Arts Theatre by Mr. Jewett's company. It is a singular fact that in the excellent "Who's Who in the Theatre" (1922) there is no information about this dramatist. Did he from shyness ask the editor to pass him by?

ISADORA

Perhaps Miss Isadora Duncan is grieved because she is characterized in "Who's Who in the Theatre" as "dancer" and not "interpretative dancer." Some one was asking not long ago her age. According to "Who's Who in the Theatre" she was born at San Francisco in 1830, and made her first appearance on the stage at Daly's, New York, April 13, 1895, as a fairy in "A Midsummer Night's Dream." Judge Daly says in the life of his brother, that she made her debut as one of the gels in "The Gelsa Girl" at Daly's, Sept. 9, 1896, and on March 12, 1897, danced with two other girls a gypsy dance in the prologue to "Meg Merrilies."

We are under the impression that her first appearance as an "interpreter" was on a lawn at Newport when Mr. John Mullaly led the orchestra. Was it not in 1900 at New York that she first danced "The Rubaiyat"?

The programs of her two entertainments here this week are printed among the announcements. When she danced, or rather interpreted, Tchaikovsky's "Pathetic" Symphony in New York on Oct. 6, it was said that a short printed explanation of the dance would have proved helpful; "but the artist's remarkable pantomime—her facial expressions

and bodily gestures—brought out clearly the spirit and the emotional possibilities of the music," and the "Slavic March" gave vent to all the emotions—"despair, joy, hate, triumph and others, following each other in swift and fleeting succession."

The Tribune said: "Although Miss Duncan has appeared before as an interpreter of symphonic music, the character of her dancing hitherto has been conspicuously of the classic type, the suave and harmonious posturings to be found in Grecian sculpture. Yesterday her art assumed a deeper significance and aroused profounder emotions. In place of the Grecian maiden, capering to the music of her own gay piping or playing at ball, an epochal figure confronted the audience, the figure of Russia."

In every pose and gesture, in the emotional gamut reflected by eloquent facial play, Miss Duncan portrayed the hopes, fears, disillusionments and sufferings of the Russian nation. In the first movement of the Symphony as in

the last when, as a stricken mother, trailing sombre robes of mourning, she sorrowed over the bodies of her fallen sons, Miss Duncan's art touched greatness. The two intervening movements, in which she reverted to lighter methods provided contrast. Extraordinarily effective was her rendering of the closing pages of the third movement."

PERSONAL

Mr. Kassman, violinist, who will give a recital in Jordan hall on Tuesday night, is a member of the Boston Symphony orchestra. He was born at Moscow and was a pupil of Leopold Auer.

Mr. Gideon has prepared an unusually interesting program for the concert of the Temple Choirs on Thursday night in Jordan hall. The program includes three unaccompanied choruses on oriental folk tunes by Mr. Saminsky, whose ballet "The Lament of Rachel" was played in part at a Symphony concert last March. Moussorgsky's "Joshua Navin," a choral work with solo passages, was composed in 1877. He wrote the words as well as the music. M. Calvocoressi says that it is stamped with a more pronounced orientalism than is found in other works of Moussorgsky's. He used for "Joshua" some of the material of his "Salamambo" composed in 1866.

Eviolene Taglione, pianist, who will give a recital at Jordan hall on Friday evening, was heard here for the first time on the first of last February. She was a pupil of Mme. Leginska, and in Boston, New York and London has won the unqualified praise of critics.

It was said that Mme. Alda, at the Symphony concerts this week, would sing an air from Korngold's opera, "The Dead City," besides the two songs of Joseph Marx. It seems she has changed her mind. She has substituted "Vissi d'Arte," sung by Floria Tosca, while Scarpia is recovering his breath, lost by chasing her about the furniture in the living room of his palace. The symphony by Dvorak has not been performed here, strange to say, and "Fairy Tale," by Rimsky-Korsakov, will also be new to the audience. The latter, inspired by the prologue of Pushkin's "Russian and Ludmilla," comes in the order of Rimsky's orchestral compositions between the Serbian Fantasia and the Capriccio on Spanish themes.

Tale," by Rimsky-Korsakov, will also be new to the audience. The latter, inspired by the prologue of Pushkin's "Russian and Ludmilla," comes in the order of Rimsky's orchestral compositions between the Serbian Fantasia and the Capriccio on Spanish themes.

BOOKS RECEIVED

These books have been sent to the dramatic editor of The Herald. They will be reviewed later:

"The Best Plays of 1921-1922," by Burns Mantle, the third volume of a series. Small, Maynard & Co., Boston.

"The Verge," a play in three acts, by Susan Gaspell. Small, Maynard & Co., Boston.

"Guilty Souls," a drama in four acts, by Robert Nichols. Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York.

"Longer Plays by Modern Authors (American)," edited by Helen Louise Cohen. Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York.

"The Secrets of Svengali on Singing, Singers, Teachers and Critics," by J. H. Duval. James T. White & Co., New York.

"Eight Notes: Voices and Figures of Music and the Dance," by H. T. Parker. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.

"The Listeners' Guide to Music," by Percy A. Scholes. Humphrey Milford, Oxford University Press.

"The Second Book of the Great Musicians," by Percy A. Scholes. Humphrey Milford.

JOB ON THE STAGE

The Book of Job will be performed by the Stuart Walker Players at the Wilbur Theatre on the afternoons of Nov. 13, 14, 16, 17 and the morning of Nov. 18.

"Mr. Walker, appreciating that the churches today are deeply interested in religious education, and realizing the value of the Book of Job along these lines, has produced in the most reverent way a drama remarkable for its spiritual import, beauty of setting, and simplicity of diction and action, a drama which makes of the Book of Job a living, vital, understandable thing to the audience."

The following paragraph sent to us is evidently intended for the clergy:

"We are asking that you consider this production as means to interest your congregations in this great truth-giving book of the Bible, and to tell your Sunday school teachers of its short stay in Boston. Those who have seen it say that its very simplicity and dignity have done much to bring out the reverence for the Old Testament in the mind of the growing girl or boy, and an opportunity to know it is to make the Book of Job a lasting memory, an influence in the great problems of life."

EUROPEAN NOTES

Eugene Ysaye will not return to America, but conduct the Concerts-Ysaye at Brussels.

Richard Strauss hopes to make Hell-brun an artistic music centre, where operas by Gluck, Mozart, Weber, Wagner, "Fidelio," the whole of Goethe's "Faust" and plays by Shakespeare, Schiller, Grillparzer, Raimund, Calderon and Mollere.

The Odeon, Paris, brings out "Les Juives," by Robert Garnier (1534-1590), the most remarkable of the French tragic poets before Corneille and Rotrou. Gemier purposes to have certain foreign plays staged by foreign stage managers: "Resurrection" and "The Crime and the Punishment," by a Russian; Schiller's "Wallenstein," adapted by Berger with d'Indy's music, and in the hope that Max Reinhardt will stage it.

His daughter of Meyerbeer, Mme. Gustave Richter died recently at Berlin very old.

Vanni Marcoux will sing at the Opera-Comique, Paris, for the greater part of the season, singing there for the first time in Puccini's "Gianni Schicchi" and the "Polypheme" of Jean Cras.

ST. LOUIS SYMPHONY CONCERTS

The season of the St. Louis Symphony Orchestra, Rudolph Ganz, conductor, will open Nov. 5, with a "Pop" concert. The

first pair of subscription concerts take place on Nov. 10 and 11. Twenty-six compositions will be played for the first time in St. Louis. Those unknown in Boston are as follows: Honegger, Pastorale d'Ete, Horace Triumphant; Bach-Stokowski, Passacaglia; Andrea, Kleine Suite; Zeckwer, Jade Butterflies; Collins, Festival Overture; Wellesz, Vorfruehling; Kampf, Andersen's Maerchen; Holst, "Planets" (Mars, Venus, Jupiter).

Among the soloists engaged are:

Singers—Mmes. Ivogun, Matzenauer, Namara, Mr. Althouse.
Violinists—Messrs. Guelkov, Spalding, Thibaud.
Violoncellist—Max Steindel.
Pianists—Mmes. Kryl and Samaroff; Messrs. Cortot, Ganz, Rachmaninov.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY—Symphony hall, 3:30 P. M. Mischa Elman, violinist. See special notice.

TUESDAY—Jordan hall, 8:15 P. M. Nicolai Kassman, violinist. Tchaikovsky, Concerto; Beethoven, Romance in F; Chabrier-Loeffler, Scherzo-Valse; Pugnani-Kreisler, Praeludium and Fugue; Goldmark, Air from Concerto, Bizet-Kassman, Minuet from "L'Arlesienne"; Paganini, Campanella; Sarasate, Introduction and Tarentella. Samuel Goldberg, accompanist.

THURSDAY—Jordan hall, 8:15 P. M. Temple Choirs, Henry Gideon, director. Harp, kettle drums, organ and solo singers. Saminsky, three unaccompanied choruses on oriental folk tunes; Rachmaninov, two religious choruses; Palestrina, two motets; Kol-Nidrel; Jewish folksongs with piano, arranged by Gideon; solo, synagogal cantillations and choruses; Moussorgsky, "Joshua Navine." Soloists of the choir: Mmes. Conde and Tingley; Messrs. Simonds, Lautner, Huddy, Herbert Smith; Constance Ramsay Gideon, singer of the folk.

FRIDAY—Symphony hall, 2:30 P. M. Second Symphony concert, Mr. Montaux, conductor. See special notice.

Jordan hall, 8:15 P. M. Evellone Taglione, pianist. Schumann, Scenes of Childhood; Chopin, Trois Ecos-saises; Leginska, A Cradle Song (first time); the Gargoyles of Notre Dame; Ravel, L'Alceste; Debussy, Doctor Gradus ad Parnassum; Jumbo's Lullaby; Serenade for the Doll; The Snow is Dancing; The Little Shepherd; Gollwogg's Cake Walk; Beethoven, Sonata in A flat major.

SATURDAY—Jordan hall, 3 P. M. Margaret Walch, pianist. Bach, French Suite, C major. Debussy, La Fille aux cheveux de lin; La Serenade interrompte; Les sons et les parfums tournent dans l'air du soir; Danse. Chopin, Etude, op. 10, No. 3; Waltz, op. 42; Nocturne, B major; Scherzo, C sharp minor. Scriabin, Etude, C sharp minor; Etude B minor. Liszt, Hungarian Rhapsody, No. 8. Symphony hall, 8 P. M. Repetition of Friday's Symphony concert. Mr. Montoux, conductor.

In Miss Caroline Ticknor's delightful "Glimpses of Authors," which has just been published, there is a note about the introduction of water into Boston in 1848 and the procession in celebration of it. Miss Ticknor says that Longfellow was asked to write an ode for the affair, but he declined. Lowell wrote the poem, and Longfellow, for his own amusement, wrote the following epigram, apropos of the controversy regarding the sanitary danger of lead pipes. He also expressed his distaste for writing "poems of occasion."

Cochituate water, it is said,
Tho' introduced in pipes of lead,
Will not prove deleterious;
But if the streams of Helicon,
Thro' leaden pipes be made to run,
The effect is very serious.

ADAM, EVE AND COCHITUATE

We are indebted to a correspondent for a letter written in 1848 in which Mrs. (or Miss) E. B. Adams described this celebration:

"Nov. 4th, 1848.

"My Dear Friend: I promised to give you some account of the great 'water celebration' on the 25th of October, so here it is. . . .

"We took the earliest train to Boston and had a pleasant walk about the Common, looking at the mottoes, some of which were very appropriate. At last we reached our friends in Beacon street. When there we found the procession was not expected to pass through that street, so we went to Tremont street, where we had a fine view of it. Although we started early, we had much difficulty in passing through the street on account of the crowd.

"The procession was really very fine. First came the cavalry, military, etc., then 44 engine companies, Free Masons, and too many benevolent societies to mention. The trades were represented, flower-makers, boiler-makers, a clock manufactory, printing establishment. And what do you think the tailors sent? Nothing more nor less than our ancestors, Adam and Eve, or, rather, imitations of them. Did you ever hear anything so absurd? Other objects worthy of remark were Faneuil Hall market with meat, vegetables and fish, a large ship, an elephant sent by the Boston Museum, a pair of bagpipes played by two Scotchmen, and a palanquin borne by negroes with white turbans, and lastly appeared the students of Harvard University, the faculty, mayor and Governor. The whole was two hours in passing. Between 3 and 4 all the procession came on to the Common, and after they had heard speeches and singing, the fountain began to play. Oh! what a beautiful sight, a single jet of 75 feet; it was received with loud huzzas of welcome and well it might be, for no more shall the poor suffer for want of one of the greatest necessities of life, but all may share it alike. In the evening there were fine fireworks and many public buildings and some private ones were brilliantly illuminated."

Was the jet "75" feet high? The writer's first numeral is indistinct.—Ed.

As the World Wags:

I was visiting a country school the other day where a reading class was reading Browning's "Herve Riel." At the end of the reading the questions listed were being asked by the teacher. What a start I had when I heard, "How was the hero's memory perpetuated?" Canton. W. L. C.

WAKE UP, HENRY! LOOK AT THE NEW BREED OF PACKARDS

(From the Fond du Lac Daily Reporter)
Wanted—Chauffeur for Packard; one who can milk. Address P. O. Box 170.

WELL, THAT'S A FAIR AVERAGE (From the Decatur, Ill., Review) FIFTY-FIVE YEARS 4 IN WEDDED BLISS

Taylorville Couple Celebrate Anniversary.

APPLES

(For As the World Wags.)

It's apple pickin' time up here in Hills-boro'

And I've been at it now
Since fust October come.
Tonight they're in the barn, all in,
And so be I,

Lame head to heels,
Bruised by big Baldwins bouncing off
My bald old bean,
Crick-necked, back-wrenched that time
the ladder fell

And arches fallen flat as London bridge
From standin' on the rungs.
I'm tellin' ye

If any daughter of old mother Eve
Thinks she can tempt my father's son
Tonight

With any apple ever grew on earth
She'd have to look like Venus,
Monellza, them two movie queens
I see in Nashua last week,
And my Luella like she was at twenty-two

Roll'd into one.
But when that rib of mine comes back
'Bout nine o'clock from prayer meetin'
And takes the pitcher off the pantry shelf

And goes and draws some of the apple juice

That's been solidifyin' now about a year
So it's most fit to drink,
And pours me out a tumbl'ful o' that,
I'll fall,

You bet your life!

ABEL ADAMS.

Amherst, N. H.

MISGUIDED ADVERTISING

As the World Wags:

Still another instance of "the more the worse" has just come to light.

A Pennsylvania concern is making for New York and New Bedford houses what are called Magic Dollars, each valid for that sum on a purchase; these coins are marked "Good Luck," but their prominent feature is a "Swastika" revolving to the left—a form well known as the essence of bad luck. The natural impulse of any one (in the know), having such a coin wished on him, is to get rid of it at once without waiting to visit the advertiser's store.

A somewhat similar example (though as a result, not a means of advertising) occurred in England some years ago. A firm of florists made a drive to introduce a beautiful American climbing vine; after a while they found, from purchasers' complaints, that they had been spreading, not the Virginia Creeper, as they intended, but poison ivy.

CHARLES-EDWARD AAB.

Boston, Oct. 7.

ON NODDLE'S ISLAND

As the World Wags:

"Old Anon" cheered my heart. I was born in Boston and carried, an infant, to good old "Noddle's Island." I lived there on Saratoga street until I was married and went to Medford.

I can remember looking out on the ocean from our front windows. I saw many of those old fights with the Chelsea "pigs" and between the Saratogas and Benningtons. I remember a fight on the ice just below the Prescott school between a one-armed fellow and one on skates. Does "Old Anon" remember hearing about the "second section"? The first, third and fourth are familiar; there were amenities between the third and fourth. I can just remember the draped houses and a very beautiful woman opposite our house who wore wonderful mourning for Lincoln. Then there was Capt. Coffin having the Siamese twins at his house in the brick block. He brought them to the United States.

I was always terrified by boys; they fought so, but some of them I looked up to as heroes. I wonder if "Old Anon" was one of them.

West Medford.

Poets, actresses and statesmen have been honored by having cigars named after them. Now it is the turn of great musicians. We see that for intensely, musically, the author of "Don Giovanni," is recommended earnestly.

Composers may in the future be thus characterized. "Schoenberg" may take the place of "Oscurio." The Brahms cigar should appeal to those who first of all demand strength. The name of any ultra-modern composer might be given, if the opinion of the conservatives prevail, to that brand of cigar known popularly as Flor de Sewer, the kind that, smoked, smells like a burning rug.

TO MARY

"What we know as a lump of coal is simply an incomprehensibly large number of electrical particles clustering together."—Professor Rutherford.

Mary, the days are drawing in—
No longer blooms the rose or lily,
The trees on top are getting thin,
The nights uncomfortably chilly.
Too apt art thou, in matters grate,
To judge by almanac, not weather,
And leave until absurdly late
Our autumn ton of simply an incomprehensibly large number of electrical particles clustering together!

Mary, I loathe an empty grate.
However splendidly blackleaded;
Nor less intensely do I hate
Rag cherry-bloom in moss embedded.
No warmth comes near to where I sit
From pots of imitation leather!
I wish you'd go and get a bit
Of simply an incomprehensibly large number of electrical particles clustering together!

Mary, the time of draughts is here,
I feel one now behind me lurking.
And, oh, that stuff's not very dear,
Now strikes are off and mines are working!

My wretched limbs are beastly cold,
And more especially the nether.
I do not ask for lumps of gold,
But only lumps of simply an incomprehensibly large number of electrical particles clustering together!

Mary, on chill September night,
I love to see the home fire burning,
No sausage of electric light
Can fully satisfy my yearning.
No gas for me, however clean,
And saving of the brush and leather
Remove those pots, that fancy screen,
And fill with simply an incomprehensibly large number of electrical particles clustering together!

—L. G. T., in the London Daily Chronicle.

THESE POET LARIATS

There are some pleasing anecdotes in the diaries of Sir Algernon West, just published. Here is one:

"When Lord Tennyson was dying it was said that Alfred Austin wrote these touching lines:

'And o'er the wire this baleful message came:
'He is no better: he is much the same.'"

The Daily Telegraph, revising the Diaries, says:

"The story is a good one, but we fancy Sir Algernon's memory was at fault. The lines, we believe, were written when the Prince of Wales was suffering from typhoid fever, and 'this baneful read, with even greater bathos 'th' electric.' When Lord Salisbury was asked why he had appointed Austin, he cynically answered, 'The best possible reason, because he wanted it.'"

Mr. Franklin P. Adams, lover of Horace and amiable humorist, is also a man of indisputable courage. He has written the libretto of "The Love Girl." Arthur H. Samuels and others have set music to it. If the musical comedy is not successful—absolutely—Mr. Adams has his revenge at hand. In his column, "The Conning Tower," he can make sarcastic remarks about the incompetence of American composers.

JUST TO IRRITATE US

"From the vineyards of Bordeaux come blowing accounts of a harvest more abundant than any since 1893, a notable vintage year in fine clarets."

THESE MAKE-UP MEN SHOULD MIND THEIR OWN BUSINESS

(From the Chicago Daily News)

LADY WISHING TO REDUCE EXPENSES TO Los Angeles, call at 2223 Wellington av.

A GENTLEMAN GOING TO LOS ANGELES wishes to cut expenses. Phone Dearborn 4070, room 36.

SEEN IN CAMBRIDGE

"Tan Ladies Shoes Shined Inside."

WHAT?

(Boston Evening Transcript)

"A daily wastage of 200,000 gallons of gasoline, by evaporation from 775 uninsulated storage tanks throughout the country, is reported as one of the major findings of an extensive survey on conservation just completed by engineers of Johns-Manville, Inc., and the United States bureau of mines. This waste is enough to run a small car 1,440,000,000 miles in a year."

FOR MOUNTBATTEN'S BENEFIT

As the World Wags:

Lord Mountbatten says he loves American slang; that he had heard a delicious bit in the Philippines, "Will you park your chn?" meaning, "Will you dance with me?" And oh, me Lud, here's another one that's priceless. We don't call 'em "petting parties" any more. Oh, no, nor "mooding" parties either. Now listen carefully. We call them "necking parties." Ripping, what! MARCELLUS GRAVES.

"TORSHENCE"

We have received several interesting letters, unfortunately too long to print in full, about the origin of this word. Karoline M. Knudsen thinks it harks back to 'that very early Norse settle-

ment upon Cape Cod, more than 1000 years ago."

"Undoubtedly those venturesome searovers got themselves temporary wives among the inhabitants . . . In Gamel-Norsk and in Landsmael 'tor' means a slight flicker of light, as seen during mid-winter; a frail hold on life; a delicate little person . . . the delicate little person is the last to bless the father and mother before old age sets in." The latter part of the compound is probably from Sjon, a glimpse. In Finnish there are two words very much alike: "tora, to chide; torjua, to defend." Sunbeams from cucumbers!

H. C. J. Farrell has summered and wintered with Cree and Ojebway ("Chippewa") Indians and been through them with a dark lantern. He says squaws call their little boys "Kwas-hence" and little girls "Kwa, war, shence"—"a very slight change from 'torsehence,'" I should think.

Another correspondent remembers the Scottish word "toshings" (additions to the means or comfort of any one) which may possibly be etymologically identical or related.

We are on the side of the Indians!

NIL ADMIRARI

As the World Wags:

It is not only bad form, but brands one as palpably bourgeois, to display appreciation or enthusiasm at any time. If one is going to foregather with the best people, one must turn a bored face to the world upon all occasions, and at no time is one's innate breeding given the acid test more inexorably than when a wag makes one the butt of a jest. But a highly cultured, intellectual person is never at a loss under such circumstances. He or she merely shrugs a casual shoulder and murmurs airily: "Aw, how do you git that way?"

HELEN HENNA.

MISCHA ELMAN

Mischa Elman, violinist, gave a recital in Symphony hall yesterday afternoon, accompanied by Josef Bonlime, pianist. He was greeted by an audience which filled the hall. His first number was Handel's Sonata in D major. Other numbers on the program were: Concerto No. 5, in A major, Vieuxtemps; Chaconne, Bach; suite from the incidental music to "Much Ado About Nothing," work 2, Korngold, including "Maid in Bridal Array," "Grottoesque Funeral March," "Garden Scene" and "Hornpipe," "Nocturne," Chopin-Wilhelmj, and "Jota," Sarasate.

Mr. Elman was in excellent mood to respond readily to the enthusiasm with which the audience greeted him and his playing of each selection was such as to warrant the hearty applause accorded him. He played with the superb mastery of tone and ease of technique that places him among the foremost of modern violinists. There was tenderness and passion and abandon as well as the

mechanical precision of fingers and bow. All the numbers pleased, but the one that drew the greatest applause was "Chaconne," which he played without accompaniment. Mr. Bonlime accompanied with sympathy and skill in the other numbers.

Mr. Elman will give his second recital in Symphony hall Sunday afternoon, Nov. 19.

Oct 28 1922

"All things begin in order, so shall they end, and so shall they begin again; according to the ordainer of order and mystical mathematics of the city of heaven."

"ART," NOT "PROFESSION"

Mr. Henry S. Baldwin of Springfield, president of the National Restaurant Association, wishes "to elevate the restaurant business of the United States to the plane of a profession." He also wishes to "stabilize the industry."

We are surprised to find him referring to his profession as an "industry," a gross, commercial term. "Stabilize," a word that is now overworked, is another word that we do not like to associate with refined food. The word first meant to give stability to a ship. We are sorry to say that an American, Prof. Whitney, was apparently the first (1875) to use the word with its present meaning.

Keeping a restaurant that has an irresistible appeal is not a trade; it is not a profession; it is one of the fine arts. At the same time we rejoice with exceeding glee whenever in old streets of Boston we see the half-obliterated sign: "Licensed Victualler."

ON THE CAPE

As the World Wags:

Now for the "Old Fund," the fallow fixed on the hill overlooking the pond at Baxter's Mill in West Yarmouth. May not "Fund" have meant "foundry?" My old friend, Edward Chase, born in West Yarmouth, used to think it was "Old Fun" when he heard the name as

tobacco shop in Theatre alley, was mentioned. I have this Indian, owned by her and moved to 28 Province street, in 1822, which store I owned in 1835. It stands about five feet high, an Indian maid. It is at my sister's house in Roxbury."

THE LINOTYPE'S AUTHORITY

As the World Wags:

I am always interested in your notes about words, phrases, etc. On a page of The Herald for Oct. 3, under the caption "The Virgin Islands and their Governments," I saw "maintenance" spelled "maintainance," as I so often hear it pronounced. What is your authority? Walpole, N. H. C. H. B.

There were many variants in the spelling of this word in past years: From "mayntnaunce" to "meintenance." "Maintainance" occurs in The London Gazette (1681); in Colley Cibber's "Love Makes a Man" (about 1701); but the instances of this spelling are not many.—Ed.

A RISING YOUNG JOURNALIST

We have received a letter from — of Spray, North Carolina:

"I would be glad to write for your paper all the news from a round here, all so get up Subscription to your paper. All of this for (10) ten cents a week. If you thank what I send in is worth it. If not we will then call it Square. Hope to hear from you soon."

THE CHEERFUL TYPIST

[For The Boston Herald.]

"The day is cold and dark and dreary,"
The poet moaned as he looked at the sky
And the raindrops falling, they made him weary,
For he was a poet—but so am I!

And it takes far more than the drizzling raindrops
To make me grouchy and peevish and sad;
When the sun goes in and the sky grows darker
I shift my ribbon to red and am glad!

ROSE WILLIAMS

OLD BOSTON

The Herald has received a letter which we now publish as it was written.

"In the little paragraphs of old Boston that are very interesting there is one thing that to me was famous that no one seems to mention: after the departure of King Edward from Boston in '61 the return to his home in Acton, Me., of old Ralph Barnum, the oldest survivor of the Revolution. The next great event to me was my arrival in Boston of course I saw everything there was in Boston The Dear Park on the Common The Revere House that was kept by Mr. Revere and the Tremont House that was kept by Mr. Tremont, and Mr. Parker's Hotel the Museum Co. I didn't go to the dance Hall North st. but I wanted to but the most famous thing I saw and that I thought of the most was Salom's Bazar I think it was near Morris Bros. It was a Toy House & a kind of a Museum he was about as big as Tom Thumb wore a swallow tail coat & a big diamond he was a great favorite with the ladies of Beacon st. and was very popular & as Mark Twain would say was an amusing cuss it was the most wonderful place that I saw does anybody remember him or know his History I was not favorably impressed by Boston & my cousin Mrs. — of the Boston Transcript who is a few years younger than I am, one day saw me crying & she asked me the reason & I told her I wanted to go to my home Berwick Me & dig a hole Behind the Barn Some time I would like to know & Quincy Curbie is one that can tell me as they advertised in the programs of the Boston Theatre direct across from The Malonia Billiard Hall over The Boston Theatre was one of the largest & old time tailoring establishment They were also theatrical tailors had a very large room & one of the largest stocks in the city in the same line with Cole and Tuttle John Earle Chas. A. Smith Jacobson dean & others I think they were Germans they failed at one time but my firm started them again in Business what were their names."

Artemus Ward, not Mark Twain, invented the phrase "amoozin cuss."—Ed.

Jewett Players Present

"The Education of Mr. Surrage"

By PHILIP HALE

FINE ARTS THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "The Education of Mr. Surrage," a comedy in four acts by Allan Monkhouse. Produced at the

Repertory Theatre, Liverpool, on Nov. 4, 1912. Mr. Surrage was then played by Arthur Chesney; Vallance, Lawrence Hanray; Mrs. Staines, Ada Potter; Rose, Ellen Thorndike; Violet, Estelle Winwood; Suckling, J. H. Roberts; Archie, Scott Sunderland; Bindloss, Wilfred E. Shine.

Archie Surrage.....C. Bailey Hick
Rose Surrage.....Katherine Standing
Mr. Percival Surrage.....Walter Kingsford
Violet Surrage.....Madeleine Chisholm
Mrs. Staines.....Jessamine Newcombe
Bindloss.....H. Conway Wingfield
Arthur Suckling.....Charles Warburton
Geoffrey Vallance.....E. E. Clive

Mr. Surrage's children found him behind the times. He knew little about art—he confessed that he admired Landseer and Gustave Dore; he could understand them. He a widower was ill at ease with his son and daughters. He understood them as little as he did art, thinking to please them, he asked them to invite some of their artistic friends for a week-end visit in the country. The friends came, and a rum lot they were: Suckling, who thought he was going to write plays and wanted a theatre to produce them; the attractive and mysterious Mrs. Staines; Vallance, the painter, the remarkable Vallance.

This painter "of European reputation" is an incredible person, who borrows a shoe, also two pounds; is half-starved, but grossly insolent; swollen with conceit; steals money from his host and then tries to throw the guilt on the butler; boasts of his hold on Mrs. Staines with whom the chivalrous Percival falls in love and offers his hand in the hope of saving her—he is, indeed, an unsophisticated person—after he knows that she has been the mistress of the disreputable, impossible Vallance. She refuses him. Percival puts Vallance on his feet, finances his exhibition, and, still loving Mrs. Staines, insists that Vallance should marry her, though the painter sees no sufficient reason for this sacrifice to bourgeois prejudice.

It's a light, fantastical, mildly satirical

comedy in which a type or two are dangerously near caricatures. Vallance is a compound of Harold Skimpole and Runthorne. He talks as if he had been reading the plays of Mr. Bernard Shaw. As portrayed by Mr. Clive he is most amusing, especially when his actions and deeds are most shocking. Vallance is more sharply drawn than Suckling, who is a bit of a bore. The women, even Mrs. Staines, are conventional theatrical figures and negligible. Mrs. Staines keeps talking about her past wickedness, but the spectator does not believe her for a moment and is indifferent.

But Mr. Surrage is a personage. There is the pathos of his not understanding the whims, posing and wishes of his children. It is all pathetic for a time, but we are spared what Frank Stockton described as the terrible sight of a parent at bay. Surrage is no Roman father; he wishes to share with his children their liking for queer friends; he finds even Vallance, who robs him, intensely interesting. The children lose their illusions; he has been educated by experience. Yes, he is a fine, chivalrous gentleman, but it was better that Mrs. Staines should marry Vallance, the irresponsible, absurd, despoiler of the bourgeois in life and in art.

An agreeable comedy; decidedly thin in spots, suffering from repetition in dialogue. Well worth seeing if only for the excellent portrayal of the father by Mr. Kingsford and the truly remarkable performance of Vallance by Mr. Clive, who succeed in making one believe that this painter existed in the flesh.

Mr. Wingfield's dignified butler was also a feature of the evening, by his compelling dignity. Mr. Hick and Miss Standing at the beginning were hardly intelligible. This was especially true of Mr. Hick, who at this first performance was manifestly not at esse.

"SPICE OF 1922"

A large audience went to the Opera House last evening to see "Spice of 1922," a musical revue in two acts and 32 scenes that opened there after a successful season at the New York Winter Garden. Those who were looking for "spice" found it aplenty, and those who were looking for clever songs and scenes found them, too.

The show is, as its name implies, a bright mixture of up-to-date nonsense, spiced with a large chorus of pretty girls who after all go a long way toward "putting" the acts over. That they did put them over was evidenced by the gales of laughter and enthusiastic applause that greeted the unusual and spectacular bits of good-natured nonsense that bordered on burlesque at times.

Among the brightest spots in the specialties were the clever impersonations of Marie Nordstrom, who lets her own charming personality shine through and never fails to captivate her hearers. George Price is another impersonator who always amuses with his burlesques on stage people and his parodies on well-known poems.

Nitza Vernill, in striking costumes

and still more striking dances, stands out from a number of good dancers who have in the show abundant opportunities to show what they can do, and for an all-round little lady who can dance, sing and generally delight with her quaint mannerisms, Midgie Miller smiles brightly forth in her own way. Like all revues of the kind there is not much plot and one wonders at times just what binds the whole thing together, but such speculations are forgotten in the spirit of merriment that pervades the whole. There is a blaze of color from beginning to end, ranging from vivid oriental splendor to the sweet charm of the Dutch scene, where everything is of a soft, delicate Dutch blue.

Lacking plot, there is also a lack of clever conversation and at times, especially in the first act, the principals seem to be consciously killing time, which is exactly what they are doing, for one cannot expect even a "spicy" revue to be spiced all the time. However, the action speeds up as time goes on, and the second act is a whirl of motion and song that ends in a spectacular finale.

B. F. KEITH PROGRAM

The bill at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week has much that is above the average of current vaudeville acts and little that is mediocre. The great dancing act of Pat Rooney tops the bill. Last evening there was a large audience.

Jennier Brothers, in a trapeze performance, lead off. The act is much after its kind, but excels in its strenuous pace.

Jack Joyce, a pretty boy, minus a leg, with a delightful personality, danced remarkably well despite his handicap and sang agreeably in a comedy vein.

Edna Aug and company followed in a tailored outlet for the character specialty of the comedienne. The act is well put on, but the Sig. Campanello of James Moore was the tenor of the parlor rather than the Metropolitan Opera House.

Pat Barrett and Nora Cunneen amused, Mr. Barrett, the 30-year-old cut-up and Miss Cunneen as comedy vamp.

Charlotte Lansing, a prima donna with an agreeable voice, sang a group of operatic songs and varied with several in comedy vein.

Johnston and Hayes provided one of the laugh getters of the evening with a style of another era in vaudeville. Employing a conversational style in song, substantially of the "nut" variety, they put across a program that in other hands would have fallen flat.

Pat Rooney's act is one of the biggest now doing vaudeville, including 14 people, and there is plenty of work for all the performers. The principal is seen in all the scenes, which visualize a reverie. Mr. Rooney never danced so well or so industriously and his performance concluded with an ovation. Marlon Bent—Mrs. Pat—has little to do, has grown becomingly slighter since her last visit to Boston. If space permitted, words of praise should be bestowed on the entire company.

Davis and Pelle, equilibrists, concluded the bill.

'THE NIGHTCAP'

THE ST. JAMES THEATRE—"The Nightcap," play in three acts by Max Marcin and Guy Bolton.

Charles.....Lionel Bevans
Policeman.....High Cairns
Jerry Hammond.....Mark Kent
Col. James Constance.....Ralph Remley
Lester Knowles.....Edward Darney
Mrs. Lester Knowles.....Viola Roach
Robert Andrews.....Walter Gilbert
Anne Maynard.....Evela Nudsen
Frad Hammond.....Houston Richards
Rev. Dr. Forbes.....Arthur Finnegan
Coroner Watrons.....Harold Chass
Selden.....Wm. J. Florence

Pausing for a week between straightforward tale of politics as seriously laid down by Edward Sheldon in "The Boss," and honeyed romance as artistically painted in "Tiger Rose" by the scenically adorning Mr. Belasco, the St. James Players last night produced "The Nightcap," a routine melodrama which Boston audiences inspected for the first time in the warming and perhaps less exacting months of last spring.

"The Nightcap," described by its authors as a mystery comedy, was written by Max Marcin and Guy Bolton. The former has been in the past skillful contriver of Broadway's mystery plays and movie scenarios; the latter, too has been known and liked for his specialty—comedy in the light, deft type of "Adam and Eva" or the more softly pattering book of musical comedy. Apart, each has composed numerous places of merit; in collaboration, they have turned out a listless, rough-edged play that rambles uncertainly from mystery to comedy, nay even farce and back again.

The authors have possessed themselves of all the requirements for a fine machine-made detective story. They have the good young man—a banker here—the good young girl, the importantly useless, but always serviceably humorous detective, the suspenseful butler, the mystery policeman, and finally the gentleman of deals, of subtle crooks and crooks, who with his vampish wife, seek to tread easily and rapidly the road to riches. All these with the necessary coroner and minister for emergencies ought to comprehend the limits of an evening fraught with thrills, crimes, and chastened love. But in their attempts to get away from the usual, while holding tightly to the conventional, the authors have played around one situation immensely entertaining, although not too well developed and never characterized with individual sparkle. Mystery, therefore, begins the piece, unfolds slowly, farce humor supercedes it, indeed maintains the pace, and meanwhile solution, never very difficult to the ardent, "died-in-the-wool fan" of such things, waits unfound.

Enough for story that the play carries in the suburbs of Chicago; that Jerry Hammond, the good young man, finds himself under circumstances honest, but seeming shaded, to be the guardian of Anne, the good young girl, and that, to protect her name, he marries her, whereupon his own becomes rapt in suspicion—a woman, murder, robbery. The end is obvious but satisfactory, complicated by one of those little twists that can be conjured up by authors willing now and then in the scheme of things to hold back facts, facts that the audience has a right to know when beginning premises are first divulged.

The St. James Players have done well with material at hand. Indeed, their production of "The Nightcap" seems well worth an evening of time. Playing with none of the sophisticated trickery which glossed the New York production, they nevertheless obtain a satisfactory performance, that makes frank bid for "laughs" and is more often successful than not in such guileless occupation. In this respect Mark Kent is most successful. He wins repeated applause by his meek-mannered, monotonously even-keyed gentleman without a smile. Walter Gilbert, too, has found ways to color a character none too clearly visualized in the original production. His opportunities are for most part to say, not to do. He says them well. Of the others, all made something of parts slender in really acting qualities and opportunities. Miss Roach, in particular, did well with the emotional, but harmless, young wife of Lester Knowles.

This week's production at the St. James is an excellent example of detective drama, drama which is deftly written backwards. Acted capably, it seldom bores and last night "caught on" with an audience waiting, ready to laugh heartily and often. W. E. H.

"SPICE OF LIFE" AT THE MAJESTIC

From the storehouse of old plays a collection of little bits was made. These bits were assigned to various persons, scenery and costumes were provided and the piece was presented in the Majestic Theatre last night under the name of "Spice of Life."

The opening chorus introduced the 12 London Tivoli girls. One of them fell down, then there were but 11. Julia Kelety sang some songs. The audience failed to appreciate them. Tom and Ed Hickey started as though they would incite laughter, but lost their enthusiasm. Sylvia Clark was really entertaining. Dave Kramer and Frank Boyle came next. The comedian of the pair was blackface, but a knowledge of Jewish dialects was necessary to appreciate his jokes. Frank Gaby's impersonations were not new but they were well done.

"I Went a Daddy to Rock Me to Sleep" was the opening of the second half of the bill. Gaby used the old artifice of having a live dummy in his ventriloquist act.

Apologies of the luxurious edition of Melville's prose works in 12 volumes, now publishing by Constable at 10 guineas the set, the Athenaeum of London (Sept. 30) contains a review headed "The Vogue of Herman Melville," a review that will warm the cockles of the heart in anyone who has known Melville's books for many years.

"Today," says this reviewer, "Herman Melville is admitted to be one of the best things America has done."

Speaking of "Moby Dick," a "unique" book, the reviewer says: "What makes it so remarkable a book is not easy to define. It is certain, however, that its

writer was as different from the majority of his species as a man is from a sheep. Melville gives hints, in his masterpiece, that his mind at times moved to a plane where he saw things in a way we will call phantasmal, because our intelligence cannot do it. What he knew cannot be related to anything we know, and some of us, therefore, are likely to explain it as a vagary of dementia. But that will not do. The exquisite pulse, so perilously maintained throughout "Moby Dick," mocks us out of that explanation. There are moments in great music when the listener can believe he has heard echoes out of deeps he cannot know. There are such thrills in great poetry, as those hints and warnings which transcend the drama of "Macbeth." It is this fearful apprehension, the suspicion that there was a sound from beyond our horizon, which moves us at times in reading "Moby Dick." An ardent curiosity concerning all that its author has written is, therefore, natural.

American publishers should be ashamed of the fact that an English house is the first to reprint all of Melville's prose writings.

The Athenaeum states that last month £30 was asked in London for a first edition of "Piazza Tales." "Not an unreasonable price either, for though incorrectly described as the only example of its kind in the country, we know of the existence of but two other copies."

WATCHFUL WAITING

Mr. Ferguson, passionately addicted to the cinema theatres, writes: "I just love to see Pauline Frederick's pictures. She's been fighting for her honor in her last fourteen, but I haven't lost hope: She can't always fight."

"OUT OF THE GOLDEN REMOTE WILD WEST"

(On a bulletin board of the Davenport Democrat)

THERE WERE NO NEW KILLINGS IN ROCK ISLAND UP TO 2 O'CLOCK THIS AFTERNOON

I KNOW TWO LITTLE SISTERS

(An Alcoholic Ballad Concerning Ethyl and Methyl.)

I know two little sisters,
I think you know them, too;
One puts you high in Heaven,
And the other in Bellevue.

So spiritual is Ethyl,
She's thoughtful of her folks;
To kill them outright, she believes
The ghastliest of jokes.

'Tis sweet to fling with Ethyl,
Who stimulates the brain—
And you can wake and feel as good
As dear old Doctor Crane!

But O! that horrid Methyl,
Her quite attractive twin;
You never know what cot or ward
That girl will put you in!

While outwardly, she's charming,
And all that sort of thing,
It's inwardly—she gets you—
Hark how the angels sing!

She loves to see a fellow
Completely lose his mind,
Or, better still, his eyesight,
But pout—you know her kind!

L'Envoi:
O you may stroll with Methyl
And let her pick your ears,
But I will woo sweet Ethyl,
She's plain—but there are worse.
VANADIS G. S.

"HOW HAPPY COULD I BE WITH EITHER"

As the World Wags:
Overheard in the lobby of a Back Bay hotel recently:

Energetic and public spirited lady, one of those whose mission in life it is to goad us into doing the proper thing, to a Grande Dame of the Victorian era.

Energetic lady—"I hope you voted at the primaries today."

Grande Dame—"You may not know it, but I am a lady and ladies do not do such things."

Exit Grande Dame leaving energetic lady purple with righteous indignation. I am in full accord with the lady. Which lady? you ask. Wild horses could not pull from me my thoughts for I am a man of discretion and married to boot. At times I think I see in you a courage which borders on recklessness, so I leave it to you to pronounce the verdict.
G. S.

A VISE FOR LAUNDRY WORK?

As the World Wags:
GENERAL WORK. Miss Ella Hightower (colored) wants situation to do the general maid work in a family; one who has a bench with vise. Please address ——— To make matters worse my sister put an acute accent on the "e" in "vise" and wanted to know what a housemaid was doing with a passport.
J. B. BRIDGETOWER.

A VERMONT SEA PORT

(From the Evening Transcript)

"The Freeman, laden with coal and sailing from Norfolk, Vt., to Bangor, Me., encountered a booze-runner at sea."

Mr. Tailby of Wellesley remarks that finding the big still in Medford was like finding coal in Newcastle.

HOW COULD SHE BEAR TO DIE?

(From the Chicago Daily News)

IN MEMORIAM

ELLIOTT-FISHER BILLING MACHINE Operator—Young lady with about 3 years' experience; congenial, permanent position; moderate salary; salary with opportunity to advance. National X-Ray Reflector Co., 235 W. Jackson-blvd.

CON SORDINO

The kings that fought for Helen
Are gone like wraiths away,
And all their wars are done now
And all their lusts, for aye;
But he that harped for Helen,
His fingers strike and strum,
Though Helen's hands are dust now
And Helen's lips are dumb.

And I dream dreams of Helen,
As men shall dream for aye,
'Till all the prayers are said then
And all the gods are grey,
For that the loves of Helen
In so sweet words were sung
When Helen's grave was green then
And Helen's fame was young.
—The Kings of the Black Isles.

H. G. WELLS'S HATED RIVAL

A man writes from a cotton mill in Texas seeking a publisher:

"I am a graduate of all Histories and have had two years of experience in writing stories and poems. My subject I want to write on is: 'From the beginning and present and the ending of man's dispensation on the Globe.'"

TEMPLE CHOIRS

Last evening in Jordan Hall the "Temple Choirs," Henry Gideon, director, gave a concert largely of Jewish liturgical music, with the help of Lucienne Lavedan, harp; Margaret Mason, tympani; H. R. Austin, organ, and Mrs. Gideon, who sang a group of folk songs in Yiddish. The incidental solos were sung by Marla Conde, soprano; Gertrude Tingley, alto; Raymond Simmonds and Joseph Lautner, tenors, and Herbert Wellington Smith, baritone.

The program began with synagogue music, by Ferdinand Dunkley, Boruch Schorr, Howard Thatcher (traditional), Dvorzan-Sparger, and the well-known Kolindre, arranged by Sulzer for tenor solo. Three part songs by L. Saminsky, sung a capella (except for tympani in the last), followed, and then two anthems by Rachmaninov, "Laud ye the name of the Lord," and "Blessed is the Lord," op. 37.

After Mrs. Gideon's charming folk songs—charmingly sung as well—came a cantata by Mussorgsky, "Joshua," for chorus, soprano, alto and baritone solos, and harp, organ and tympani.

Although the Mussorgsky cantata roused keenest interest of all Mr. Gideon's program, in the hearing it proved, not to mince the matter, dull, more after the pattern of Mendelssohn than might have been expected of the composer of "Boris Godunov," and, though noisy, void of compelling emotion; Russian music may, it would seem, be as commonplace as that of other peoples. The anthems by Rachmaninov, though, had beauty of their own, of color and line, and they had individuality, too. Although their texts consisted largely of "Alleluia," sung over and over again, the spirit of the anthems curiously lacked joy to western ears—the Slavic temperament, perhaps, of which we read?

The Saminsky songs left little impression behind them; the third seemed to have most character. Of all, the synagogue music proved most interesting, though of uneven worth, some of it sounding not unlike a commonplace English anthem to be heard in a dozen churches on Sunday, some of it singularly impressive, all skillfully written for the voice.

If Mr. Gideon means his concerts for the public at large, he might perhaps find it wise to make freer use of the tongue which is understood of the people and also not to confine his programs too strictly to music of an exoticism which before the end of an evening must pall.

It is to be hoped that he does mean these concerts for the public, since he finds unusual music to sing, he makes his chorus sing admirably, and, what is, of highest importance, by means of the concert he must without question do much to heighten the interest of his choir week by week. He is, by the way, fortunate in his soloists.
R. R. G.

Two Novelties on Bill, Dvorak's Work in F Major, Russian Fairy Tale

MME. ALDA SINGS UNFAMILIAR SONGS

By PHILIP HALE

The second concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Monteux, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Dvorak, Symphony, F major, No. 8 (first time here); Puccini, "Vissi d'arte," from "Tosca" (Mme. Alda); Rimsky-Korsakov, "Fairy Tale" (first time here); Marx, Marlenlied and If Love Hath Entered Thy Heart—with orchestra (Mme. Alda); Strauss, "Thus Spake Zarathustra."

Dvorak's symphony in F major, composed in 1875 but not performed until 1888, is amiable music, pleasing chiefly by its simplicity and frankness. He was not ashamed of remembering Beethoven in his pastoral mood, Mendelssohn and Schubert, nor did he disdain Bohemian dance rhythms—witness the Scherzo and certain pages of the Finale. When he wrote this symphony he was unsophisticated. He composed music, as he wrote letters to publishers, with the artlessness of a child. England had not yet persuaded him that he was a genius; had not induced him to write in oratorio form. He had not been tempted by American dollars to be unhappy and homesick in New York and to endeavor to found an American school of music on negro melodies. Old formulas were not foreign to him in 1875. His chief reliance was in sharply defined rhythms and obvious melody. In this symphony there is little of the thickly laid-on color noticeable in some of his earlier works; in some of them are red, scarlet, purple, crimson patches. The young lions among the ultra-modern composers would say that the Symphony in F is thin, weak, childish; that no wonder it has been neglected; but portions of it yesterday had an agreeable, soothing sound to ears that are too often rasped or stunned.

Rimsky-Korsakov's "Fairy Tale" was a grievous disappointment. It was a mistake for the composer to publish in his score the wildly fantastical introduction of Pushkin to his "Russian and Ludmilla," for the music falls far short of the text in imaginative thought and expression. For once Rimsky-Korsakov was academic and dull. The opening prelude, tiresome in itself, led to little of poetic interest. Even the instrumentation is not what one had a right to expect from this master. How seldom is it worth while to possess the complete works of any man—poet, novelist, essayist, musician! Yet it was a satisfaction to learn that Rimsky-Korsakov could write music of a conventional order, could be laboriously uninteresting; and there was Pushkin's introduction, more musical than the music suggested by it, an introduction to be classed with some of Arthur Rimbaud's fantasias in prose.

Mme. Alda sang here for the first time at a Symphony concert. The unfamiliar songs by Marx are beautiful. The Marlenlied is discreetly and effectively orchestrated; the other song is over-orchestrated. Mme. Alda sang them well, with appropriate, unexaggerated feeling. Her performance of the so-called "Prayer" from Puccini's raw-head-and-bloody-bones opera was calm and collected, serving to display the beauty of the singer's voice; not suggesting the anguish of Floria while Scarpa is recovering his breath from the mad pursuit of her around the furniture in his salon. One does not demand in the concert hall the passion of the stage; but one may reasonably expect emotional warmth.

Strauss's huge "machine" had not been heard at these concerts for six years. During this time it has aged. The opening measures are still stupendous. The Grave song and Night song are not without compelling beauty, but on the whole, Nietzschean philosophy and music do not dwell together in harmony. Dismiss the thought of Nietzsche; consider the music as absolute music, and there is much that is boring and inherently cheap, if not vulgar, in spite of or by reason of the bombast and pretentiousness. The performance, thoughtfully conceived, brilliant at times, lacked as a whole the melodramatic frenzy and the mad intoxication that alone give this tone-poem genuine life and carry conviction.

The performance will be repeated tonight. The program of the concert next week will be as follows: Mozart, Symphony in E flat major; Vaughan Williams, Fantasia on a Theme by Tallia, for double stringed orchestra (first time here); Tchaikovsky, Concerto piano (Mr. Moiseyevich).

ISADORADUNCAN

By PHILIP HALE

Isadora Duncan with an orchestra conducted by Nahan Franko gave an exhibition of "interpretative" dancing last night in Symphony Hall. There was a large audience.

The composer whose works were chosen for "interpretation" was Wagner. Miss Duncan made these selections for the display of her peculiar art: Ride of the Valkyrie, Siegfried's Funeral Music, Isolde's death and the Bacchanal from "Tannhauser."

Those who remember Miss Duncan as she danced when she first visited Boston, gracefully posing, now bringing to mind the art as explained by Lucian, with significant pantomime; now leaping and bounding with the joy of youth in springtime, exulting in her freedom from academic conventions; the incarnation of high spirits yet an interpreter in the dance of gentler emotions and of melancholy moods, rubbed their eyes last night in wonder at the change.

A change not necessarily due to the fast-gliding years; a change in ambition and in methods of expression.

Her choice of subjects for interpretation were unfortunate. How is one, however gifted, to mime the Valkyrie's ride in air, to bring before an audience the funeral procession of the hero; to express in pantomime the outpouring of Isolde's soul in song?

What did one see? A woman on a semi-darkened stage making Y's with upstretched arms; with legs now joined together, now far apart; moving without apparent purpose from one side of the stage to the other, from front to rear and back again. With grimaces that were intended to be revelations of inward and varied feelings. An uninteresting, futile exhibition.

Applauded heartily for these performances she shook hands several times with Mr. Franko, who certainly needed this encouragement. As an extra number in the first part of the entertainment, she mimed Wagner's "Dreams," dreaming while sprawling on the stage, kneeling, standing, and again lying down. Uneasy dreams; unpleasant dreams.

The orchestra, led by Mr. Franko, played the Prelude to "Lohengrin," the Entrance of the Gods into Valhalla, the Prelude to "Tristan and Isolde" and the overture to "Tannhauser." He conducted intelligently players who, no doubt from insufficient rehearsal, at times made inopportune sounds and distracting entrances.

This afternoon Tchaikovsky will be interpreted by Miss Duncan: the "Pathetic" symphony and the Marche Slave. The orchestra will also play the "1812" overture and the familiar Andante from a string quartet.

The Athenaeum of London published recently a bitter article, savagely contemptuous, on "This Freedom" and "If Winter Comes."

These novels, the reviewer, "H. M. T.," said, "stirred profoundly those deep and dark tides of treacle which lie hidden beneath all the superficialities of intelligence . . . He (the novelist) has visibly conjured up what . . . psychologists know as 'gushers.' . . . There is but one thing to be said in favor of glamorous and romantic sweetness: if rubbed into the hair, it helps 'o keep the straws in place.'"

In the course of the review "H. M. T." quotes from Martin Farquhar Tupper, "another best seller":

"But the breaches of our desire are torn in the briars of suspicion."

ADD "PARLOR SPORTS"

As the World Wags:

Old Bean: I was dancing with a most charming young lady, and having a delightful time of it, when oh, for the screaming—or is it the hallooing—anyway the something out loud! I noticed a pretty little mole just below the place girls used to have ears, then greatest horror of all, I complied with the rules by fastening my all-seeing gaze upon that priceless little mole and cried, in a clear ringing voice, "Decameron, old thing, Decameron," but I think she didn't quite grasp the point, for she snappily came back with a left hand slap on my blooming cheek, shouting the while, "Boccaccio, you blighter, Boccaccio." My word!
MORTIMER.

FOR ECONOMISTS

(From the Peoria Transcript)

Purchase of Henry M. Pindell
Aptly Illustrates Low Value
of Fallen Austria's Currency

THE INSTRUCTED POET

As the World Wags:

Extract from publisher's letter:
"Would be glad to see other work, but please make it plain American—not mid-Victorian verse."

My dear, you're out of date;
'Tis poetry, of course, but mid-Victorian.
All this you write of skies and trees
and flowers,
Of moonlit seas and heaven and forest
glades
(Is waste of time—quite unmarketable.
People don't care for such stuff now-
a-days.
These lines are rank of Swinburne and
of Keats
Who no man reads and of whom few
have heard.
We do not sail the seas but go by
steamer
Or by motorboat—moon or fog don't
matter.
Forests today are timber—as for flowers
We buy beneath their native glass—and
pay for.
Try something else—live issues—modern
thoughts—
Oil wells, railways or smelting furnaces.
Write us an ode on Fords of public
schools.
No rhyme for schools, you say, but
fools?
Why rhyme at all? The modern ear
requires
No music. Measure your lines by foot
rule,
Cut them off as with a butcher's cleaver.
They look well printed and the thought
(is, after all, the publisher's desire;
The idea is the thing and let it be
Concrete and of some interest to the
crowd.
Don't weep because the ancient gods
are dead.
They're dead, 'tis true—but we'll make
other gods.
You see the fashions change, and don't
return,
Red heels and fans and grandma's
patchwork quilt
Are out of vogue—as is your poetry.
Boston. BELVEDERE HICKS.

AM, NOW FOR PAINLESS DANCING

(From the Paris, Ill., Daily News.)

Miss Mary Jane Wright left today for Indianapolis to begin her duties as assistant to Madame Theo Hughes, anesthetic dancing teacher.

"LET JOY BE UNCONFINED"

The writer of an article headed "Dismal Modern Dancing," published in the Daily Chronicle of London, should urge this Miss Mary Jane to open a school in London. "Go into a dancing hall and watch the face of the 'revellers.' On scarcely one will you see the semblance of a smile. The average expression is one of hard, concentrated attention, with a worried look predominating. For, of course, the everlasting aim is to observe the intricacies of the latest 'hug' or 'trot'."

"Dancing has become nowadays, to a large extent, a mechanical and joyless business. Not in these times does the youthful Romeo seek a Juliet in the ballroom. Juliet would probably prove boring to the dancing young man of the period. He is ready to gyrate even with a mulatto or a bearded lady providing she can 'partner' well."

"To this end 'professional' partners are nowadays an institution. For sixpence or a shilling you can hire a perfectly drilled male or female automaton, warranted to smile and utter a few words if required, or to remain silent if the hirer desires to give all his, or her, attention to the 'step'."

"Naturally, the old-time 'romance' of the ballroom has departed."

POOR MR. HELY

But this "worried" look in dancing, a "joyless business," is not due to the world war; it is not a sign of present world depression. Read the chapter "Cavaller Seul" in Thackeray's "Mrs. Perkins's Ball," published in 1847.

"This is my friend Bob Hely, performing the Cavaller seul in a quadrille. Remark the good-humored pleasure depicted in his countenance. Has he any secret grief? Has he a pain anywhere? No, dear Miss Jones, he is dancing like a true Briton, and with all the charming gaiety and abandon of our race."

Poor Hely, if he were advancing to a dentist his face would not be more cheerful. All the eyes of the room are upon him, he thinks; and he thinks he looks like a fool. Upon my word, dear Miss Jones, I think he is not very far from right. I think that while Frenchmen and Germans may dance, as it is their nature to, there is a national dignity about us Britons which forbids us from that enjoyment. I am rather of the Turkish opinion that this should be done for us."

We wish we could reproduce Thackeray's drawing of Mr. Hely in action. Faces like his can be seen in Boston whenever and wherever there is dancing.

MISS TAGLIONE'S SECOND RECITAL

Leginska's Pupil Has Talent Enough and to Spare

Yesterday evening in Jordan hall, before a large and well pleased audience, Miss Evelione Taglione gave her second Boston recital. She played Schumann's "Scenes of Childhood," three of Chopin's "Ecosseises," by Miss Ethel Leginska; a Cradle Song (its first performance) and "The Gargoyles of Notre Dame; Ravel's "L'Alceste et l'Imperatrice des Pagodes," six pieces by Debussy (the Golliwogg's Cake Walk and the rest) and the Beethoven Sonata in A-flat major, that with the funeral march.

Something under a year ago, when Miss Taglione played for the first time in Boston, for a girl of her young years she played amazingly well, doing high credit to her own talent and industry and no less so to the skill of her teacher, Miss Leginska. It would be interesting to learn from Miss Leginska precisely wherein, according to her view of it, the advantage to Miss Taglione lies in a public performance today, when the young player seems to be in an odd state of transition.

Since even last year Miss Taglione proved herself less abundantly endowed with poetic feeling than with certain other fine qualities, to set her at work on the Schumann Kinderszenen surely showed good judgment, but why should Miss Leginska choose to let her offer her immature conception of the little exquisite pieces, possible for only an artist really to play, to an audience? Other music she played better (notably Miss Leginska's own), brilliantly here, sometimes with beautiful tone, gracefully there, and at moments with real excellence.

Too often, though, Miss Taglione played carelessly, at ill-judged rates of speed, not with a fine feeling for rhythm and, especially the Schumann music, in a mannered way it is hard to picture Miss Leginska approving. Is it possible that the mistress gave the pupil for this once her head, to see what she could do? If so, once is enough. Miss Taglione has talent enough and to spare, but rigorous training for many a year to come will do her good. R. R. G.

MARGARET WALCH

By PHILIP HALE

Margaret Walch, pianist, gave a recital yesterday afternoon in Jordan hall. Her program read as follows: Bach, French Suite, G major; Debussy, La Fille au Cheval aux Indes, La Serenade Interrompue, Les Sons et Les Parfums tournent dans l'air du soir, Danse; Chopin, Etude, op. 10 No. 8, Waltz, op. 42, Nocturne, B major, Scherzo, C sharp minor, Scriabin, Etudes in C sharp minor and B minor, Liszt, Hungarian Rhapsody, No. 8.

Miss Walch's program was harmoniously arranged. She made no mistake in playing music by Bach, Debussy, Chopin in close succession. The three were harmonic revolutionaries; each one of the three blazed a path for himself, though the Bach of the French Suite was of the group headed by the great Couperin, and not so Gothic as in many of his compositions. A young woman who can give pleasure by playing the music of the three, may easily be permitted to Scriabin it afterward and to be conventional by ending her recital with a thunder and lightning Rhapsody by the Abbe Liszt.

And Miss Walch did give pleasure by her playing. Her technique was adequate for the self-imposed task. What is of equal, if not greater, importance, she played musically, with a sense of the beauty contained in the compositions. She did not try to stun the hearer by bravura, young as she is—for the young are more daring in this respect than the mature, nor was she timidly accurate. Without mannerisms—they are so easily acquired, even at the beginning!—she played gracefully and modestly, not as one too expectant to the applause of faithful friends; not impatient for it. Sentiment was unexaggerated; brilliance was there simply because the composer put it there.

Pianists of riper years and more resounding names do not always play so musically and with so marked an understanding of the piano's limitations.

An American film-play, "Peacock Alley," was ordered off the program of a Parisian boulevard theatre by the courts. It is said that this action was instigated by our old friend, Cleo de Merode, who thought that the play was based on her "life and adventures." Surely not all her adventures. And when did Cleo begin to shrink from publicity? If the scenario of this film was suggested by Cleo's career, we could understand the Belgian people feeling indignant.

Did the film show Cleo posing for the famous statue of "The Dancer"? By the way, her "front names" are Diane Cleopatre. Her parents, at the baptismal font, must have been humorists.

How the glories of this world are vain and unsubstantial! Who could have told, off-hand, whether Cleo was alive or dead?

A BENEFICENT ROBBERY

"Thieves in New York steal a valuable violoncello."

Thieves of indisputable taste, benefactors to the race. They, in all probability, stole the instrument from fear lest some one might play on it in public.

"Centre of foreign-born white population of U. S. moves West."

Mr. George N. True, quoted by Artemus Ward, in the second chapter of "Red Hand: A Tale of Revenge," was the author of the immortal line: "Westward the hoe of Empire stars its way."

"Rotary is an influence which makes the WORLD a BETTER PLACE to LIVE IN."

We read in the announcement of the Fall Conclave of Rotarians at New London last month this "Special Notice":

"Ladies dress, as they please. Gentlemen's dress, informal; the nearest approach to formal that will be allowed is dark coat with white trousers, shoes and stockings. Ladies privileged to wear the same. (Pronounced by the committee on arrangements.)"

IRISH HOTELS

As the World Wags:

I can tell you something of Irish hotels, temperance and licensed. My assignments as a commercial traveler led me into remote parts of Ulster, where the ways of life are simple and unaffected. The biggest man is the best man and a bit of a shillelagh is no mere vermiciform appendix.

Upon my arrival in one town the jockey did not bespeak my patronage, but just sat me down in his ancient chariot and said, "Where's yer thrunk?" I told him, and we drove to the hotel, where I stood at the desk for 15 minutes without the slightest notice from the proprietor, who was also the clerk. He was gazing speculatively at a fight going on between the porter and the driver over the disposition of my trunk, as if unable to make up his mind whether the fight as a fight was worthy of his establishment. When trunk and driver had been put in their proper places, the one dragged in and the other thrown out, the proprietor turned to me and inquired blandly, "What might yer nather be?"

"Beg pardon," I answered, "I don't understand."

"What are ye peddlin'?" said he.

"Go to hell," said I.

"Can ye fight?" said he.

"I don't know. I never tried."

"Maybe ye'd like to try?" Welcome to Bundoran." L. X. CATALONIA.

Boston.

WRONG NUMBER

(For As the World Wags)

"Oh, damn these telephones," quoth I, "Why is it, Central, why, oh why Can't you awaken from your slumber? What's that?"—a gentle voice I heard—

I said, "Please pardon, what's your number?"

She answered, Charm was in each word.

I felt all lonely, gloomy, drear,
But when I heard her voice as clear
As tinkling of a silver bell;
Brimful of life and gaiety;
My pulses jumped, my heart—ah, well,
I thrilled at its sweet melody.

Oh, limp laughter that so called me,
Luscious words that so enthralled me
For a while; but I'll not prate
That I don't know her, nor complain
But rather hope the Sisters' Fate
Give me "Wrong Number" once again.

With heart afire with young love
I penned the soft-soap lines above.
I got "Wrong Number" once again;
My soul in ecstasy did roam;
I asked—a void—"Aw you're a pair,
Say, guv, you've got the Old Malld's
Home."

P. S.—And Mister Hale, I'm telling you the saddest part is that it's true.
Boston. VEE DEE.

THE SNEAK OF ARABY CHAPTER XXVI

"I have you in my power-house and you cannot fire-escape!" sneered the Sneak in an Oriental voice.

"You are an educated Englishman," cried Lady Eclair with sudden hope. "I can tell by your speech."

"English!" he roared. "Never, I am an Arab. Mashallah! Bismillah! Inshallah! By the beard of the Prophet!" And it was then that the noble English girl ruined her last chance of mercy by shouting "BEAVER!"

JESSIE JAMES.

A SCENE FOR THE HISTORICAL PAINTER

As the World Wags:

I read in a description of the affecting scene following the triumph of the aviator Lieut. R. L. Maughan at Mount Clemens, Mich.:

"Maj.-Gen. Patrick patted the Lieutenant on the head and Secretary Denby was so overcome he burst into tears." All because the Lieutenant had flown at the rate of 206 miles an hour. Gosh, suppose he had made 220 miles an hour! Then Maj.-Gen. Patrick would have burst into tears and Secretary Denby would have kissed him.

Beverly, GEORGE P. BOLIVAR.

ON THE BILL

(From The Daily Chronicle, London)

A recently disclosed ruse of an hotel manager for getting rid of undesirables by increasing his charges suggests a new form of dinner bill. Thus a vulgarian might be debited:

Peas, 1s., eating ditto with knife, 2s. 6d.

Asparagus, 2s.; following ditto round table, 8s. 6d.

Soup, 1s. 6d.; inserting whole of spoon-bowl in mouth, 2s. 6d.

Extras: Eating audibly, 1s.; drinking from finger-bowl, 1s. 6d.; talking "shop," 2s.; meekness before waiter, 1s.; wearing cultured pearl sleeve links, 21s., and so on, until the guest grew tired of apeing the gentleman.

"VEX NOT THE POET"

A pleasing anecdote told by Lady Young is in Katherine Tynan's memoirs "The Wandering Years," recently published in London.

Tennyson was caught with Thackeray's daughter (Lady Ritchie) and others in a shower, there was only one waterproof. "I had better take that," said Tennyson, wrapping himself in it, "for my life is the most valuable."

Henry Bernstein's new play, "Judith," was produced at Paris on Oct. 12. It is said that his play follows closely the biblical story; but he has portrayed Judith—a passionate woman drawn toward Holophernes as much by desire as by patriotism. She is in his tent five days before she abandons herself—plenty of time to think it over, though Mme. de Warens gave Rousseau a still longer period for reflection. Holophernes is so moved by Judith's beauty that in an emotional outburst he gives her his sword and turns the point towards his body. This is too much for Judith. She falls into his arms. The part of Judith was taken by Mme. Simone.

"Tiger! Tiger!" has been performed in French at Paris as "L'Eveillé Fauve." The correspondent of the Morning Telegraph says that the play greatly puzzled the Parisians, who left the Theatre des Arts "feeling that if this was a satire on modern social conditions it was an unfamiliar society so far as they were concerned."

The portion of the play which seemed to be enjoyed the most was the English kitchen, with its shining utensils, for every well-regulated cuisine française has its fine batterie of brass or copper hanging upon the side wall. This statement is made in all candor, for (if signs for aught) it was the only scene arousing enthusiasm.

Dr. Frederick William Russell, lecturing in London on "Music and Morals," talked about the virtue of insularity. He begged the students of Trinity College of Music to preserve the musical traits and traditions, and not—under cover of that strange plea that art knew no nationality, that art was international; whatever that terrible word meant—to allow this country to be the passive dumping ground of every foreign art form. Today we had not only the influences of the French and the Rus-

means with us, but also, he was afraid, the negro influence—and that of America—that restless democracy where noise played one of the chief parts in the life of the public and in the life of art. Did we, he asked, value our morals—that was to say, our Anglo-Saxon character and traditions? Did we value our insular music, which, with all its faults and limitations, was at least our own? He asked the college to encourage as much as possible the national music and national musicians, and to oppose what he might call the alien immigration, or dumping, which in the remote past the German band, and at present the Russian ballet, was the type. Let us encourage the young and the audacious. If we could not be original let us at least be conservative in tradition and work on insular lines. Let us be conservative of those art forms which showed strong vernacular or indigenous life. Let the fountain springs of our inspiration be national and insular, and not cosmopolitan."

A PLAYWRITING COURSE

Mr. Paul Hervey Fox wrote a playwriting course—dramatizing a theme for the theatre in the method you prefer—for the Literary Review of the New York Evening Post.

"The theme: Assuming that Merrick's story, 'The Man Who Understood Women,' is the theme desired for dramatization, we may condense it thus: Wendover, a novelist, meets Rhoda, an art student, and falls in love with her. Unfortunately he is married already, though separated from his wife. He ends his growing intimacy with Rhoda for her sake. Months afterwards he meets her again. She is now married herself, and, too late, Wendover learns she would gladly have sacrificed her reputation for a romantic affair with him—had he only asked her."

Mr. Fox gives six manners of dramatization, all amusing. We make room for two of them.

III

The theme given the correct shading for a sentimental comedy.

Scene: The rectory garden; twilight.

Wendover: Do you remember, Rhody, that day we met first?

Rhoda (turning from him with heavenly shudder): Don't, Richard, don't! I can't bear it!

Wendover (proceeding with restrained emotion): And now I've got to let you go. There's something in my past—something I've never told you.

Rhoda (passionately): I don't want to hear it. I don't care what it is. All I know is that I want you. Oh, Dick, how I want you! (She begins to sob gently.)

Wendover (kneeling and taking one of her hands): Darling, I worship you, but I cannot marry you. I cannot. You are too rich. Yes, and too pure! Too pure for a rough man like me used to oaths and bootleggers, and dragged almost to the gutter through his own follies.

Rhoda: I can't bear it. Go, go, go!

Wendover: You don't understand. (He turns, she stands irresolutely, then runs after him, and their lips meet in a clinging kiss.)

(Slow curtain.)

IV

Dramatizing the theme with the touch of the risqué farce.

Scene: A bedroom, time 2 o'clock in the morning.

(Loud knocking is heard at the door.)

Wendover (in dressing gown): Rhody, keep quiet!

Rhoda (in negligé): Oh, but I'm frightened. Tell them to go away!

Wendover: It isn't a them, dear; it's a she.

Rhoda: A she?

Wendover: Yes, it's my wife! (The knocking continues.)

Rhoda: Oh, you beast! (She runs to the door and opens it. A man steps in quickly.)

The Man: Don't you know me, Rhoda? I'm your husband. Have I changed so much? (Turning to Wendover.) And who is this?

Rhoda: That's the plumber. I mean the butler.

The Man: Well, send him away then. (The door opens again and a woman steps in boldly. Wendover, exclaiming, "My wife!" gets under the bed hurriedly.)

The Woman (to the Man): My husband!

(Wendover, with his bed on his back, crawls clumsily out of the room. As Rhoda faints the Woman and the Man kiss each other.)

(Curtain.)

FOREIGN NOTES

At the Colonne Concerts, Paris, this season, M. Pierre will celebrate the centenaries of Cesar Franck and Edouard Lalo, and bring out new works by Jacques Imbert, a prix de Rome, Tourtemire's fifth symphony; a Serenade in three movements by Milhaud; a vocal poem, "Sappho," by Georges; pieces by Versepuy, Bourdaine. Foreign composers represented will be Carneiro, Ca-

sella, Lord Berners, Goossens, Malipiero, Honegger, Suter, Ernest Bloch, Mangiagalli, Tommasini.

M. Chevillard at the Lamoureux concerts will revive "somewhat neglected" symphonies of Haydn Mendelssohn, Brahms, Liszt's "Ideala," and for the first time at these concerts Liszt's

"What One Hears on the Mountain," pieces by Max d'Ollone and Marc Delmas and an excerpt from Florent Schmidt's "Antony and Cleopatra."

Rhene-Baton has recently written a violoncello sonata, some songs and Dance of Spring for the piano.

At the Paris Conservatory concerts a symphonic poem composed by Roger Ducasse on the name of Faure, and the Prose Lyriques of Debussy sung by Mme. Balguerie with the accompaniment orchestrated by Ducasse will be performed for the first time.

A committee for the Nikisch monument in the Leipzig cemetery has been formed. Among the composers are d'Albert, Strauss and Siegfried Wagner. Many orchestras are represented on the committee.

Strauss hopes to conduct concerts this season in Roumania and Asia Minor and at Cairo and Athens.

Vaughan Williams has written a lyric work with the action in an English village at the time of Napoleon.

Arnold Bax has orchestrated a new symphony.

Joan Manen, violinist and composer, who first came to Boston in 1897 as an infant prodigy, and gave a recital here not long ago, has written the book and music of a dramatic symphony "The March to the Sun," a symbolical work in three acts, with prologue and epilogue. It will be produced at Berlin this season.

Puccini has completed his opera "Turandot" with a libretto by Renata Simon based on Gozzi's legend.

Benno Moiseiwitsch, who will play Toherpin's piano concerto at the Symphony concerts this week, gave a farewell recital in London last month, prior to a tour of the world. The Daily Telegraph said of him: "He has long established for himself a high position among pianists by reason of his distinctive sense of style. There is always the danger with stylists that matter is unduly sacrificed for manner, but not so here; with Moiseiwitsch matter and manner are identical—at least, in effect if not in cause; for his style is to say things directly and tersely with no attempt at subtlety and no desire to present an original far fetched reading; that is his manner, and his matter—whether it be Beethoven, Schumann, Chopin, or Ravel—has that same immediate appeal."

The Times said of him: "He sums up so entirely what the industrious and aspiring and average player thinks of his instrument and of the music written for it. Consequently the industrious aspirant is there in large quantities, and, applauds enthusiastically and comes away feeling he has spent an afternoon well."

Arthur Nikisch's son Mitja played Liszt's Concerto in E-flat major at a Promenade concert in London last month. Mr. Colles said in The Times: "Someone said that his playing is more like Liszt's than anyone's at the present day. I doubt that, because those who remember Liszt now remember only the old man, and Nikisch is exceedingly young, in some ways unformed. He is still in the stage of finding everything so absorbingly interesting that he must put into it all there is to put. The youthful consciousness of power is very attractive, but one has only to compare his reading of this concerto with Busoni's to realize how young it is."

Mr. Colles said of De Sabata's "Juventus" that it is "so conscious of youth as to make the middle-aged feel elderly; it could not, however, drive out the pleasure of returning to find the Promenades as full of vital interest as ever."

He characterizes Sir Henry Wood as more of a musician than conductor. "He may stereotype his technical methods in order to bring the vast amount of work he has to get through at night after night within the limits of human endurance. He consistently, however, puts the music first in his own mind, and keeps it foremost in the minds of his hearers, so that, if at the end you can remember having heard finer performances, you also know all through that you are listening not to a personal interpretation, but to an honest presentation of what the composer has to say."

The London Journalists have long laughed at certain reviews of concerts appearing in various newspapers of the West. What is to be said of the Daily Telegraph's praise of Chailapin in London?

"He is a man in whom have accumulated the experiences, not merely of one race and one generation, but of the whole world since the beginning. And what an accumulation, what an infinite variety of forms it presents!"

Once more: When Chailapin sang "In questa tomba" his genius stood out "black and grim like an ancient rook which has been slowly gathering its formation for ages." This genius appeared in Grieg's "Old Song" "as a healing lake, wide and deep enough to hold the multitudinous tragedies of life"; while in Rimsky-Korsakov's "Prophet" it was transformed into "a wild, roaring wind, blowing about the corners of the world and breathing a glorious strength."

Prof. Walter Edward Howe, supervisor of music at Abbot Academy, Andover, has been appointed organist and director of music at the First Congregational Church, Winchester. He succeeds Richard W. Grant, who has been appointed head of the department of music at the Pennsylvania State University. Prof. Howe was prominent in musical circles in Norfolk, Va., for 14 years and served as organist and choir master in Old St. Paul's Church for 11 years. He organized the Norfolk Civic Symphony Orchestra two years ago.

CATHERINE WILLARD

Catherine Livingston Willard, who will take the trying part of Hadda Gabler in the production of Ibsen's drama by the Henry Jewett Players at the Fine Arts Theatre, was born at Dayton, O., and educated in Boston and Paris. In the latter city she was the pupil of Jules Leitner of the Comedie

Francaise. Her first appearance on the stage was at Exeter (England), September, 1915, as a member of Sir Frank Benson's company in "The Taming of the Shrew." She played with this company for a year, then toured in Shakespearean repertoire with Florence Glosop Harris. Her first appearance in London was at the Aldwych Theatre, April 15, 1917, as Jenny in "Love for Love." At the Savoy in April, 1917, she appeared in "Hamlet"; toured as Regina in "Ghosts," and in September, 1918, joined the company at the "Old Vic," London, where she played leading parts—Olivia, Beatrice, Hermione, Katharine, Lady Macbeth, the Queen in "Hamlet," and remained at that theatre until May 20, 1920. She also played men and boys' parts during the war, also character parts—Mrs. Harcourt, Mrs. Malaprop, etc. In the fall of 1920 she toured with Ben Greet's Players and in 1921 joined Mr. Jewett's company. In London she also played for the Stage Society, Pioneers and French Players.

AMERICANS IN PARIS

At a concert given on Oct. 7 at the Ecole Normale de Musique de Paris, the program was made up of pieces by "The Young Generation of Contemporaneous American Composers." Robert Schmitt played these piano pieces: Piano Piece, Leo Sowerby; Two Studies in Rhythm, Deems Taylor; Prelude, Marlon Bauer; Mirage, Alexander Steinert; The Aeroplane and Pell Sheet, Emerson Withorne. Jane Bathori sang these songs: Polychromes, Louis Gruenberg; Roundel, Frederick Jacob; Elizabethan, Alr. Richard Hammond; Norwegian Alr. and Song Without Words, Walter Kramer; Epigrams, Carl Engel; Je suis trop jeune, Deems Taylor. Marcel Chailley played Engel's Nuptial Song and Jacob's Preludes for violin; Tony Close played Kramer's Eclogue for violoncello.

Lazare Saminsky, who was in Boston last season, lectured on these composers.

CARRIE BRIDEWELL

Mme. Carrie Bridewell, contralto, who will give a recital here next Wednesday afternoon, was born at Port Gibson, Miss., in 1874. She studied singing with various teachers, among them Lilli Lehmann and Marcella Sembrich. It is said that she was the first American to be engaged at the Metropolitan Opera House who had had no previous operatic experience. When Reyer's "Salammbô" was produced at the Met-

ropolitan (March 20, 1901) she took the part of Tanach. She has sung at Covent Garden and in the opera houses of Vienna, Dresden, Breslau and other foreign cities. She sung in Boston for the first time on April 3, 1901 (Lola in "Cavalleria Rusticana"). In 1902 she was seen and heard as Siebel (March 15) and she sang here at a Metropolitan Opera House concert on March 23, 1902. Her repertoire includes the parts of Amneris, Azucena, Ortrud, Carmen, Fricka, Erda, Laura ("La Gioconda"), Urbano, Stephano. She married Lemuel C. Benedict of Richmond, Va., and New York is her dwelling place.

A GREAT ENGLISH SINGER

(From the London Times)

Conventional expressions of regret at the death of Sir Charles Santley would be inappropriate. He died full of years and of honor. The honor to be paid

him is not merely that due to the possessor of a great gift of song, though his voice was among the greatest in a generation conspicuous for the number and the quality of its singers. All but the youngest can remember something of his singing, though only the elders today remember Santley in his prime. Many who never heard the voice in all its richness can recall what was more truly characteristic of him than even the physical accident of a splendid voice; the lofty style of his art, the perfection of mind which placed art above the artist, and made the service of man the goal of art. Santley was in song, and more especially, of course, in English song, very much what Joachim was in violin playing. He created a classical epoch that has a standard of interpretation for music acknowledged to be in the highest class. He imbibed all that was best in the Italian tradition of song and used it to found one for his native tongue. He identified himself most closely with that type of music which has appealed especially to his fellow-countrymen. When the name of Santley is mentioned we think at once of the oratorios of Handel, and happy are those whose early recollections of "Messiah" include the burning fervor of his voice and manner in singing "Why do the heathen so furiously rage together?" It was not the luxury of a musical treat which he gave his hearers; rather he gave them the sense of

partaking with him in a solemn, uplifting function. Yet there was nothing solemn or portentous about his personal character. The simplest of men and the happiest of souls, his art produced this impression by the complete absorption of the man in whatever he was engaged on, and the impression was essentially the same whether the matter in hand were the eternal verities of "Messiah" or the exuberant gaiety of "O ruddier than the Cherry." And because he was so forgetful of self he raised the position of the singer high in public esteem. English people have readily given the singer unlimited adulation of a kind; they have not been so ready always to grant him the respect of equal fellowship. Santley showed them that the man makes the singer; they discovered in him a high-minded gentleman and a simple, devout Christian.

TITTA RUFFO

Mr. Ruffo, who like the celebrated Bimlinger, the baritone singer, has "a magnificent voice," will hold forth in Symphony Hall this afternoon. When he sang at the Albert Hall on Sept. 24, the Daily Telegraph was enthusiastic.

"Was there ever a singer quite like Ruffo? Did ever artist wield such magical power? For, after all, Caruso was a tenor—and therein Nature had already fought half his battle for him. A baritone is not a popular voice—for the simple reason that it is the most prevalent voice. But here is a baritone who can cause the most conventional and proper audience to surprise itself with its uncontrolled behavior; and when he sings to a sensation-loving audience he turns it riotous and insane. We repeat that Ruffo's is a magical power—that is to say, it is indirect. He employs so many devices—which are nevertheless all carefully concealed—that an audience—especially an Italian audience—is unaware that it is missing the better and greater part of him. In spite of his tremendous ovation, we feel sure that it was mostly lip and hand service. The audience worshipped in turn his 'nonchalance,' his exuberance, and his darling 'glissandos,' but it did not perceive that these were devices—employed as a conjurer employs patter to draw away attention from the wondrous things hidden in his sleeve—and so its vision was obscured. For behind this singer's indirect magical power there is a direct and real power which gives him an

undisputed place among the world's greatest artists. 'What stuff 'tis made of, whereof it is born, we are to learn.'"

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY—Symphony Hall, 3:30 P. M. Titta Ruffo, baritone, Yvonne d'Aré, soprano; Alberto Sciarrett, pianist. See special notice.

St. James' Theatre, 8:30 P. M. Peoples' Symphony Orchestra. Mr. Mollenhauer, conductor. See special notice.

WEDNESDAY—Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. Recital by Carrie Bridewell, contralto; Gordon Hampson, accompanist. Falconieri, Vezzosi e care; Handel, Dove sei amato bene; Recl, Sul Flume, Respighi, Nebbia; Recl, Bergerette; Tchaikovsky, O' Jeune fille; Pierre Le Moutarnes, Saint-Saens, La Brise; Vaughan Williams, Silent Noon and Roadside Fire; Dunhill, The Cloths of Heaven; Goodhardt, A Fairy Went A-Market; Hampson, Death, F. Bridge, Love Went A-Riding, Saint-Saens, La Sérénité; Debussy, None navens Plus de Maison and Fantoches; Messager, Fortunio; Duparc, La Mame de Rosa.

Ms. Tl. ad. Hampson, La Plute.
Symphony Hall 5:15 P. M. John Mo-
rmack, tenor. See special notice.
All. JURYDAY—Symphony Hall, 2 and 3:15.
United States Marine Band, 8:30 P. M.
and 8:15 P. M. Capt. William H. San-
teimann, conductor. See special notice.
Of. FRIDAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M.
Third concert of the Boston Symphony
Orchestra, Mr. Monteux, conductor. See
special notice.
Is. Pei. Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M., concert in
memory of Samuel Carr. See special notice.
Th. SATURDAY—Jordan Hall, 8 P. M. Nedel-
ka Simeonova, Bulgarian violinist. Vi-
tall, Ciaconna, G Major; Mendelssohn,
Concerto, Tchaikovsky, Air of Lensky
from "Eugen Onegin", d'Ambrasio,
Soprano; Ranzana, Andante; Sinigag-
ha, Rhapsody, Piemonte.
For. We. Symphony Hall, 8:15 P. M. Repetition
of Friday's Symphony concert, Mr. Mon-
teux, conductor.

BROADWAY-IZED BERLIN

(Kenneth MacGowan in Theatre Arts Magazine)
Just as America has been Prus-
sianized in its attitude towards the
foreigner and the liberal or radical mi-
nority, Berlin has taken enthusiastically
to the evils of the American theatrical
system. Berlin is being rapidly Broad-
way-ized. Repertory is practically dead
at all theatres but the State Schauspiel-
haus and the Volksbuehne. Facin-
economics difficulties and the competi-
tion of the movies for the services of the
actors, Berlin has found that it is a
large enough city to support long runs
of exceptionally great or exceptionally
mediocre plays. Even the three theatres
that Reinhardt formerly directed have
broken from repertory, and where they
once showed 10 or 12 productions in two
weeks, they show only three or four.
Outside Berlin, repertory continues in the
state and city theatres, even in private
ventures; but many artistic playhouses
are badly crippled by the economic
troubles of the nation, and some are
forced to close.

Such difficulties have their compensa-
tions. The theatre of post-war Ger-
many must be economical in its expendi-
tures. That is not, however, such an
artistic hardship as much of the talk
of elaborate machinery and handsome
productions in pre-war days might sug-
gest. Rigorous physical simplicity and
a reliance on the genius of design in-
stead of elaboration of mechanics are
vital needs in stage setting today. In
the past Germany has done fine things
in the simplifying of production, and it
has done them in spite of the tempta-
tion of bulging pocketbooks. What it
may be forced to do now through pov-
erty is a matter for real hope.

MISS DUNCAN

At her second appearance yesterday
afternoon in Symphony Hall, Miss Isa-
dora Duncan gave an "interpretation"
of Tchaikovsky's Pathetic symphony
and Slavic March. Mr. Nahan Franko
conducted the orchestra, and for his
own contribution to the entertainment
he led his forces through the same com-
poser's overture, "1812," and the An-
dante Cantabile from a string quartet.
Though the hall was not filled, there
was a large audience in attendance.

It is curious that Miss Duncan should
not allow a man of Tchaikovsky's cal-
ibre credit for knowing what he was
about. Tchaikovsky wrote operas, to
be interpreted by singers and actors,
ballets calling for dancers and mimes,
and symphonies for which he held an
orchestra sufficient. Why not let him
have his way? One may or may not
enjoy watching for two long symphonic
movements a woman in evident distress
of mind; tastes vary. But surely it is
safe to submit that the exhibition adds
not a jot to the poignancy of Tchaikov-
sky's music; one may even venture the
guess that the composer, were he alive
today, would not thank the "Inter-
preter" for her help. The Pathetic
symphony does very well alone.

Even if it cried out for aid, where is
the dancer to give it? She must be
richer in ingenuity than Miss Duncan,
a complete mistress of varied and ex-
pressive pose, if she is to suggest gloom
and woe throughout the lengths of the
adagio and the finale without repeating
herself to the point of wearying her
spectators. And to furnish the neces-
sary relief of the two livelier move-
ments she must show herself a more
accomplished dancer in the real mean-
ing of the word; a gambol or two and
fluttering cloth as the only symbols of
joy should not be overworked. Not that
it matters, nobody could do what Miss
Duncan sets out to do. The wonder is,
why should she want to try?

Since Miss Duncan does choose to
"interpret" Tchaikovsky, perhaps it
might help her audiences if she would
vouchsafe a hint or two on the pro-
gram as to what she was about. After

the Pathetic symphony, too, the illusion
of tragedy might prove more enduring if
Miss Duncan were to omit the remark-
able exit she indulged in yesterday.
R. R. G.

ISADORA BARES BODY AND MIND

Concluding one of the most amaz-
ing performances ever witnessed in
Boston, Isadora Duncan, modern origi-
nator of the classical dance, waved
a flaming red scarf which a moment
before had been the major part of
her costume in a Tchaikovsky pro-
gram in Symphony hall yesterday
afternoon and shouted, "This is red:
that is what I am." She shook the
symbol of revolt in the faces of the
spectators, most of whom were
standing, and cried, "Don't let them
tame you."

The remarks from the stage followed
a dance program, which shocked and
disgusted many in the audience because
of the dancer's lack of costume. Not
a few in the audience were young boys
and girls, many of them students in the
nearby music and art schools.

Even the musicians in the orchestra,
accustomed as many of them are to
audacious dancing and theatrical un-
dress of all sorts, expressed astonish-
ment that nothing was done to curb
yesterday afternoon performance. The
Friday evening program, which caused

a quarter of the audience to walk out of
the hall because of the exhibition, was
not looked on as being of sufficient im-
portance on which to take police or
censorship action.

Miss Duncan came on the stage to
dance to Tchaikovsky's Symphony No.
6. Her costume was rather scant, and
the upper left part persisted in slipping
down. Many held their breath, for at
times it seemed as if the dancer would
leave behind what little she had on.

It was in the finale of this number
that the spectators saw Miss Duncan at
her altogether best. She came out in a
dark, transparent gown which left ab-
solutely nothing to the imagination.

No attempt was made on the part of
Miss Duncan to add to this gown and
hide her nudity when the lights were
turned up at the conclusion of the
number. She called to Nahan Franko,
the conductor, to step on the stage, and
the glare of the stage and ceiling lights
as she walked from the back to the
front of the stage created an astounding
effect. The spectators merely gasped
and a few applauded frantically.

In the "Marche Slave" number Miss
Duncan appeared in an abbreviated red
costume and carried a scarf of similar
color. Her contortions and writhings
finished, she came to the front of the
stage, following the applause, and told
the audience she would say a few words.

She began by urging those in the
hall to be sure to read the latest work
of Gorky, the Russian author. Of him
she said: "He is a real hero of the
revolution."

With utterance of this sentiment came
a smattering of applause. She continued
by saying: "Gorky refers in his works
to three kinds of people, black, grey
and red."

Snatching the scarf from about her
neck and waving it in front of her, she
shouted, "This is red. That is what I
am."

ISADORA

BY OLIN DOWNES

The biggest sensation, the great-
est excitement, probably, that ever
invaded the sacred precincts of
Symphony Hall, even surpassing in
excitement the Fradkin revolt of
Isatime gone by, was furnished by Isa-
dora Duncan, yesterday afternoon,
when, after "interpreting" music by
Tchaikovsky, she advanced to the

footlights and told Boston and the
statues up there in the niches, and
the critics who had roasted her and
the universe in general, just what
she thought of all of them.

AUDIENCE APPROVES

The audience crowded the stage as
she began to speak, and they greeted
her statements with whoops and sal-
vos of applause. It is not every day
that things like this happen, and the
audience was in holiday mood, and it
egged Miss Duncan on.

She required little urging. It was
after her "interpretation" of Tschai-
kowsky's "Marche "Slav." A most
glorious woman, most economically at-
tired, she commenced to talk. She had
gotten her first big hand, for an in-
terpretation far superior, at least, to
her performances of Friday night. She
was boiling over.

"Thank God," she said, "the Boston
critics don't like me. If they did I
should feel I was a hopeless"—and here
the word escaped us, what with the
people moving about and the racket
they were making in getting nearer to
the dancer—it sounded like "cahoot"
or "galoot." Perhaps it was a French
term with the "ou" in it. Anyhow, the
sentiment may be accurately trans-
cribed as being that if the Boston crit-
ics, who couldn't get a new idea to
save their souls, had praised Miss Dun-
can's performance of Friday night in
the papers of Saturday, she would have
felt singularly shamed and unfortu-
nate over it.

Talk Came as Surprise

It is too bad that Miss Duncan had
not warned us in advance of this
speech, because if she had we are cer-
tain that our city editor would have
given us a shorthand expert to take
the thing down verbatim, and a cam-
era man to play the whole business up
—Miss Duncan's arresting attire, her
sarcastic prancing and capering as she
prodded the moss-backed critics, the
attention and enthusiasm of the audi-
ence, the generally festive character of
the occasion.

Her speech was not over-long, but it
was packed with meanings. She cap-
ered about on the stage, in a spiteful
manner, and hummed a fragment of
Mendelssohn's Spring Song. "This is
the kind of thing the Boston critics
like," she said, "they like to watch
the pupils I send out doing things like
this. They call it classic dancing,"
which brought another appreciative
demonstration from the audience.

Three Types of People

"You know Maxim Gorky," she con-
tinued. "He said that there were three
kinds of people—the black, the red,
and the gray. The black people are
like Kaiser Wilhelm, or the former
Russian czar—people who bring terror,
who want to command."

"The red people—they're red like my
shawl," indicating her brilliant shawl—
"they're like my art"—it was conveyed
to us that the red people were the
people who rejoiced in freedom, in the
untrammeled progress of the soul, and
so forth.

"Then," said Miss Duncan, "there are
the gray people. Gray like these walls,
like this hall. This hall, these walls
are so gray that I can hardly dance in
them. They pull me down. Nor can
Mr. Franko, who is doing his very
best, hardly play. We are red people,
Mr. Franko and I."

She beamed on Mr. Franko, whom
after the Tchaikovsky symphony she
pulled up to the stage, the two walk-
ing off arm in arm. It may be said
here that there was scurrilous and
unnecessary comment made on an
unavoidable accident to Miss Duncan's
attire, which occurred on Friday night,
and which had caused delighted stares,
no doubt from those who expatiated
most severely on the matter. But it
cannot be said that the scantiness of
her attire at the end of Tchaikow-
sky's symphony was particularly es-
sential to the effect, or especially com-
mendable, even as the bravado of an
angry woman, observed by those who
stared and held their breath wondering
if the remainder would come off.

Criticism of Statues

"Look about you," was another of her
remarks. "Look up there," pointing at
the statues on the wall. "You have
been told that that is Greek art. Don't
let yourselves be deceived. Artemis
is not there, and where is Aphrodite?
That is not living Greek art. That is
sterilized art; that is 'canned' art."

"My art—it is not Greek art either.
It springs from the soil, from this soil
of mine, where I was born. Understand
that I am an American, that my art is
inspired by our great mountains and
plains—by the Rockies, by the nature
of this great land."

The speech was not wholly consecu-
tive. It wandered at times into pleas-
ing irrelevances, such as the narration
of Miss Duncan's difficulties in finding
a taxi yesterday morning "after I had
finished my electric bath."

"And let this be a secret between us,"
she said coquettishly, to the wide, wide
world. "I posed for the last sketches
that Rodin made. Those sketches were
real art. Real art people are afraid of.
Rodin himself told me that he expected
to be damned to all posterity for his
'Kiss.' I am told that those last
sketches of his have been destroyed. I
hope not. For they were real, they
were true art."

Interesting Performances

Miss Duncan's performances of yes-
terday afternoon were on the whole
more interesting, and, in the opinion
of beholders, particularly more effective,
in the Slavic March than they had been
Friday night. It is easy to see reasons
why this should have been so. Tschai-
kowsky's music is personal music
where Wagner's is music for vast
spaces and great scenic effects. Tschai-
kowsky's rhythms, in the second and
third movements of his great sym-
phony, are those which have to do with

not only the letter but the spirit of
the dance. In the 5-4 movement Miss
Duncan was graceful if not particularly
original. In the march movement there
was more than the suggestion of the
warrior, the nation wildly summoning
her to war. Different colored costumes
were worn for each. But it was in the
barbaric Slavic march movement that
Miss Duncan found her best opportu-
nity, when she appeared as one in chains,
as the enslaved giant of Russia, and
finally these chains burst, and the in-
terpreter stood free. Perhaps, too, she
was inspired by her own experience in
the great, troubled Russian land.

But in spite of a better presentation,
and more cohesion between dancer and
music, the question again arises, wheth-
er the thing Miss Duncan attempts, at
present unsuccessfully, can ever be
accomplished. After all the music alone
told its own story, as the dancer could
not. The dancer, at the very best, did
not disturb the impression being made
by the instruments. One was continu-
ally forgetting the dancer in listening
to symphony, and would the more read-
ily have forgotten her, had it not been
again for the extremely unfinished or-
chestral performance.

Victim of Peevishness

It is very regrettable that Miss Dun-
can should have yielded to impulse and
peevishness as he did on this occa-
sion. She is so great an artist—
far too great an artist to be piqued to
her own disadvantage over a few un-
favorable newspaper reviews. And—
after all—has she not come to America,
and to Boston, soliciting the attention
and the support of the public, and in-
viting the frank opinion of the press?
Now, most unfortunately, the success
or non-success of her tour will depend on
whether she can avoid antagonizing
the public to the point of the breaking
off her American engagements. If she
is to that extent fortunate, she will
find houses crowded everywhere to
capacity—not, alas, because she has
brought with her a new and marvelous
demonstration of art, but because she
has descended to resentments and gen-
eralization.

The Cotuit oysters were never finer.

In England the Whitstable season
opened early this month. It occasioned
remarks about great eaters of oysters
besides Dando, immortalized by Thack-
eray. Let us now praise famous men.
It is not necessary to imitate Dr. Blim-
ber and go back to Vitellus with his
1000 at a meal and Seneca consuming
hundreds daily. No doubt ancient gos-
sips flattered the Emperor and the sage.
In more recent times there was the en-
thusiast in London who ate 370 at a
sitting without suffering. Frank Buck-
land tells the story. There was a Sieur
Laperte who put down 82 dozen as a
whet to appetite before dinner. At
Brighton (Eng.) in November, 1806, a
young woman undertook to eat 300
"with a proportion of bread" for her
supper. We regret to say we do not
know whether she triumphed gloriously
or failed ignobly. We have spoken in
this column of a prominent lawyer of
Brooklyn who thought nothing of 100
oysters just before dinner.

These greedy persons were not true
lovers of oysters; they were gourmands,
not gourmets. We respectfully call at-
tention to the wise words of M. Grimod
de la Reyniere in the third and revised
edition of his "Almanach des Gour-
mands," published at Paris in 1804.

"Oysters, as we have already re-
marked, are the ordinary prelude, in-
dispensable in a way, to all luncheons
in winter; but it is a prelude that often
costs one dear, by the indiscretion of
the guests, who nearly always take
pride in putting them by hundreds into
their foolishly vainglorious stomachs.
The enjoyment is doubly insipid, for it
yields no real pleasure and often dis-
tresses an estimable host. Experience

04-25192

(From the London Daily Chronicle)
A RECRUIT wearing size 14 in boots was enlisted in the Irish national army. One night he was included in a raiding party, and when this roll was called afterward he was missing. "Has anyone seen Paddy?" asked the officer in charge. "Sor, answered a voice, 'he's after goin' up to the crossroads to turn round.'"

WE'LL BITE. WHY WILL IT MAKE IT MORE CONVENIENT FOR HER CUSTOMERS?

(From the Door County, Wis., Advocate)
Miss Olive Samuelson has opened dressmaking parlors over the Sawyer Hardware Co. store which will make it much more convenient for her customers.

TO HELEN, ON TRYING TO BUY A BIRTHDAY GIFT

Oh, what to get! Oh, what to get!
Some records that Ted Lewis played?
Some handkerchiefs? Or a barrette?
Oh, what would please a maid?

Oh, would I could discern her soul
And see what wish there lurks;
If she would like a goldfish bowl?
Or Robert Browning's works?

Oh, would she like a vanity?
Or emerald ring of green?
A treatise on philosophy?
Or else a small Dorin?

Should I send her a scarf or muff?
Do-funnies for her hair?
Some stockings? Or a powder puff?
Or all silk underwear?

A brooch? The paintings of Van Dyke?
My brain is in a whirl,
Oh, what would the young maiden like?
Oh, what would please a girl?

VEE DEE.

A POET IN A TREE

(From the London Daily Telegraph)
Dealing with the eccentricities of some modern poets, Mr. Severn told a story about Rossetti. That poet, he said, believed that he was very clever at taming certain animals, and in his house at Chelsea had a wombat, an armadillo and a zebu. He then became ambitious to have a bull. The bull came all right, but the man who brought it, thinking there might be trouble, went to a neighboring public house. Rossetti asked to have the bull brought into his garden, and the next thing the man heard was a row. The bull was pawing the air, and Rossetti was up an apple tree shouting, "Take away this damned bull." From that time Rossetti contented himself with a wombat.

'HEDDA GABLER'

FINE ARTS THEATRE—"Hedda Gabler," a play in four acts by Ibsen. First performance by the Henry Jewett Players. The cast:

Julia Tesman.....Marie Hassell
Berta.....Katherine Standing
George Tesman.....Walter Kingsford
Hedda Tesman.....Catherine Willard
Mrs. Elvsted.....Jessamine Newcombe
Judge Brack.....H. Conway Wingfield
Elert Lovborg.....E. E. Clive

Although the clever Mr. Mcncken goes too far in his attempt to reduce Ibsen to easy, everyday terms, nevertheless it would be excellent if Mr. Jewett were to give the Mcnckian views on this playwright some consideration before he produces another Ibsen play. For to the producer must one surely lay the responsibility for the manner of last night's performance—the heavy pace, the tedious pauses between sentences, the weighty air, as though every word of Ibsen were of gold. Mr. Jewett must also be held responsible for directing; or at the least of it, for allowing his men players to dress themselves in a fashion that may have been, if you will, in vogue in Christiania in 1890. What of that? Surely Ibsen's plays are not of a period? Such costuming makes the characters seem less than human. Be Mr. Jewett's method right or be it wrong, in performance it proves less effective than the way that holds on the German stage, where men and women dress, look and conduct themselves, so far as outward bearing goes, like human beings of today—and that in rooms set out with furniture of today.

The players did their best to live up to their looks. Most natural were Miss Newcombe, who understood well the woman with the strength of steel beneath her weak exterior, and Mr. Wingfield, with his neat sketch of the underbred, provincial man of the world. Mr. Clive made sorry work of Lovborg, playing unbrokenly in too low a key. Mr. Kingsford, except for a few admirable moments in the third act, turned Tesman, who after all was not a fool, to a caricature.

As for Hedda Gabler, people view her varyingly. To some persons she was no more than an ill-natured woman prone to gossip and mischief-making, fond of discussing with men that which should not be discussed, too timid and cold-hearted ever to go beyond language—and with it all, like women of her kind, obsessed with the idea that she was born to something great. In Miss Willard's view of Hedda, the woman apparently shared the heritage of Elsie Venner. The sinister malevolence of the woman Miss Willard suggested with skill, also she presented vividly what evidently seemed to her Hedda's genuine longing for beauty in life. Miss Willard, in short, put forward, with clarity, a view of Hedda Gabler which she could defend with sound argument, though she may not win to her view persons who see the creature differently. All her theatrical points Miss Willard made effectively; a less constant effort after points would have proved more effective still. But the whole performance was set for points. R. R. G.

'TIGER ROSE'

THE ST. JAMES THEATRE—"Tiger Rose," melodrama in three acts by Willard Mack.

Hector Mac Collins.....Ralph Remley
Dan Cusick, M. D.....Mark Kent
Constable Michael Devlin.....Edward Darney
Bruce Norton.....Walter Gilbert
Father Thibault.....Lionel Bevans
Pierre La Bey.....Houston Richards
George Lantry.....Harold Chase
Old Tom.....Paul Scott
Mak-a-Low.....Arthur Finnegan
Wa-Wa.....Anna Laynz
Constable Jack Haney.....Hugh Cairns
Rose Bolton.....Eveta Nudsen

Last night the play at the St. James followed a sure and conventional path in its reliance on hallowed symbols of the theatre as designed by the sophisticated, work-a-day playwright of "Broadway."

"Tiger Rose" is a charming little romanza of the Northwest that finds opportunities duly embroidered in the conflict of a young half-breed Indian girl with the mighty majesty of the royal Northwest mounted police, as exemplified in the flesh by Constable Michael Devlin. Symbols of the playhouse begin to appear when the warm-hearted constable first shows his "Irish"; they grow stronger in certain familiar but subtly disguised situations of melodrama, and they become openly avowed when little Rose curves her "oute" lips about a few selected phrases of "hell" and "damn," those words so well beloved by every plégin-English heroine, whether she be Indian, French or Chinese.

Written by Willard Mack and staged with all the fancy faithfulness of detail at David Belasco's command, the play possessed some illusions of simple reality; playwright and producer joined hands in long practised artistry to back the signs and symbols with thickly laid ground work of soft lights, dimly seen slopes of wooded timberland, or tensed action that interested for its own sake. By these methods a play presumably fashioned, patterned, tailor-made for a coming star was constructed to hold, to fascinate, even to thrill and keenly amuse a public. To the St. James stage then comes this piece and finds there rougher course: simple reality must of necessity give way to elemental story telling. A play with piled up atmosphere and bag of tricks gathered ingeniously around a vivid personality becomes, therefore, an evening full of melodrama, narrative well-loaded with suspense, tight-fitted emotion and bright lines. It does not lose too much in transition.

The production of the current week at the St. James holds particularly one point of interest for the patron of good drama that should be more than underscored in passing. In England the word "repertory" has a meaning definite, understood; in America too often such standards are unknown. Hence repertory is more than likely to signify for audiences this side of the Atlantic routine stock perhaps even revivals now and then of "The Old Homestead" or "Uncle Tom's Cabin." It is glad news, however, to note that this is not the scale of merit understood at the St. James. While not wholly dispensing with regulation casting of leading man and lady, juvenile and character man, St. James players show signs of adopting a system whereby each member of the company is given favorable opportunity to portray a leading character set within his scope and range. Two weeks ago it was "The Boss" for Walter Gilbert, this week "Tiger Rose" for Miss Nudsen. A following week will grant Miss Enoch the part of "The Famous Mrs. Fair" and then comes "Seventeen" with Houston Richards. Perhaps not repertory, but a standard that rises above commonplace!

Last night Miss Nudsen had full scope for her capabilities. The part of Rose is a "fat" one from point of view of theatrical opportunities. Miss Nudsen, however, was inclined to make the

young half-breed a sophisticated woman inclined to vamp. Effort seemed always labored, emotion never deeply felt. In the second act the scene with Devlin lost meaning because Miss Nudsen did not seek to delay the officer, hot on the trail of her lover, instead she vamped merrily and no more. It was only in act three, when action superceded characterization, that Rose became more than stencill of the stage.

Easily the most distinguished figures last night were Houston Richards and Ralph Rumley. These gave vivid drawings of Pierre and the Factor. Theirs was sharp etched reality, characterization readily accepted, appreciated by an audience convinced. Walter Gilbert, too, made something more than a stereotyped hero of Bruce.

Production of the week brings three vivid types stripped of civilizing sensibilities, plunged deeply in the elemental, intense action, smoldering emotion of western woods—youth, her lover, justice. Surrounding these three are figures subordinate, thinner, yet satisfying in swift moving hours of the playhouse. A tale of the theatre, familiar but well carved and well 'maged, "Tiger Rose" gains little, loses less in retelling. W. E. H.

KEITH'S PROGRAM

The bill at B. F. Keith's Theatre is a bit heavy in dancing, and yet it is the more interesting for this very reason. Sam Barton starts the bill in an oddity of much detail and complexity that brought forth many laughs. Bill Dooley, a likeable youth, and Helen Storey, a bewitchingly pretty miss, followed, showing many new steps to vaudeville lovers and putting over an act worth seeing again.

Sinclair and Dixon and company presented a sketch interesting particularly for its dancing features, and then there were good comedy lines and again the breezy style of Cliff Dixon.

Craig Campbell, who heretofore has visited us as the "Scottish" tenor, is now the American tenor. He was heard in a group of varied songs that included two operatic areas and two Scotch songs, all of which he sang understandingly and with fine musical taste. Jessie Busley, in one of the hits of the bill, followed in the sketch, "Batty." Miss Busley played the "batty" maid convincingly and knew the line of demarcation. A part that would be the rank-and-file in less competent hands, she est bore in less competent hands, she raises to one of the most interesting characterizations in the gallery of vaudeville.

Jimmy Lucas, one of the "nuttiest" comedians of the genus "nut," raved and yelled and yelled and raved his up-and-roariously funny incoherencies, and Francene, the vamp with the chiselled contour, played the foll and played it well.

The Braggiotti Sisters, billed as the headline act, were seen in a dancing act. The sisters are pretty, have youth and go about their task as two unrestrained school girls on a lark. Their act is interesting by reason of their sincerity, grace and charm.

Harry Burns returned in his same Italian dialect sketch of other seasons, and the performance closed with Kate and Wiley, in a neat dancing act.

AT MAJESTIC

"Facts and Figures," a musical comedy revue in 11 scenes, preceded by an unusually entertaining vaudeville bill is the offering at the Majestic Theatre this week. The production is the work of L. Lawrence Weber and William B. Friedlander, the firm that recently presented here the musical success "Step-in' Around."

Frank A. Burt, well-known in vaudeville circles, is the featured comedian. He appears in the revue and also takes the principal part in a sketch "The Substitute." In the latter he is assisted by Myrtle Rosedale. The audience enjoyed the skit, recalling the pair more than a dozen times.

Miss Twinnette and Nicholas Bolla, assisted by Edna Charles in "L'Orléans" and Pierrot Land, appear in a pleasing number. They present one of the best dancing acts on the stage.

Two scenes in "Facts and Figures" are worthy of special mention. One is "The Mixed Jury," and the other, "The Dancing Cafe." Dances, musical numbers, costumes, etc., are new and there is not a dull moment throughout. Specially good work is done by Herm Rose, Frank A. Burt, Myrtle Rosedale, Wally Sharples and George Jinks.

Other scenes in the revue include "A Plaza in Spain," burlesquing a bull fight; "Stick 'Em up," a take-off on the crime wave, and "Fashions Through the Ages." In the last named scene several striking costumes are worn by a score or more of mannikins.

64-25-1924
The mothers of the older generation now amused or disgusted by the pranks of the self-appointed censors of novels; the mothers before they became wives read "Jane Eyre" on the sly; in their bed chambers with locked doors; or in the attic behind a trunk, as good old Uncle Amos read the Police Gazette behind the barn. Rhoda Broughton's early novels were considered by some immoral. Before her Bulwer had been denounced from the pulpit. We remember well the fuss about Amalie Rives's "The Quick and the Dead." Reade's "Griffith Gaunt" shocked many; so did his "Terrible Temptation." Some of the readers of the Atlantic Monthly were upset by Thomas Hardy's "Two on a Tower." Will the next generation smile at the "suppressions" of novels and classical works in 1921-22?

INTO THE FIRE

An amiable bookworm of Dijon named Gabriel Peignot, published in 1806 his "Critical, Literary and Bibliographic Dictionary of the Principal Books Condemned to the Fire, Suppressed, or Censored." This dictionary in two volumes is, to borrow Horace Gresley's phrase, mighty interesting reading. Of course, many of the books mentioned were censored, suppressed or burned for their expression of heterodox views of religion, or for radical opinions concerning government. Comparatively few offended against "public morals." The chapter on Voltaire is especially interesting. Would one believe it? His "Candide" and "Zadig" were once proscribed in France.

Book-burning at Oxford was common in the days of the revolution and reform. Froude's "Nemesis of Faith" was publicly burned there in 1849 by the authorities in the College Hall. Robert Louis Stevenson's "Footnote to History," written at Samoa in 1892 when Samoa was technically under German control, appeared in the Tauchnitz edition; was seized upon and at once burned by order of the German government.

So far no one has suggested the public incineration of "The Mirrors of Washington," or of Mr. Strachey's "Queen Victoria," yet unduly sensitive persons may have been shocked by the irony, calling it belittlement.

Mr. George P. Bollivar writes: "Apropos of the liquor question on the high seas, I read recently a headline: 'Britannia Wets the Waves.' By that mental process known as association of ideas, I at once turned to Dr. Evans's column in The Herald."

AN INGENIOUS DEFENCE

As the World Wags:

I read this in the Evening Transcript: "A brief commencement story is told about the Governor of Maine who, while addressing the students at Bowdoin College, said, 'Your spacious campus with its beautiful garbage of green,' etc. Evidently he started to say 'garment,' then switched off on to 'herbage,' but the combination that resulted was hardly a happy one."

I don't believe the above is the right explanation of the Governor's "break." In the heat of extemporaneous oratory "garbage" must have offered itself to his eloquent fancy as a legitimate derivative from "garb," analogous to herbage, leafage, corsage, etc.
Lancaster. J. C. L. C.

SARTORIAL NOTE

(From the Union, Manchester, N. H.)

WEARING APPAREL

FURNACE wanted, second-hand, large enough to heat four rooms. Box —, Berry, N. H.

IT'S THE CLIMATE

As the World Wags:

The teacher of my history class, who has just returned from Europe, told us: "The more peasants that leave Italy the more births there are in Italy." Are there giants there, too? YVETTE.

TRUCK OR SEDAN?

(From Shannon (Ill.) Reporter.)

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Ford are the proud parents of a nine-pound Ford, which arrived a few days ago. It arrived in fine condition and was accepted at once. It has all the attachments that the other Fords have.

IT HAD TO BE

The canoe scarcely moved. The man allowed his paddle to skim the quiet surface of the water as he watched the girl who sat facing him. Her slender head and shoulders were brought into shadowy relief by the yellow path of moonlight which stretched far out into the lake. The lazy thread of blue smoke from the man's pipe rose into the sombre mystery of the Indian summer night and disappeared—ghost-like.
A star fell.

A bird awoke and sang a sleepy little story to its mate.
Then—awed quietude.

Suddenly the girl spoke—
"This ain't half bad, is it?"

He knocked the tobacco from his pipe and killed her.

BERNARD OF KNOX.

INDIANA'S REVISED SONG

As the World Wags:

In view of the sad case of Mrs. Hazel McNally, on trial in Hammond, Ind., charged by her husband of putting her twin babies out of the way; in view of the singular Tlerrnan-Poulin affair in South Bend, should not the national song of Indiana be changed in this manner:

"Through the scandal lights the sycamores are gleaming,
On the banks of the Wabash far away."

No; IT WAS AT PRINCETON, ILL. that BRYANT WROTE "DON JUAN."
(From the Northwestern Christian Advocate)

Beautiful Princeton! Ancient Princeton! Conservative Princeton! Here's where the Rock River conference, the conference anchored in the city, but with an anchor-line sufficiently extended to float Methodism all over northern Illinois, is meeting. Princeton is older than Chicago, but somewhat smaller. Named Princeton from the early founders who came from eastern Presbyterian strongholds of that name. Traditions of the poet Bryant cluster. The poet's mother and brothers he buried here. One of the largest greenhouses in the state belongs to the Bryant family, and by wandering about under the ancient elms and through the quaint parks one can easily incline to the rumor that here the poet wrote his "Evangeline."
L. M. B.

"FUND" OR "FUN"

As the World Wags:

I notice the inquiry of Mr. Sylvester Baxter respecting the old-time word "fund" or "fun."

I do not remember hearing the word used except as applied to several mournful looking buildings in "Punkhorn," Dennis on Cape Cod, where lampblack was made by burning tar or resin, I think. They were old-fashioned people down there, 65 years ago. I always supposed the word was "fun," judging from their pronunciation.

The dictionary gives as one definition of "fund"—to accumulate, to store up. As the dense smoke from burning resin filled the buildings referred to, the soot "accumulated" on the walls and was scraped off and sold as lampblack. Was lampblack made on Mill Hill in the long ago?
DANIEL WING.

Hingham.

04-26 1922

Mme. Bridewell, Contralto,

Madame Carrie Bridewell, contralto, gave a recital in Jordan Hall yesterday afternoon. Gordon Hampson accompanied her. The program was as follows: Falconieri, Vezzasette e care; Handel, Dove sei amato bene; Recl, Sul Flume; Respighi, Nebbie; Recl, Bergerette; Tchakovsky, O jeune Fille; Plerne, Le Moulin; Fourdrain, La-Bas; Massenet, Les Larmes; Saint-Saens, La Brise; Vaughan Williams, Silent Noon and Roadside Fire; Dunhill, The Cloths of Heaven; Goodhardt, A Fairy Went A-Marketing; Hampson, Death; F. Bridge, Love Went A-Riding; Saint-Saens, La Serenite; Debussy, Nous n'avons plus de maison and Fantoches; Messager, Fortunio; Duparc, La Manoir de Rosamonde; Hampson, La Pluie.

Mme. Bridewell gave dramatic force to Handel's music, declaiming the broader measures with dignity and showing her experience in the opera house. Her voice is well suited to music of a stately, slowly impressive character, and so "Sul Flume" (attributed on one page of the program to Recl, on another to Respighi), Vaughan Williams's fine song, "Silent Noon," and the opening measures of Hampson's "Death," were features of her performance. While she showed throughout an intelligent conception of the various sentiments and emotions expressed by the

other composers, the voice itself did not always bring her intentions to full fruition. When vigor was demanded, tone often lost quality, as was the case when the upper register was forcibly employed.

There was a very friendly audience of good size.
P. H.

MCCORMACK AT SYMPHONY HALL

Last night John McCormack, tenor, gave a song recital to an enthusiastic audience that filled every corner of Symphony hall. He had the help of Edwin Schneider, his usual admirable accompanist, and Rudolph Bochco, an excellent violinist, who played two groups of solo pieces to the great content of the people.

Mr. McCormack sang two airs by Handel, "O Sleep," from "Semele," and "Enjoy the Sweet Elysian Groves," from "Alceste"; two songs by Frank Bridge, "When You Are Old and Gray," and "Oh, That It Were So"; Granville Bantock's "Desolation," "To the Children," by Rachmaninoff; Cesar Franck's "Pans Angelicus," with accompaniment for piano, violin and organ (Albert W. Snow); four Irish folk songs arranged by Mr. Hughes, "Oft in the Stilly Night," Kathleen O'Moore, "If I Had a 'Knew' and the 'Bard of Armagh'; Rogers's "The Star"; "The Last Hour," by Kramer, and "Thine Eyes Still Shined," by Mr. Schneider himself. Of course there were many encores.

MODEL FOR PUPILS

Since Mr. McCormack has given a good many concerts a year for many a year in Boston, all of them, if memory serves, calling for the highest terms of praise, it is a vain thing to try to vary superlatives. If any living singer can equal him in the essentials of vocal art, it is much to be hoped that that accomplished person will let himself be heard this winter in Boston.

A pupil of singing, listening to Mr. McCormack as to a model, might perhaps be warned against too frequent a use of light, almost falsetto tone, at the end of a song; it savors a little too much of sentimentality. In all other respects, however, Mr. McCormack showed himself a model pupils should flock to hear.

Particularly notable last night were his deft attack, and his smooth legato, above all in Donaudy's "O del mio amato ben," the first encore, a remarkably lovely piece of singing. Handel's coloratura, from Mr. McCormack, received treatment such as few singers know how to accord it; though sung unstressed, as the purely ornamental kind of coloratura should be sung, still it sounded an integral part of the whole—no mean feat. Only the program might have been more interesting; many of the songs Mr. McCormack had sung before.
R. R. G.

It looks as if it would be a comparatively peaceful week in the musical world. As the United States Marine Band, which plays here this afternoon and evening, is an institution of the government at Washington, recommended by Mr. Harding, it will of course not have anything unseemly, much less outrageous, on its programs. The report that Mr. Harding at the end of his term will become a member of the band and thus renew his youth—we believe he was once an accomplished virtuoso on the horn—or was it a slide trombone?—has been officially contradicted.

A Bulgarian violinist, who visited Boston as a little girl, will fiddle on Saturday afternoon. Playing here in private as a child, she interested a number of Bostonians, who raised a fund for her to study in Europe. Auer was named as her teacher, but he could not take her as a pupil. She studied in Dresden. Before she returned to this country she played in European cities with success. Last Monday she gave a recital in New York and was favorably received.

Next week Mr. Helfetz will fiddle, but he is not given to incendiary speeches on the platform. He is a calm and collected person. There will be a couple of pianists. Miss Matherine Bacon's program is not alarming, even if she does threaten to play Chopin's Preludes, all of them, one after the other. As for Mr. Hutcheson, he is always serious. His recital a week from Saturday will be devoted to the solemn contemplation of Bach—Johann Sebastian Bach.

At the symphony concerts tomorrow afternoon and Saturday evening there will be two unfamiliar pieces. Mr. Moiselwitsch will play a piano concerto by a Russian rejoicing in the name of Nikolai Nicolaievitch Tcherepnin. His name was a terrible name, indeed. Being Timothy Thady Mulligan; And whenever he emptied his tumbler of punch, He'd not rest till he filled it full again. The other unfamiliar piece is a Fan-

tasia by the Englishman, Vaughan Williams, on a theme by old Thomas Tallis, composed for a psalter in 1567. This tune was described at the time as one that "doth rage, and roughly brayth," but this description now seems inappropriate.

There will be no perturbation of nature, even if Doris Keane and Nanoe O'Neill appear next Monday in plays new to Boston; interesting women both; Miss Keane portraying the great Catherine of Russia, described by Byron in a memorable—but in these days of prying and rigid censorship—unjustable line; Miss O'Neill in a play by the Spaniard, Jacinto Benavente.

But Isadora will not disport herself in Symphony hall, put Mr. Nahan Franke in no embarrassing position, and rail against the statues high up on the walls.

Why all this fuss over Isadora? Is it not bolated. When she first visited Boston, in some of her dances there was nothing between her thin, transparent robe and her body. Ah, my boy, she was younger, and no verbal excuse or defence was necessary. She might then have been likened to the woman of whom Swinburne wrote: "And all her body was more virtuous Than souls of women fashioned otherwise."

But after a dancer, even when she is an interpreter, a classical interpreter, has passed her 40th year, she, as a rule, should preserve a certain bodily reticence.

The famous Marie Madeline Guimard, after she had retired from the stage, amused friends at her home by putting a theatre, no bigger than a small box, between her legs on a foot-stove. She would raise the curtain, announce a ballet in which she had shone at the Paris Opera House, and then imitate with two fingers all the steps, hers and those of her predecessors. Thus showing her superiority, she revived triumphs of the past.

The question of comparative or total nudity on the stage is an entertaining one. What we supposedly civilized persons call modesty is largely a geographical and chronological matter. If the Empress Theodora in her early years of pantomime did incredibly shocking things on the stage at Constantinople, as Pocopius asserted and Gibbon believed, she nevertheless was obliged by the regulations of the theatre to wear a narrow girdle.

"The Black Crook" was denounced here as a vilely indecent show; so that village deacons and good old Uncle Amos donned false whiskers and rushed to Boston that they might snatch a fearful pleasure and, returning home, have much to talk about at the store on Saturday night at the meeting of the Crackers and Cheese Club. Today "The Black Crook" would appear to be a vestry show.

Two writers of high standing as learned men, Dr. G. J. Witkowski and L. Nass, published at Paris in 1899 a copiously illustrated volume of 423 pages: "Nudity in the Theatre: from Antiquity to our Day." The subject has been freely, at times cynically, discussed in essays by Remy de Gourmont.

A woman, formerly a lion tamer in a circus, has been singing at the Howard Athenaeum. If she should give a recital in Jordan hall, we assure her that she would receive the most respectful attention of the critics.

It is surprising how little was written in American newspapers when the death of Marie Lloyd was announced, although she had visited the United States. Mr. Hibbert in the London Daily Telegraph said she was the last of the great figures in music-hall history, "the greatest exponent within modern memory of the variety art." He called her visit to this country the most unhappy experience of her career. She was so English—one might say she was "the incarnation of Cockney genius." And so Toole, the idol of London, failed in the United States.

Marie was famous for putting "Blue" songs over the footlights. If she needed any defence for this, Mr. W. R. Titterton wrote it long ago: "The Rabelaisian Spirit" in "From Theatre to Music Hall." The chapter is a remarkable one,

with Marie as the heroine.

"How shall I describe her—that happy, healthy, boisterous, magnetic, cocker-girl! How convey to you that she is all Chaucer meant; all Rabelais meant, all the comic Shakespeares meant, that in her splendid frankness, her hearty laughter, there is no touch of the luscious, the impure!"

04-27 1922

If the secret agents and the newspapers are not careful they will turn Isadora into a martyr. As it is, the recent flurry in Boston has advertised her prodigiously throughout the country, so that it is hardly necessary for her to pour indignant words into western ears.

If we knew her address, we might be tempted to send her this paragraph from an article, "Dress for the Older Woman," written by a Paris correspondent of the Manchester Guardian.

"Older women should cultivate anything in dress rather than youth which is not theirs. There are other qualities, dignity, repose, beauty—even mystery."

Or Isadora might ponder the saying a character in Anatole France's "Vic Fleur." That the only unpardonable crimes are crimes against beauty, that "the greatest sin a woman can commit is not to be beautiful."

TWENTY-EIGHT CENTS' WORTH

As the World Wags:

Unfortunately I did not have the pleasure of seeing Miss Duncan cavort and expose last week, for I was out of town. In a neighboring city I saw this electric sign on a moving picture theatre:

"SAWING A WOMAN EXPOSED"

Now, I am a modest, also an economical person. Tell me how much shocked I would have been if I had gone inside. The admission price was 28 cents.
PERCY BEAUREGARD.

HOME THOUGHTS FROM CORSICA

Older than the Medes and Persians,
Prehistoric as Stonehenge,
Choicest of mankind's diversions
Is the striving for revenge.

Never let justice miscarry

As it often has of yore,
Whether Tom or Dick or Harry,
Wipe out each affront with gore.

What the carving knife whenever
Utterance and gesture fail,
Practise daily, and endeavor
Some offender to impale.

Quietly transfix the jogger

Of your elbow while you lunch,
Perforate the end seat hogger
With a really potent punch.

While the traffic cop officious,
Glibly takes your number down,
Just one jab—'twill be delicious,
Then speed merrily to town.

Fools may thus be suffered gladly,
Greet them with a piercing smile,
They will go their ways more sadly,
Cease from twice told tales awhile.

In the pangs of indigestion,

Never let the doctor look
At your vitals—do not question.
Slaply go and stab the cook.

Should your auction partner jar you
By revoking or misdeal,
Let not age or sex debar you
From the use of naked steel.

When the cords of custom hamper,
Chafes the halter of routine,
Cut them both and take a scamper
O'er fresh fields and pastures green.

So will life grow ever better,
Not perhaps in Coue's way,
But a Corsican vendetta
Will beguile the dullest day.
Manchester. C. B. W.

SEA VILLAINS

As the World Wags:

Why should a ship's carpenter almost invariably be portrayed as a singular cove? The carpenter in "Moby Dick," for example, presents a fearful spectacle as, gibbering away, he files and polishes a whale's bone in the manufacture of a leg for old Ahab. In "Ocean Magic," a recent story by one Captain Dingle, "Chips," the carpenter, sinks his knife in the Doctor's chest. And Jack London in the "Sea Wolf" describes an artificer whose desire was to "chunk" other members of the crew with his adze.

Speaking of Jack London, I submit that Herman Melville represents the apotheosis of what poor London attempted. Both writers often took for their themes the transcendental magnitudes, and yet, after reading Melville, one cannot be satisfied with imitators.

WILLIAM L. ROBINSON.

We had not noticed that the ship carpenter in novels is always a desperate villain. Is the carpenter in "Foul Play" a bad lot? We have not read the book for many years, but if we are not mistaken some one bored holes to

bring about the going down of the vessel. How about the carpenters in Russell's sea tales? Soon after the publication of "The Wreck of the Grosvenor," which made a sensation, some one asked the captain of a Cunarder if he had read the novel. "No," he replied, "I don't take much stock in these sea stories. The captain is always a scoundrel and the third mate's a hero and a perfect gentleman."—Ed.

RATHER FUSSY

As the World Wags:

In Maine last summer from the advantageous position of a summer cottage I sat, occasionally looking out to sea, and reread "Moby Dick." I am a summer-porch-whaleman. And that day 10 miles off shore three whales were sighted—July 18, 1922.

This morning I bought a copy of the colored picture edition (at an old-time price) and I have a petty quarrel with the publishers. On page 527 we come to those fine last words, "Now small fowls flew screaming over the yet yawning gulf; a sullen, white surf beat against its steep sides; then all collapsed, and the great shroud of the sea rolled on as it rolled 5000 years ago."

Directly on the heels of this, without space for reflection or even breathing, we read on, "Etymology (supplied by a late consumptive usher to a grammar school)." I have never seen a first edition, but here is juxtaposition that strikes me as would "Words and Music!" cried out as the singer closes "Pagliacci" with "the comedy is ended."

And there is no epilogue.

JOHN QUILL.

But does "Moby Dick" need illustration? We know of no one who could do justice to Captain Ahab. Melville's portraits mock the artists. We believe that in one edition the "Etymology" section is at the beginning of the romance. The Epilogue should never be omitted.—Ed.

STATIONERY FOR POETS

(Clement Wood in the Literary Review of the New York Evening Post)

One word about stationery. This is a matter to which the prospective poet must pay especial heed. More poems are rejected, if we may at times believe the words of editors, through the color and quality of stationery used, than through any other one cause. This detail comes first.

The favored tint of many editors is a creamy pink, with suave mauve and opalescent bond running in close seconds. The stock should be heavy and richly water-marked. Envelopes must never quite match the paper; exactness in such matters adumbrates a lack of the poet's fine frenzy. Any of these three shades looks well with the preferred colors of typewriter ribbons—a soft lavender for psychic verse, a poignant cerise for amatory lyrics, a bitter emerald for sea chanteys—the others suggest themselves.

The use of any other variety of paper or typing ensures rejection.

Engraved stationery is declassé; but the street address, and a two-initialled monogram, should be embossed at the upper right-hand corner of each sheet.

Austin Dobson, we are told, used a disilluminated mauve in his notepaper. It is well to remember this.

MARINE BAND

The United States Marine band, Capt. William H. Santelmann directing, gave two concerts in Symphony hall yesterday under the auspices of the Boston Young Men's Christian Union. The band is one of the most famous organizations of its kind in the world, and at the afternoon as well as evening performance a large sized and appreciative audience was present.

The organization is known in this country as the official band of the administration at Washington. A United States marine band has participated in every inaugural parade at the capital since 1801, when Thomas Jefferson became president.

40 MUSICIANS

For the last 22 years the present band has been directed by Capt. Santelmann. It has also had among its conductors John Philip Sousa, "the march king."

The band, made up of about 40 skilled musicians, shows musical knowledge and training of no small degree. It is exceedingly well balanced in tone and practically every member in the band is a soloist.

The programs yesterday ranged from the classical to the lighter vein. The afternoon program included Beethoven's "Egmont" overture, Lacombe's "Spring Morning," trombone solo, "Ecstasy of Spring," rendered by Robert E. Clark, the composer; fantasia from Puccini's "Manon Lescaut," Tschalkowsky's "March Slave," The Blue Danube waltzes and excerpts from Wagner's "Lohengrin."

For the evening the program included Weber's "Der Freischütz" overture, Rimsky Korsakov's "Hymn to the Sun," Sibelius' "Finlandia," trumpet solo, "Le Reve D'Amour," played by Principal Musician Arthur S. Witcomb; Entrance of the Gods into Valhalla, from Wagner's "The Rhinegold;" Rachmaninoff's "Prelude," Debussy's "Coppelia" suite and Liszt's "Hungarian Rhapsody."

Every number was enthusiastically applauded. The audiences were especially generous to the soloists.

Oct 28 1922

Two Unfamiliar Pieces Played — A Churchly Fantasia by Williams

By PHILIP HALE

The third program of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Montoux, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. The program was as follows: Mozart, Symphony in E flat major; Vaughan Williams, Fantasia on a Theme by Tallis, for double stringed orchestra (first time here); Tcherépkin, Concerto for piano, with orchestra (first time here); Liszt, Symphonic Poem No. 11, "The Battle of the Huns." Benno Moiseiwitsch was the pianist.

After a sympathetic performance of Mozart's symphony, which is characterized in the first two movements by the grace, the suavity and the tender melancholy peculiar to that composer; in the Scherzo and Finale by the light-heartedness that differs from the frank jollity of Haydn's lively movements, came the Fantasia by Vaughan Williams, which, composed for a festival at Gloucester, England, was performed there in the Cathedral in 1910.

Tallis is known to us chiefly by a hymn tune which bears his name, and a chant or two. Yet he was a great man, not only in his day and generation but in the history of music. The theme chosen by Williams for the exercise of his inventive ability is one of eight tunes written by Tallis for Archbishop Parker's psalter in 1567. At the time this tune was curiously described as one that rages and roughly brays. To modern ears it appears stately, solemn, sombre, reminding one of old Herew chants. The Fantasia preserves an ecclesiastical, character throughout, music eminently fitted for a cathedral, impressive in a concert hall. Williams has shown marked skill in his treatment of the theme, using the two bands of strings and solo players so as to produce contrasting, fine and beautiful effects. It is truly devotional music, needing no words to incite "contemplation of the first composer"; devotional, but not dull, not disfigured by the sentimental passages which too often are found in modern English music for the church. Yet the Fantasia would be still more impressive if it were a little shorter. M. Jean-Aubry has well said in his "Music and the Nations" that the general tendency of English music is to be too long. "It has allowed itself to be inoculated with wholly debatable ideas concerning development." This is true even of the romantic and poetic Arnold Bax. Mr. Montoux with the players gave a superb performance of the Fantasia which was to the glory of the incomparable strings.

Tcherépkin's Concerto was awarded the Bellavoz prize in 1909. In spite of its being a prize composition, it is a virtuoso piece for pianist, orchestra and conductor, bristling with difficulties for all of them. While it abounds in brilliant passages, there are pages of little musical significance, pages of nothing more or less than padding. The more important sections are those that are purely lyrical; these have genuine emotional quality and charm. In them there is melodic individuality. There is occasionally in the more brilliant pages a barbaric wildness that is not displeasing, with instrumentation that is at times peculiar and effective, at other times chiefly singular as in a use of the Glockenspiel with the piano.

The performance was one to be remembered, if only for the triumphant surmounting of difficulties by pianist, conductor and orchestra. It has been well said of Mr. Moiseiwitsch by a foreign critic that he has a pronounced sense of style. That is to say in his case that he grasps and expresses the style of the composer whose music he

happens to play. Yesterday his singing of the melodic lines, his exquisite delicacy and fleetness in arabesques, his quiet authority, his musical feeling which gave life to futile measures, and they were not a few, were as remarkable as the vigor and the dash of his bravura. And in his performance he was eloquently supported by Mr. Montoux and the orchestra.

Liszt's Symphonic poem, suggested by Kaulbach's mural painting, wears better than some of Liszt's other works in this field. How modern it is in certain passages! How succeeding composers have profited by him—Wagner especially! There were times yesterday when one thought the "Ride of the Valkyries" was to be played in full. Liszt was at work on "The Battle of the Huns" early in 1857. "The Valkyrie" was completed in 1856. Did the musical idea of strange doings in the air occur to both composers about the same time? The typical rhythmic figure? The spirited performance brought an end to a most interesting concert.

The performance will be repeated tonight. The program of the concert next week comprises Brahms's Fourth Symphony; "Clouds" and "The White

Peacock," by Griffes (first time at these concerts); Saint-Saens's "Animal's Carnival" (first time in Boston), and Glazounov's Symphonic poem, "Stenka Razin."

A deposed clergyman in the western part of this commonwealth brought suit against the standing committee of the church. He objected to certain "humiliating remarks" that had been made about him. One of these remarks was that his wife was in the habit of shaving him. She says that this statement is false.

Suppose she did shave her husband, whom she no doubt had promised to love, honor and obey. Suppose the clergyman was as awkward with a razor as Macaulay, who was always gashing his face. Or suppose that he had a tremulous hand. Was not the wife loyal and devoted?

Was it not also a mark of touching confidence on the part of the clergyman?

Plutarch in his essay on garrulity tells the following story: "Certain fellows began to talk pretty freely in a barber's shop concerning the tyranny of Dionysius, that it was as secure and inexpugnable as a rock of adamant. I wonder, quoth the barber, laughing, that you should talk these things before me concerning Dionysius, whose throat is almost every day under my razor. Which scurriously freedom of the barber being related to the tyrant, he caused him forthwith to be crucified. And, indeed, the generality of barbers are a prating generation of men; in regard the most loquacious praters usually resort to their shops and there sit prattling; from whence the barbers also learn an ill habit of twattling."

But if this clergyman's wife did shave her husband—we do not doubt her word—she probably kept silence, allowing him to arrange the heads of his sermon or frame an eloquent peroration. An enemy of Auber, the composer, said that his tunes came into his head while he was lathering his face.

CLASS IN NATURAL HISTORY

As the World Wags:

I should like to ask those who are acquainted with the life and habitat of the beaver, whether a beaver sleeps with his whiskers above or below the sheets? Either mode is hazardous, for with his foliage below the sheets he may tickle himself to death, while with his bush above the sheet, when he turns over, he may break his neck.

Dedham. MACELLUS GRAVES.

Mr. George P. Bolivar writes from Beverly: "I am surprised that the Watch and Ward Society has not taken Samuel Butler's 'The Way of All Flesh' into court, hoping to prohibit the sale. I have not read the novel, but it seems to me that the title is highly objectionable, dangerous to the young."

A KILL-JOY

As the World Wags:

President Harding announces that he will call Congress in session on Nov. 20. Perhaps he knows what should be done, but it's going to spoil Thanksgiving day for me.

HENRY LAPHAM.

"DEAR SIR"

As the World Wags:

I have been asked to write an article for a magazine, "The Farmer's Wife." I don't know how to begin: "Gentlemen?" or "Dear Madam?"

Melrose. JESSIE BOLSTROP

Long ago Richard Grant White noticed the common misuse of "gentleman" in business correspondence in

which Mr. A. is addressed as Sir, but the firm of A. B. & Co., as Gentlemen. "Now the plural of Sir is Sirs; and if 'gentleman' has any significance at all, it ought not to be made common and unclean by being applied to mere business purposes." Begin "Dear Sirs." If the western publishers and editors happen to be women they will be flattered.—Ed.

"SACRILEGIOUS LIKKAH"

(From the New York Evening Post)

JEFFERSON MACAULAY BROWN,

a person of most appropriate surname, approached the dealer in ecclesiastical wines.

"Suh, I would like to get som' sacrilegious likkah."

"Sacrilegious liquor?"

"Yassuh, fo' the sacrilege we is gwine to have in owah church."

"Oh, I see. You mean sacramental wine."

"That's right, suh."

"Well, what kind and how much do you want?"

"Well, suh, Ah've been thinkin' the matter ovah pro and con, an' if it's all the same to you, suh, I'd just as soon have a couple quaws of gin!"

A RECORD IN SURGERY

We are promised gramophone accompaniments to surgical operations.

Kind Forces, when your pincers curve About a palpitating nerve,

I pray you, gently wheedle

My too protesting lungs with notes

Decanted from celestial throats—

Console me with the needle!

—A. W., in the London Daily Chronicle.

Chirurgeon, ere my brain you plug

With comatoss and morphine drug,

Distilled from eyes of Gorgons,

Conjure some sweet orchestral strain,

To steal away the dreaded pain,

When tuning up my organs.

—A. W., in the London Daily Chronicle.

A baby was born to a Hungarian

woman in mid-air during an aeroplane

trip from Budapest to a nursing home

in Naples. What place of birth will be

named on the certificate?

In England, a few months ago, a GYD-

sy woman gave birth to twins. How

were they registered? One was born in

Wiltshire, the other in Somerset.

THE SENTIMENTALIST

As the World Wags:

A single maple softly dropping its lovely garments, from the very top first, in a bright circle at its feet, suggests these lines of Keats:

"Of all its wreathed pearls her hair she

freeds;

Unclasses her warmed jewels one by one;

Loosens her fragrant bodice; by degrees

Her rich attire creeps rustling to her

knees. O. S. H.

AT THE DINNER TABLE

As the World Wags:

Miss Seeryous (interested in astronomy)—Does any one here know how old the stars are?

Miss Smart—Mary Pickford is 25.

Ole Joequer—Miss Seeryous was not

referring to the movies, but the fixed

stars. E. B. L.

Cambridge.

MARK SALOM

As the World Wags:

Store 365 Washington street, house 26 West Chester park. Salom did not live in Chester square. At that time Chester square was that part of what is now Massachusetts avenue, running between Shawmut avenue and Tremont street. West Chester park was that part of what is now Massachusetts avenue, running between Tremont street and Columbus avenue. Salom lived at 36 West Chester park, very near Columbus avenue. The corner of West Chester park and Columbus avenue being then numbered 38. West Chester park was not as "high-toned" as Chester square.

Washington street has been renumbered since the time of Salom's bazaar. At that time the southwest corner of Washington street and West street (now Bigelow, Kennard & Co.), was 327. The Melodeon, where the Bijou Theatre now is, was 361. The Adams House was 371, hence Salom kept near the Adams House. H. E. D.

Oct 29 1922

The popularity of "Shuffle Along" is not surprising. First of all, there is a spontaneity in the performance that is remarkable when one considers the long run of the play here and in New York. Beldom do we see principals and chorus on the stage so thoroughly enjoying themselves. The chorus girls are singularly attractive; neat-ankled, nimble, but not aggressively athletic, joyous creatures, to be seen with pleasure, not, as in too many musical comedies, with compassion. Has anything funnier than the scene in the grocery store or in the

"BAREFOOTED" LACHLAN

As the World Wags:

In an issue of The Herald last month read an account of a mad Pictorial Islander who makes extensive swimming trips between widely separated islands in the South Pacific ocean. The story recalled to me the record of Barefooted Lachlan in Norman Macleod's "Reminiscences of a Highland Parish"—a parish on the coast of Argyshire, where Macleod's people lived for generations.

"Another parish worthy was famous as a swimmer. He lived for hours in the water, and alarmed more than one boat's crew, who perceived a mysterious object—it might be the sea serpent—a mile or two from shore, now appearing like a large seal and again causing the water to foam with gambols like those of a much larger animal. They cautiously drew near, and saw with wonder what seemed to be the body of a human being floating on the surface of the water. With greatest caution an oar was slowly moved toward it; but just as the supposed dead body was touched, the eyes, hitherto shut, in order to keep up the intended deception, would suddenly open, and with a loud shout and laugh Lachlan would attempt to seize the oar, to the terror and astonishment of those who were ignorant of his fancies. The belief in his swimming powers—which, in truth, were wonderful—became so exaggerated that his friends, even when out of sight of land, would not have been surprised to have been hailed and boarded by him."

Lachlan, who went about in a tattered shirt and a kilt, was finally boarded by law in a Glasgow institution, where he died in a few weeks, deprived of his freedom among the winds and waves of ocean. JAMES DUGUID, Gloucester.

IN THE MODERN MANNER

(From the Literary Review of the New York Evening Post.)

In the period through which we are passing life is lived at such an exhausting rate that punctuation has taken its place, beside the dodo and the toddle, as a thing of the day before yesterday. Modern radicals decry even the capital. The Shakespeare of the future will write: to be or not to be that is the ?

whether 'tis nobler in the oh my beautiful mind to suffer the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune or to take arms

against a sea of TROUBLES and by opposing end them

to sleep perchance to dream read Freud and Jung and Adler crape

THE HYSTERICAL CANDIDATE

(From the Webster City, Ia., Freeman Journal)

Christian people, let Webster City know your desire. Do you want me or the devil in your midst? I am on the independent ticket Nov. 7 for constable. LOUIE CANTONWINE.

MISS SIMEONOVA

Yesterday afternoon in Jordan hall the Bulgarian violinist, Nedel Simeonova, gave a recital before a well pleased audience of good size. To the excellent accompaniments of Mary Shav Swain, Miss Simeonova played a chaconne in G minor by Vitali, the Mendelssohn Concerto, the great air for tenor from Tchaikowsky's opera "Eugene Onegin," a canzonetta by d'Ambrósio, a Kreisler arrangement of a Mozart rondo, an Andalusian rhapsody by Sarasate and a Piedmontese rhapsody by Sinigaglia. There were added pieces as well.

If instead of a violinist, the gods had seen in Miss Simeonova an opera singer, it is no wild guess that today she would be aiming direct for Brunnhilde roles, or Fidelio, let us say, although at her present age she might have reached no nearer her goal than—perhaps Gut-rune or a Norn. For Gerilina, however, or Cherubino, no director, even in one of those odd vagaries into which directors fall, ever would have cast her, her nature is too manifestly alien.

But Miss Simeonova, since she has elected to become a concert violinist, cannot limit her recital programs to music that suits Miss Simeonova's temperament as well as the passion ate air from Tchaikowsky, which she played with warmth, and the ancient

noble chaconne, the sombre beauty of whose opening measures she admirably set forth.

Miss Simeonova must also condescend to toy with trifles—at least she must so long as audiences hold to their present taste. She was ready, to be sure, with her trifles yesterday, and better, more novel ones than most violinists find. But she did not "toy" with them; she played them grimly, like a job to be got out of the way. A pity, if she chooses to play them at all.

This young violinist has much at her command—evident intelligence, what seems to a non-violinist a fine technique, a correct ear, and a vigor that enables her to play big music well. But to her advantage Miss Simeonova might try for a finer elegance of phrasing, a warmer sheen to her tones, a brighter sparkle, audible signs of an inner grace called charm. To advise a person consciously to acquire charm sounds silly. In any direction, nevertheless, an effort will do much. R. R. G.

Oct 30 1922

We regret to say that the newspapers of Chicago are not treating Miss Isadora Duncan with due respect. When she told a reporter of the Herald-Examiner that every one knew the garments she wears—"I haven't even allowed one of them to be washed in nearly 20 years. Ask my maid." The Tribune, quoting this statement, headed it: "One Guess—Black, Gray or Red?"

When it was announced that she would dance "accompanied by the Symphony orchestra, Modest Altschuler, conductor," this wheeze appeared: "We hope he is, but after what we've heard—well, we have our doubts."

Miss Duncan said that she had been wearing her costume for 20 years. "It is not that Boston objected to your costume because you have worn it 20 years, but rather that it is the one you have been wearing for nearly 40 years."

Thus do the Philistines and the irreverent make mock of the apostle of unabashed art and the naked truth.

THOUGHTFUL TRAVELERS

As the World Wags:

That instinctive kindness which is so characteristic of the true aristocrat impels one when away from home to remember absent friends in some tangible manner. One of the least expensive ways is to send picture postcards. Homestay folk are ever keenly interested in scenes from other lands, and by the exercise of a little assiduity one may obtain cards that by their exquisite color effects are a delicate and subtle compliment to the taste of the recipient. A personal touch is added by inscribing across either side—"Having a wonderful time. Wish you were here." HELEN HENNA.

FROM THE PROFESSOR

As the World Wags:

The writer of Notes and Lines, in an adjacent, (or is it an identical—to be philosophical) column, equally delightful in either (or both) makes merry over the name Nikolai Nikolalevitch Tcherpnin. Anything is runny that is unusual. A Missouri lady at the world's fair said to a lady related to me by marriage who was temporarily sitting on the same bench, "I love to hear you talk." I am the same. I have heard a serious (really!) committee of Congress go into ecstasies of laughter over the word "physicist," the chairman, being the most intelligent, saying it sounded like a soda-water bottle (this was before the constitution was amended.) You know how Byron made fun of the names of the Russian generals, mispronouncing them all, as he did the Greek in his song, "Zoe mou, sas agapo." I do not believe Byron was killed by the Turks at Missolonghi. The Greeks killed him, for the violence which he perpetrated on their lovely language. You know the Greeks are still brave, and from them we derive what love of beauty we have.

But I was about to say. Years ago in Paris myself when young did frequently frequent, etc., and a young student from Serbia, masquerading for the nonce as a Frenchman, lamented the difficulty of the English language (he was right, even in this column some people cannot distinguish between "will" and "shall") quoting Shakespeare to prove it:

To bl, ott-r-r nottobi, ze-e-et iz ziquevession—Oh c'est epantant! So I think ARTHUR GORDON WEBSTER, Worcester.

RE GARBAGE

As the World Wags:

When visiting Bishop Satterlee in Washington over 20 years ago he informed me credibly of an occasion in

the early days of ooy choirs when a vested choir was taken from Washington, D. C., to a parish in the diocese of Maryland on the occasion of an institution of a new rector, or the dedication of a church, I forget which.

But I do remember vividly the bishop's report of the affair as rendered in the local paper with juvenile magniloquence, probably by the editor's son. "The day dawned bright and cheerful and at the appointed hour the bishop, clergy and choir assembled at the rectory, and proceeded to the church in solemn procession, all robed in their garb."

Taunton. WALTER J. CLEMONS.

A. GENTEEL EUPHEMISM

Garbage. As now used in this country a supposedly polite word for "swill." "Swill" it was in our little village in the sixties. "Garbage" meant at first the offal of an animal used for food, especially the entrails; rarely, the entrails of a man. (Thus Borrow in the "Blade in Spain" speaks of carrion, vultures disputing with the brutes the garbage.) A century later "garbage" came to mean refuse in general, filth. A few years later (1892) Nash applied the word to worthless literary matter. We find Miss Braddon in one of her novels saying: "Any garbage is food for a woman's vanity."

But why, early in the 17th century was the officer of the royal kitchen in England who had charge of the poultry called a sergeant garbager?

The genteel shudder at the sound of the word "swill." They are the ones that perspire and never sweat—women glow; they are the ones that retire and do not go to bed. In years not long ago they had limbs, not legs.

But swill is liquid, or partly liquid, food, chiefly kitchen refuse, given to swine, though Cobbett when he lived in this country noted that "the milk and fat pot-liquor and meal are, when put together, called in Long Island 'swill.'"

Mr. Herkimer Johnson tells us that in Clamport the social position and financial standing of the summer cottagers are estimated shrewdly by the swill man according to the amount and quality of their swill. In the literary world—that is, the world of publishers and readers—authors are too often valued according to the quantity of their swill.

TEA ETIQUETTE

From the book of social and business forms consulted by the genteel when Grant was President:

"Tea should be gently sipped from the spoon or cup, taking cup and spoon in hand. The spoon should never be removed from the cup when the guest is satisfied with its contents. Should the cup be empty, and more be desired, to take the spoon out and place it beside the cup in the saucer is an intimation to the waiter to have it refilled. If not empty and the spoon is placed thus beside the cup, it is an intimation to the waiter that you want the tea or coffee changed."

"BETTER THAN IT SOUNDS"

"A rollicking humorist, but at the same time shrewd, once said that classical music is really a great deal better than it sounds."—The Literary Digest.

"Doesn't a shrewd and rollicking humorist good enough to be quoted deserve to be referred to less anonymously?—Who was he?"—F. P. A. in the New York World.

Was it not Bill Nye who made this statement about Wagner's music?

HEIFETZ AGAIN

Jascha Heifetz, violinist, gave a recital in Symphony hall yesterday afternoon. The program included Concerto in E minor, Nardini; Concerto in A major, Mozart; Romance in F major, Beethoven; Chorus of Dervishes, Beethoven-Auer; Waves at Play, Grasse; Caprice No. 18 and Caprice No. 20, Wienlawski; Serenata, Sgambati; Polonaise in D major, Wienlawski. Heifetz has appeared in an audience times, but it is doubtful if an audience here ever accorded his playing such only prelation. The gathering not only filled the hall, but scores remained standing and the many seats on the stage were occupied.

It would seem that Heifetz's audiences in this city are getting more friendly. From his first concert he was given admiring appreciation, but yesterday it seemed as though the gathering put more warmth into its applause. Heifetz has a manner that wears well. Though many may think him too cold and supercilious, it may be that at heart audacious like this demeanor better than

they know. Complete absence of mannerism and strict attention to the business at hand certainly seem to work well in Heifetz's case and he has the sense to hold to it. Without impassioned motions of the body, exaggerated manipulation of his bow arm or tossing of the head he accomplishes results that might well be envied by many who do those objectionable things. Incidentally there is nothing to detract from his clearness of tone and smoothness of performance.

As to his playing there is little that need be said. His work delights the layman, the student and the teacher. Few know enough about the violin to find fault with his technique. To student and teacher it seems to be as nearly perfect as the human machine can accomplish. Though outwardly Heifetz is ever calm, regardless of the demands of the music he is playing, the music itself lacks neither warmth, vigor nor expression.

Samuel Chaitzoff accompanied with ability.

PEOPLE'S SYMPHONY GIVES SECOND CONCERT

The People's Symphony Orchestra gave the second concert of its season yesterday afternoon at the St. James Theatre, Emil Mollenhauer conducting, with Paul Akin at the piano. The program was "Donna Diana," Reznicek; "Finlandia," Op. 26, No. 7; Concerto for pianoforte No. 2 in F minor; symphony in G minor, No. 40, Mozart and Lalo's "Rhapsodie." The theatre was filled to capacity.

Oct 31 1922

Prof. Webster of Worcester is right in saying that names of foreigners which are strange to us, unusual, have a funny sound. In the first half of the 19th century there lived and worked in Paris a composer, who, although he was born in that city of Parisian parents, was named Schneltzoeffler. At the Paris Opera he was called Cheneceff, but he wished to be known as Bertrand. His visiting card was "Schneltzoeffler (pronounce Bertrand)."

Matthew Arnold once wrote apropos of a girl named Wragg, who strangled her baby:

"If we are to talk of ideal perfection, of 'the best in the whole world,' has any one reflected what a touch of grossness in our race, what an original shortcoming in the more delicate spiritual perceptions, is shown by the natural growth amongst us of such hideous names—Higginbottom, Stiggins, Bugg! In Ionia and Attica they were luckier than 'the best race in the world'; by the Ilissus there was no Wragg, poor thing!" But who knows whether by the Ilissus there were not names that excited Greeks to laughter?

OLD NOAH, HE DID BUILD AN ARK

As the World Wags:

When one of the boys on the Ark came up to Noah and slapped him on the back and asked him, "How are they coming?" Noah humorously retorted, "Oh, two by two." Snappy cumbucks ain't such a new game after all, is it? JACK MAROM.

THE LAST INVOCATION

(Walt Whitman)

At the last, tenderly,
From the walls of the powerful, fortress'd
house,
From the clasp of the knitted locks—
from the keep of the well-closed
doors,
Let me be wafted.

Let me glide noiselessly forth;
With the key of softness unlock the
locks—with a whisper,
Set open the doors, O Soul!

Tenderly! be not impatient!
(Strong is your hold, O mortal flesh!
Strong is your hold, O love!)

THE PROGRESSIVE BOY

As the World Wags:

The law's delays are proverbial. A case in point:

Sometime early last June, returning from a neighboring "movie," I found my house in disorder, as well as that of my married daughter, who occupied the second apartment. Several articles of value had disappeared, including two watches, a bag containing small change, three liberty bonds, several bills of various denominations, etc. . . . A telephone brought the police. They almost immediately expressed the opinion that a boy who had been previously arrested on the charge of breaking and entering was the thief. This surmise turned out to be true. The detectives arrested the boy the next morning. The stolen bag was found upon his person; but he declared he had picked it up on the street. He was brought before the juvenile court and found guilty, but was released when substantial bail was given upon an appeal to a higher court.

The point I wish to make is that the boy is now frequently to be seen riding on a bicycle in the neighborhood where

the burglary was committed. As I never thought I could afford to own a bicycle I galls me to see him dashing by me inconspicuously on a "bike." He appears to be more carefree than the sparrows that he scatters in his progress, heaven knows where. Meanwhile I and the remainder of the two households are without the valuables that disappeared, and are now resting somewhat until the case is finally decided. The boy is free or the time being at least, but our odds, so to speak, are legally in hock without our consent.

BAIZE.

Dorchester.

ENJOYING POOR HEALTH

From the Itasca News of Deer River, Minn.)

C. M. King, whose physical condition for the past three weeks has been alarming, has been better and much woffe he past week; generally, fair and bad, describes it.

"Silesians who know Princess Herline of Reuss do not believe her marriage to the former Kaiser will last." But as long as she can call herself "Empress," what will she care? She may yet join the army of American Dollar Princesses with a title and no husband.

The present hour is that of the poet who does not rhyme and does not scan and takes ten words to say what can be said more vividly in five.—Manchester Guardian.

HORTENSE AND THE MANNINGS

The writer of a letter published in the New York Herald thinks that Dickens found his Hortense in "Beak House" in the Manning woman who was executed with her husband for murder in 1849. This supposition seems to us far-fetched. We know that in this novel he introduced Leigh Hunt and Landor; that he caricatured his father as Micawber and Dorrit; his mother as Mrs. Nickleby; sweethearts as Flora and Dora; but what possible connection is there between Hortense and Maria Manning? There was a fine old Catnach ballad about the Mannings. Three of the nine verses are worthy of quotation. This Maria came from Sweden, who in England "lived with noble ladies in ease and splendor and delight."

She first was courted by O'Connor,
Who was a lover most sincere,
He was possessed of wealth and riches,
And loved Maria Roux most dear.
But she preferred her present husband,
As it appeared, and with delight
Slighted sore Patrick O'Connor,
And was made Frederick Manning's wife.

At length they all were reconciled,
And met together night and day,
Maria, by O'Connor's riches,
Dressed in splendor, fine and gay.
Though married, yet she corresponded
With O'Connor, all was right,
And oft he went to see Maria,
Frederick Manning's lawful wife.

At length they plann'd their friend to murder,
And for his company did crave,
The dreadful weapons they prepared,
And in the kitchen dug his grave.
And, as they fondly did caress him,
They slew him—what a dreadful sight,
First they mangled, after robbed him,
Frederick Manning and his wife.

PULL DOWN THE BLIND

M. Clemenceau's virility and buoyant spirit are attributed in part to a custom he has followed for many years of taking a daily air bath.

When he is in American hotels he should be careful to pull down the shade, otherwise the censor will get him. We are fussier in these matters than they are in Paris or in M. Clemenceau's little village.

WELL, WE GUESS NOT

(Ad in the Columbia College Spokesman, Dubuque, Ia.)

DUBUQUE NATIONAL BANK DUBUQUE, IOWA

We offer you a minimum of safety and security and efficiency in service.

Perhaps this is the bank for you.

"THE CZARINA"

By PHILIP HALE

Hollis Street Theatre—First performance in Boston of "The Czarina," a comedy in three acts by Melchior Lengyel and Lajos Biro. Produced by Gilbert Miller; presented by Charles Frohman, Inc. Produced at Ford's Theatre, Baltimore, Jan. 17, 1922.

The Czarina.....Doris Keane
Anna Jaschikova.....Betty Weston
Marie.....Eva Leonard-Boyne
Prince Soljokoff.....Harry Mestayer
Viscount de Roncourt.....Paul Leyssac
Count Alexei Czerny.....Louis Calhern
Lt. Nicholas Jaschikoff.....Bertram Hanauer

Col. Ronsky.....William Hailour
Baron Dymoff.....Walker M. Dennett
Capt. Kaschumowsky.....Kenneth Fox
Gen. Malakoff.....Walter Howe
Yvonne.....Margaret Kemp

English playwrights have neglected the marvellous woman described by Byron in a pungent and unquotable line. We doubt if any one now living remembers "Catherine of Russia or the Child of the Storm," brought out in London in 1850, or can tell whether that Catherine was the ruler or some peasant girl. Mr. Bernard Shaw did to Catherine what he did to Caesar and Cleopatra, only in his rollicking tale of an Englishman's adventures at the Russian court he did not hesitate to bring in horse-play. In opera Catherine is more dignified, but still a woman.

The foreign dramatists whose comedy was seen last night chose two amorous episodes in the life of Catherine, two out of many. As a result, the scene with the French ambassador in the last act is practically a repetition of the scene with the lieutenant in the first. To give contrast, melodrama enters in the second: The plot against the Czarina, the treachery of the lieutenant, and the thwarting of the plot. This touch of melodrama is a relief to the audience, for otherwise the repetition of unabashed wooing on the part of the sovereign might have been as disastrous as was the harping on one theme in the play of which George Sand was the heroine; but in this melodramatic scene Miss Keane did not shine so brilliantly as in the scenes of pure—or if you please, impure—comedy.

In these scenes she was delightfully capricious, unreasonable, seductive as a woman; sane, decided as a ruler, not without the historical cruelty. In her wooing of the lieutenant she brought to mind Mme. Tostee in "The Grand Duchess of Gerolstein," who as her passion for Fritz grew by what it fed upon raised him by degrees till he commanded her army. And in some respects Catherine resembled the Grand Duchess. Miss Keane's portrayal of the Czarina was plausible, yes, convincing, and fascinating as long as she showed the lighter and more engaging side of the character, with her whims, her humor, her irony, her passions that reduced her men of the hour to slavery. In what might be called the "scene a faire" of which Uncle Sarcey was always talking, she hardly rose to the demanded height. For her terror should have been contagious, her relief should have moved the spectator, her vengeance should have been imperial. As it was there was a woman in distress, while the audience was assured that the fall of the curtain would bring a happy ending to that act.

The company, with the exception of Miss Keane, was not at all the company in New York. Mr. Mestayer took the part of the chancellor played by Frederick Kerr. Mr. Mestayer gave a carefully conceived portrayal, a definite and interesting idea of the suave, wily, far seeing man, who knew how to handle his eccentric and trying sovereign. He delivered his lines admirably, always mindful of the emphasis of understatement. One of the features of the whole performance was his address to Catherine on the summer and autumn of life. One then became aware of the beauty of the English language when it is spoken with euphony and simple eloquence.

The others supporting Miss Keane were adequate, often more than adequate. The chief conspirator, in his scene with the lieutenant was especially worthy of commendation. The stage setting was rich but in good taste. Miss Keane's costumes were gorgeous, and the others were rich. There were many curtain calls. There were also long waits that protracted-unreasonably the performance.

NANCE O'NEIL AT

PLYMOUTH THEATRE—"Field of Ermine," comedy in three acts by Jacinto Benavente, translated by John Garrett Underhill. First performance in Boston, with Nance O'Neil. The cast:

Luisa.....Helen Holcomb
Natalia.....Marie Shotwell
Dorotea.....Lucille Hustling
Gerardo.....Edwin Lougherty
Demetria.....Josephine Deffry
Caesar Estevez.....Alfred Hickman
Santiago Solana.....Robert Williamson
Irene, Marchioness of Montalban, Nance O'Neil
The Duke of Santa Olalla.....Lumsden Hare
Facio Utrillo.....David Leonard
Baltazar.....Edward Pawley
Count of San Ricardo.....Grant Stewart
Jose Maria.....Francis Knibbt
Marchioness of Los Robledales
Virginia Chauvenet
Countess of San Ricardo.....Alice Fischer
Maria Antonia.....Peggy Harvey
Beatrice.....Mary Hughes

The plot of this play is simple. A Spanish marquis, married but childless, dies. A woman with whom he had lived before his marriage lays claim to his property in behalf of a 14-year-old boy whom she puts forward as his son and hers. The marquis's sister, to avoid the scandal of a lawsuit, and also to do the

boy justice, offers to bring him up as her own son, if once she can feel convinced he is of her blood. One look at him does convince her.

Savagely her family oppose her plan. They doubt the boy's paternity. They are right. The boy's real father sells the sister papers which prove a plot to deceive the marquis and his kin. Though she has come to love the boy devotedly, in a revulsion of feeling she drives him out of her house. Two days later he wanders back. With her love returned two-fold, she burns the incriminating papers and promises the boy he shall live with her forever.

The plot is well enough. That a playwright, though of Benavente's distinction could have written a play so unshapely, is hard to believe. The ways of Sardou, to be sure, are no longer in vogue on the stage; a gun may legitimately stand in a corner even if nobody does get shot. But form, after all, cannot be tossed out the window, and if people will be talking, what they say still is supposed to have some bearing on the development of the plot. Big moments, too, are most effective when they have been skillfully prepared; to say they come when they please in life is very well, but who can change the patent fact that life on the stage, while holding true, must be arranged?

The Spanish writer, one might guess, has tried his hand at a play without arrangement. To tell his not very complicated tale he has called a cast of 20 souls. Like unto life they come and go, seemingly at hazard. They talk, they talk, like life once more they say it again, yet once again. If the talk were witty or wise—in the Spanish perhaps it is, but in the translation surely it is not. In his translation, by the way, Mr. Underhill, probably in his determination not to be stilted, has drawn so freely on American colloquialisms that he gives his play a strangely common sound. Or if the talk—to go back to the feature of the evening that sticks most firmly in mind—if the talk were apt at showing character, it might be in place. With two exceptions, however, the mother and her boy, the character drawing is vague.

Miss Shotwell played this mother well, though not without exaggeration. Like the lamented Mme. Rejane in face, she has something of her comic force. Edwin Lougherty, if a boy, shows an unusual skill. If a man, he shows still more, for he suggested neatly and sympathetically a boy who is plausible enough but in his sentimentality the reverse of sympathetic.

Miss O'Neil did what she could with the role of the marquis's sister. Why Miss O'Neil, who is at her best in moments of emotional outburst, should choose to play a part so passive, remains a puzzle. Her most effective scene was in the third act, when she reads a letter from the boy. Here she found real pathos. Lumsden Hare and Alfred Hickman gave clever portraits of conventional stage aristocrats. Miss Fischer, Miss Chauvenet and Mr. Stewart played character parts admirably. Their scene, though out of key and needlessly long for its dramatic purpose, was funny enough to pay to go to see. Francis Knibbt looked like a Spaniard.

The settings, by Livingston Platt, were tasteful. A large audience seemed to like the play immensely. Miss O'Neil, cordially greeted at her entrance, was called on for a speech after the second act.

R. R. G.

MISS BACON PLAYS

At her pianoforte recital in Jordan Hall yesterday afternoon Miss Katherine Bacon played the Bach-Liszt Fantasy and Fugue in G-minor, 24 Chopin preludes, of 28, three Liszt arrangements of Schubert songs, "Auf dem Wasser zu Singen," "Hark, Hark, the Lark," and "The Ere King," three Debussy pieces, "Pagodes," "La Soiree dans Grenade" and "Jardins sous la Pluie," and a study by Saint-Saens in the form of a waltz.

Since Miss Bacon made a brave effort to avoid the usual program pattern, it is a pity she showed no wiser judgment in her attempt, for 24 Chopin preludes all in a row and four Liszt

arrangements are surely too much of a good thing. Some of those preludes, too, the fact that Chopin wrote them notwithstanding, fit the drawing room better than the concert hall; Miss Bacon would have done wisely to cull them. And although it is the little pieces that fetch the liveliest applause, an artist does well to bear in mind that too many charming little pieces pall; their contrast to a sonata, say, is what tells. The orthodox program may have grown wearisome, but, after all, to become orthodox a system must have worth—and a variation has its own worth to prove.

A middle-aged character in Charles Marriott's curious novel, "Now," complained that modern young men of business are hard. He might make the same comment about many young musical performers today. Miss Bacon yesterday played too often as though she were reading the riot act. She has prodigious strength, good tone, fine technique. If only she would try to make her playing more beautiful she might go far—and she could venture the indulgence of sentiment without running the risk of mawkishness.

R. R. G.

ST. JAMES THEATRE—"The Famous Mrs. Fair." Play in four acts by James Forbes. Produced for the first time at the Henry Miller Theatre, Dec. 22, 1919, later produced at the Hollis Street Theatre, and now performed by the St. James Players.

Jeffery Fair.....Mark Kent
Nancy Fair.....Viola Roach
Alan Fair.....Walter Gilbert
Sylvia Fair.....Evelyn Nudsen
Peggy Fair.....Lucille Adams
Anselma Brice.....Dorothy Quincy
E. Dudley Gillette.....Edward Darney
Hanby.....Harold Chase
Mrs. Gilbert Wells.....Anna Layne
Miss Leslie Converse.....Helen Pitt
Mrs. Kellet Brown.....Florence Morford
Mrs. Bridget Wynne.....Barbara Gray
Mrs. Stuart Perrin.....Alice Byrne

Flagrantly disregarding the wise phrasings of numerous and sophisticated Broadway producers, who opine that the production of any play with even the remotest reference to the world war is "bad business," the St. James Players last night produced "The Famous Mrs. Fair," play of uniforms, of war discussed through the diffusing lens of peaceful America stripped for action, but turning back to its accustomed ways.

This Nancy Fair, her well ordered family, her house that runs itself, all these and the drama that comes logically and truthfully from the background of life, lived well but not too wisely, is interesting personage, material for the theatre. If toward the close, when drama begins to run high, the play slips a bit to the level of commonplace and ends gently in conventionalized scenes of the playhouse, memory must not forget the earlier part—an act or two of real merit, thinking drama ably conceived, well executed.

"The Famous Mrs. Fair" is one of the few American plays so far to be genuinely and sincerely framed about the world war. Universally the novelist, the dramatist, indeed every writer has seemed to find this great flood of dramatic material too monstrous, perhaps too close, to work with. Maudlin melodrama, irksome mummery has been the yield in all save a few scattered instances, of which "The Famous Mrs. Fair" is indeed one.

The part of Nancy Fair goes well with Miss Roach's capabilities. The roughened edges of life, emotion are sweetmeats for any actress with ambitions and imagination. But to Miss Roach comes favoring opportunity in the mild-tempered, soft picturing of a lady with wealth, mind, sensibilities, resources, a lady seated in her own drawing-room and amongst her own friends, relatives and family.

In the production of last night Miss Roach was at high point in demonstrating her manifold abilities to stroke, underline and vividly characterize a personality. She was ably assisted by Mark Kent. Without this experienced and always satisfying actor, Miss Roach could not have drawn so expertly her loss—a son engaged—nor could she have filled the dramatist's design so well in the scene where husband and wife shadow the parting of the ways.

Miss Nudsen and Walter Gilbert were pleasing but not importunate as the son and daughter.

The part of Peggy was played by Miss Lucille Adams, a member of the company who has been too long absent. Last night she returned matured and ripened; gaining experience and facile expression, she allows her audience to lose nothing in the seeing.

A goodly performance that was rounded, balanced and always attractive entertainment. So do the St. James Players set the "Famous Mrs. Fair" with well spiced resource.

W. E. H.

NEW ARLINGTON THEATRE—

"Seven Eleven," musical comedy, presented by Garland Howard. Lyrics and music by Evon Robinson. Book by Garland Howard and Sam Cook. The cast:

Hezekiah Jones.....Chas. Mason
Blime Boone.....Sam Bailey
Rufus Brown.....Demus Jones
Sam Grey.....Bob Allen
Hot Stuff Jackson.....Garland Howard
Mose Brown.....Arthur Amos
Blissom Tyme.....Evon Robinson
Cleo Zelle.....May Brown
Gunga Dim.....Barrington Carter
Go Kum.....Sam Cook
Diamond Joe.....Alex Lovejoy
Elder Berry.....Andrew Fairchild
Jack Stovall.....Speedy Smith
Dolly Wyres.....Iris Hall
Hattie Hine.....Julia Mitchell

AT KEITH'S

A singer in England rejoices in the name of Mullings. When he appeared recently as Radames, the Manchester Guardian said: "Mullings is, of course, Mullings first of all. His singing re-

fects his moods as the sea reflects the sky. Things move over it—darkness or brightness or a transient and unthought-of admixture of both, coming we know not whence and touching us. It may be not by anything essential to the music he is singing, but in some finer way essential to himself." So it appears that the real name of Radames was Mullings. How would one put "Mullings" into Egyptian hieroglyphics?

For G. B. D. It was Mr. Brown of the New York World who said that Montague Love's idea of playing a primitive he-man was to "thrust his chest forward three inches and follow it slowly across the stage."

"The flapper's voice is almost any shade of pink, and the nagger, whether man or woman, is usually lemon-colored."

A small Turkish horse has arrived in New York. Wild by nature, it is gentle when it plays the cornet, which it does, we are assured, with much skill. But the cornet as a rule drives human beings wild.

There is talk of an opera by Robert W. Chambers and John Philip Sousa for Mary Garden.

What's this? "George Arliss in Shakespeare"? Iago? Richard III? But he says he has no desire to play Hamlet. So now we can all go to sleep without fear.

The late Rita Newman, known on the stage as Rita Fornia, belonged to the class of operatic singers who, while they never shine brilliantly in leading roles, are indispensable; hard workers, conscientious, ready to jump into a part at a moment's notice. Mme. Bauermeister was one of these women, ready to appear as the florid Queen of Navarre in "The Huguenots" when the leading coloratura singer was sick, or as the chattering Martha in Gounod's "Faust."

A correspondent asks: "We should like to know whether in writing a letter to Sir Somebody or Other one has to begin 'Dear Sir Sir.' Here is an instance where one might be tempted to write: 'Gentlemen,' as if he were addressing a business firm whose private life and manners were unknown to him, or one might simply write: 'Dear Sirs,' to this hypothetical 'Sir.'"

Mayor Hylan of New York recently addressed a campaign letter to a lawyer's wife and signed it "Yours, sincerely." The lawyer waxed indignant and wrote a sour letter to the mayor, who, he said, had no business to address "a married lady" so familiarly. This indignation was unwarranted. Few persons who sign themselves "Yours, sincerely," stop to think whether they are sincere in what they write, and "Yours" is a mere form. Life would be impossible without formulas. "Yours, truly," "Yours, very truly," "Yours, sincerely," "Yours, faithfully," are all forms. For some reason or other, we are prejudiced, no doubt foolishly, against "Yours, cordially," especially when on receiving the letter we are not in a cordial mood.

The Herald has received a letter on this subject which we now publish, although we do not at all agree with the writer. To be sure, "Gentlemen," at the beginning of a letter is a mere form. Those thus addressed may be rough-necks or swindlers. We see no argument in favor of "Gentlemen," because a stump speaker or lecturer begins, "Ladies and Gentlemen." That, too, is a formula—for special occasions. But to W. E. K.'s letter:

"GENTLEMEN"

As the World Wags:

In my youth I accepted everything that Richard Grant White said as to words and their uses without question, but nowadays I am disposed to ask the why and wherefore as to some of these matters. Upon what good ground, for instance, did he object to the use of "Gentlemen" in addressing a letter to heads of a business house? In the Elizabethan age and later it was common to use "Sir and Sirs" in opening speech with others, particularly with those in authority. Bunyan and the Bible offer plenty of examples. Perhaps the same form was used in letters. However, the use of "Gentlemen" goes back at least as far as 1754. Did Samuel Adams and Patrick Henry open public addresses with "Sirs and Madams" or "Ladies and gentlemen"? If Senator Lodge is speaking to an audience of one person he addresses him as "Sir," if he is a protectionist; "My dear sir," with the emphasis on the "dear," if he is a free trader. If he is addressing a public meeting he says "Ladies and gentlemen." I fail to see any distinction between publicly addressing a promiscuous audience as "Gentlemen" and using the same form in addressing a business organization by letter. You may know that your correspondents are scoundrels, but, as Sir Lucius O'Trigger insisted

when he dictated Bob Acres's challenge, there is a certain punctilio to be observed, regardless of the characters and sentiments of the correspondents. I maintain that "Gentlemen" is logically correct besides having the authority of long usage. "Dear sirs" may be equally correct, but to me it always smacks a little of affectation. W. E. K.

FROM A STORY IN THE RED BOOK

"I beheld in the glass a face rimmed with a raw fuzz of reddish whiskers, hungry gray eyes that retreated under reddish brows, a sweat-stained and dilapidated Stetson, a flannel shirt that yearned for the laundry, a worn corduroy vest and no coat. There remained—shall we say—enough buttons, no more."

What do you make of this? Does it mean that the rest of the costume was buttons only? F. W. S.

WHY THE MAKE-UP MAN LEFT THE NEWTONS

(From the Newton Graphic)

WANTED—At once two unfurnished married couple, quite, respectable people, rent must be responsible, rooms for light housekeeping by Telephone West Newton.

ON HELEN'S BIRTHDAY

As the World Wags:

In The Herald of Oct. 24 I noted "Vee Dee's" pathetic lament concerning his indecision as to what he should give to Helen on her birthday. I am moved to certain recommendations which are bound to go a long way towards relieving his embarrassment.

Would she like Hesperides?

A diamond tiara?

Or, mayhap, a Doric frieze

In marble from Carriara?

Can't you deed a house and lot?

Ship a nifty motor car?

Vee Dee, don't get overwrought,

Show dear Helen who you are.

If these are no novelty

Helenwise, land's sake above,

Exercise economy;

Just present her with your love,

—Jean's Opus VII.

HEROIC TREATMENT

(From the Lewiston (Me.) Evening Journal) Hannibal Purlington is under the doctor's car for a severe heart trouble.

APROPOS OF COAL

As the World Wags:

Today a check was drawn by a Chinese firm on a Boston bank payable to Anthracite & Bituminous, \$16.75.

Oct. 31.

CLINKER.

AT \$23 A CORD

As the World Wags:

Does green wood make a very hot fire (as we were all taught to believe in our green youth) or is it merely (as my coal man tells me) that it takes a very hot fire to burn green wood? O. R.

West Newton.

ADD "HORRORS OF HOOTCH"

As the World Wags:

I have for some time been greatly interested in the controversy over the origin of our poor sinners. Mr. Darwin says we were formerly related to and resembled in form and actions the monkey family. I am inclined to believe that some of us still do.

Mr. Bryan feels indignant over Mr. Darwin's supposition, and claims we originated from one of Adam's ribs.

Now in my town there is a man who, when the necessity arises for him to ascend a flight of stairs, does so on his hands and knees.

Is this not conclusive evidence that Darwin is right, and Bryan, as usual, an also ran? R. G.

KATE RYAN

There was much talk of the old Boston Museum yesterday afternoon, from the stage of the St. James Theatre in Huntington avenue, many years removed from that historic playhouse. There was frequent mention of William Warren, Mrs. Vincent, Annie Clark, John Mason, Charles Barron, James Nolan and Sadie Martinot. Also of one other, Kate Ryan, for 50 years before the public as a stage favorite, and for many of those years a member of this same Boston Museum organization.

Of this noted company, one even was present, George W. Wilson, himself one of the finest comedians of his day. He was there, with a few other "old-timers" and with a larger number of younger stage folk, to give freely of their talents and their time to a most worthy cause, a benefit performance for Miss Ryan, recently afflicted, now slowly recuperating, in her 65th year.

NETTED NEARLY \$2800

Every seat was taken. Every person announced on the printed program appeared, in itself a remarkable demonstration of Miss Ryan's renown and popularity in the theatrical world. A sum approximating \$2800 was netted, including \$100 paid by William L. Shearer, president of the Paine Furniture Company, for a copy of Miss Ryan's book, "Old Museum Days," containing autographs of all the contributing performers. Walter Gilbert of the Boston Stock Company was the persuasive auctioneer in this transaction.

The testimonial was arranged by the Professional Women's Club, aided by Mark Kent of the Boston Stock Company; Thomas B. Lothian, Fred E. Wright and George A. Giles, local theatre managers; George W. Wilson and others. The program included an act from "The Cricket on the Hearth," with Mr. Wilson as Caleb Plummer, the toy maker, and members of the Boston Stock Company; Arthur Deagon, who unblushingly referred to his days with Thomas Q. Seabrooke in "The Isle of Champagne," and who turned cartwheels just to show that 200-odd pounds meant little to him; William Collier and members of the "Music Box Revue" in Mr. Collier's satiric skit, "Nothing But Cuts"; Florence Moore, in song; and these members of the "Little Nellie Kelly" company, present through the good wishes of George M. Cohan; Elizabeth Hines, Charles King, Barrett Greenwood, the Lorraine sisters, and Cunningham and Clements, the last four being dancers.

RECITES HIS VERSES

Quincy Kilby, treasurer of the Boston Theatre for 25 years, recited several of his verses referring to days of the stage long gone, which have appeared in the Boston Herald's columns. Following a brief intermission, during which May Vokes, the comic slavey of "The Bat," and Lucy Daly Ward, sold copies of Miss Ryan's book, came Miss Bessie Warren, in songs, with Miss Florence Fitzgerald at the piano, and these members of the "Shuffle Along" company: Charles Davis and 16 dancing girls, Little Gee, Sissie and Blake and Miller and Lyles.

Mr. Wilson here appeared to pay

tribute to Miss Ryan in happily chosen phrases, and the program closed with a one-act play, "Just Like a Man," written by Frank Craven and played by Miss Moore, Miss Roach, Mr. Remley and Mr. Darney of the Boston stock company. Hap Ward was master of ceremonies. A delightful feature was the work of the resident orchestra, under Charles R. Hector, each act being accompanied with a sure and fluent touch as if acquired by weeks of careful rehearsal. The stage was under direction of Addison Pitt and Lionel Bevans.

4TH CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE

The fourth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Monteux conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Brahms, Symphony No. 4; Griffes, Clouds and The White Peacock (first time at these concerts); Saint-Saens, the Animals' Carnival (first time in Boston); Glazounov, Stenka Razin, Symphonic poem.

Griffes, whose untimely death was a serious loss to American art and probably to the whole world of music, wrote a set of four piano pieces entitled "Roman Sketches." They were inspired by poems of William Sharp. "Clouds" was played for the first time in the orchestral version at Philadelphia in 1919. "The White Peacock," also orchestrated, was first performed at the Rivoli Theatre, New York, with stage setting and action. It was seen here at the Shubert Theatre in March of this year, when Enid Brunova mimed the peacock at an entertainment for the rebuilding of the Municipal School of Music at Rheims. The music as a piano piece had been played here before.

Sharp, better known as "Fiona Macleod" saw near Rome clouds that suggested to him a city "with spires and gestic to him a city 'with spires of amber and golden domes, wide streets of topaz and amethyst ways'; mountainous glories moving superbly and crumbling slowly. It would be difficult for anyone to describe this vision in music. It cannot be said that Griffes in this instance achieved the well-nigh impossible. A free use of dissonances may have distracted the hearer's attention, and excited curiosity rather than sympathy for the poet and the composer, for it was hard to find a reason for

the employment of these dissonances, which did not give gorgeous coloring or express stately motion and fading glory.

But "The White Peacock" is beautiful, poetic music, free from any anxious and absurd attempt at realism, bringing to the hearer the thought of the sunlit garden richly flowered with the cream-white peacock, the soul of this beauty. Now was it seriously disturbing to catch sight in this garden for a moment of Debussy's Faun and hear the echo of his flute. Beautiful music, worthy to be ranked with the composer's "Pleasure Dome of Kubla Khan."

Saint-Saens, a man of wit and irony, wrote his "Carnival of Animals: a Grand Zoological Fantasia" as a joke for a Mardi-Gras concert of Lebeou, a violinist. That was in 1886. Played in a semi-private fashion several times, the Suite was not published as a whole till this year, for permission was granted by Saint-Saens in his will. "The Swan," however, was published in 1887 and has been made familiar in concert halls and by the dance of Anna Pavlova.

For once the Symphony audience laughed not at a composer, but with a composer. Deliberately funny music is as a rule about as humorous as a railway accident. Many a "Humoresque" is funereal. Saint-Saens was too clever to fall into a trap. Here is music that is amusing, witty, and without the assistance of words. The lion roars, the barnyard is vocal, tortoises moved to the can-can from Offenbach's "Orpheus" played at a slow pace; pianists are among the animals, practising their exercises; in "Fossils" Saint-Saens does not spare himself; the unwieldy elephant "to make them mirth us'd all his might and wreath'd his little proboscis"; kangaroos leap and donkeys bray. By the side of this musical jesting are the charming Aquarium, the "Aviary" (with the flute brilliantly played by Mr. Laurent) and "The Swan."

The performance was characterized by what Hazlitt would have called gusto. Mr. Kunze played the double bass in "The Elephant" as seriously as if the music were by Johannes Brahms; the pianists, Messrs. De Voto and Stevens, having no easy task, were wholly adequate, and Mr. Bedetti played the Swan's song with adorable simplicity, beauty of tone and feeling.

Does some one say: "But such music is beneath the dignity of a Symphony concert?" Go to; pish; likewise piffle. We take our music too seriously. Does one always wish it to be "educational"? Trying to solve problems, to put philosophical theories into music, to be psychical? There are many rooms in the great temple of the muse. One of the chambers is a banqueting hall. There is room there for Offenbach, for Johann Strauss, for the Sullivan of the operettas.

It is a pleasure to find Saint-Saens, unbuttoned and in a jocular mood. Let us remember the saying in the "Doloposopists" of Athenaeus: "Music softens

moroseness of temper; for it dissipates sadness, and produces affability and a sort of gentlemanlike joy."

The joy of Saint-Saens in "The Animals' Carnival" is gentlemanlike. And his joy yesterday was contagious.

A most interesting concert, with its impressive performance of Brahms's Symphony, a performance distinguished by clarity, emotional expression, and in this symphony Brahms is now tender and contemplative, now rugged, austere, granitic—and by episodic treatment free from undue attention to the less essential measures.

No doubt Glazounov's "Stenka Razin" is to be preferred to many of his later academic reminiscent and laborious works. In this early composition he is more pictorial, more dramatic. An uneven symphonic poem, most effective when he portrays the river Volga using the famous song of the barge-men; elsewhere not without scrappy and futile measures in spite of the rush and the din.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The orchestra will give concerts at Montreal, Toronto and certain cities of New York state next week. The program of the concerts in Boston on Nov. 17, 18, will be as follows: Bach, Suite in D major, No. 3, for orchestra; D'Alco, "Polyphemus," symphonic poem (first time here); d'Indy, Symphony No. 2, B flat major.

"A Looker-On in Washington," who, in his letters to the N. Y. World writes shrewdly, wisely, and with an enviable command of irony and sarcasm, told last Thursday the story of Abraham Lincoln reading a chapter of Artemus Ward at the cabinet meeting called to announce the issuing of the Emancipation Proclamation.

"He (Lincoln) begins the solemn business by reading the not-too-amusing effusion of a second-rate professional humorist," Lord Charnwood in his life of Lincoln says this chapter is entitled:

"High-Handed Outrage in Utica."

We regret to find "A Looker-On" characterizing Artemus Ward as a "second-rate humorist." "Artemus the Delicous," as Charles Reade called him. And is the "effusion" not very amusing? Let the reader judge for himself:

WHAT PLEASED LINCOLN

Artemus was with his show in Utica. "I day as I was givin a descripthun of my Beests and Snalks in my usual flowry Stile what was my skorn & disgust to see a big burly feller walk up to the cage containin my wax figgers of the Lord's Last Supper, and cease Judas Iscariot by the feet and drag him out on the ground. He then commenced furr to pound him as hard as he cood.

"What under the son are you about?" cried I.

"Sez he, 'What did you bring this pussylanermus cuss here fur?' & he hit the wax figger another trmenjls blow on the hed.

"Sez I, 'You egrejus ass, that air's a wax figger—a representashun of the false 'Postle.'

"Sez he, 'That's all very well fur you to say; but I tell you, old man, that Judas Iscariot can't show hisself in Utiky with impunity by a dern site!' With which observashun he kaved in. Judassiss hed. The young man belonged to 1 of the first famerlies in Utiky. I sood him, and the joory brawt in a verdict of Arson in the 3d degree."

We have read this little chapter many times and we still think it funny. So did Mr. Lincoln, although it irritated Mr. Stanton. Did not Mr. Drinkwater in his play show Lincoln reading it?

SPREADING RAYS OF SUNSHINE

As the World Wags:

An engaging bedside manner is well worth cultivating. One never knows at what moment it may become expedient to call on some friend or relative who has been stricken by disease, accident or synthetic gin. Only cheerful and mirth provoking topics should be discussed. The peculiar symptoms of the patient's own case is always a felicitous choice, and one might relate a few diverting incidents connected with similar affairs. In making one's adieus, the canons of good breeding sanction any expression of solicitous concern for the welfare of the invalid that one may care to use, but nothing could be more effective than to say vivaciously: "Don't worry now—only the good die young, you know."

HELEN HENNA.

"SERGEANT GARBAGER"

As the World Wags:

It would be a sad thing if one loyal to Wagsmo should not endeavor to do his bit in the establishment of such few of the eternal verities as are not fixed in the mind and memory of its leader when he calls for volunteers.

Even though the effort be based upon theory and conjecture, so was the effort of Columbus based upon the theory that the world was round and on the conjecture that there was landfall to the west. When, therefore, in the interesting consideration of the world's offal, garbage and swill and their place in literature, it is asked why was the officer of the royal kitchen in England, who had charge of the poultry, called a sergeant garbager early in the 17th century, let one do his possible that the truth prevail.

"TABLE SCRAPS"

In those bright lexicons now published and broadcast in this 20th century by ones who would incite the simple-minded and confiding to also poultry from eggs and eggs from poultry, and so on add infinitum to their great profit, much stress is laid upon the food value and economy of "table scraps," which is the same rose by another name, in the diet of a backyard flock. Whether the backyard be that of palace or of cot, whether the scraps come from the rich man's table or from the poor man's trencher, much discretion must be used in the feeding of such potpourri, or so-called "swill eggs" will be the result of the overfeeding of it, and, as was said of the pigs, swill eggs are well named. It seems probable, therefore, that the sergeant garbager who, in these militant times, would be called the sergeant scrapper, was he who had charge of the collected waste and the feeding of it to the royal poultry with judicious care that the ration be not unbalanced, and that the royal egg be not unsavory, and that from his duty came his name.

I am able to support Mr. Horkimer Johnson's statement as to the establishment of social status of summer residents at Clamport by the quality of their swill. In another village not far from that Deenville of the Cape Inquiry was made of the collector of wasted viands as to new arrivals.

"Don't know nothin' about 'em, but

their swill's swell as hell."

Amherst, N. H. ABEL ADAMS.

BY THE SECOND POST

[The Reply to an S O S for a Furniture Salesman.]

"Dear Sir. I am a protestant of the brunet type, and I never had any experience in your line, but I am nationally inclined to be handy around furniture and could be of valuable service to your concern. I get jobs offered me every day, but I am particular. I am Yours Truly—"

OF THE ORDER "ARANEIDA"

As the World Wags:

Apropos of Mr. Much's apropos, have we sufficiently considered definitions that should or should not appear in our distinguished dictionaries? For example, my copy of Worcester's New School Dictionary contains this illuminating definition:

"Spider, n. An animal that spins a web for flies." M. G. B.

Boston.

WE DID NOT MEET THIS BERLINER IN OUR STUDENT DAYS.

As the World Wags:

My father, who had a particular bent for peculiar names, once came home with one he thought capped the climax. It was "Lelsekanalgeruch," the patronymic of a man living in Berlin. Has it ever come to your attention?

Do you know the game of "transposition," by the way?

A group of men and women were indulging in that innocent pastime when one of the party tried Peter Cooper. That brought the fun to a sudden stop.

New York. MAX SMITH.

PROOF

I searched my mirror, trembling lest
Grave signs of age appear,
For on the "E!" a man arose
And, smiling, said "Sit here."

The search was reassuring, so
I didn't mind the man,
Until I tried to ventilate
An I. C. caravan.

A hero, tall, dark, handsome,
With twinkling eyes of blue,
Got up and flung the window wide
For me, and then I knew!

OLIVE DOUGLAS.

"The Beggar's Opera" will be performed at the Fine Arts Theatre tomorrow night by an English company, not the original company at the revival in London in 1920; not, of course, the company now playing at the same theatre in London. Produced at the Lyric, Hammersmith, by Nigel Playfair and Arnold Bennett, on June 5, 1920, the opera has been running there ever since. On the first night the cast included: Frederick Ranalow, Macheath; Frederic Austin, Peachum; Sylvia Nellis, Polly; Violet Marquesita, Lucy. On Oct. 19, 1922, Mmes. Nellis and Marquesita and Mr. Ranalow were still in the company.

The story of the origin of "The Beggar's Opera" has often been told: how Swift suggested "a Newgate pastoral" to Pope in 1716; how Gay wrote his comedy and showed it to Congreve, who said "It would either take greatly or be damned confoundly"; how Pope wrote to Swift before the performance: "Whether it succeeds or not, it will make a great noise; but whether of claps or hisses I know not."

Colley Cibber rejected the opera for the Drury Lane Theatre, but John Rich brought it out at Lincoln's Inn Fields Theatre on Jan. 29, 1727-28. It ran for 62 nights that season; 32 nights were in succession. The total sum realized by the 32 nights was £5,351, of which Gay obtained £693 13s. 6d. for his four author's nights.

The music was arranged and scored by Dr. John Christopher Pepusch, who selected 69 tunes and composed the overture. The first Polly, Lavinia Fenton, married the third Duke of Bolton, by whom she had had three sons before the marriage. Warton accompanied the duke and his mistress on a continental tour "that he might be ready to marry them the moment the breath was out of the body of the duchess, who was left dying in England." Lavinia's pictures were engraved and sold in great numbers; books of letters and verses to her were published; pamphlets were made of her sayings and jests. Hogarth published an engraving representing a scene in the opera. Lavinia withdrew from the stage after her success as Polly to live with the duke, to whom she was married at Aix-les-Bains in 1751. In 1754

she was a widow. In 1760 she died.

"The Beggar's Opera" was revived the next season. In many cities of the English provinces it was performed 30 or 40 times; at Bath and Bristol 60 times. It was taken to Wales, Scotland, Ireland. A company going to Jamaica took in about \$1450 at the door the first night. The climate was "so insalubrious that within the space of two months they buried their third Polly and two of their men."

In London women carried the favorite songs in fans. Houses were furnished with the opera in screens.

A DRAMATIC SATIRE

The statement that Gay planned his work in mockery of Italian opera is erroneous. "The Beggar's Opera" has been described as marking "the beginning of that species of dramatic satire which reached its climax in Henry Fielding and the licensing act." The Craftsman assailed it as "the most venomous allegorical libel against the government that hath appeared for many years. . . . The satirical strokes upon Ministers, Courtiers and great Men in general abound in every Part of this most insolent performance." Sermons were preached against the opera as paving the way to thievery and outlawry. It was said that gangs of robbers had been multiplied; that the songs sung by Macheath had raised the courage of highwaymen, as they had confessed in Newgate.

On the other hand, Swift attacked a court chaplain who had preached against the opera, "which will probably do more good than 1000 sermons of so stupid, so injudicious and so prostitute a divine." But Sir John Fielding wrote in 1772 to David Garrick concerning the impropriety of performing this opera "which never was represented without creating an additional number of real thieves." Dr. Johnson did not believe that any man was ever made a rogue by being present at a performance. "The play," he said, "like many others, was plainly written only to divert, without any moral purpose. . . . Highwaymen and housebreakers seldom frequent the playhouse or mingle in any elegant diversion; nor is it possible for any one to imagine that he may rob with safety because he sees Macheath relieved upon the stage."

Croker said in a note to Lord Hervey's "Memoirs": "Macheath, Lucy and Polly reminded the public of Walpole, his lady and 'Molly' Skerett" (his mistress afterward his wife).

It seems that the strongest objection to the opera was based on political grounds. Gay's second part, "Polly," was prohibited by the lord chamberlain from being presented after it had been rehearsed. Early in October, 1922, it was announced that "Polly" would soon be seen at a West end theatre in London, with music by Frederic Austin, and adapted for the contemporary stage by Clifford Bax.

The best preparation for seeing "The Beggar's Opera" tomorrow is to read Hazlitt's article in his "View of the English Stage" apropos of a performance in 1815: "That inimitable play which unites those two good things, sense and sound, in a higher degree than any other performance of the English stage or (as far as we know) on any other stage."

But in 1820 Hazlitt, giving advice to Edmond Kean, about to leave England for this country, wrote: "Remember that they hiss 'The Beggar's Opera' in America. If they do not spare Captain Macheath, do you think they will spare you?" To what did he refer?

HISSED IN NEW YORK

When and where was the "Beggar's Opera" hissed in the United States?

The London Times of Dec. 10, 1817, quoted from New York newspapers dated Oct. 27 an account of the refusal of a New York audience to hear the opera, which was performed at the Park Theatre in October, 1817. Charles Ingleton, from whom Col. Newcome had learned to sing "Vapping Old Stairs" with flourishes and roudades in the Cave of Harmony, was then singing in New York for the first time. "He did not command the applause that had been anticipated, and on the night that 'The Beggar's Opera' was given, great dissatisfaction was expressed with the piece. The song of 'Black Eyed Susan' was called for and a disturbance ensued in consequence of Mr. Ingleton's declining to sing it." This is the tale as told by Col. T. Alston Brown.

But "The Beggar's Opera" had been given at the John Street Theatre in New York in the season of 1773-74, and at the First Nassau Street Theatre on Jan. 14, 1751, and there had been no protestation.

Mr. O. G. Sonneck in his authoritative volume, "Early Opera in America," says that "The Beggar's Opera" was performed at the "theatre in Nassau street" on Dec. 3, 16, 1750, and on Jan. 14, Feb. 15, May 13, 1751. On Sept. 14, 1752, it was performed at Upper Marlborough, Md., "at the request of the Ancient and

Honorable Society of Free and Accepted Masons" with "instrumental music to each air, given by a set of private gentlemen."

There were many early performances in New York. At one (Nov. 19, 1753), by a London company of comedians, the full opera cast was printed. In Philadelphia in 1766 the plays and operas, among them "The Beggar's Opera," were not acted, but "read" with "all the songs sung accompanied by instrumental music." Williamsburgh, Va., saw the opera in 1768; Charleston, S. C. in 1774.

'N BOSTON

On March 23, 1769, "The Beggar's Opera" seems to have made its appearance in Boston "in very much the same manner as the amazingly clever Leopoldo Fregoli nowadays renders grand opera." (Mr. Sonneck was writing his volume in 1907-08.) "The person who has read and sung in most of the great towns in America" announced that the songs (of which there are 69) "will be sung," and further that "he personates all the characters and enters into the different humors or passions, as they change from one to another throughout the opera." This person was Mr. Joan, whom I believe to be identical with the American woman-be Stradivari, James Juhan; and John Roue, the genial merchant prince of Boston, who was among the "upwards" one hundred people noted in his diary that Mr. Joan "read but indifferently, but sung in taste."

The opera was performed at the Federal Street Theatre, Boston, on Jan. 6, 1796. Monsieur Trille Labarre, later Mr. Van Hagan was "the leader and purveyor of ready-made arrangements."

(Providence saw "The Beggar's Opera" on April 13, 1795; Newport on July 19, 1794.)

Ingleton visited Boston in the season of 1817-18. He made his first appearance on Dec. 31, 1817. He did not sing here in "The Beggar's Opera."

"The Beggar's Opera" was revived at the Boston Theatre in December, 1854, when William Harrison took the part of Macheath and Louisa Pyne that of Polly. This company returned to the Boston Theatre in April, 1855, when "The Beggar's Opera" was again in its repertory.

The Amateurs performed the opera at Whitney hall, Brookline, on Dec. 16, 17, 1920. Edward Macheath, Hugh Towne; Lockitt, Edward Massey; Polly, Mrs. Massey; Lucy, Mrs. G. Loring Tobey, Jr.; Diana, Emily Hale; Mrs. Peachum, Elsie Winsor Bird.

The Amateurs gave performances in Jordan Hall beginning March 14, 1921, for the benefit of the Copley Society Building Fund, Peachum, E. Irving Locke.

When the opera was revived in London in 1920 Frederic Austin provided new settings of the songs, the versions taken from contemporary 18th century were designed by the late C. Lovat Fraser.

The old piece was revived in New

editions. Many tunes that had been omitted in later times were restored. Eugene Goossens conducted a small band of female players; a harpsichord, a viola da gamba, a viola d'amore, flute, oboe, string quartet and double-bass. The scenery, costumes and act-drop York by Arthur Hopkins at the Greenwich Village Theatre on Dec. 29, 1920. The company was English. The chief comedians were Messrs. Heming and Wynn and Mmes. Nellis, Roselli and Maitland.

It is said that there were performances by a comic opera company, directed by Fred Lyster at Wood's Museum, New York, on Nov. 28 and Dec. 6, 1870.

"OUR MARIE"

(The Manchester Guardian)

In her early teens Marie Lloyd found that she had a gay, realist philosophy to express, and its call took her right across the English-speaking world, eastwards to Australia and westwards to the states; but she is dead now, and there can be no doubt that Hackney is still written on her heart. Life planted its first impress upon her in a London slum, and she spent her years in translating that first impression into terms of art. She gave pretty gross offence, at times, to delicate ears. It is said that she never bothered to save money,

money being meant to be shared with "pals." What she had she scattered, according to report, among her friends, among lame dogs, among the orchestra that helped her through with her songs. She had earned 300, 400, even 500 pounds a week, and she has died in debt. She was the philosopher of urban London's Saturday night. "The boy that I love sits up in the gallery," she used to sing; and she meant it. The gallery had borne her and brought her up, and she knew no other gods.

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS

Dr. Frederick W. Wodell, formerly of Boston, is now director of the Spartan-

urg Music Festival. He spoke recently at a Forum meeting in that city of the significance of the festival. The festival (Spartanburg), commenting editorially on his address, took occasion to say that Atlanta's Grand Opera (the Metropolitan Co.'s visit) does not mean anything to Atlanta. "It is entertainment. On the other hand, the Spartanburg Festival does mean something to Spartanburg in a cultural way."

The score of Wagner's early opera, "Das Liebesverbot," which had two performances at Madgeburg in 1834, has at last been published. The opera will be produced at Darmstadt.

A Paganini Exhibition is preparing at Frankfurt.

An unknown portrait of Beethoven is in an auction sale at Berlin. It is a portrait in oil, with the bust of life size. Beethoven wears a dark jacket, a yellow vest, and a shirt with lace. The painter is unknown.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY—Symphony hall, 3:30 P. M. "Emilio de Gogorza," bass, and Sophie Brasian, contralto. See special notice.
St. James Theatre, 3:30 P. M. People's Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Mollenhauer, conductor. See special notice.
Symphony hall, 8 P. M. Irish Regiment Band. See special notice.
Boston Arena, 8 P. M. Clef Club of New York. See special notice.

FRIDAY—Symphony hall, 2:30 P. M. Fourth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Mr. Monteux, conductor. See special notice.
Jordan hall, 8:15 P. M. Moshe Paronov, pianist. Bach, Prelude, D minor; Schumann, Davidsbündler; Couperin, Baricades; Myrtille; Chopin, Mazurka, A minor; Debussy, Little Shepherd and Prelude, A minor; Chopin, Ballade, F minor; Moussorgsky, Bydye; Scriabin, Album Leaf; Rachmaninoff, Waltz, A major; Goossens, Punch and Judy Show; Duccesi, Prelude, E flat major; Ravel, Rhapsodie; Chopin-Liszt, My Jorys.
Symphony hall, 8:15 P. M. John McCormack.

SATURDAY—Jordan hall, 3 P. M. Heinrich Bernhard, pianist. Bach, Italian Concerto; Beethoven, Sonata op. 81 a; Hoepflich, In the Ruins ("Iona Memories") and Robin Good-fellow; Elchhelm, Nocturnal Impressions of Peking and Chinese Sketch; Chopin, Ballade, No. 1, G minor; Liszt, Sonette di Petrarca, in E; MacDowell, Czardas; Verdi, Liszt, "Rigoletto" Fantasia.
Symphony hall, 8:15 P. M. Repetition of Friday's Symphony concert. Mr. Monteux, conductor.

HUTCHESON PLAYS

In Jordan hall yesterday afternoon Ernest Hutcheson, pianist, gave the first of five piano recitals, a series illustrating the development of pianoforte music from Bach to Liszt. Yesterday, for his Bach program Mr. Hutcheson played the English suite in G minor, three preludes and fugues from the first part of the Well-Tempered Clavier, B flat major, E flat minor and C sharp major, two from the second part, F minor and E major; the Italian concerto, four inventions, and the Chromatic Fantasy and Fugue.

Since a question of taste is no question at all, what would it boot to discuss the fitness of a long program of piano music by one man, even though that man be Bach—more persons, though, might put it, and of all men, Bach! Of the audience's views yesterday, at all events, there can be no doubt, for the people gave Mr. Hutcheson freely of that spontaneously genuine applause which must warm every artist's heart. There was a good sized audience too.

Bach, in his greatness, means many things to many men. To some he means a melodist of the highest rank, and loftier still, he means the supreme poet who has worked in tones; who else could have written the E flat minor prelude? Mr. Hutcheson, apparently, sees in the man of Eisenach a master of musical design, of amazing skill in planning fugues, a contrapuntist first of all, a genius of only two moods, subtilty and a playfulness that bordered on levity. So Mr. Hutcheson played Bach for an hour yesterday afternoon, at a rattling pace not always favorable to rhythm, and with a crisp tone something too near to brittle.

Then, inspired perhaps by the applause he received, Mr. Hutcheson played differently. After a sparklingly brilliant performance of the last movement of the Italian Concerto, he achieved a feat—by beautiful tone and stressing the melody, he made four inventions sound attractive. And at last in the Chromatic Fantasy, Mr. Hutcheson recognized he was dealing with a mighty poet. Superbly he rose to the occasion. There at last was Bach playing of notes, poetic, dramatic, emotional, glowing with tonal color withal, a performance to remember. R. R. G.

Mr. Edwin Valentine Mitchell, a publisher of books in Hartford, Ct., is cheering the weary world by his "Book Notes." In the last number is an important article: "Did Shakespeare Read in Bed?" The writer admits that the light was bad at night in Shakespeare's

time, but this fact did not deter him from the practice now condemned by oculists, mothers and wives. Look at the Drowsy portrait printed in the first folio. "Those appalling shadows under the eyes brand him as a man who burned the midnight taper."

Furthermore, two scenes in his plays show characters reading at night. "Of all the bedroom scenes in the plays, none is lovelier than the one in 'Cymbeline,' where Imogen lies reading in bed and after she has fallen off to sleep the Jay of Italy pops out of the jewel trunk and counts her moles. She had asked her woman what time it was, and when told it was nearly midnight, had said: 'I have read three hours, then. Mine eyes are weak; fold down the leaf where I have left.' By the way, 'Cymbeline' was Tennyson's favorite play. He was reading it in bed when he died and the book was buried with him."

The other scene is in "Julius Caesar," where Brutus at night says to Lucius: "Look, Lucius, here's the book I sought for so. I put it in the pocket of my gown."

But Brutus, when he exclaimed: "How ill this taper burns!" was not in bed; he was seated in his tent.

Mr. Mitchell, by the way, has published two delightful books in "The Highways of England Series: 'The Brighton Road' and 'The Dover Road,' a revised and re-written edition of Charles G. Harper's famous anecdotal and pictorial pastimes of the coach roads out of London. Much history can be learned pleasantly from them; and one becomes acquainted with the manners and customs of Englishmen for many years.

MORE LINES WRITTEN ON SUNDAY (Baird Leonard in the Morning Telegraph)

"Safely through another week,"
So begins one Sabbath hymn,
Indicating, so to speak,
That our chance with Fate is slim.

Well, sir, isn't it the truth?
With the odds 16 to 3,
That we climb to age from youth
Is a mystery to me.

It's so easy to catch cold—
Women wear such flimsy frocks,
And to lose our hard-earned gold
Playing bridge and buying stocks.

There's an element of risk
In each oyster that we eat,
And our movements must be brisk
Crossing any given street.

In new cocktail respites
Deep and dark disasters lie,
At our pink and purple teas
Reputations quickly die.

So each Sunday we should give
Through this simple song our thanks
That, unslandered, we still live
And are solvent at the banks.

GRECIAN FUNNY NAMES

As the World Wags:
Among the names that sounded funny on the Illissus was Barbara. Today we think it one of the most beautiful. We were called barbarians then in fancied imitation of our Nordic jabbering, dissonant and ridiculous, to the refined Athenian ear.

Grotesque names appear in Aristophanes. Pseudartabas, that of the Persian ambassador in The Acharnians, is one. In the jargon he is made to utter, he is unable to pronounce the letter "theta," which was the Attic shibboleth of barbarians, just as our "th" is of foreigners to us.

Cleon, in The Knights, is called the Paphlagonian, a comic designation. The inhabitants of Paphlagonia in Asia Minor were contemptuously regarded, and the word is also a play on paphlazein, meaning to bubble or froth, like water in a pot. (Cleon was a political demagogue.) The argument of the play is that if somebody more ignorant, blatant, dishonest and disreputable than Cleon can be found, Cleon can thereby be deposed as ruler of the state; a principle not unknown in modern politics. A sausage seller answering the requirements appears, but his name is not disclosed till his hour of triumph. He then announces it as Agoracritus, which we may presume from the satire, as well as from its placing in olimax, to have been received with irrepressible shrieks of laughter. Cleon had Aristophanes beaten for this sprightly derision.

Brekekekex co-ax, co-ax, the refrain of the Aristophantic frogs, though not a proper name, was the height of hysterical auralcularity on the Illissus.

Athenian audiences are said to have been so susceptible to the humors of pronunciation that they would drive from the stage an actor who misused a vowel quantity. But this I believe to be a mere unintentional mendacity of critical enthusiasm.

Few things linguistic strike the uncultured listener to be quite as funny as the sound of Greek.

CADWALLADER LLYNMOWR
Brasenose, Ox.

It is true that the Paphlagonians were uncivilized and superstitious, that Paphlagonia was a mart for slaves; but was Agoracritus necessarily a comical name, one to excite laughter? The sausage seller says he was so named, because he was maintained by litigation in the market place, whereupon Demus (the Athenian people) committed himself to him. The favorite pupil of Phidias was named Agoracritus, and his statue of Aphrodite was famous. There are several fictitious comic names of unknown persons in "The Acharnians."
—Ed.

"TO MISTRESS MARY TOOLEY"

As the World Wags:
I found the enclosed poem in an old copy of "Gradus ad Parnassum" purchased in a second-hand book store in Cornhill; the style reminds me of Longfellow, but I cannot find it in any collection of his poems; who was "Mistress Mary Tooley"? Maybe one of your older readers has seen the poem somewhere.
T. AIKEN.

ALL SOULS' DAY

Resedas gather and roses,
Red asters, the last of the year,
Ere to my grave thou wand'rest
A prayer to bestow and a tear.

Then yielding to thy soft prayer
As once in the sweet days of May
To whisper a tender greeting
My voice may be lifted today.

Today when All Souls here resting
From earthly trouble and scorn
May send back a loving message
To those who their last homes adorn.

Those tear-bedew'd roses and asters
Strewn over my grave shall mean:
"Sleep peacefully till resurrection;
For my heart keeps thy memory green."
Nov. 2, 1842.
Quid sit futurum cras fuge quaerere.
—Horace, Odes.

A DOTING, RECKLESS HUSBAND

(From the New Hampton, Ia., Gazette.)
E. A. Crane of Minneapolis came Friday to be with his wife Sunday, it being her birthday. She had the house beautifully decorated. There were no guests present except her friend, Mrs. Mattie Tucker. Mr. Crane brought his wife a beautiful \$90 dress, which was certainly an elegant present.

Nov. 5, 1922

No doubt some shook their heads at the thought of a woman leaving by last will and testament her estate in trust to provide for an assortment of pets. She was by no means the first. About 1781 a peasant near Toulouse declared in his will that he made his horse his heir, "and I wish that he should belong to my nephew." The will was attacked, but the validity was established; that is, Claude Serres, professor of French law, gave this opinion: "The estate is awarded to the nephew, who is named possessor of the horse; the simplicity of the villager should insure the execution of his last will: having named his nephew, the nephew should inherit."

In 1917 Mr. Sidney Shannon of Appleton, Wis., the leading merchant in the town—he began as a grocer with a delivery buckboard—died, leaving \$1000 to buy hay and oats and provide good shelter for his faithful horse for the rest of his life.

CATS AS LEGATEES

Cats have often been provided for by will. Mme. Dupuis, whose will was in many ways remarkable, left her two cats 30 sous a month in 1671. They were to have meat soup twice a day, but in separate dishes. Bread was to be cut into pieces no bigger than little nuts; "otherwise they will not eat." The lawyer Pierre Jean Grosley in 1785 left 24 livres annually for the care of his cats. He proposed to dedicate one of his treatises to his favorite Mimi. An English woman in 1828 left her monkey £10, her dog Shock £5 and her beloved cat Tib £5. After the pets were dead, the money was to go to her daughter. In May, 1908, Blackie died at Wilkesbarr, Pa. He and his sister Pinkie were left \$40,000 by Benjamin F. Dilley, the income to provide for them as long as they lived. He gave Miss Sadie Ruch a substantial pension for taking care of them. In 1913 two cats, Dick and Patsey, became beneficiaries by the will of Mrs. Harriet J. Ginty of Charlestown. In 1798 Mrs. Hannah White left £25 a year for the maintenance of five cats during the course of their natural lives.

By a will filed in the Knox county court, Maine, last December, Mrs. Foudray provided for her cat Bean as follows: "If I die before my cat, Bean, he is to have the best of care, allowed to sleep on the table or window sill, and not left out of doors at all, and \$5 per month is for salmon, milk and meat. When he dies he is to have a

white casket made and be buried on my lot in Achorn cemetery, and a small stone put up for him, costing \$20." Bean—should it be "Beau"?—died first.

OTHER HAPPY BENEFICIARIES

Dr. Cortusio of Rome left a pension of 200 ecus to two or three dogs which had pleased him. Mr. Borkey, the Englishman, left in 1805, a pension of £25 to four of his dogs; for they were descendants of one that had saved his life. Dr. Christian, dean of the law faculty at Vienna, left 6000 florins to provide for his three dogs. After their death the sum was to go to the University of Vienna.

Emil von Blzony, a Hungarian, bequeathed, in 1910, his whole estate, about \$200,000 to his 12 draught horses. He named the society for the protection of animals at Budapest as executors. In September, 1907, a horse Dick died in Jersey City. George Savage, a plumber, had left Dick the exclusive use of two pasture lots.

In 1802 a rich woman named Silva, dying near Lisbon, Portugal, left her entire property to a cock, for she had imagined that the soul of her dead husband had entered into its body. One of the heirs killed the cock and thus became the next in succession.

Elizabeth Hunter, a spinster, put this clause in her will: "I give and bequeath to my beloved parrot, the faithful companion of 25 years, an annuity for its life of 200 guineas a year, to be paid half-yearly as long as this beloved parrot lives." And she left 20 guineas to be spent on a very high, long and large cage for the aforesaid parrot.

Caroline Hunter, said to be eccentric, left £1000 to her pet parrot, and inserted this clause: "I will and desire that whoever attempts to dispute this my last testament shall forfeit whatever I have left him, her or them."

A DEEP THINKER

As the World Wags:
Make note of the astounding discovery of Judge E. H. Gary, who alone of all our brainy Americans has put his finger smack on the sore spot: Seize: "The United States is at present suffering from the high cost of living." My God, and none of us ever dreamed of this!
ORION W. MUDGE.

THEY DON'T KNOW WHAT THEY HAVE MISSED

The October additional grand jury in New York, voted to adjourn rather than hear assistant district attorney read the "Satyricon" of Petronius to them "from cover to cover."

SONG

(To—)

I saw a star up in the sky
And though it saw not me,
Though far above as heaven high,
It yet my star shall be.
My star shall be
JOCELYN.

Boston.

A USE FOR ISADORA

As the World Wags:
I have thought of a way in which Isadora Duncan's art can be of use to us. Never have conditions been so discouraging to the agriculturists—what with the corn borers, etc.
Let Isadora dance through fields of corn, cotton, wheat. Read the elder Pliny's natural history and Frazer's "Golden Bough," and you will see how she would save the crops. A. B. B. Everett.

INSULTING

Mr. F. R. Woodruff, a teamster of Fulton, N. Y., traded his wife with Mr. Grover Coant for a Ford touring car. No wonder that Mrs. Woodruff has disappeared, justly indignant at the low valuation. She was surely worth a Simplex, if not a Rolls-Royce.

"USED TO BE?" IS

(The London Daily Chronicle)

There seems to be general agreement that Oxford is not to be accepted as providing a true standard of the best English diction. But can anyone suggest a substitute? In France people used to be sent to Tours if they wished to learn the very best French diction, and Parisian was considered more or less of a dialect. In the United States, Boston used to be regarded—at least by northerners—as the natural home of the cultured American accent.

Mr. Gogorza began the concert with Handel's air, "Where'er You Walk," followed by the Gluck air from "Iphigenie en Aulide," "Diane Impitoyable." Presently he sang three songs by Griffes, "La Fuite de la Lune," "Symphony in Yellow," "An Old Song Re-sung," also Huhn's "Invictus." For his third group he sang "Roses du Soir," by Aubert; "Complainte de la Glu," by Chapuis, a Spanish gypsy song and a serenade arranged by Hernandez; and finally, a song by De Falla, "Concion del Amor Dolido."

ingers added to the program. If a contralto voice of more thrilling beauty than that Miss Braslau displayed yesterday is now to be heard in public, the blessed possessor does not honor Boston with her presence. This glorious voice, furthermore, Miss Braslau now uses to better advantage than she did something like a year ago, for though she gave her chest tones yesterday more freely than good taste allows, she did not overwork them so heavily as before, and all her tones she has learned to produce with less constraint. If now she will only work to acquire a firmer breath control, the hard unresonant quality which sometimes mars her upper notes should disappear; a voice of splendor should result, a voice second to none.

Mr. de Gogorza is to be thanked for singing the three Griffes songs. That young man had qualities many of his contemporaries lack. Though he shared the present fancy for unusual harmonic effects, he had the good taste to use them only for a purpose; possessed of genuine originality, he felt no need to give proof of that fine attribute at every turn. He was not compelled, for the matter of that, to lean on harmonic devices as on a crutch, for he could write a shapely melody of expressive force. He appreciated, too, the necessity of learning his job; since he chose to write songs, he learned to write effectively for the voice, and, unlike too many of our young American composers, he was not above taking pains with his musical declamation. Above all else he had imagination. Is it a wonder he wrote songs of beauty?

Mr. de Gogorza, in fine voice, sang admirably, above all, his Spanish songs. Miss Winslow, forced to play orchestral accompaniments on a pianoforte, showed how well it can be done if the pianist knows how. An accompanist of her ability is not heard every day. The audience was large.

R. V. G.

The Clef Club of New York city, directed by Thomas Phillips, gave a concert of orchestral and vocal music last evening at the Boston Arena, with the following program: The Clef Club march, Lt. James Resse Europe, the Clef Club orchestra; Negro folk songs, "Swing Along," Will Marion Cook, the Clef Club chorus and orchestra; Exhortation, Will Marion Cook, Frank T. Price and Clef Club chorus; "Arkansas Blues," the Clef Club orchestra; "Romany Love," Zamenick, the Clef Club orchestra; Negro folk songs, "The Rain Song," Will Marion Cook, the Clef Club chorus and orchestra; "Tomorrow," the Clef Club orchestra; "Invictus," Bruno Huon, William C. Elkins; specialties, Irving (Sneeze) Williams and Frederick Bryan; "Harry," Sissle & Blake, the Clef Club octette; few moments with Boston's favorites—Samuel Barber, Gallagher and Shean, Hunt and Wilson; "Ida," Eddie Leonard, Walter Grey and

Orchestra. The Glee Club is one of the largest colored musical organizations in the country and with its excellently trained chorus and orchestra is equipped to give a well varied entertainment. The audience at the Arena last evening while scattered, was far from small and was enthusiastic from beginning to end. Two groups of negro folk songs were sung as only a negro chorus of trained voices can sing them, in perfect rhythm, and paying attention to the peculiar cadences that give them their weird charm.

There was an abundance of popular music, vigorously played and sung and interspersed with specialties and bits of burlesque. The soloists added considerably to the program which went its tuneful and syncopated way in a decidedly finished manner.

The Irish Regiment band of Toronto gave a concert in Symphony Hall last evening. The program was as follows:

Overture, Lily of Killarney.....Benedict
Procession of the Piper.....

Pipe Maj. Trenholme
Cornet solo, Dear Little Shamrock.....

William Tong
Dancing, The Hornpipe.....Jean McNaughton
Suite, Three Irish Pictures.....Anell
Review of Ancient and Modern Irish Mu-
sic, arranged by.....Hughes
Soprano solo, Macushla.....

Dermot Macmurrah
Beatrice O'Leary
Descriptive Idyll, The Warbler's Serenade,
Party.....

Nevin
Song for cornet, The Rosary.....
R. E. Evered
Dancing, accompanied by the Brian Boru
Pipes, The Jig, The Reel,
Jean McNaughton
Selection, The Emerald Isle.....Sullivan

This organization, conducted by Lt. J. Andrew Wiggins, assisted by Sergt. R. Edward Lee, is composed of more than 30 men, all Irish-born. They have made a specialty of both ancient and modern Irish music and play it with careful attention to delicate shading and with true Irish lilt. The audience would undoubtedly have been larger had there not been so many musical attractions in Boston yesterday, but it was certainly enthusiastic, especially when Pipe-Major John Trenholme walked on to the stage. He played his pipes unusually well. William Tong and R. E. Eversom, cornet soloists, added considerable to the evening's entertainment. Miss Beatrice O'Leary, Irish soprano, evidently takes her art very seriously, and at first her tones seemed somewhat hard and ponderous, but later she sang high, flute-like notes with accuracy and ease.

The People's Symphony Orchestra, Emil Mollenhauer, conductor, gave its third concert of the season in the St. James Theatre yesterday afternoon. Miss Carmela Ippolito of Boston, violinist, was soloist.

The program: Chabrier, overture to "Gwendoline"; Bruch, Concerto for Violin, No. 1, in G minor, Op. 26, Miss Ippolito; Schumann, Symphony No. 4 in D minor, Op. 120; Svendsen, "Kronungs Marsch." Evidence of the growing popularity of the People's Symphony was indicated by the size of the audience and the genuine appreciation it showed for each number.

There was considerable interest in the appearance of Miss Ippolito, a Boston girl who has made remarkable progress in her studies. She handles her instrument with the assurance of an artist of long experience, though only 20 years of age, playing with admirable skill and drawing from her violin a tone of unusual beauty. Through all three movements of the Concerto she played with smoothness, precision, assurance, and a pleasing interpretation. Her playing was greeted with an outburst of applause that was of long duration, plainly prompted by keen appreciation of a notable performance.

Samos was best known to us by Byron's line: "Till high the bowl with Samian wine," which led Thackeray to remark: "Small beer is nectar compared to it, and Byron himself always drank gin." Thackeray failed to quote the last line of Byron's "Some sort of hymn"; "Dash down yon cup of Samian wine!"

We have drank wine of Greece—miserable stuff with resin in it; perhaps it came from Samos, perhaps not. The ancients had much to say in praise of Chlan, Thasian, Lesbian and other wines of Greece, especially the Naxian. We have been unable to find any comments of the ancients on the Samian vintage.

was born in their island. Samos was famous for a stone, good to burnish and polish gold. Put in milk, it cured ulcers of the eyes. "The same being taken in drink helpeth the infirmity and other accidents of the stomach; it cureth the dizziness of the head, and restoreth those to their right senses again who be troubled in their brain."

Probably these revolutionaries have been drinking their island wine and have lost the beneficent stone.

(News Item in the Chicago Tribune)
"Romance had lived with them throughout their 50 years of wedlock. Love had never flown from the window of the modest little home in South Bend, Ind., in which the couple had spent 58 years and reared their family of four children."

(For As the World Wags)
Milady's quite forsaken duty,
'Sgiving all her thought to beauty;
(Just erasing marks of fury.)
Haunts the masseuse and clay packers,
Cause she's gotta get some backers;
(It takes looks to win a jury.)

When I ask her what's the matter,
She just tosses wheatake batter;
(But I know with plot she's weighted.)
And the pan she grimly butters,
And her sweet voice calmly mutters
(Must not be premeditated.)"

On with the dance till Gabriel's foot,
Calls PUNCHINELLO's substitute;
(Things have happened—stranger.)
We, who in the gall'ry sit,
 Oft times gaze down in the pit;
(White hand Warning! Danger!)
 (Camille! Desmoulins.)

(From the Southern Cook County Journal.)
Koelling-Kasdorf wish to announce the establishment of a private ambulance service in conjunction with Spindler-Koelling undertaking parlors, which is at the service of the musical profession at all times. Tel. Chicago Heights 242.

(From the Harvard Alumni Bulletin.)
A. M. '03—Charles W. Stork is publishing, under the imprint of the Yale Press, a posthumous collection of poems by Stephen Moylan Bird, entitled "In the Sky Garden."

(From the Maynard Enterprise.)

Miss Grace Kerens, recently oped punt for a touchdown. Fast work Springfield, is convalescing at the home of her sister, Mrs. Louis Sullivan, Maple Ct.

(Christopher Morley in the New York Evening Post.)

None of the Bedouin Books and Sahara Stories that have followed "The Sheik" in rapid succession seems to have much of a run. There's always something to be thankful for. As the poet might have said:

might have said:
Full many a Sheikh was born to blush
obscene
And waste his sweetness on the book-
shop air.

Day by day in every way
I'm getting tired of M. Coue.

As-the World Wags:
 Amen and amen to your remarks
 about "Yours Cordially." I dislike the
 phrase exceedingly. There is an insin-
 cere expansiveness about it that goes
 against the grain. It is to be placed in
 the same class with that kind of evan-
 gelistic hand-shake given by some per-
 sons whose good-will is so world-com-
 prehensive that they put the whole
 hand up your coat-sleeve, half way to
 the elbow.

JUNIUS, Jr.

Professor Saintsbury discussing dullness in the Criterion: "Even in the worst work of the worst writer there remains, for one who has trained himself, the interest of wondering whether it is the worst."

As the World Wags:
The present talk about Isadora Dun-
can reminds one of the conversation

First Neogyne—She was clothed in smiles, and covered with applause.
Ashland. W. C. ROSE.

As the World Wags:

I am sorry to read in The Herald that "Dorothy Phillips, whose absence from the screen has been noted with regret, has returned under suspicious circumstances as the star of 'Hurricane Gal.'" As the account calls it a "rugged sea story," I wondered if Dorothy is suspected of stealing the rug.

R. S. F.
Cambridge.

(From the Lacon (Ill.) Home Journal)
Durley King has purchased a billy-goat. He says goat's milk is the best on earth to feed babies.

By PHILIP HALE

FINE ARTS THEATRE—"The Beggar's Opera," performed by an English company. Music conducted by Sebastian Unclada.

Peachum	Arthur Wynn
Lockitt, the Beggar	Charles Magrath
Macheath	Joseph Farrington
Flich	Alfred Heather
Drawer	Hallen Mostyn
Mrs. Peachum	Lena Mattland
Polly Peachum	Dorlanne Bawn
Lucy Lockitt	Celia Turill
Diana Trapes	Julie Meo
Jenny Diver	Nonny Locke

There was a large audience that relished John Gay's satirical lines which are as fresh and significant today as they were in the second decade of the 18th century. This audience enjoyed the charming old airs which had been rearranged and supplemented tastefully by Frederic Austin, who kept the old world flavor without striving unduly after archaism.

The conductor was too gracious in granting repetitions. Short as are the airs, delightful as they are in their simplicity, their direct appeal, now jovial, now pathetic, the endless repetitions in answer to applause, which was not always insistent, dashed the spirit of the general performance, which was thus unnecessarily protracted.

tracted. It is a most witty and amusing work, this "Beggars' Opera," one that calls for singers of moderate ability and accomplished comedians. In the company now at the Fine Arts Theatre the singers were for the most part adequate. Miss Bawn has an agreeable voice, one that will henceforth be associated here with Polly. This voice itself revealed the character of Peachum's daughter, who loved in her simple, fashion the Captain, and was not ashamed to own her passion. And Miss Bawn, using her voice with no little skill, except in the matter of enunciation, played the part with unaffected grace. Unfortunately her delivery of Gay's lyric was not always distinct. This might be said of nearly all the members of the company. As a rule the words of the lyrics, and they are all important, for Gay was a master in this field, were unintelligible.

It is possible that this comedy with music has been performed for over two years in London in the spirit shows last night by the visitors? Has there been the same tendency towards burlesque? Should not the piece be performed with the utmost seriousness? Mr. Wynn, who last night took the part of Peachum, played Lockit for a time at the Lyrio Theatre. He could give the answer.

Miss Maitland as Mrs. Peachum at once set the note of exaggeration. Yes, she was amusing, but her performance was more suited to farce-comedy. Was Mr. Heather's business with the pistol in the Tavern allowed in London? In this scene the chorus "Fill Ev'ry Glass" was sung in a truly spirited manner, but the scene dramatically was much better played by the Amateurs in Brookline and in Jordan Hall.

In other scenes there was over-acting, the evident desire to be amusing through exaggeration. Mr. Farrington sang his airs acceptably; his voice is manly; but where was the dashing irresistible highwayman? Maceath was a fine fellow in his way. He would not have endeavored to be funny when Poly visited him in prison.

visited him in prison. No doubt the company was hampered in performance by the lack of stage room. Perhaps some of the members thought that they should over-play so that Americans could the better understand situations and action. Yet there were pleasant things in the performance to be remembered: Polly—if she had only been more intelligible in song—the male chorus; the playing of the little orchestra with piano artfully contrived to give the effect of a harpsichord; the striking appearance of the

jasome young woman that took the t of Mrs. Coaxer in the scene where sheath is betrayed. Then there were Gay's lines, a joy ever.

Opening of San Carlo Engagement

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—"Aida," era in four acts, by Verdi. San Carlo pera Company, Fortune Gallo, director. he cast:

Ida.....Marie Rappold
Amneris.....Eleonora Cienfuegos
Amenemhab.....Manuel Salazar
Monsieur.....Mario Valle
Natale.....Pietro de Biasi
ing of Egypt.....Francisco Cervi
Messenger.....Antonio Curci
Priestess.....Anta Klinova

The conductor was Carlo Peroni and itaels Ledowa led the dancers.

The opening of the San Carlo opera season was as gayly full of appearance as heart could wish. A vast audience filled the house, enthusiasm ran high, the singers were recalled again and again. "Aida," for many years the favorite opera for opening a season with a brilliant show, served its purpose admirably last night, because the stage management was skilful enough to contrive several brilliantly stirring scenes, notably the triumph at the end of the second act, and Mr. Peroni showed himself most happy when working up a massive climax to its height. The chorus, too, was what he had best to work with, giving a strong body of tone not too hard, and in the second scene of the first act achieving a pianissimo of true beauty.

And yet, despite its appealing pageantry and pomp, is it wise for a manager to produce "Aida" at all, unless he has at his command forces of the highest ability—a large orchestra of experienced players, a large chorus, and four singers of the very first rank, who also know how to act in the true sense of the word? Probably it is "Aida" from its inborn force and beauty, "goes," if singers and players can get through it at all. "Aida," with full voiced artists who understand the meaning of song, who appreciate the romantic picturesqueness, the wild passion that drives those four superbly characterized men and women of Africa. "Aida" from a conductor who makes the most of Verdi's exquisite orchestration and reduces to a minimum what is not so good—"Aida" thus is quite another matter.

Mr. Peroni last night did excellently, given what he had to do with. Though his orchestra is small and not of the best, at times, especially in the ballet of the triumph scene, from it he got good tone; when he is more familiar with the acoustics of the house, he will see that he need not drive his forces, especially the brasses, so hard; the whole scale of performance he might lower to its advantage. For his keen rhythm Mr. Peroni is to be thanked.

Not one of the singers proved incompetent. Those who rose most conspicuously above the level were Mr. Cervi, a dignified being and a singer with a good voice and clear diction, and Mr. Curci, who put character into the small part of the messenger.

The opera tonight will be "Rigoletto," with Mmes. Lucchese and de Mette and Messrs. Barra, Ballester and DeBlasi. R. R. G.

THE ST. JAMES THEATRE—"Seventeen," play in four acts by Booth Tarkington.

Willie Sylvanus Baxter.....Houston Richards
Mr. Baxter.....Edward Darney
Joe Bullitt.....Jack H. Lee
Genesis.....Ralph M. Remley
Johnnie Watson.....Hugh Cairns
George Cropper.....Walter Gilbert
Mr. Parcher.....Harold Chase
Wallie Banke.....Harry E. Lowell
Mary Jane Baxter.....Theresa Kilburn
Lola Pratt.....Evela Nudsen
May Parcher.....Lucille Adams
Ethel Boke.....Viola Roach
Mary Brooks.....Helen Pitt
Mrs. Baxter.....Anna Layne

To the St. James last night came Booth Tarkington's light comedy of youthful love, "calf" love, as seen to flame in the serious minded heart of young Willie Baxter, who finds sympathetic and understanding translator of the playhouse in Houston Richards. This actor of young men's parts the St. James Players owe a growing number of personations rounded out with more than mere stencilled outline of the stage. As William Sylvanus Baxter he is not in least convincing mood.

It is in field of the present play that Booth Tarkington has perhaps made his greatest reputation. As popular portrayer of youthful humors, follies and indiscretions he has no equal. The novel has been his most favored medium of expression, but he has been able to do what few men before him have accomplished—attract also a following not inconsiderable in the theatre. That this latter is not wholly his chosen province may perchance be evidenced from the fact that at a time when the play of many scenes had not yet been found of

use, Booth Tarkington wrote "Seventeen," a play of six long scenes, not always too ingeniously knit together. Comedy sharp edged with brilliance sometimes akin to satire is "Seventeen." Funny it undeniably is; yet underlying tragedy is not far away when Mr. Tarkington persists in poking fun at Willie Baxter. In their zeal to portray the eccentricities of "Dulcy" Messrs. Kaufman and Connelly did not more cruelly avoid the occasional sympathetic touch. Good William Congreve, greatest of all the Restoration dramatists, spoke wisely when he said that the display of personal defects and mannerisms, whether they be of the flesh and so obvious or of the mind and so more subtle, does not constitute true comedy. But perhaps we take Mr. Tarkington over seriously.

Within the limits of his age, young Willie Baxter, as played last night by Houston Richards, was a many-sided figure. He was indeed "too young to be a man, too old to be a boy." A calculating stut, never over stressed, a voice carefully modulated into restraint and not set too deep for 17, a quirky droop of mouth and a mannish little trot that became odd gallop on family stairs; all these were artifices of genuine merit called into play by the resourceful Mr. Richards. He was not great acting last night, for such need of the stage is not to be found within the cramping confining bounds of "Seventeen," but surely it was marvellously successful entertainment. In the long pantomime and monologue scene before the mirror in act one an artful actor aided a skilful author to a few moments of rare and enjoyably amusing "business."

During the intervals when Mr. Richards was not centering attention to himself, the play dragged, slipped and showed clearly an author who seemed unable to attain that requisite of the stage—swift flowing drama keenly emotionalized. It was in these moments of necessary plotting that the play dropped into fragile farce not always interesting; dropped despite good acting by Miss Kilburn, a remarkably life-like stage child, and also Miss Nudsen, who made a really charming young girl out of the somewhat vapid "Baby Talk lady," Walter Gilbert, too, as the young "millionaire" with a car of his own at 19, amused himself and did well with one of his well known personality parts.

The production of "Seventeen" at the St. James brings back a play of familiar humors; acting gives it power to make passing progress. One noteworthy character plausibly, amusingly illustrated by Houston Richards is surrounded by enough satisfactory types to create an evening of entertaining illusion. No more, no less. W. E. H.

EDDIE CANTOR

Eddie Cantor came to town last evening for his annual visit. This time he is at the Shubert Theatre, in "Make It Snappy," billed as a new revue, in two acts and 27 scenes. A customary large and vociferous first-night audience was there to hear him in new songs, new skits, new Cantorisms. He worked hard to please and, judging by the roars of laughter which followed every comic sally, the vigorous applause which welcomed every song, new or old, he succeeded.

Back of this really versatile white and black-face comedian appeared a number of clever principals and a chorus of large and comely proportions, to say nothing of the Cleveland Bronner ballet of a score or more of dancers, male and female, in "Princess Beautiful." This was an oddity of some beauty, but chiefly characterized by much leaping about a too-small stage, and by prodigious waving of scarfs, flame-pointed by ingenious lighting effects. This divertissement, at least, seemed to break, if briefly, the interminable stridency of brass and wood, the uniformly heavy tone of the strings as they responded to the jazz scoring by Jean Schwartz, and probably others of like school.

It would be unjust to several of his associates to say that Mr. Cantor is the whole show, though that is the fact as far as the comic end of the performance goes. He is shrewd enough to play single-handed, and his talents are keen-edged and varied enough to warrant his choice. There are on our stage today a select group of "revue" comedians who may sing a salacious ditty or the newest ballad as well as he, perhaps better; their wit may be more subtle, more suave, less charged with double meaning. But in one respect Cantor stands alone. He can extract more fun, more laughs, from a five-minute skit or burlesque than can any of his compeers. Last year he was funniest in the tailor-shop scene. This season he has two good sketches, one in which as the gas man he wanders into the parlors of a vampire, played by Lillian Fitzgerald, and another, called "Step Into My Taxi," in which, as an all-night taxi-driver, he has a richly humorous scene with Lew Hearn and Joe Opp.

He appears in many another 27 scenes, now as a burlesque, now as an applicant for a place in the police force. Only near the performance does he reveal that everyone has been awaiting all the evening, a series of, on all his, and done in black face. Tarkington indicates the Cantor sagacity of it is in such songs that he can bring a vast assembly to cry for more and more; and this makes the fitting climax to a Cantor evening.

For the rest, there were such well-seasoned entertainers as Miss Fitzgerald, in several hennaed wigs, singing, reciting and gesturing for the most part of matters Parisian; Tot Qualters, in dances; Muriel DeForrest, who dances like Ann Pennington when she is not dancing like Marilyn Miller; George Hale, likewise a solo dancer of daring twists; Helen Carrington and Charlotte Woodruff, singers of at least fair ability. In "The Sheik," a tabloid spectacle and burlesque, the Eight Blue Devils aroused enthusiasm by a whirlwind acrobatic finish.

AT MAJESTIC

"Stolen Sweets," the Shubert vaudeville and revue, with its lively assortment of singing and dancing, is the attraction at the Majestic Theatre this week. The list of exceptionally fine talent is headed by Fanny and Kitty Watson, the well-known comedienes, and includes Cella Davis and her five Kings of Syncopation; Stepe and O'Neill, who present one of the most original comedy acts in vaudeville; Berkes and Brazil, masters of eccentric dancing; the DeKoch trio, Mary Dawn and Florence Darley and others.

The Watson sisters are featured in a travesty on Romeo and Juliet. The two easily outdo their former efforts on the stage, as the sketch in which they appear is easily the funniest vehicle they have ever presented in Boston.

The revue follows the vaudeville bill and consists of "ten incidents." The words, book and music are by Herman Timberg and Sam Morris. Each of the 10 miniature acts is well staged and there is a group of chorus girls who sing well and dance gracefully. The numbers worthy of special mention, in addition to "Romeos and Juliets," are "A Bit of Gambling" and "The Family Table."

BILL AT B. F. KEITH'S

The Four American Aces, a quartet of aerial gymnasts, opened the bill at B. F. Keith's Theatre last evening. This act excels those of its kind in many thrilling features, notably the double somersault and twist in mid air. The Two Sternards followed with an agreeable performance on the xylophone.

Weber and Ridnor scored in an act that gave Miss Ridnor an opportunity to add pleasing characterizations to her dance. She excited the admiration of the audience with the speed and elasticity of her steps. Kenney and Hollis, with something new and much of their old act, pleased with the "nut" stuff of the former, and added merriment by bringing on George Williams, the stage factotum, dressed as a girl of the harem.

The Braggiotti Sisters began the third and last week of their engagement at this house. This week's act is new, and like its predecessors, amateurish. Swift and Kelley are back again in their act of many seasons.

William Faversham, supported by Helen Daube, was seen in Alfred Sutro's sketch, "A Marriage Has Been Arranged." The piece is an excellent outlet for the style of the actor—coolly, brazenly if you will, proposing to a titled woman sitting out a dance. How he is rebuffed and how he subtly presents his case, and the incidental melting of the women under his convincing flattery, are pieces of work not given to vaudeville audiences every week in the year. The Junoesque Miss Daube, who moved slowly from an icy to a receptive mood, gave a finished performance as well.

One of the best acts on the bill was that of Miss Patricia. She is one of the most versatile of comedienes. To hear her sing her many dialect songs, with their faithful bits of "business," is one of the treats of vaudeville. Collins and Hart, grotesque acrobats, closed the bill.

The superior council on the birth question in France has sent out a cry of alarm. Deaths are said to exceed births by 200,000 a year.

Les Annales attempts to find the cause. Some attribute it to the traditional thrift of the French. The Frenchman, whatever his social position, wishes to preserve what he has inherited or acquired and to pass it on in

descendants. There is also for the future. If there is a question of dot is a serious The peasant is slave to a species of vanity: the joy of keeping all that he has and adding to it. The story is told of a villager who had only one son. Fifteen years went by and she gave to him a baby brother. The son was sorely vexed. His mother said: "You don't love me any more." He answered: "No, mother, but I forgive you." Another villager asked his 12-year-old boy if he wished his father to bring home a little brother from the market. "No," said the child. "Why not?" "Because if I had a brother my five franc pieces would be worth only 50 sous." And the peasant, lost in admiration, exclaimed: "He's a sharp one."

FAMILY PRIDE

A good many years ago old Edmonds lived in a romantic spot between Elizabethtown and Keene—or somewhere in that neighborhood—in the Adirondacks—the "Adirondacks," as some of the guides called the mountains. Edmonds Ponds were named after him. (The genteel person came along and changed the name to Cascadeville.) Edmonds's little grandson was playing near the house one day. His mother came to the door and asked him to pick up some chips for her. He answered: "Go to hell, old woman and get your chips yourself."

Old Edmonds chuckled and said in his shrill voice: "Good boy, Asel, good boy. Chip of the old block."

BOSTON SNOBBISHNESS

We have heard a woman in Boston congratulating herself on the fact that she had no daughter. "Just think of it! If I had a daughter, she might not be admitted to the Sewing Circle or even to the Vincent Club! What a tragedy that would be! What sort of a future would there be for her?"

When one is in a particularly dismal mood he should read Schopenhauer, an amusing author for those of an unruly temperament, or this passage from Peacock's fantastical "Nightmare Abbey."

"The Honorable Mr. Listless—How can we be cheerful when our nerves are shattered?"

"Scythrop—How can we be cheerful in the midst of disappointment and despair?"

"Mr. Glowry—Let us all be unhappy together."

And for the sake of beginning the day in cheerful mood and for the benefit of all disappointed candidates for office, we publish these verses, entitled:

"WHAT FOOLS THESE MORTALS BE!"

(For As the World Wags)
Cosmic insects, self-exalted earthlings,
Worshippers of Jahveh, legendary tribal god,
Anthropomorphio, vengeful, tyrannical,
Hurler of thunderbolts at repentant sinners,
Accepter of propitiatory offerings from the wicked.

All hail!

Creators of phantastic heavens in imaginary places,
Sneerers always at the immutable laws of nature,
Soothsayers, gaping at the quivering entrails of fowls,
Seekers of mystic revelations in crystal globes.

All hail!

Oppressors of weaker tribes, enslavers of the blacks,
Beaters of animal servants, abusers of children,
Lusting for the burned flesh of beasts,
Abstracting gastric juice from hogs to remedy gluttony.

All hail!

Denying rights to beasts and birds,
Arrogating immortality to ourselves alone,
Ascribing divinity to fetishes and totem poles,
Quarrelling ceaselessly over countless creeds.

All hail!

Murderers of singing birds, trampers on violets,
Devastators of forests, wanton slayers of deer,
Defilers of nature's woodland shrines,
Teachers of debauchery to primeval innocence.

All hail!

Clay formed, earthbound, saints in rage,
Sinners in silks, Eternal Riddle, Whence? Whither? Why?
JAMES L. EDWARDS.

HOSTS AND SITTERS

Some day we shall subscribe to Vogue if only for its etiquette department. What is the answer to this question published as Vogue's first aid to social climbers and all the suddenly rich:

"In staying with people one does not know very well, does the host or guest make the move to consider the evening over and go to bed?"

In Jules Laforgue's story about the metaphysical Salome royal ambassadors at court frankly asked the Tetrarch, "What time do you people go to bed?" They were bored by Salome's mystical chattering. These Princes of the North did not dare to pull out their watches and wrist watches were not then worn.

The guest should make the move, especially if the host begins: "When I came from the country to Boston," or if the hostess yawns and vainly tries to conceal it by drumming on her lips with fingers clogged with diamonds and precious stones. "Rich and rare were the gems she wore." The guest should certainly start as from a red hot stove if host or hostess says: "Mr. Smithers, you must be very tired from your journey."

But there are guests, especially dinner guests, who belong to the noble army of sitters, lineal descendants of the man in Grellan legend who was condemned in the lower world to sit forever on a rock.

And when the sitters leave chairs, sofa, divan, they insist on standing "while they assure the hostess that they have had a delightful evening; a deathbed farewell. On the sidewalk Mr. Ferguson says to Mrs. Ferguson: "Didn't you see that I was bored stiff? Have I always got to be the one to make a move?" And so, as Mr. Peypys said, to bed.

YESTERLAND.

In the land of yesterdays, In the town of memories, Are sapphire spires and silver streets. He who goes there never meets With sorrow, For tomorrow Never comes in Yesterland In the town of silver streets.

—JOAN JORDAN.

"RIGOLETTO"

BY OLIN DOWNES

An audience that recked not of mobs, cheers, honking machines and hustling policeman and all the result of election night down town listened last night to Verdi's "Rigoletto," given by the San Carlo Opera Company in the Boston Opera House. For there are in this world beings called artists, for whom elections may come and go, provided the music of Verdi sings on forever.

This audience was very enthusiastic. It gave Miss Josephine Lucchesi an ovation well deserved after her singing of Caro Nome. It applauded the tenor, Mr. Gennaro Barra, and his sweet romance to the echo. It was moved, very much, by Rigoletto's denunciation of the courtier rabble, by the scene in which the Jester gathers to his arms his stricken daughter—all, as the ladies of the Duke's court would have said, over a little matter which need only have added to the romance and excitement of the day.

The performance, like that of "Aida" the evening previous, was very spirited

and expressive, under the baton of Aldo Franchetti, with a cast that co-operated admirably, displayed conspicuous individual abilities, and a chorus which

not only sang but interpreted dramatically. The attendance and enthusiasm showed how much interested this public is in Mr. Gallo's offerings.

So Longfellow's "Village Blacksmith" is now the hero of a filmed play. Is his brow wet with "honest sweat" in the picture? There are genteel persons who object to Longfellow's line and wish he could have worked metre and rhyme to introduce the word "perspiration."

The last time we saw a blacksmith on the stage was at the Howard Athenaeum. The play was "Honest Hearts and Willing Hands," John L. Sullivan, Boston's pride, was the heroic blacksmith. Whenever he made a remark about the respect and affection due a mother or lambasted the villain, the gallery whistled shrilly and shouted "Good boy, John."

This was in the season of 1890-91. John L. shone in this part in New York at Oscar Hammerstein's Columbus The-

chorus; "Haunting Blue

There's a Club is blacksmiths on the operatic stage," as Wagner's Mime and Siegfried. What was the play in which a blacksmith, flouted by a fastidious maiden, because he had a sooty appearance, exclaimed pathetically: "Well, I'm clean on Sundays." Many New England villagers in the sixties might have made the same boast. Then there was little "sanitary plumbing."

And while we are in the interrogative mood, what was the name of the play in the seventies with this verse on the billboards:

When greed of gold makes man to man unjust,

In vain the workman seeks the needed crust;

Starvation stretches out her bony hand And sad mechanics mourn throughout the land.

Ah, the good old plays! "Bertha the Sewing Machine Girl"; "The Unknown," with John A. Stevens going about and saying on all occasions, "And I will be your faithful dor-r-r-g"; Dolly Bidwell in "Pretty Panther" and "Strathmore" (we saw her in our schooldays at Exeter, and she was to us boys a very Bernhardt).

It may interest those who repeat the story that the estimable Pola Negri has been a Polish countess, a concert violinist and a member of the Russian ballet—all three in one—to listen to Mr. Joseph Schildkraut. He says her name is Schwartz; she was a shop girl in Wertheim's department store in Berlin when Lubitsch, the moving picture director, saw her and engaged her. We prefer to believe that Mme. Negri was and is a Polish countess. We never knew but one: She was in a Dresden pension in 1882 where we were served doubtful soup and still more questionable meat. She borrowed 10 marks from us—until her remittance should come from Warsaw. The next morning she left Dresden. She was a thin, pale blonde, with a hacking cough—between 30 years of age, to quote Artemus Ward's description of an American spinster. And so we contributed indirectly, 10 marks to the fair land of Poland and its oppressed inhabitants.

Marie Lloyd's dress designer sent to Marie's funeral an empty dress box with the inscription: "My last design; the dress-box but no dress." This dress was to have been tried on the night when Marie sang for the last time; "I'm one of the ruins Cromwell knocked about a bit."

Mr. Theodore Cornell, family solicitor, is not the sort of man to whom you would immediately entrust your affairs. If you were a constant playgoer you would note instantly that his white spats are a bad sign; but that is a detail. When you saw him roll his eyeballs and heard him chuckle with a guttural malignity that had the very quality of sin unqualified, you would certainly have made for the street.—The Manchester Guardian, reviewing the play "The Balance."

Mme. Georgette Leblanc-Masterlinck will sing at a concert in New York on Dec. 17. The Morning Telegraph says this will be "practically her first appearance as a singer in this country." No, no. Many of us remember her and her stained-glass attitudes in Debussy's "Pelleas and Melisande" at the Boston Opera House early in 1912. There were amusing incidents connected with her sojourn in Boston, but if a man should write a complete, anecdotal history of the Boston Opera House under the direction of Mr. Henry Russell he would probably think it best, after publication, if a publisher could be found, to leave town at night and between trains.

Miss Jeannette Vreeland, who will sing at the Apollo Club concert next Tuesday, flew over New York city last spring and "broadcasted the first aerial concert in history." Lofty flights of song.

Mr. Barrie Payne makes this suggestion for Mr. Heywood Brown's play: "An intoxicated man comes home and stumbles into his own bedroom—by mistake."

Mr. Moshe Paranov will give a piano recital in Jordan Hall tomorrow night. His name alone should draw an audience. The fact that he will not play a sonata, Bach's Chromatic Fantasy or a disarrangement by Liszt of an organ fugue by Bach is reassuring.

A violinist named Illuminato Miserendino played in New York last Sunday. "Illuminato." Was he "lit up"? Some fiddle better when they are; the majority do not.

Irma Seydel, violinist, assisted by Wilhelmina Wagner, will give a concert in Jordan Hall next Saturday night for the benefit of the New England Hospital for Women and Children.

Manchester (Eng.) has finally seen "Blood and Sand," but in the English version the bull-fighter does not die; he returns to domesticity and agriculture. "A. S. W.," who saw the play, drew a moral from it: "This is a dreadful warning to all sensible 'pugs,' toreadors and hefty fellows in general not to get entangled with ladies of high social position who love them for their brawn alone. If the captain of a cup final team were lured by a Mayfair 'vamp' into forgetting his wife and family in, say, Burnley, or if the Charley Chicken, having knocked out the world's heavyweight champion, were seduced into 'society' and there treated not only as a curio, but as a temporary lover, we should get an equivalent to Blasco Ibanez's novel."

There will not be Symphony concerts this week. Next week a Suite by Bach; Dvicko's "Polyphemus"—all jokes with "I'll go one eye on it" are barred; and d'Indy's symphony in B-flat. Good things are said about Isa Kremer, a diseuse-singer, international ballader, who will appear in Symphony Hall next Tuesday evening. The pension fund concert program next Sunday is all Russian; music and singer. Mr. Rachmaninov will play the piano in Symphony Hall Thursday evening, Nov. 23.

The Boston Wellesley College Club will bring Stuart Walker's play, "The Book of Job," to the Wilbur Theatre next week for matinees on Nov. 13, 14, 17, at 8 o'clock; Nov. 18 at 10:30. The 3 o'clock performance on Nov. 15 will be at the Plymouth.

Joseph Conrad's first play, a dramatization of his novel, "The Secret Agent," produced in London Nov. 2, was received "with respect and admiration, rather than with enthusiasm." A novelist, especially a "psychological" novelist, is not always a man of the theatre. Henry James found it out, much to his disgust.

ANNA FITZIU

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—"Tosca." opera in three acts by Puccini. San Carlo Opera Company, Fortune Gallo, director. The cast:

Florida Tosca.....Anna Fitziu
Baron Scarpia.....Manuel Salazar
Mario Cavaradossi.....Pietro De Biasi
Cesare Angelotti.....Natale Cerri
A. Sacristan.....Francesco Curi
Spoleto.....Mario Novelli
Solaraone.....Pietro Canova
A Jaller.....Anita Kilnova
A Shepherd Boy.....Carlo Peroni
Conductor.....

Water has flown under the bridge. floods of water, it would seem, even torrents, since the first production in Boston of Puccini's "Tosca." It was a stirring evening, that of the first performance. Musical people, the knowing ones, sat all agog, for the story had spread abroad that Puccini had contrived a scheme of orchestration the like of which had never even been imagined. The opera, indeed, must not be called an opera, but was it not a melodrama? The distinction, at all events, was held highly significant and when at the very first the snarling Scarpia motive blared forth, its baleful force set everybody to shivering. And the shivering scarcely ceased till the curtain fell, for music of mightier emotional power had never been heard; it racked the nerves. Between throes came the relief of atmospheric effects, above all the opening of the third act. There were strokes, too, of theatrical genius to marvel at, such as the cantata behind the scenes while Scarpia was questioning Mario. It was a silent, subdued audience that fled from the Boston Theatre at the end; the pitiful story, heightened by that throbbing music, had left people in no mood to chatter.

"But in 10 years' time," said an elderly musician of distinction the next afternoon, "it will be forgotten. There's really nothing to it."

He made a mistake; after 20 odd years "Tosca" is not forgotten. But as for what there is "to" it, last night it seemed as though he had prophesied well. For emotion, unless it be based on genuine beauty has a way of fading from music; if the large audience shivered last night, it shivered unobtrusively. Picturesque detail, too, once a wonder of ingenuity, last night sounded obvious and overdone. Even the orchestration, skilful though it remains, no longer makes one stare; what was the stir about, 20 years ago?

Despite withering age, nevertheless, a good old Italian opera abides an "old" Italian opera, mind, for the power of its melodrama gone, its tunes alone now give it the breath of life. Puccini knew how to write them, melodies of no exquisite beauty, if you like, but tunes that have still the power to thrill. It was they that fetched the applause last night.

The performance had good features, the chorus singing well, and the orchestra playing better than on Monday; Mr. Salazar also appeared to far better advantage. Though Miss Fitziu has

neither the voice nor the temperament for a dramatic role, she made a brave attempt at visualizing the part of Florida, often she displayed a beautiful voice, and always she commanded admiration for her amazingly clear enunciation. Mr. Valle made an excellent, though conventional, Scarpia. Except for Mr. Cerri's over-farical sacristan, the small parts were well done.

The opera tonight will be "Madame Butterfly," with Mmes. Miura and Kilnova and Messrs. Barra and Bonelli in the leading roles. R. R. G.

"TALES OF HOFFMAN"

The San Carlo Grand Opera Company gave an excellent performance of Offenbach's tuneful and brilliant "Tales of Hoffman" yesterday afternoon in the Boston Opera House. Carlo Peroni conducted. This opera is admirably adapted to a company of this quality; or we might put it better, that such a company is well equipped to present this opera. Its orchestration while admirable is not intricate. Its choruses are simple and few. Its solo parts are susceptible to high development, but can be constricted within modest limitations, and still please the discriminating. There is variety in roles, but there are no unsurmountable obstacles.

Josephine Lucchesi as Olympia in the first act and as Antonia in the third was adequate, particularly her Antonia. The dual role she handled artistically, though omitting some of the florid embellishments. Sofia Charlebois was a sufficiently seductive Giulietta and sang with spirit. Romeo Bosacchi's Hoffman was in good voice, as was the Dapper-tutto of Mario Valle—he sang the mirror nant baritone. Pietro de Biasi was a nant baritone. Pietro De Biasi was a horrid Dr. Miracle. The reference is to his makeup, not to his voice, which serves well. De Biasi has a sound voice.

Others of the cast sang well, as did the chorus in the anti-Volstead prologue and in the ballroom scene. The San Carlo company might profitably give another performance of this opera. It was a thoroughly worthy performance.

A day or two ago we quoted these lines:

"Day by day, in every way,
I'm getting tired of M. Coué."

We named the author, Miss Baird Leonard, who contributes a witty and sensible column to the Morning Telegraph of New York. The linotype insisted that her "front" name was "David." We owe Miss Leonard a profound apology, for we have read Perre Bayle's article on that singing, harping and fighting monarch.

THERE IS SUCH A WORD

A correspondent sends us a United States civil service examination paper and marks the word "laboratorian" with a red pencil, writing in the margin: "What next?"

Now, Mr. G. W. Septimus Plesse coined this word for his excellent work, "The Laboratory of Chemical Wonders," published at London in 1860. Our correspondent will find the word in the great Oxford Dictionary. Mr. Plesse, an analytical chemist, also wrote and lectured on the art of perfumery and flower farming. His "Chymical, Natural and Physical Magic" reached a third edition in 1865.

SPIRIT RAPPING

(From the Green Bay, Wis., Press-Gazette.)
Man Who Was Killed in New Brunswick Murder Takes Issue with Mrs. Hall.

ECCLESIASTICAL BULLETINS

As the World Wags:

On the bulletin board of a church not 10 miles from the State House there is displayed, in block letters and without punctuation, the following: "God always finishes what he begins Browning." Didn't you think it was Satan who had the monopoly on such a job? Newton Centre. MEDICO.

PROFESSIONAL CANDOR

(The Woburn Daily Times.)
LOST—Last Thursday between Murray's shop and Woburn centre, a red bicycle which had been stolen. Any one giving information call Woburn —.

MARY AND HER ECTOPLAZ

("The ectoplasm is a spirit form of the body which it resembles and is frequently visible to spiritualists, so much so that it has been actually photographed.")

Mary had an ectoplaz (Although it didn't show). And everywhere that Mary went That ectoplaz would go.

It followed her to school one day And hovered over head: "Oh, schoolmates see my ectoplaz!" Was what Mary said.

In vain the schoolmates looked about,
No ectoplaz they saw,
And oh, the panning Mary got,
It really was quite raw.

The teacher led poor Mary out
And said with waspish pride:
"You can't return unless you file
Your ectoplaz outside."

So Mary straightway shot herself,
She could not stand the razz,
And now there is no Mary left,
She is just ectoplaz.

GORDON SEAGROVE.

CULTURE

As the World Wags:

A week ago Thursday afternoon the members of the Ladies' Federated Society for the Advancement of the More Natural Arts and Sciences met on the lawn at "Valley Farms," the beautiful estate of Mrs. C. Storage Plant.

Prof. Aggle conducted the meeting and carried out a novel and interesting demonstration based on one of the many lost arts of our forefathers—builders of the nation. He planted a hill of beans. "Our ancestors," said Prof. Aggle, "had first-hand knowledge of selection, cultivation, weeding out, and the fruit of culture. Today we let George do it. We buy our beans, our household gods, our art, our religion (in syndicated sermons) from the canners—cash and carry! On Sunday we may, thank Heaven, get out into the open."

The members look forward with keen interest to the next meeting when "The Making of Art Dolls" will be explained by Mr. Spool, third vice-president of a corporation making machine-woven copies of American samplers—The Early American Company. Mr. Spool's firm has led the field in reproducing the quaint sentiment of other days such as the following, worked in cross-stitch:

"Artistry, taught in early days
Not only gives the teacher praise
But gives us pleasure when we view
The works that Innocence can do."
—Abigail Harth, 1763.
aged 10"

Mr. William Spellbinder, president of the company, believes in purity in art and every effort is being made to have the quality of the linen and silk, in both strength and color, equal to the originals.

In the near future a talk will be given by Mr. John Quil' entitled, "The Esthetic Side of a Fresh Egg."

Percy Flage.

"IN THE SPRING THE YOUNG MAN'S FANCIES"

(From the Chicago Daily News)

"The shortest that street skirts will be worn next spring is seven inches," said the head buyer of a loop department store. "Six inches is really the favored length, with four inches for evening frocks."

HENCE, "LOOK AT HER LINES"

Dr. Wilbur P. Birdwood maintains in his "Euclid's Outline of Sex" that sex began in Euclid, reached its highest development in Euclid, and cannot be understood outside of Euclid. We did not know there was so much in Euclid when we were conditioned in it our freshman year at Yale. We hope to find Todhunter's edition "among the school books we saved: to read it with greater understanding.

Todhunter! There are many of them in these dry days.

These verses will interest old Yale men, who remember Frank Moriarty, Gus Traeger, the Hill brothers, and other purveyors of cheering beverages.

SUNRISE IN THE WEST

The punch was strong at Mory's
Full many a year ago.
When one pale student rose and left
To cool his head with snow.

An hour later he came in,
With rapture in his eyes;
"Come out, come out," he cried with joy,
"And watch the West sunrise."

And as we crowded to the door
Red glowed the sky that night:
A corset factory had burned down,
And we had missed the sight.

DOUBLE BARREL.

But ale was the drink of drinks at Moriarty's! Ah the ale, the welsh rabbits, the golden bucks, the grilled sardines! Dear, dead days beyond recall!

WHAT? NO PYJAMAS AMONG THEM?

(From the Chicago Tribune.)

Girl students at Northwestern University last night slept in shifts, with some young woman always on guard, watching the dormitories for thieves.

AT LAST, THE THIRD SEX!

(Boston Sunday Globe.)

1000 Half Women. Attend
Anti-Lodge Rally

'BUTTERFLY'

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—"Madame Butterfly," opera by Puccini. San Carlo opera company. Fortune Gallo, director. The cast:

Madame Butterfly.....Tamaki Miura
Suzuki.....Anita Klinova
B. F. Pinkerton.....Gennaro Barra
Kate Pinkerton.....Frances Morisini
Sharpless.....Richard Bonelli
Goro.....Francesco Cervi
Yamadoro.....Natale Cervi
The Bonze.....Pietro De Biasi
Conductor, Aldo Franchetti

When the San Carlo company is willing to keep its place, the San Carlo company can give a performance worth anybody's hearing. "Rigoletto" and "Contes d'Hoffmann," by all accounts, were both well done. "Madame Butterfly" last night went admirably. The reason is plain enough. Operas demanding big dramatic singers and a large orchestra make but a paltry showing if the orchestra is small, and if there is not a single big dramatic singer on the roster. Since there are beautiful operas in plenty, which call for neither a dramatic soprano nor a heroic tenor and can make shift with a small orchestra, why, pray, do directors lay hands on operas far beyond their scope. Look at the audience at "Aida," a director might make answer. What, then, could a person in protest counter? Never a word. The public, after all, decides.

Not that the public stayed away from "Madame Butterfly" last night; the audience, on the contrary, was very large. If everybody at the opera last night, bearing in mind the good quality of the performance, would insist on quality just as good the next time they feel operatically disposed, they would do much to raise the standard of operatic representations. This standard surely can be raised. The orchestra was presumably no larger last night than heretofore, but it had music to play that a small orchestra really can play passably well; and Mr. Franchetti, conductor of authority and taste, saw that it played its best.

Though there were no artists of the brightest luster in the cast, there were singers, with fresh voices, who could sing the music they undertook. They could act as well. A more lifelike portrayal of a decent American than Mr. Bonelli's Sharpless won't be seen here again in a hurry, a representation without a single false note or one needless gesture; the role was also nobly sung. Mr. Barra, too, with a fine voice and no mean skill in song, suggested an American vividly, though his model was of a different walk of life from Mr. Bonelli's. The small parts were all well done, above all Mr. Cervi's Goro, which for once was really sung, not yelped.

And Mme. Miura's Butterfly has developed amazingly. By virtue of her race, always she did by nature what other women must acquire, as best they can, by art—though it is not to be believed that all Japanese women are blessed with the charm, the rhythmic grace of Mme. Miura. Last night, however, Mme. Miura showed herself an actress of real skill and of pathetic force. For the most part she sang delightfully, with lovely silvery tone; unfortunately she shows a tendency to force her voice at times. A pity!

The opera tonight will be Bizet's "Carmen," with Mmes. Ferrabini and Charlebois and Messrs. Famedas and Valle.

R. R. G.

Dorothy Hamilton, reviewing Mrs. Emily Post's book on etiquette—"Etiquette—In Society, in Business, in Politics, and at Home"—says: "It is perhaps inevitable that a work of this sort should deal with the exigencies of 'high society' rather than with the less formal life which is lived by the so-called average American."

True, Mistress Dorothy. The manners of "high society" are often low; the manners of the "smart set" are often raw. Noblesse oblige—that is to say, their rank—here a symbolical word—obliges them to be rude.

We suppose that this book is the one freely advertised, with illustrations, in the newspapers, showing Mr. Jones bending from his chair in a restaurant to pick a fork off the floor, while the waiter snickers; showing Mr. Robinson preceding his best girl as they make their way to a table; Mr. Brown biting into a slice of buttered bread, and committing other horrid violations of "good form." We hope some day to possess this invaluable book; also the books, which the advertisements tell us, will enable us to converse in a fascinating manner on all subjects, from the use of the abacus to zymotic diseases, so that fair women will hang upon our lips, and a white-haired banker will in-

sist on giving us a princely salary.

DO YOU KNOW THE ONE ABOUT THE SWED?

As the World Wags:

With so much trading going on, how about exchanging a few perfectly good stories? I've got a peach of a one about two Irishmen that I'll swap for two that I can tell to my family.

MING TOY.

VOLSTEAD (HIC) JACET

As the World Wags:

The professional forces of light will bear up undisinayed for it might be worse. The Pankhursts made a complete success of "Votes for Women," and the last we heard of the Pankhursts they were looking for work, but as Mrs. Taft's mother said to Mrs. Taft when Mr. Taft proposed, "You have a fat chance." It is probable that President Wilson having been a schoolmaster, objected to the word "allies" because nobody in America knows how to pronounce it. In London off the Strand there is a little street called Twining, where lived a widow and an only son and child, her own. The boy was fond of walking on stilts. One day as he was passing his mother's window she said, "Johnny, are you not afraid you will hurt yourself?" "No, mother, never."

Boston. L. X. CATALONIA.

YESTERDAY, TODAY AND FOREVER

(From the Brooklyn, La., Chronicle)

Remember the oysters you got at the Royal Cafe last year? You can now get them again.

We are surprised to learn that the Rev. W. B. Sprinkle of Hendersonville, N. C., is the pastor of New Bridge Baptist Church and is not a Methodist.

AT THE LOWELL INSTITUTE

(For As the World Wags)

Midway the hall there hangs a sign
Beneath which folks may stand in line,
May stand in wobbly line and wait
Until the hour approaches eight,
And think about their own affairs
Until it's time to dash upstairs.

I'd like to ask some philanthropist
To build some kind of prop
For us to lean on who repine
At loafing there so long in line,
Or even hang us up on pickets,
Or else I wish they'd print more tickets.
Boston. NANCY EATON.

BRAZEN IRONY

As the World Wags:

Last Monday afternoon a big truck covered with canvas announced in letters a foot high that Professor Irving Fisher of Yale would that evening tell us the knew that was bad about Senator Lodge. Meanwhile, his brass band on the truck played lustily: "Glory, Glory to the Crimson, Three Cheers for Harvard and Down with Yale."

Boston. G. L. O. Jr.

SHIPS THAT PASS IN THE NIGHT

As the World Wags:

I wonder who he was! I saw him for the first time two years ago, playing tennis on the Longwood court. I liked his lankiness, his tallness, his brown eyes, his mouth, and especially his iron gray hair. I would have liked to have spoken to him; I could not. I saw him again last night in a subway car. I like him even more in his overcoat than in the tennis flannels. Married? Children? I wonder— ROSEMARY.

We read in the Malden Evening News of Nov. 8 that the Rev. T. J. Hurley, at a funeral service, was the "sob deacon."

WHAT CAN THIS POSSIBLY MEAN?

As the World Wags:

Sign on a drug store in Ontario:

THIS IS MORE THAN A DRUG STORE

M. G.

This reminds us of a sad story told years ago by either the Burlington Keyway man or the Danbury News man:

"'Twas in the gloaming I led her to the drug store. The soda fountain clerk asked me what syrup I'd have. I winked at him and said: 'Crusade.' My wife said: 'I'll have some, too.' And I felt like the silent tomb."

HERALDS OF WINTER

As the World Wags:

We note with interest on thoroughfare, Railway stations or anywhere,
Signs of the approaching weather:
Flapper's silk stockings changed to
heather.

Fur coats redeemed from storage or
hock

Don't reach the bottom of the new-
length frock:

And soon we'll see on these maidens
Cato
The galosh's progeny, the Radio Boot,
Stirley Centre. R. G.

WHY ONLY "APPLE WEEK"?

As the World Wags:

We have so many kinds of weeks; in fact, every week is propagandized by something or other.

What we are waiting for is lyonnais potato week or baked terrapin week or chicken gumbo week.

MARCELLUS GRAVES.

A RECORD TRIP

(From the Boston Post.)

Captain Voldberg today brought the Scandinavian-American steamer United States into port 10 years ahead of time, breaking all records for the trip from Christiania to the United States.

We regret to hear that Mr. Clarence Cameron White of Boston, violinist and composer, is very sick at Fort Wayne, Ind.

'CARMEN'

By PHILIP HALE

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Gallo's San Carlo Opera Company, Bizet's "Carmen." Mr. Peroni, conductor.

Carmen.....Ester Ferrabini
Don Jose.....Amador Famedas
Escamillo.....Mario Valle
Zuniga.....Pietro De Biasi
Morales.....William de Biasi
Micaela.....Sofia Charlebois
Frasquita.....Anita Klinova
Mercedes.....Frances Morisini
El Dancairo.....Natale Cervi
El Remendado.....Francesco Cervi

Mme. Ferrabini was first here in the old days of the Boston Opera Company as Mimi. She then made a deep impression by her lyrical and dramatic portrayal. As a "guest" she was heard here last season with the San Carlo Company as Carmen.

Seldom has there been in Boston a more intelligent impersonation of the gypsy; seldom, if ever, a more fascinating one. Realism was not carried to an extreme; there were no exhibitions of vulgarity, in which some singers have delighted in the past and thereby won the applause of the unthinking. Not that Mme. Ferrabini tried to refine the character. Her Carmen is reckless, sensual, vindictive, superstitious, but she was a woman that would have turned the head of any man from soldier to commander-in-chief. Baggage as she is, she has an air.

In diction and in dramatic action there was no undue emphasis; in the various scenes there was no superfluity of gesture. A great actress in drama is always a good listener. Mme. Ferrabini was quietly eloquent when neither the librettists nor the composer busied themselves with her, but were anxious concerning Don Jose, the smugglers, the strutting escamillo, and the milk-and-water Michaela for whom Bizet wrote sentimental and for the most part tiresome music.

We have seen many Carmens in the course of 40 years. We have seen no woman that on the whole was more artistically, and at the same time spontaneously, effective.

The opera house was crowded. Applause, like the traditional and justly celebrated rain, fell on the just and the unjust. Mr. Famedas was alternately throaty and boisterous; Mr. Valle has a hard, inflexible voice. Of the male singers, Mr. Cervi was the most pleasing. It was good to hear his firm and agreeable tones. Miss Charlebois as Michaela was inadequate. The quintet, perhaps the finest bit of writing in the opera, as far as musical construction and variety of expression are concerned, was sung with appropriate spirit and humor. The chorus, as a rule, was satisfactory, and Mr. Peroni did well with the players allotted to him.

The opera this afternoon will be "Faust." Mmes. Charlebois Klinova and Homer; Messrs. Boscacci, Bonelli, Scott and Giuliani. Mr. Peroni, conductor.

Tonight, "La Gioconda," Mmes. Rap-pold, De Mette, Klinova; Messrs. Barra, Ballester, De Biasi, Cervi, Giuliani and Cervi, Mr. Peroni, conductor.

PARANOV, PIANIST,

Mosha Paronov, pianist, gave a recital in Jordan Hall last evening. The program read: Bach, prelude in D minor; Schumann, Davidsbündler No. 14; Couperin, Barricades Mystérieuses; Chopin, Mazurka in A minor; Debussy, Little Shepherd and Prelude in A minor; Chopin, Ballade in F minor; Mous-sorgsky, Bydly; Scriabin, Album Leaf; Rachmaninov, Waltz. A major; Goossens, Punch and Judy Show; Ducas-sens, Prelude, E flat major; Ravel, Rigaudon; Chopin-Liszt, My Joys.

Mr. Paronov was unfortunate in playing when Mr. McCormack was singing at Symphony hall and Mme. Ferrabini

was taking the part of Carmen at the Boston Opera House. Nevertheless, he had a large audience. Many sauntered or rushed in between the numbers of the first group! seats were slammed, and there was a general disregard of decencies. We had hoped that this nuisance, which has been annoying at Jordan hall for several seasons, would be abated.

We were able to hear only the first group of pieces. Mr. Paronov is evidently musical. His touch has a charming quality; his melodic figures are sung; he has a command of dynamic gradations; he phrases intelligently. While the pieces in the first group called chiefly for lyrical expression, he showed in Debussy's Prelude that he has strength and dash. It is to be hoped that he will be heard here again, and under more favorable circumstances. P. H.

M'CORMACK

For his second recital this season John McCormack, tenor, drew an audience last night at Symphony Hall that left not one inch of sitting or standing room empty. Edwin Schneider, as usual, played excellent accompaniment; Rudolph Bochoe played violin arrangements by Auer and Kreisler and a Wienlawski Polonaise to the liking of the audience, and Albert W. Snow, organist, lent his aid in an obbligate to Sullivan's "Lost Chord."

Mr. McCormack sang three old Italian airs, Peri's "Gloite al canto mio," the Lotti "Pur dicesti!" and "Caro mio ben." For the second group he chose ranc's "Procession," "La Serenata," by Gaudoni; a new "Song of the Mill," by Arthur Foote, and a Hugo Wolf song, "Wo find' ich Trost." The Irish folk song group contained four arrangements by Hughes, "Has Sorrow Thy Young Days Shaded," two "fragments," "Da Luin da Mairt" and "The Magpie's Nest," "Kitty, My Love," and one arrangement by Stanford, "The Song of the Fairy King." At the last Mr. McCormack sang "The Poet Sings," by Winter Watts; Stanford's "Johnnie," "The Little Trees," by H. O. Osgood, and "The Lost Chord."

For half the evening the concert scarcely went with the dash one expects at a McCormack recital. Markedly out of voice, the singer had to spare himself. Apparently, too, he failed to please the audience with his choice of songs. There were clamors, of course, for more, and applause in plenty, but, nevertheless, the concert did not "go" till Mr. McCormack, once more in voice, sang the Irish songs. Then all was well, though he sang them as he alone can sing them, the most remarkable feature of the evening had gone before—the amazing skill with which he coaxed a refractory voice into condition, thereby contenting an audience which might easily have gone home disappointed. What, in similar case, would one of those "natural" singers of whom we hear have contrived? To know one's business seems well worth while. R. R. G.

Why is it that when a crowded street car stops, with a comparatively empty car close behind, the two bound for the same destination, the men and women waiting will jam themselves into the first, preferring to be squeezed, choked and trod upon, rather than take seats in the car following? Is the matter of a few seconds in arrival of vital importance? Has any writer on the psychology of the mob considered this singular behavior?

SAFETY FIRST

As the World Wags:

The professor of surgery asked a man in my class to tell what he knew about the healing of wounds. My classmate, who had been dozing, came to and said that he was highly in favor of it. BENJ. RUSH II.

As the World Wags:

In place of the weekly list of casualties suffered by the people at the hands of maniacal motorists, why not publish a list of the survivors and thus save time and space? FREDERIQUE.

Has any one read "The Great Secret," by Maeterlinck, translated into English by one Bernard Miall? Here is a passage which we recommend to the bright-eyed young Augustus as a test of memory:

"That which the primitive religion called Akhasa, and which, by constant repetition, becomes the Telesma of Hermes Trismegistus, the living fire of Zo-

ster, the five fire of Herodotus, the light of Hippocrates, the astral light of the Cabbala, the pneuma of Gallien, the quintessence or azote of the alchemists, the spirit of life of St. Thomas Aquinas, the subtle matter of Descartes, the spiritus subtilissimus of Newton, the Od of Reichenbach and Karl du Prel, the infinite ether, mysterious and always in movement, whence all things come and whither all return."

IN THE THEATRE

To R. G. L.: The original title of "The Law-Breaker," to be performed here this week, was "The Necklace." Yes, Eugene O'Neill, whose "Anna Christie" will be seen here tomorrow, wrote a play called "Chris." It was produced at Atlantic City on March 8, 1920, but it was almost immediately taken off for repairs. Lynn Fontane, Emmett Corrigan and Arthur Ashley took the leading parts. Mr. O'Neill has denied the statement that the two plays have much in common, yet there are certain identical scenes. The stoker, who woees Anna in "Anna Christie," did not appear in "Chris."

WILDE IN ORIENTAL MOOD

Here is an extract from an unpublished masque on a Burmese subject by Oscar Wilde, "For Love of the King," just published in London. The masque was written for the amusement of Miss Cosgrove, who married a nephew of the King of Burma:

"The wizard reclines on a divan inhaling opium slowly, clothed with the subdued gorgeousness of China—blue and tomato-red predominate. He has the appearance of a wrinkled walnut. His forehead is a lattice-work of wrinkles. His pigtail, braided with red, is twisted round his head. His hands are as claws. The effect is weird, unearthly."

DON'T WAIT

(For As the World Wags)

Enjoy your pleasure as you go along. Don't figure it is businesslike to wait. For sometimes calculations may be wrong. As men have often realized too late. Don't fancy you can plod year after year. And take your recreation by and by. That's not so simple as it might appear. And mind you, people have been known to die.

Too many men imagine they'll retire As soon as they accumulate a pile— Some fixed amount they feel that they require—

And after that enjoy themselves awhile. So, keeping up their never-ending grind, Their ceaseless round of things that must be done,

They all at once are thunderstruck to find A total loss of appetite for fun.

Then take your pleasure while you have the chance. To business only half your time allow. Play cards, read novels, go to shows and dance.

The proper time to do a thing is now. The world is filled with melody and light,

And every royal gift the gods can give. This life is beautiful when lived aright. And blest is he who knows just how to live.

Yet truest bliss is never found alone. Real happiness is multiplied when shared.

Who seeks for others' joy besides his own Will find his pleasure doubled, not impaired.

Of all man's blessings, therefore, take the cream While yet your muscles spring, your heart is strong.

Don't wait till nature shuts off all the steam. Enjoy your pleasure as you go along. QUINCY KILBY.

DUNRAVEN, YACHTSMAN

The Earl of Dunraven, not pleasantly remembered by American yachtsmen, has published his memoirs: "Past Times and Pastimes," in two volumes. He was in the far West in 1869. In San Francisco he heard of a temperance society, which had these rules: "Nothing stronger than wine, beer or cider shall be drunk on the premises, unless any member be suffering under a sense of discouragement, in which case whiskey is allowed."

He has, of course, much to say about yachting, about his contesting the America cup in 1893 and 1895. He justly complains of the excursion boats which hampered the yachts, "not purposely I dare say, for steamer captains did not understand the effect of their lofty vessels on the wind and were anxious to give spectators their money's worth. Their unwelcome attentions

were probably impartially bestowed, but it would be only human nature if a skipper was meticulously careful not to interfere with his own side. This has all been altered, I believe, and latterly courses have been admirably kept."

There was much feeling when he protested against the defender. "When I went over to attend a very belated inquiry I was smuggled out of the liner at Sandy Hook. My good friend Maltland Kersey took lodgings for me close to the New York Yacht Club, where the inquiry was held, and I was under close police protection. . . . Well, I am not going to reopen that question ever to myself. But I thought at the time and I think still, that to raise a game or a race to such a pitch is not conducive to real sport."

Lord Dunraven thinks that for economic reasons the races with big yachts are a thing of the past. "The small classes remain, and they always have afforded, and will afford, the best sport."

The booking of plays in Boston theatres is too often contrived so that "first nighters" are sorely perplexed in their choice. Tomorrow, for example, "Anna Christie," "He Who Was Slapped," "Captain Applejack," three plays concerning which there is more than ordinary curiosity begin their engagements, while for those who prefer a lighter form of entertainment, "It's a Boy" and George White's Scandals are brought on the boards.

Then Eugene O'Neill's remarkable play, "Anna Christie," which will be seen at the Plymouth Theatre tomorrow night, was in rehearsal it was stated that the play was a re-written version of his "Chris," which was tested at Atlantic City when Lynn Fontane and Emmett Corrigan took leading parts. Mr. O'Neill was reported as denying that there was any connection between the two plays. Yet a friend who happened to see a performance of "Chris" and has also seen "Anna Christie" has pointed out to us certain resemblances in stage settings, situations and portrayals of character. Thus "Chris" opened with a barroom scene; the daughter of Chris, returns to him after a long separation; but Burke, the stoker, prominent in "Anna Christie," did not figure in "Chris."

YVETTE AND PAULINE

Yvette Guilbert wrote to Pauline Lord, who plays the part of Anna in Mr. O'Neill's play: "I had the good fortune of witnessing your performance of 'Anna Christie' the other night, and I can not resist the temptation of expressing to you my very sincere admiration. I congratulate you with all my heart, which beats in happiness when I see a marvelous piece of histrionic art, and which suffers so painfully when I see our art profaned. How happy you must be to have ideally created the principal part of a master drama and to be helped by equally ideal collaborators! I myself am happy, for I have had the privilege of being present at the birth of the American drama; a powerful drama indeed written by a powerful author who has made no concession to convention or tradition. I have not even conceived in the play the 'happy ending,' which our critical wizards thought they detected. The marriage of Anna Christie might perhaps be considered as a 'happy ending,' but it is really the beginning of an unhappy life for Anna. She will be a martyr, walking on an eternal volcano of her husband's never-to-be appeased jealousy. At least, so I understand the author. My congratulations and my blessing be with you."

Pauline Lord, whose portrayal of the heroine in "Anna Christie" has been highly praised, and by no means solely by press agents, was born on a fruit ranch in the San Joaquin Valley, California. A school girl, she took small parts in the Alcazar Stock Company in San Francisco. Nat Goodwin was touring the Pacific Coast, and she joined his company as an understudy, often taking the parts allotted to Edna Goodrich, the leading woman. Miss Lord was with Goodwin three seasons. She then took an engagement with the Milwaukee Stock Company. "She and Ruth Chatterton made their debuts there at the same time—and both in pink tights, but in no harlequinade confection. The play was 'Quo Vadis,' and they were Christians and were thrown to the lions, so the tights were worn in a worthy effort." Miss Lord two years later was leading lady in Springfield. Mary Ryan left the cast of "On Trial." Miss Lord succeeded her, and came under Mr. Hopkins's management. She was seen in "The Talker," produced by Henry B. Harris, and then in "The Deluge" and Gorky's "Night Lodging."

THE RUSSIAN INVASION

"He Who Gets Slapped," by Leonid Andreyev, which will be seen at the Hollis Street Theatre tomorrow, is the last work of the Russian who died in exile after the revolution. It was played in Russia in 1916, and it has been applauded in France, Switzerland and Germany. As "The Painted Laugh" it was brought out in London in November, 1921, by an American actress, Khyva St. Albans. Basil Rathbone took the part of the hero. Miss St. Albans, who had translated the play, left London suddenly, leaving her company without salaries.

The play, produced by the Theatre Guild in New York at the Garrick Theatre on Jan. 9, 1922, excited much discussion. Gilbert Emery wrote a long article about it which Gilbert Selles and Richard Bennett answered in a heated manner. The former had read the proof of the play for publication in "The Dial" (1921); the latter took the part of the hero seeking happiness in vain. The Theatre Guild called attention to the bitter controversy. "What does it mean? Would Americans go to see it if it were written by an American instead of a Russian? Are we blind worshippers of everything foreign? Do we like to be perplexed by symbolism we cannot understand in a foreign play, when we won't have anything to do with symbolism, even if we do understand it in our native dramas? Is it a good play or a bad play? And so forth." "A compendium" of the opinions expressed "would probably strike poor Andreyev as a worse confusion than the Russian revolution itself. They range all the way from an explanation of the play as a 'dramatization of life's chaos,' to a symbol of Russia. The little circus rider is Russia. He who gets slapped, the poor clown, is the Russian idealist and dreamer who can only save her by killing her. The wicked old baron is the old Tsarist regime, etc."

Mr. Bennett accounts for the great success of the play in New York in a natural way:

"You will note that the importations to our stage from Russia cover almost the entire field of modern entertainment, running from Andreyev's great drama to Chouva Souris, which is really vaudeville. The reason for their success is accounted for by the fact that during the past few years the average American's field of vision, especially as it relates to the theatre, has broadened immeasurably. Perhaps it was the war; but it was bound to come through natural causes, for the public has become tired of being fed on the same theatrical diet year after year. With a few isolated exceptions, what have we had during the past decade? Pure pap, the same old mees, with only a change of garnishment to beguile the public into believing it was getting something new. Our minds have grown beyond the stage where we crave only the obvious in the theatre. We demand plays that furnish food for the brain as well as the senses."

BROTHER AND SISTER

"Captain Applejack," which will be seen at the Tremont Theatre tomorrow night, is a play in three acts by Walter Hackett. When it was produced at the Criterion Theatre, London, on July 19, 1921, the title was "Ambrose Applejohn's Adventure." Charles Hawtrey then took the part of Ambrose, played in this country by Wallace Eddinger, when the play was brought out at Wilmington, Del., on Dec. 26, 1921, and at the Cort, New York, on Dec. 30 of that year. It is a play of fantastical romance not without a farcical touch. It has been said that one of the author's clever points

is that in his play romance is reality and reality romance. "The dream is 'romantic' enough in all conscience, but it is nothing to what follows in reality." Another writer likened Ambrose to Michael Wendy's brother in "Peter Pan," but a Michael grown-up and turning from a conventional English landowner, into a pirate sailing the Spanish Main, then awakening from his dream, remaining somewhat piratical.

Helen Lackaye, who plays in this comedy the sister of Wilton Lackaye. She contends that going through life as somebody's sister, or somebody's brother, is a handicap, for it means that one must work twice as hard to dissociate one's self from that other person and establish one's self as a noteworthy person. On one occasion, when she went into the office of a manager for an engagement, he asked her her name. When she answered, "Miss Lackaye," he replied: "Oh, yes, Helen." She then exclaimed: "I don't care whether you give me a job or not! You've justified my existence! You didn't say I was Wilton's sister!"

In London there was incidental music by Norman O'Neill.

MR. LANG'S LAMENT

Peter Lang is playing the clergyman in "It's a Boy," which will be at the Selwyn Theatre tomorrow. He is

remembered as a favorite comedian in the Boston Ideal Opera Company.

"There is no more light opera," says Mr. Lang. "The days of the real singer in the musical field are gone. There is no longer anything for him to do, a sad commentary on the musical taste of today. Where can you find operettas now, to compare with those of Strauss, Sullivan and others? Where is there today anything to take the place of 'Robin Hood,' or 'Victor, the Blue Stocking'?" They required singers, too. It would be funny to hear some of the vocalists of the present day so-called musical comedies try to sing the music for Maid Marian or the principal role in 'The Gypsy Baron.' It is pleasant to remember Karl, McDonald, Miss Stone, Kate Conlan, Broccolini, Cowies and others. It is a pity that the public taste has gone down in this direction. The light operas of those days called for fine singers. They were an incentive for young people with good voices to make a serious study of good music. Today there is little outlet for talent."

We think that Mr. Lang's lamentation might be answered. There are still good singers in operettas, even in musical comedies.

"It's a Boy."

THE UNDER DOG

"The Law Breaker," Walter Gilbert's play based on Goodman's story, will be the play at the St. James Theatre this week. The play was produced at the Booth Theatre, New York, on Feb. 1, of this year with Blanche Yurka, William Courtenay and Frank Sheridan in leading roles. A bank has been robbed; the theft traced to Jim Thorne. The haker would send him to prison, but he learns that his own son was in the plot. Even then he would prosecute, but his daughter, Joan, a settlement worker, insists that the one way to reform criminals is to develop their sense of moral responsibility. She pledges her costly pearl necklace that Thorne if trusted will return the money. Thorne considers the affair as a good joke, but realizing Joan's faith in him, he loses his nerve and returns the money, after which he plans to steal the necklace, but the idea of reform masters him.

Fr. Spaulding in the play speaks for the under-dog. "We are living in a republic, the basis of which is personal liberty. The line between personal liberty and personal license is thin. Many of us cry out that the government is overtaxing us; that it is encroaching upon our personal liberties when it takes away our liquor. And then we all proceed, high and low, to find means to beat the law, to get out of paying our taxes, to obtain things forbidden to us, by slick practice. We have shouted patriotically and reaped selfishness. We have made potential criminals; hence we have crime-waves. We must begin at the bottom and must educate. We must get back a community sense of responsibility. Mere punishment will not do it." But Eveta Nudsen (Joan), says "We punish where we should teach. Instead of finding out why such a thing as crime should be, we try to destroy it by cutting off the top leaves and leaving the roots in the soil. We differentiate between criminals and ourselves as if we belonged to two different worlds when we are all the same. We do not play fair with the law breakers. We preach morality to them—a morality we do not live up to, and we are as guilty as they are."

NEGRO REVUES

At the Arlington Theatre, the only Boston theatre now occupied by negro players, "Seven Eleven" begins its third week tomorrow with a new program.

Negro revues sprang from humble beginnings in the music halls, variety shows, and dime museums of 20 or more years ago. Managers before long thought that negro revues should take equal place with the "legitimate" in the estimation of the public. The leading pioneers of this movement were the Hyer Sisters and Sam Lucas, Hisecks and Sawyer, Billy Kersands in "King Rastus," Black Patti, Ernest Hogan in "Rufus Rastus," Williams and Walker, Cole and Johnson, and a company under the direction of the late Isham Brothers, entitled "Darkest America." This company enjoyed a long and prosperous engagement in London, and some of the principal European cities. Williams and Walker also invaded England. But it remained for the producers of "Shuffle Along," starting with little scenic equipment, and almost no capital, to win astonishing success.

"BEGGAR'S OPERA" TUNES

When an English company gave performances of "The Beggar's Opera" in New York at the Greenwich Village Theatre early in 1921 Mr. Krehbiel contributed an instructive and interesting article to the Tribune about the tunes. He thought that the chief lesson to be learned from the revival was that the popular taste in song is deplorably behind that of 200 years ago.

"Any one melody introduced to give

musical expression to a song in 'The Beggar's Opera' is worth all the music produced in vaudeville or dance room since the waltz, polka and cotillon went down under the first assault made by the one-step, which, we believe, was the beginning of the present degenerate dance style. The tunes are far from equal in merit, but they are all sound and sweet in their musical essence. Not all, but many of them are folk products; how many we shall never know. But whether folk-songs or artistic songs (by which we mean songs created by conscious art and not popular instinct), they are the voice of an appreciation of beauty which is sadly wanting in the people of England and America today. Gay did not go to any one source for them. The compositions of great musicians were as welcome to his hand as the ballads of the barber shops and taprooms. He did not need to delve for the latter among the peasants, cartmen, watermen and tradesmen of London, for many of them were preserved in the comedies of his predecessors for more than 100 years back.

Ancient manner as well as matter is preserved in the musical speech of Capt. Macheath when he calls on

drink and song to enliven his supposed last moments in the condemned hold. Like poor, distraught Ophelia, the captain sings fragments of song, and one of them, 'You'll think ere many days ensue,' has the tune which theatrical tradition has preserved as one which Ophelia sings before going down to her 'muddy death.' It was the fetching way in which Lavinia Fenton sang 'Now ponder well' which made her a duke's mistress and finally a duchess, and the tune, which has a history dating back to 1595, and possibly to the reign of Richard III, was that to which the Gravedigger in 'Hamlet' sings 'A pickaxe and a spade, a spade,' when the actor knows the old business of the part. Had the song 'Since laws were made for every degree' not been elided in the present production the audience at the Greenwich Village Theatre would also be privileged to hear the melody of 'Green sleeves' which Mrs. Ford (in 'The Merry Wives') says does not more adhere and keep place together with the Hundredth Psalm than did Falstaff's disposition into the truth of his words (or rather, vice versa).

Mr. Krehbiel pointed out that "O Polly, you might have told and kissed" ("which we are sorry to have wrenched into a duet") used to be called "May Fair." "I like a ship in storms was tossed," was "Thomas, I cannot," as old as 1605. "Can love be controlled by advice" has for a tune, "Grim King of the Ghosts." Several of the songs have titles taken from plays by d'Urfey.

"Of the music borrowed from the works of great composers mention must be made of that of 'Virgins Are Like the Fair Flower in Its Luster,' which is by Purcell; the stiff and stirring 'Let Us Take to the Road,' which is the march from Handel's 'Rinaldo,' the opera which the great man wrote in a fortnight, when he took the directorship of the Italian establishment which Gay is supposed to have killed and which is still considered Handel's finest operatic composition. Carey's 'Sally in Our Alley' (which has been strangely metamorphosed since it was written) provides the tune for one of Bach's fragmentary reflections, and Jeremiah Clarke, organist of the Chapel Royal, and composer of much cathedral music as well as pieces for the stage, composed the music to which 'Tis Woman That Seduces All Mankind' is sung. One of the airs ('Cease Your Funning') is attributed to Gay himself, who certainly had a fine ear for music though he was not of the musical profession."

STAGE ILLUSION: SHOULD ACTORS COME BEFORE THE CURTAIN?

(A. B. Walkley in the London Times)

There has been some correspondence in this journal, started by Lady Bell, protesting against the players' practice of coming forward at the end of each act to acknowledge the applause of the audience. It is urged that the dramatic illusion is thereby marred or destroyed. The players, if they must bow their acknowledgments, ought to wait until the end of the play. Surely this is to demand either too much or too little? If the illusion of the scene is to be preserved intact the actors ought not to be allowed to show themselves out of character at any moment, final as well as intermediate. And every other breach of illusion ought to be abolished. There should be no bustle or chatter or orchestral music in the inter-acts, which should be passed in complete darkness and in silent meditation. There should be neither applause nor booing, for these are signs that the audience have temporarily lost their sense of illusion and are distinguishing between the actor and his personage. These conditions, I may remark, are already satisfied at the motion pictures. Perhaps that is a hitherto unsuspected reason for their popularity; the inviolate purity of their

illusion.

But the spoken drama retains the advantage of human nature, live flesh and blood. Lady Bell and her fellow protestants must enjoy these elements with the rest of us, and, enjoying them, they must put up with them too—put up with the human impulse to applaud on one side of the curtain and to respond with immediate smiles on the other side. This sense of human companionship in the theatre, of reciprocal attraction between the public and the players, seems to me of its very essence. Lady Bell and her sympathizers would sever the connection. If the stupid public will break the illusion by applauding, then the players must "larn it to be a toad" by lofty ignoring the applause. Fancy asking players of all people—so sensitive, so dependent for their histrionic success on applause, so grateful for it when it comes—for this feat of philosophic detachment! That the players court and foster the applause, not without a certain artfulness, we all know. We know the curious influence of the turned-down lights on the applauding multitude; how the salvos tend automatically to repeat themselves until the lights go up. We know the little ways of the actors in taking the applause; the beckoning to an absentee at the wings, the affected embarrassment of the leading actor at finding himself inexplicably left alone on the stage. We know, in short, what is common knowledge, that in their own persons they must still be acting. But that is only an additional, and not unpleasant, touch of human nature. And in the long run, even supposing that there is a breach in the continuity of the illusion, the applause does much more good than harm—nay, it is indispensable; without it there would be an end of acted drama. Actors simply cannot play to an unresponsive house. Yet, when the house does respond, Lady Bell would condemn the actors to be unresponsive. What would she say in

an Italian theatre, where an actor applauded for a speech pauses to bow his thanks in the middle of the action. I remember that when Duse was playing "Francesca da Rimini" in London the Paolo of the occasion frequently interrupted the action in this way. On the other hand, in the 18th and early 19th centuries our audiences were in the habit of crying "Off! Off!" to an actor who displeased them. They valued good art more than continuity of illusion.

And, really, isn't this argument from illusion rather a mare's nest? Are our minds so inelastic that the delight of the balcony scene and the anticipation of the rest of "Romeo and Juliet" are spoiled for us because Mr. Brown in Romeo's clothes and Miss Jones in Juliet's appear before us in the interval to respond to our applause? We are not children. Illusion for us is not delusion. We are there to see Romeo and his lady love and to fall under the spell of their poetry and romance, but we are also there to appreciate the skill of Mr. Brown and Miss Jones in acting their parts. While the performance is afoot, we distinguish subconsciously between the player and the personage. May we not in the intervals of the performance distinguish consciously?

A suggestion has been made that is really an attempt at compromise between the two mental states. It is that when the act-drop has been raised in response to applause the action of the scene should be continued in some plausible way, but in dumb show. Some Victorian dramatists—Tom Robertson, for instance—actually provided stage directions for these "encores" scenes. The expedient, I confess, strikes me as puerile. If we were merely applauding the play it might do. But at the act-

drop we are applauding the players. And, for my part, their frankly coming forward to acknowledge our applause as the players that we all know them to be does not in the least hinder my resumption of illusion over the play when the curtain goes up again.

I say "for my part" because, after all, the degree of illusion in the theatre is largely a subjective matter. Quot homines, tot theatri cal illusiones. The two extremes, absolute illusion and absolute non-illusion, I have before now illustrated by the cases of Sir Roger de Coverley at "The Distrest Mother" and Tolstoy at "Siegfried." To Sir Roger the widow in the play was as real as the widow who plagued him in actual life. To Tolstoy Siegfried was a person whose abdominal development betrayed the actor and who used a hammer as no one really uses a hammer. Probably either extreme is rare in a London playhouse. But there are always two parties there—the people who come to be lulled by the play and the people who come to "follow" their favorite players. The followers communicate their satisfaction to the followed by clapping the palms of their hands together, and at the noise these others express their satisfaction by bowing and smiling. It may seem absurd, but it is very human. The exasperated illusionists write to the Times. But "with such a being as man, in such a world as the present one," they will, I fear, have written in vain.

IMPORTANT TRIVIALITIES

The real truth is that a well-constructed and well-acted cinema play makes special demands on the imagination of the spectator, and stimulates it rather than deadens it. A significant attitude or gesture or glance made by

one of the figures on the screen may evoke a whole new train of thought, and suggest a crowd of mental images that might otherwise have remained for ever dormant in their hiding places. Admittedly, the well-constructed and well-acted screen play is the exception, but so, too, is the well-constructed and well-written or acted book or play, on the well-painted picture. The value of an art must be gauged by its best, not by its inferior, manifestations. It was urged at Stratford that the screen play insists upon showing us every small unimportant detail of the most trivial action of each of the characters. A wedding ring, for instance, drops on the floor, and an enlarged view of it is seen, as it bounces along and finally comes to rest. Described in cold blood, this may sound ridiculous, and it may be made to appear still more ridiculous in the hands of some of the men who produce films. Another producer, however, of superior intelligence, may, by some subtle touches of his own, confer on that bouncing golden circlet a tragic importance that could hardly be obtained by any other means. This is precisely one of the resources at the disposal of the screen which has no equivalent in the ordinary stage play.

Mme. Tetravini has discovered "a new Caruso." His name is Attilio Baggiari.

An Austrian Opera Company will visit London.

Harold Bauer has been playing the piano in the Netherlands.

Dr. Alceardo Cerlole has invented a melarmonium, a sort of harmonium, "uniting the sonorities of stringed instruments with the multiple combinations of a piano."

Vanni Marcoux has been appearing at the Opera-Comique, Paris, as Ramon in "La Habanera," Laparra's sombre opera which made a deep impression in Boston.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY—Symphony Hall 3:30 P. M. Pension Fund concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Monteux, conductor. See special notice.

St. James Theatre, 3:30 P. M. People's Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Molinex, conductor. See special notice.

Symphony Hall, 8:15 P. M. Rosa Ponselle, dramatic soprano. See special notice.

TUESDAY—Symphony Hall, 8:15 P. M. Isa Kremer, "International Balladist." See special notice.

Jordan Hall, 8 P. M. Apollo Club, Mr. Mollenhauer, conductor. Wagner, Battle Hymn from "Rienzi"; Palestrina, Adoramus te Christe; H. W. Parker, The Lamp in the West; Bullard, Swords Out for Charlie (baritone solo, Louis A. Hauscom); Chadwick, Jehovah Reigns; Coleridge-Taylor, Drak's Lull; Burleigh, Promis' Land; Verdi, Miserie (soprano, Jeannette Vreeland; tenor, Roy K. Patch); Gounod, Gloria in Excelsis, from the Messe des Orpheonistes. Miss Vreeland will sing Vissi d'arte, from "Tosca"; Bachelet's Obere Nult, Wolf's Fairy Tales, Ganz's A Memory, Park's, Romaika, Frederick W. Pope, baritone, will sing Cook's Exhortation and Burleigh's 'Tis Me, O Lord.

THURSDAY—Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. Piano recital by Howard Goding. Bach, Prelude from 1st Partita; Couperin, Le Bavolet flottant; MacDowell, Heroic Sonata (first movement); Schumann, Kreisleriana; Mendelssohn-Liszt, On Wings of Song; F. Bridge, Water Nymphs; Rossini-Liszt, Le Regatta Veneziana; Chopin, Barcarolle, Op. 60, No. 1.

major, Mazurka in C major and Polonaise in A flat.

FRIDAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M. Fifth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Monteux, conductor. See special notice.

SATURDAY—Jordan Hall, 8 P. M. Ernest Hutchinson's second piano recital. Music by Beethoven, Sonata, E minor, op. 90; Bagatelle B minor, op. 126, No. 4; Minuet, E flat; Rondo a capriccio, op. 129; Sonata appassionata, op. 57; Sonata, C minor, op. 111.

Symphony Hall, 8:15 P. M. Repetition of Friday's Symphony concert, Mr. Monteux, conductor.

"LA GIOCONDA"

"La Gioconda" was the concluding opera for the week of the San Carlo Grand Opera Company, and Ponchielli's tragic and beautiful work received an always adequate and, at times magnificent interpretation. Marie Rappold sang the part of La Gioconda, the unfortunate street singer, and carried the exacting part with a power and sweetness of tone that marks it as one of her best efforts during the engagement.

She was ably supported by Gennaro Barra as Enzo, who sang with spirit and sympathy. Stella De Mette was the Laura, and, in addition to being an exceptionally good voice, she displayed a dramatic ability which was of material value in carrying the opera. The scene in which Alvisé (Pietro De Biasi) upbraids her for her faithlessness and dooms her to take the poison, was very strong. De Biasi has a rich and melodious voice and the duet was superbly done.

Mario Valle, as Barnaba, made a sufficiently detestable villain, as far as appearance went, but seemed to be suffering from hoarseness. Anita Kil-

ova, as La Cieca, the heroine's wrinkled old crone of a mother, sang with the vivacity of a canary.

The chorus simply covered itself with glory and furnished a fine background against which the principals worked with effect. The glorious ensemble at the end of the third act was greeted with deserved applause. The pathetic finale was, as was fitting, a real and affecting climax and was made the utmost of by Rappold and Vaile.

The opera was finely mounted and the gorgeous Venetian costumes were something to be remembered. The work of the ballet was, as usual, right up to the mark. It is delightful, indeed, to see graceful and effective dancing with an ample sufficiency of clothes.

The e was a large but not over enthusiastic audience. It ought to have applauded the work of principals and chorus much more earnestly than it did.

Gounod's Work Attracts Large Matinee Audience

The opera performed yesterday afternoon at the Boston Opera House by the San Carlo Company, Mr. Gallo, director, was Gounod's "Faust." In spite of the Harvard-Princeton football game there was a large audience. The cast was as follows: Marguerite, Miss Charlebois; Siebel, Miss Klinova; Martha, Miss Homer; Faust, Mr. Boscacci; Valentin, Mr. Bonelli; Mephistopheles, Mr. Scott. "Faust" has not lost its popularity. In spite of certain critics in France, as elsewhere, who find pleasure in decrying it as sugary and a travesty on Goethe's drama; even Saint-Saens was so bold as to say that Gounod's oratorios would outlive his operas. But the people are still entranced by the garden scene with its mildly sensuous melodies. To many, who delight in comparing one portrayal of Marguerite with another, Mephistopheles is an amusing person, not at all the spirit that denies.

Mr. Bonelli, vocally and dramatically, was the outstanding feature of the performance. Mr. Scott, while his voice was well controlled and effective, succeeded in making Mephistopheles a highly respectable visitor on earth. Miss Charlebois looked the ingenuous Marguerite, but made little impression by voice or vocal art. Mr. Boscacci, not a romantic figure, sang acceptably. The chorus and orchestra were satisfactory.

Mr. Gilbert Cannan, playwright, has written a satire in seven cantos of 370 pages, a savage satire, in which he attacks England, art, letters, politics, trade, and, of course, publishers and editors of newspapers. In the seventh canto he describes London at the time of the armistice:

Drunk with the blood of Dutchmen,
Chinks and niggers,
Drunk with the speed of motor cars and planes,
Drunk with finance and politicians' figures,
Drunk with the ceaseless rotting of their brains,
Drunk with explosives, drunk with women's sniggers,
Drunk with lost hope, and with their fatal gains;
Drunk most of all with emptiness of soul
That has laid waste the earth from pole to pole.

Nor does Mr. Cannan shrink from personal attacks. One would infer from the following lines that he does not kiss Mr. Lloyd George when they meet:

The devils like Lloyd George, an Ignoramus,
Dull, empty, fatuous, and energetic,
Exactly like ourselves, a thing to shame us,
A ghastly symbol, horribly synthetic
Of what we are and have been. Need to name us
There is none, for the most unsympathetic
Need now but mutter with a rising gorge,
For all he hates in us, the words Lloyd George.

This was written before Mr. George fell from power.

LONG MAY HE WAVE

It was meet and proper that Mr. Marcel, the creator of the Marcel wave, which brought him fame, fortune and a chateau in Normandy where he is spending his last and honorable years, should open the hairdressing exhibition in London on Oct. 24. We enjoy reading his kind words toward the exhibitors. On the summit of the wave, he can well afford to smile on splashing experimenters below him. His fame is so secure that he does not hold any hostility to the permanent wave, "but he feels that no machine can give the personal Marcel touch that the trained

coiffeur can with his irons when dressing a client's hair."

Mr. Marcel maintains that there is no such thing as an international style in hairdressing; it should be arranged to suit the face. Yet we find many young women in Boston imitating the Fiji Island maiden. Mr. Marcel is right: a woman should not be a slave to any fashion. This is a hard saying. Few will accept it, although the following a fashion imposed by some mysterious dictator may make a woman a grotesque sight at home or abroad.

The Sunday school teacher asked her class: "What became of Siron?" "It was destroyed," answered the young Augustus after a long pause. "And what became of Tyre?" "Punctured!" shouted the class.

RATHER OLD FOR HIS AGE

(From the Newport Herald)
BORN
DUTTON—In this city, Oct. 31, John W. Dutton, in his 65th year.

BEAVER

In the time of Charles II law students with beards at Lincoln's Inn were charged double fees for their meals. Early in the reign of Elizabeth an order was issued forbidding students of the law to wear beards of more than a fortnight's growth.

JEAN

(For As the World Wags.)
So true and sweet and vallant is my love,
So all the things that lovers wont to say,
And nothing says, why should I sing of her
But that I cannot choose? Oh, she is fair,
But with a beauty that doth melt the heart
As beauty never did. And she is good,
But with a virtue like a shining blade,
Too free and fearless for so soft a word.
She is divine, but with divinity
Made poignant to the touch; and she is kind,
With tenderness a god would stoop to share,
Yet with a heart too truthful to be kind
Where truth is kinder.

Ah she loves not me—
Nor can I pray such sacrifice should be.

JOCELYN.

Children should know that Mrs. Upton, who with her daughter gladdened their hearts by inventing "Goliwogg," died recently in England.

BEFORE BREAKFAST

Mr. Robert Lynd in the Sporting Life says: "The habit of singing in the bathroom (so frequently deplored by students of contemporary manners) may be attributed almost entirely to the innovation of the cold bath. Man in his first state of innocence does not sing in the bathroom. Besides, if one has an ordinary warm bath, one does not want to sing in it any more than one wants to sing at table. The cold bath, it is legitimate to conclude, has an intoxicating effect on the majority of those addicted to it, so that they lose all their sense of shame and begin to bawl like late revellers."

But in our little village of the sixties we knew a man, married and a father, who invariably sang when he was dressing in the morning. There was then no question of a bath, hot or cold, a complete, noble bath, except on Saturday night. His favorite song was the hymn:

"Why do we mourn departed friends,
Or shake at death's alarms?"
He sang with a powerful but uncultivated voice. Sometimes instead of singing he would declaim Emerson's "Brahma." And all this was before he had eaten breakfast, which in those days was a generous meal, not coffee and a roll. (By the way, should one shout "Feaver" when a shredded wheat biscuit is brought on the table?)

Our villager, who thus ranged from good old Doc Watts to the mythology of India, might have answered to an objector: "The little birds sing at dawn. Why should not man?" We do not believe that this ante-breakfast singing is inseparably connected with a morning bath, hot, lukewarm, or cold.

ROSA PONSELLE

At Rosa Ponselle's concert last night in Symphony Hall, the audience enjoyed an unexpected feature or two. Miss Ponselle herself opened the program, singing Durante's air, "Danza," a song by Louise Reichardt, "Hoffnung," a song of Fauré's, and Hue's "J'ai pleuré en vie." After the encore, Mr. William Tyroler, Miss Ponselle's accompanist, appeared on the stage to announce that he was to play his solo piece then, instead of later, as the program had it. He proceeded to play the List arrangement of the Walkure fire music, and remarkably well he played it, his encore even better. Next Miss Ponselle, to accompaniment of the Ampico (the invention acquitting itself with uncanny competence), sang the romance "Vol lo sapete," from Cavalleria Rusticana.

When the audience, after a pause, was settling itself to listen, on the authority of the program, to an air from "William Tell," Miss Ponselle declared her intention of singing instead "Ernani Involami," from "Ernani," at the request, no less, of Mr. John McCormack. To see him, people craned their necks. Miss Ponselle pointed, applause broke loose, and Mr. McCormack at last, evidently much against his will, stood up to bow.

After Miss Ponselle had sung the air and its attendant encore and the audience was asking for more, four soldiers, bearing an American flag, marched up the aisle, up some steps to the stage, where, with a short formal speech, they presented the flag to Miss Ponselle. Kissing the flag, Miss Ponselle said a few words of thanks, and invited the audience to join her in singing "The Star-Spangled Banner." The people responded with a will. Flowers came next, so many the singer could scarce manage them. When quiet fell at last she sang for an encore an "Ave Maria."

Mr. Tyroler was set down to play a group of three piano pieces, and Miss Ponselle's last group consisted of a Beethoven song, "The Painted Ribbon," "The Soldier's Bride," by Rachmaninov, Moussorgsky's "Dolls Cradle Song," and Carew's "Piper of Love." Of the concert itself there is little to report. The possessor less than a year ago of a soprano voice magnificent in its size and quality, Miss Ponselle last night did not impress so deeply by the sheer beauty of her tones. How can she expect to, when she has not been at the piano to learn thoroughly the fundamentals of her art? It is a pity she should not see the light, since nature has endowed her so lavishly. On the other hand, why should she? Already she sings leading dramatic roles at the world's leading opera house, and last night in Boston an enormous audience applauded everything she did. Under these conditions, perhaps only an extraordinarily ambitious person would feel inspired to make the effort to learn to sing as well as she might.

R. R. G.

FOR PENSION FUND

For the 42d concert in aid of the pension fund of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall, Mr. Monteux arranged a program of Russian music: Rimsky-Korsakov's suite "Scheherazade," dances from Borodin's opera "Prince Igor," Glazunov's symphonic poem "Stenka Razin," and the Tchaikovsky overture "1812." Miss Oda Slobodskaja sang an air from "Prince Igor" and one from Tchaikovsky's "Pique Dame." There was a very large audience; it would tell more to the credit of Boston if one could report every seat filled.

The feature of the afternoon was the superb performance of the Scheherazade suite. The orchestra has never sounded better. Mr. Monteux has seldom reached a higher pitch of eloquence. Not a word more need be said—except that it is to be hoped that singers were present in numbers to listen to the third movement and learn therefrom what real song means. The audience evidently appreciated the quality of the performance, for it recalled again and again Mr. Monteux, who shared the acclaim with Mr. Burgin for his delightful playing of the measures for solo violin, and presently with the orchestra. The audience also heartily liked Miss Slobodskaja, recalling her many times after her airs.

R. R. G.

People's Symphony Plays at St. James Theatre

The People's Symphony Orchestra, Emil Mollenhauer, conductor, gave its fourth concert of the season in St. James Theatre yesterday afternoon. The program was as follows: Mendelssohn, Overture to "Fingal's Cave" in B minor, op. 26; Puccini, Aria, "Lucean le Stelle," from "La Tosca"; Bizet, "Petite Suite"; Johann Strauss, "Village Swallows"; Chadwick, "Sinfonietta."

Francesco Curoi, tenor, of the San Carlo opera company, was announced as the assisting artist, but was unable to appear. In his stead appeared Giuseppe Interrante, baritone, of the same company, whose offerings pleased the large audience.

The orchestra won hearty applause by each number and its playing shows steady improvement as the organization advances in its season's program.

Mr. Herkimer Johnson, who has been at the Porphyry for a few days, said that a friend of his judges men, personally unknown to him, by their first or "front" name. "Not judges, perhaps, but he is prejudiced for or against them. I admit it is foolish, but I myself cannot think of any one named Claude leading a forlorn hope or even stopping a runaway horse. Yet, no doubt, the records of bravery include some man named Claude. Whenever I hear the name, I think of a play I saw many years ago in which Claude entered shooting his cuffs, and saying in a mutton-tallow voice: 'Home again! Home to the old chateau! For six long years I have not seen me m-m-mothe. And how is Claire, dear little Claire?'

RASH DIAGNOSIS

Old Mr. Auger, who is forever reading the London Journals and quoting from them, said: "That's curious. I was reading only yesterday in the London Daily Telegraph that the writer had often assisted in an argument as to what sort of a man you would expect Tom to be, or Dick, or Harry, that James is a villain, William has solid virtues, Henry is usually respectable, Charles is sympathetic, Tommy is not sentimental in spite of Barri-Jane is hard, Elizabeth is vigorous, Sophia is all gentleness and charm. What do you say to that, Mr Johnson?"

Mr. Johnson promptly, rather rudely answered: "I think it's all bosh. The ancients were superstitious about names. They thought Julia was necessarily a light o' love. When certain French ambassadors went to the court of Alphonse the Ninth to gain one of his two daughters as a wife for their master they chose Blanche, the less well-favored, instead of the beautiful Urraca, whose name shocked them. It is true that in Roman history there were at least two Julias at court who were no credit to their sex, but you and I know Julias who are painfully proper. We should all like to know the Julia celebrated by the poet Herrick. As old Beyle remarked: 'There are virtuous Helens and Lucretias and there are also some that are not.' Mr. Johnson had pulled his oratorical stop, and evidently had been reading some of his notes for his colossal work. He might have gone on like Tennyson's brook, if Mr. Ferguson had not broken in to explain in a rasping manner how Princeton managed to defeat Harvard.

MISGUIDED PARENTS

Charles Dickens used to read street signs and search directories and government records for his names. Some that he did not put into a book were: Menella, Reb'nah, Seba, Aremanda Balzina, Gentilla, for women; Odep, Urbin, Samillas, Orange, Feather and Joly, for men. Seba is not an uncommon name in this country. There was Mr. Seba Smith of Maine, once famous as the author of the Jack Downing letters. Parents are often without a sense of humor at the baptismal font; they are not gifted with prophetic vision. Hector may develop into a coward; Blanche may be swarthy and hirsute; Grace will be known by her awkwardness; or the Christian name may be so peculiar that rude boys at school make the unfortunate one's life a burden. It was mistaken piety to saddle a boy or girl with a biblical name simply because the name was biblical. To choose from the mythologies was not safer. We knew a Minerva who was anything but wise; a Juno, who was dumpy.

THE MANIA OF COLLECTING

That curio seekers have carried away piece by piece the crabapple tree under which the bodies of the Rev. Mr. Hall and Mrs. Mills were found is not surprising. There have been collectors of hangmen's ropes, instruments of peculiarly horrible murders. There are born collectors, without reverence, without principle.

TO OLIVE DOUGLAS

I fully appreciated your little poem, "Proof," published in The Herald on Nov. 4.

A short time ago, when I entered a trolley car, a man who could not possibly have been more than two years my junior, rose from his seat and smilingly said: "Sit here, mother"—and I sat.

I am glad to know I have a companion in this looking-old business.

Lynn.

M. G. A.

ATTENTION, WATCH AND WARD!

(From a local advertisement)

EMBROIDERED
POIRET TWILL
DRESSES

The embroidery stimulates a wide girdle and is used on duvetyne faced sleeves inverted pleats at side to give extra fullness, 25.00.

Perhaps it was a stimulated girdle that led Edmund Waller to write his justly celebrated poem, ending, "Give me but what this ribbon bound, Take all the rest the Sun goes round."

LIP-STICKS

Mr. A. B. Walkley, writing at ease in London, thinks that paint has become an outdoor as well as a parlor game. No sensible man, he says, objects to the public reddening of the lips. "It is as much as to say: 'We women know that you men know that we make up; why then affect any longer to make a secret of it? Let us play the game above board; come and see us at it.'" At the same time he was startled at the sight of a lady in a restaurant plying her lip-stick as frequently as her knife and fork. "Oh I forgot, she was also smoking a cigarette. To keep these four articles in perpetual motion was a feat that reminded you of Cinquevalli." Lady Wishfort, in Congreve's comedy, seated at her toilet table, received men, when the art of make-up was in a crude estate.

"Lady W.—Fetch me the red, the red, do you hear, sweetheart? An ardent ash colour, as I'm a person. Why dost thou not fetch me a little red?"

"Peg—The red ratafia, does your ladyship mean, or the cherry brandy?"

"Lady W.—Ratafia, fool? No, fool. Not the ratafia, fool—gram me patience!—I mean the Spanish paper, idiot; complexion, darling. Paint, paint, paint dost thou understand that?"

"Spanish paper" and "Spanish wool" were varieties of rouge. John Bulwer in a strange quarto, "Anthropo-metamorphosis, Man-transformed; or the Changeling, showing various ways how diverse people alter the Natural Shape of some part of their Bodies," published in 1659. "The women of Spaine are also great painters, other Nations having learn from them the use of Spanish-paper. Spanish-wool was wool colored by Spanish art, and therefore so called, that it imparts its tincture to ladies."

There should be a little history of painted men. Only the other day we read that Rumanian soldiers had been forbidden to paint their faces. Cooley's "Toilet and the Cosmetics Arts," although it gives recipes for "skin paints," "skin-whites" and "blanches," quotes a severe attack on women who paint, published in the Athenaeum in November, 1865, containing the old question: "What are we coming to?" Cooley speaks of "American ladies, who have a passion for painting their necks white," using finely powdered light carbonate of magnesia.

"BEAVER!"

For B. S. S. The game of beaver consists in shouting the word when whiskers are seen in public. The player that shouts first scores a point. In London 10 points win the game. White whiskers count two, goatees three and imperials four.

"ANNA CHRISTIE"

By PHILIP HALE

PLYMOUTH THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "Anna Christie," a play in four acts by Eugene O'Neill.

Johnny-the-Priest.....James C. Mack
First Longshoreman.....G. O. Taylor
Second Longshoreman.....Luke Southern
Larry.....Eugene Lincoln
A Postman.....Andrew Graver
Chris Christopherson.....George Marlon
Martha Owen.....Mildred Beverly
Anna Christopherson.....Pauline Lord
Mat Burke.....Frank Shannon
Johnson.....Ole Anderson
Three Sailors.....
Messrs. Reilly, Hansen and Kennedy

The three chief characters are Chris, captain of a coal barge, who is obsessed by fear of the sea, because the males of his family had for the most part been drowned as sailors; Anna, his daughter, who, sent by him to a farm in Minnesota, slaved until she became a nursery maid, was seduced, and then entered a brothel; Mat Burke, a stoker, who often in his speech reminds one of Synge's Playboy of the Western World. An old trollop, who has been living with bargemen, Chris among them, and two barkeepers are the minor characters.

Perhaps Mr. O'Neill would describe them all by a phrase of Walt Whitman's: "Nature's darlings." Whatever Nature's affection for them may be, they are certainly natural characters, very human, although there are times when they act in an unnatural manner.

The play has been widely discussed; it has been published; it was awarded the Pulitzer prize as the best play of the year 1921. Probably many of The Herald readers are well acquainted with the story. Anna comes to New York to see her father. He does not know her history. She lives with him on the barge, happy in the fog, recovering her health, when one night, Burke, who narrowly escaped shipwreck, is brought on board. Half-dead as he is, he makes violent love to her. At the end she loves him in spite of her father's protestations; but she will not marry him, and in a dramatic scene she tells him why, tells what she has been. Her father is horror-stricken; Burke would kill her, Anna would go back to New York, no doubt to resume her profession, but

Burke, having made his swear that she had never loved any man but him, will marry her. He and Chris go as stokers and boatswain in a steamer bound for Cape Town. Anna will wait for them.

It is in certain ways an uncommon play, with a few highly dramatic moments, with dialogue that is often racy, often pathetic, sometimes tiresome. It is a pity that the second and fourth acts are not equal to the other two. There is too much talk in the second and it is often uninteresting; furthermore, the scene between Anna and Burke is incredible. In the last act Mr. O'Neill flounders a bit. The ending seems as if deliberately contrived to put the audience in good humor, although Chris at the end hints that there may be no happiness for the strange pair of lovers. Fog, fog; only "the old devil sea" knows. But the audience sees only the lovers embracing; it does not look out into the fog.

In spite of the weaknesses that we have pointed out, the play is unusual, and engrossing. The moral of it all is fatalistic. Anna voices it when she tells her father he has nothing to forgive: "It ain't your fault and it ain't mine and it ain't his neither. We're all poor nuts. And things happen. And we just get mixed in wrong, that's all."

The play was remarkably well acted by all. Mr. Marlon gave a careful portrayal of Chris, his obsession, his uneasy joy in meeting Anna, his jealousy of Burke and his contempt for him, and at last his surrender for Anna's happiness, though his fear of the sea leads him to doubt it. Mr. Shannon was blustering and sentimental in heightened Irish fashion, led into extravagant action at the end of the third act. The barkeepers seemed old, familiar friends of long ago. Miss Pauline Lord, who was seldom intelligible in the first act, partly owing to the dialect, perhaps, or in her endeavor to represent Anna as all in, was an appealing figure in the pathetic scenes, not giving undue emphasis. Her tirade in the third act was delivered in the appropriately hysterical vein. One of the best scenes in the play was that between Anna and Martha; it would have been still more effective if Miss Lord's enunciation had been more distinct.

The stage settings were realistic, that of the jury scene especially so. Mr. O'Neill spoiled the effect of swearing on the crucifix by his making Burke ask Anna if she were a Catholic. Perhaps he thought that if he did not thus excite the laughter of the audience, the spectators would think the scene too melodramatic. But throughout this last act, Mr. O'Neill was hardly at ease.

ANDREYEV'S "HE"

THE HOLLS STREET THEATRE—"He Who Gets Slapped," a play in four acts by Leonid Andreyev. Produced for the first time in English by the Theatre Guild at the Garrick Theatre, New York city, on Jan. 9, 1922.

CHARACTERS

(In order of their appearance)
Polly.....John McGovern
Tilly.....Louis Bray
Briquet.....H. Langdon Bruce
Mancini.....Knox Orde
Zinida.....Jean Shelby
Angelica.....Daisy Rieger
Francis.....George W. Kendall
He.....Richard Bennett
Jackson.....Lloyd Neal
Consuelo.....Martha Bryan-Allen
Alfred Bezano.....Kenneth Daigneau
Baron Regnard.....Walter Edwin
A Gentleman.....W. H. Sams
Wardrobe Lady.....Ruth Bran
Tisher.....Monroe Childs
Conductor.....George Greenberg

Last night's production at the Hollis was a happy one for Boston playgoers. In stimulating combination it brought "He Who Gets Slapped," play extraordinary from the pen of Leonid Andreyev, and Richard Bennett, actor of power, imagination, and thrice blessed because he takes his profession seriously; so seriously indeed, that he is not afraid to venture picturing of characters, sombre, sinister, unusual—interesting. With this play, this actor and others of like note, like worth filling its theatres, Boston has such opportunity as will not soon be offered again to disprove the opprobrious epithets of "a leg show town" and "a one week stand."

"He Who Gets Slapped" is the last play to come from one of the most distinguished and vivid personalities in that group, somewhat anomalously misnamed for purposes of literature—the Russian school. These figures of a nation—Tchekov, Gorki, Andreyev—are not mere drab purveyors of pessimism; each has his theories, his philosophies of life. To Leonid Andreyev came two great puzzles—the riddle of death and the seeming cruel indifference of surrounding life; and to these two he added one more, the inability of the present day theatre to express the drama of an individual, his mind. Of this latter he once wrote: "Humbly bowing before the immutable law of action, the contemporary drama de-

clines to represent—motion cannot represent for us—a Nietzsche, who is as near, so important, so essential to our lives, but content to offer us in profusion empty, antiquated, and unnecessary Cellini's with their paraphernalia of tin swords."

Hendrik Ibsen was the first to bring this drama superficially known as that of the "inner life" to mind, to visualization; yet Ibsen with all his psychological probing of character did not travel far from the Broadway "punch" witness the final phrasings of "Hedda Gabler." It has remained for Tchekov, for Andreyev to bring forward vivid picture of the extreme individualist, who has made himself the center of the universe, without, however, succeeding in establishing any of the necessary connections between his personal existence and the laws of nature.

In "The Red Laugh," influenced by war and ensuing revolt, Andreyev made first gory spectacle of his dramatic conception; later, in "The Life of Man," came more thoughtful, reasoned expo-

sition of Man, the individualist, surrounded by the strange mysteries and paradoxes of fate. And then "He Who Gets Slapped," final and most subtle expression of his philosophy by this most amazing dramatist. The final pages of "The Life of Man," show Man, surrounded by life, in the first version drunken, sodden creatures; in the second his heirs, yet always He is alone. Consummation of this idea comes in "He Who Gets Slapped."

Read on the printed page "He Who Gets Slapped" seems morose, moody tale worked too often in inexplicable minor key, set in sordid background. Against colorful, fluent toned medium of the theatre it becomes at once a symphonic poem with deftly subtle conductor for author. No better proof that these Russian dramatists, seemingly at odds with the playhouse and producers of a drama crystallized yet ever of the closest, are not to be read but spoken, lived.

"He Who Gets Slapped" is perhaps Andreyev's most theatric play. It can be played for values well known, better understood, because it has none of the ghosts and symbolical figures that usually frequent Andreyev's dramatic works. But last night Richard Bennett took meticulous care to avoid accustomed ways of the showhouse. Playing with spirit, imagination, he gained his points by cynical laugh constantly repeated, always varied; by slow, sinister drawl of meaningful, satiric phrase; or by restless, impatient stride. But some of Mr. Bennett's greatest moments, and they were many, came when he sprawled an obscure figure in darkened corner. Truly Boston has rarely in recent days seen playing so subdued, so centred on composition of a whole.

Miss Bryan-Allen was a very definite Consuelo. She brought together well the jangling limits of her character—simple, natural, yet a girl who seemed drawn irrevocably by life, environment toward her fate, her sidery Baron.

Knox Orde and Walter Edwin, as Count Mancini and Baron Regnard, had, perhaps, the most difficult roles in the varied life of this circus world; character parts that might be very conventional or dramatic aids in the characterization of He, they were played last night satisfactorily, although not always with precise evenness. By far the best character study of the smaller people of the green room was that of Jackson; Lloyd Neal aided many times in bringing to surface the tragedy of He, that strange figure so much a part of the world out there and the smaller world of the circus.

The production of "He Who Gets Slapped" is dramatic tale of a human being smiling, grinning, laughing behind bitter mask of life. A beautiful stage sets it; acting, superb, calculating, subtle adds zest; and finished movement of piece and surrounding players completes the picture. A performance memorable. To please and be remembered. W. E. H.

"The Book of Job"

WILBUR THEATRE—"The Book of Job," a play in one scene; a dramatization by Stuart Walker of the Book from the Old Testament. First produced at the Booth Theatre, New York city, on March 14, 1918.

The Red Narrator.....Genevieve Addleman
The Blue Narrator.....Judith Lowry
Job.....George Sommes
Eliphaz.....Neville Brush
Bildad.....Boyd Agio
Zophar.....Aldrich Bowker
Eliphaz.....Wayne Huff
The Voice in the Whirlwind.....Harding Weer

Thanks became due to the Boston Wellesley Club yesterday afternoon, when it brought to the Wilbur Theatre for the first time in Boston Stuart Walker's production of "The Book of Job," an entertaining and stimulating dramatization of the old Biblical tale. It seems strange fate for the patrons of Boston's theatres that now after many weeks of sleepy siesta through multitudinous and all embracing flood

of musical comedy, they should be literally overwhelmed with good things which the more serious side of the playhouse has to offer. If Boston in these days of slender purses should perchance not patronize all its "Anna Christies," its "Beggars Operas," and its "He Who Gets Slapped," not to speak of its "Bats," its "Captain Applejacks," and its well turned musical shows, is the reason too far off to be obvious?

In substance of the drama, "The Book of Job" is, with possible exception of the Book of Revelation, one of the richest in the entire Bible. The story of Job's testing would make an excellent short story and as dramatized by Stuart Walker it creates crystal illustration of many of the fundamental dramatic principles which students of the drama must early learn. In the conflict between God and Satan, it shows, for instance, facile method of plunging without delay into story centre through medium of that strongest, most telling struggle between conscious good and conscious evil. In the personality of Job, too, there is a character growing, changing, developing; a character which moves from angry curse, through pitiful complaint and reconciled persuasion, to understanding comprehension, fulsome respect for God and self. And finally there are dramatic values—irony, contrast, characterization—in the figuring of Job's counselors; on the one hand a pious, but uninspired three—Zophar, the egoist and hypocritical; Eliphaz, the teacher and austere; Bildad, the philosopher and coldly sympathetic—and on the other Eliphaz, youthful, freshly seeing, vividly feeling, in word a Christian, worthy, practical.

As dramatist turned playwright the production at the Wilbur yesterday afternoon displayed Stuart Walker as keen penciller of beauty, grace, emotion. The performance staged with a simplicity that brought memories of the Portmanteau Theatre, strove more for a fluid series of pictorial compositions akin to Rembrandt in line and color than for rugged moulting of emotion. Save for angry chastisement of Job by Zophar the figures rarely moved and so gained doubly from purposeful shrug, smirk, and forth flung arm or finger. Our only criticism of the production would be the incidental music; valuable at joining of play with prologue and epilogue, it seemed unnecessary purveyor of emotion in the play proper.

For acting yesterday's performance was uniformly excellent. We thought the voice of the whirlwind a bit too sepulchral and smacking of the stage to represent the Lord God of all. The simple majesty of the text was admirably handled by all the actors. George Sommes as Job was particularly happy. His use of changing pace, of raised and lowered voice were never tricks obviously employed to disguise monotony; rather were they meaningful and infinitely subtle expressions of a state of being very evidently felt by him.

Eliphaz, Bildad and Zophar, too, were given careful and individualized characterization by Messrs. Brush, Agin and Bowker. With Mr. Sommes they treated well the earlier portions of the play, where a certain verbosity seemed to creep in; a verbosity that would not be noticeable in the more speculative presence of the library, but which is discernable in the quicker tauter, more tightly drawn vocal phrasing of the playhouse. Therefore, despite qualitatively finished acting by Mr. Sommes and the three, the first minutes appeared a trifle palmed with over much dryness; a mood that quickly warmed away as the drama progressed.

"The Book of Job" is a production of which Stuart Walker may well be proud; acting, eventual, precise of meaning joins hands with direction and stage illumination too rarely seen in creation of a performance beautiful, sensitive artistic—one to be viewed with pleasure. W. E. H.

B. F. KEITH'S HAS

An excellent bill at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week is topped by one of the most pretentious dancing spectacles in vaudeville. Last evening nearly all the acts were roundly applauded.

The bill opens with McSovereign in an interesting exhibition of diabolo, followed by Lane and Harper, comedians. Cartmell and Harris, in an episodic dancing number, had one of the best acts on the bill. Brown and Whitaker followed in one of the best chatter lines of the season. Their act is individualistic, zestful and they both have agreeable personalities. An odd act was that of Harry Kahne, in feats of extraordinary mentality. Mary Haynes, in a group of comedy songs and neat bits of burlesque, led the audience clamoring for more till she exhausted her repertory.

The feature act was the dancing entertainment of Gulran and Marguerite. The act is interesting in every detail. Besides the enchanting dances of the principals, there is a spectacle that

ess, the e... a go... a clever... an... a fine... The... principals were seen in dancing... as well as solo... numbers.

Ernest R. Ball, composer and singer, a great favorite here, aroused the audience with old and new compositions, and Harvard, Holt and Kendrick concluded the show in an acrobatic act.

"Captain Applejack"

TREMONT THEATRE—"Captain Applejack," a comedy in three acts by Walter Hackett. Presented by Sam H. Harris. First time in Boston. The cast:

Loth John Gray
Poppy Fair Phoebe Foster
Mrs. Agatha Whitcombe Lorena Atwood
Ambrose Applejohn Wallace Eddinger
Anna Valeska Mary Nash
Mrs. Pengard Helene Lackaye
Horace Pengard Horace Pollock
Ivan Borolsky Hamilton Revelle
Palmer Desires Stempel
Dennett Walter F. Scott
Johnny Jason Harold Vermilye

Mr. Hackett's production, usually called in London a play and in New York a comedy, last night was termed "an Arabian night's adventure." This designation in some respects is the most suggestive of the three of the evening's entertainment. The story, of course, is already well known—the country gentleman of quiet temperament whose house is beset by foreigners and thieves in search of a parchment hidden by an old rascal of a pirate, the country gentleman's ancestor; the gentleman falls asleep, in a dream lives over an episode or two in his precious forbear's career, and when he wakes, still in a temporary reversion to type routs the marauders with amazing dash and daring.

So much for the story. In itself not very good, it does not gain in the telling. The result of trying to sit on two stools at once is proverbial. Mr. Hackett has tried the experiment with a vengeance, for all in one play he has tried to get the good there may be in farce, "crook" drama, and burlesque. Low comedy may be funny enough, but it grows tedious when it gets in the way of Russian spies and burglar gangs prowling about in the dark, gun in hand, in search of secret cupboards.

By the same token, it is no easy matter to feel keen interest in those Russians, when you know already from the papers that the dream is what really counts in the play. As for this famous burlesque pirate scene itself, if it really serves as the mainspring of the piece, it is but haltingly led up to; if it is an episode, something shorter would do. An English playwright named Marlowe did the thing far better some 20 years ago in "When Knights Were Bold," which the Copley Players produced three or four years ago. And Mr. Hackett himself, for that matter, in a play he wrote with R. Cooper Megrue, "It Pays to Advertise," made clever use of the foreign adventress theme than he contrived in last night's medley.

The performance moved slowly throughout the first and third acts, in the second with suitable bustle and intolerable din. Mr. Eddinger, consistent in his characterization, was genuinely funny, though too self-consciously so, and too deliberately. Miss Nash and Mr. Revelle were they from the first playing "strong" parts over-exuberantly, or were they doing burlesque amazingly well? Miss Nash, at all events, had excellent moments of pure comedy. The others of the cast—a cast changed in only a few unimportant points from the original list in New York—were good. The audience, very large, showed itself well pleased.

R. R. G.

"IT'S A BOY"

SELWYN THEATRE—First production in Boston of "It's a Boy," a play in a prologue and three acts, by William Anthony McGuire. Cast:

Judson Blake John Daly Murphy
Mary Grayson Jean Adair
Chester Blake Robert Ames
William O'Toole Charles Lawrence
Phyllis Blake Dorothy Mackaye
Marjorie Fletcher Hortense Alden
Rev. David Talbot Peter Lang
R. W. Pendleton Joseph Kilgour
Rita Pendleton Millicent Hanley
Kenneth Holmes Richard Pitman
Maurice Hemmendinger Charles Halton

After the uproarious welcome given at the Selwyn to "It's a Boy," fresh from a long success in New York, it is perfectly true to say: "It's a go in Boston." Its story is simple; its plot is not complicated; its main motif is not new; yet the treatment of it all is so direct, fresh and vivacious, the characters are so real and true to life—of Carbondale, Pa., and New York city; the dialogue is so keen, crisp and snappy and the parts are portrayed with such art concealing art, that the play inevitably stirs the jaded and gives new zest in life to the vivacious.

It starts with the arrival of a son and heir in the Carbondale home of a very young couple, the husband a rising young business man, the wife touched by the lure of gay New York. The husband, urged on by the wife, accepts a flattering offer to go to New York from a big corporation, which by hiring him eliminates him as a competitor. In the big city there are extravagance, over-rapid life, discharge of the husband by the corporation and disillusionment all around, but an awakening to new appreciation of the realities of life, especially by the young wife.

It would seem to be impossible to select a company that would enter more completely into the simple directness of the characters and give them more vivid reality than does the cast that gave the play its vogue in New York and now presents it here.

John Daly Murphy simply oozes Carbondale and the bank where he has always worked. Jean Adair is a remarkably charming mother-in-law. Robert Ames wins the respect and admiration of everyone as the husband.

Charles Lawrence as "Billy," O'Toole, a straight-out small town good fellow to the core, would make the piece a go, if no one else did. Dorothy Mackaye is lovable and forgivable as the foolish young wife who learned her lesson. Joseph Kilgour is pleasingly base and oleaginous as the corporation's manager. Millicent Hanley, his companion in life, is interestingly vampiric. Hortense Alden is a delight as the giddy small town girl who gives a New York flirt a proper jolt and learns to appreciate Billy. Richard Pitman, the flirt, takes the jolt in perfect form. Charles Halton would seem to have originated in Jerusalem, to have been brought up in Broadway and always to have had a heart as well as keen business ability in jewelry on the instalment plan.

They are all real. That's why "It's a Boy" is a go.

K. P.

ST. JAMES THEATRE—The Boston Stock Company in "The Lawbreaker," a play in four acts by Jules Ecker Goodman. The cast:

Father Spaulding Harold Chase
Ewing Fowler Mark Kent
Walter Homer William Jaffery
Tom Fowler Houston Richards
Jim Thorne Walter Gilbert
Bill Dobbs Edward Darney
Gibson Lionel Bevans
Donovan Ralph M. Remley
Griggs Lucille Adams
Joan Fowler Viola Roach
Kit Grey Eveta Nudsen

We have had "crook" plays before, in which the evildoer, swayed by the love and trust of the one woman, or by the good influence of friend or priest, has turned from his wicked ways and cast the glamor and profits of the underworld behind him. But, in "The Lawbreaker," Mr. Goodman has handled the theme in a novel manner.

Here is a banker's daughter, young, beautiful and convinced that society is responsible for its criminals and that the lawbreaker is, frequently, more sinned against than sinning. She gets a chance to prove her theory when a gentleman crook, who has robbed her father's bank and has been "caught with the goods," is captured and brought to her home for identification.

She gets him off by pledging her pearl necklace as security that the man will return the loot and then, by an expression of faith that he will do the right thing, manages to arouse his conscience and—after many ups and downs—to reform him.

The play is a study in psychology pretty deep and involved at times. The chain of reasoning by which the girl holds the offender to the right course is not always apparent, but it gives the author the opportunity to unfold a good deal of sociologic philosophy.

The lawbreaker, of course, falls in love with the lady—or thinks he does—but the two eventually realize that they move in different spheres and never the twain shall meet. He is reunited with his original affinity of the underworld and she accepts her father's rising young lawyer. Thus are the dramatic unties preserved.

Mr. Gilbert, as Jim Thorne, the "Raffles" of the story, plays the part with decision and an expert touch that shows he has made a real study of its possibilities. Mr. Gilbert improves steadily, year by year, and acts with authority and distinction.

Miss Roach, as the banker's daughter, achieved a real triumph. Her's was an exacting part, but she brought out its full capabilities without in the least overdoing it.

Mark Kent, as the hardboiled financier, eager to shield his own son when suspected of the robbery and iron in his determination to put the other man behind the bars when the blame was shifted, was excellent. Eva Nudsen, as Kit, the "crookess," if the word can be coined, is melodramatic of necessity, but charming notwithstanding.

Mr. Darney gave a realistic impersonation of another underworld character. Mr. Richards was good as the scapegrace son, and Mr. Remley struggled under a handicap as a comic detective who couldn't be made one but comically. Harold Chase had a heavy think-

ing part as Fr. Spaulding.

The episodes in "The Lawbreaker" are frankly impossible. By the wildest stretch of the imagination one cannot suppose its episodes to have actually occurred. Also it is preachy and dull at times. But the main thread of the tale is never lost sight of and the whole conception makes a most interesting study. The players realize this and concentrate on the psychological aspect of things rather than on the action.

J. E. P.

"SCANDALS"

COLONIAL THEATRE—"George White's Scandals"; fourth annual production, first given at the Globe Theatre, New York, Aug. 28; music by George Gershwin, lyrics by Bud De Sylva and E. Ray Goetz, book by Andy Rice, George White and W. C. Fields; first time in Boston, with these principals: W. C. Fields, Lester Allen, Winnie Lightner, Thea Lightner, Newton Alexander, Charles Wilkens, Richard Bold, Pearl Regay, Mary Lawler, the Argentine dancers, the Temple quartet, Paul Whiteman's Palais Royal Orchestra, and George White.

Like no other producer of perennial extravaganza, Mr. White is a game showman. He puts a large percentage of his profits from a previous successful season into the product of the succeeding season. He tries to make each new entertainment more lavish, more startling, more comic, more varied than its immediate predecessor. Sometimes he may fall short, here or there, but as a rule he hits pretty nearly where he aims. In his present offering he gives more for the money of his patrons than one could reasonably expect in these days of inflated and fictitious valuations.

The 1922 "Scandals" typify expense in capital letters when one thinks back on the numerous heavy sets and the gorgeous costumes that go with them. It is a question if Mr. Ziegfeld has done anything more elaborate or in better taste than the ensemble costuming of the group of girls accompanying Miss Lawler's song of "Lady Fan," or again, the four seas, blue, black, red and white, in the second act. Here four pages guide the four long trains each of the stately beauties who typify these various bodies of water. The draperies, the background of shimmering sea itself, the lighting effects without which they would fall of complete effectiveness, stand for genuine artistry on the part of some one.

It is the same with the quaint costumes revealed in the simplest and, therefore, best song of the evening—"I Found a Four-Leaf Clover"; odd, moss-like patterns, draped on figures posed in old-fashioned manners. The patent leather forest which closes the first act is a stupendous affair, with deep white flights of stairs reaching almost to the flies from either side, whereon climb 20 odd girls to sing and dance to a tune of jazz and cheerful lilt, "I'll Build a Stairway to Paradise."

It was good to see Mr. Fields back at his first trade, juggling the familiar props, tennis balls, cigar boxes, top hat and elusive cigar. Of course he was amusing in several skits, one with the family auto which crumples up somewhere every time the traffic cop touches it; another setting forth in broad humor the domestic tragedies of a radio bug. Mr. Allen and Mr. Wilkens, dancing comedians, the latter a neat pantomimist as well; Winnie Lightner, always apt in grotesque comedy and especially comic with her stutering song; these made a formidable trio of tireless in clowning endeavor. Mr. Bold, like Mr. Steele, once of the Folies, carries the vocal burden of the show, and carries it manfully and well. As for the chorus, Mr. White, or whoever does his "picking," has shown remarkable judgment, rare discrimination. Each was pretty, each was dimpled where dimples are most effective. All were worthy of the rich settings provided for them.

They say that in New York, Paul Whiteman's orchestra stopped the show. Paul himself was with them then, weaving strange melodies through many-toned instruments. Last evening a nervous little violinist led the half-score of players seated on a raised platform with a softly shaded golden drapey at back and sides. They played mostly jazz, with abundant opportunities for soloists, at one piano or two, on the banjo, the horn or clarinet. It was a diverting specialty, but it did not stop the show.

The Argentinas, man and woman principals, gave a brilliant dancing specialty near the close, and Messrs. Allen and Wilkens burlesqued it neatly. Mr. White danced again, as he had briefly in the first act, and then, the stage, left purposely empty, filled gradually as each principal and the several groups of choristers tramped in for the finale. It was an effective climax to an evening devoted for the most part to intelligent appeal to eye and ear, and to clean funmaking.

W. E. G.

"LA BOHEME"

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—"La Boheme," opera in four acts, by Puccini. San Carlos opera company. Fortune Gallo, director. The cast:

Mimi Anna Fitzlu
Rodolfo Romeo Bosacchi
Musetta Marie diPesa
Marcel Mario Valle
Colline Pietro de Bias
Schaunard Giuseppe Interrante
Benoit Natale Cervi
Conductor, Carlo Feroni

There was nothing remarkably good about the performance, and there was certainly also nothing remarkably bad. The opera itself has few dramatic high spots, and gives little opportunity for a singer to display his abilities. So far as the opportunities did exist, the cast filled them acceptably. Miss Fitzlu sang well throughout, and displayed rather unexpected dramatic qualities in the unexpected death scene at the end. Mr. Bosacchi's performance was marred by an occasional loss of voice control, but a whole was creditable. Mme. diPesa did well enough that which she had to do. Mr. Cervi gave a notable impersonation of the humorous landlord.

The chorus was well trained in its stage business, and was large enough for the purposes of the opera.

Nora Bayes in New Act Is Hit of Production

"The Midnit Revels," featuring Nora Bayes of musical comedy and vaudeville fame, is the attraction at the Majestic Theatre this week. The show is billed as "a concoction of mirth, melody and pretty girls," and it lives up to its description.

Nora Bayes, of course, is the hit of the production. She appears in a new act and the reception she received yesterday clearly demonstrated the regard and affection Boston theatre-goers hold for her.

Miss Bayes was most generous in her encores. She sang songs that were new, but to please her admirers, rendered several selections that were heard here last year.

Whipple and Huston in "Time Will Tell" are favorites who have appeared in Boston before. The act is a novel one, and was well received.

George Mayo appears in a "Fun-O-Logue," and also has a part in the revue. He is a fine comedian and puts his act over in a clever manner.

One of the best dancing acts here this season is the one Ralph Riggs and Katherine Witche present. The act is well staged and the dancing is graceful.

Others on the bill include Billy Purcella and Evelyn Ramsay, Claire Devine, Walter Huston, Bayonce Whipple, Ethel Rose and The Three Chums.

At the annual hair dressing and trade exhibition held in New York this week it was decreed by those in authority that bobbed hair is out of date; that a woman's hair should be parted in the centre or at the right side, and drawn back "softly," partially covering the ears and coiled in a big knot just below the crown.

Mr. Harry M. Spira, president of the N. Y. Ladies Hair Dressers Association, made this astonishing statement, astonishing to the rude, untutored male: "American women don't like exposing their ears. It's all right in Paris or London to wear the hair off the ears but over here women like a softer effect. And they rouge the ear lobes just a bit."

Are the English and French ears, then, more beautiful than those of our countrywomen? Perish the thought! What has become of the "shell like" ears dear to old-fashioned novelists describing their heroines? Occasionally one sees ears of the "wing-wang" order, but not so pronounced and wind-catching as those of men whose mothers in the early years were neglectful.

"Only a woman's hair," wrote the misanthropic Swift on the envelope containing a lock of Stella's. To which some forgotten newspaper humorist, cudgelling his brains for a jest, added: "And yet we do not like it in the soup." Women may say that bobbing the hair makes for convenience, comfort and cleanliness; but we side with Paul, the apostle, in thinking that long hair is a glory to women. Poets, even those whose verses might have shocked the apostle, have agreed with him through the centuries.

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Whenever we see a woman with a head of hair, particularly if she is Balzac's woman of thirty years—if he were living today he would change "thirty" to "forty" or even "fifty"—we turn to Apuleius and read his praise of hair in old Adlington's brave translation. It was the custom of Apuleius before he was transformed into an ass "to mark and view the face and halre of every me, and afterwards delight my self therewith privately at home, and thereby judge the residuc of their shipe, because the face is the principale part of all the body, and is first open to our eyes." The sight of Fotis led him to break out in this eulogy:

THE PRAISE OF HAIR

"O how well doth a faire colour and a shining face agree with glittering hair! Behold, it encountreth with the beams of the Sunne, and pleaseth the eye marvellously. Sometimes the beauty of the haire resemblith the colour of gold and honey, sometimes the blew plumes and azured feathers about the neckes of Doves, especially when it is ether anointed with the gummie of Arabia, or trimmely tuft out with the teeth of a finecombe, which if it be dyed up in the pole of the necke, it seemeth to the lover that beholdeth the same, as a glasse that yeldeth forth a more pleasant and gracious comeliness than if it should be spared abroad in the shoulders of the woman, or hang downe scattering behind. Finally there is such a dignity in the haire, that whatsoever shee be, though she be never so bravely attyred with gold likes, pretious stones, and other rich and gorgeous ornaments, yet if her haire be not curiously set forth shee cannot seeme faire."

SHIPS THAT PASS IN THE NIGHT

As the World Wags:
"Rosemary" wondered in your column who the man she first saw playing tennis on the Longwood court, and two years later in a subway car. "Married?" she asked. "Children?"

It was a pathetic letter, the cry of a lonely life.

I, too, have "wondered."
The first time I saw her she was swaggering down Commonwealth avenue, twirling a walking stick and whistling. To persuade myself that it was a "she" I stooped to the ruse of retracing my steps in order to have a second look. She wore high boots, tight breeches and a very short khaki tunic crossed with a sort of order in Persian lamb. A man's soft hat inclined rakishly toward one eye; her silvered hair was composed over her ears in "burnsides." I didn't see her after that. "An apparition"—I soothed myself, as weeks went by—"an unseasonable and frightful nightmare." But on Armistice day "Behold! lo, where it comes again!" Commonwealth avenue, as before; this time under the elms. Her feet were planted well apart; she was digging her walking stick into the ground; the superior male's pose when "thinking out" something immense. Married? Doubtful. Children? Impossible. What CAN she be?
RUE.

Boston.

IN THE NEW MANNER

As the World Wags:
The poetic frenzy having now possessed me, I discover this Dalian opuscula vivifying the chilly page:
—and the moon rose on that night, as on other nights when it rises—
behold! fragrance imperishable of your voice
distillations langorous maugre: glue factory—
mediate I
upon the worlds mystical moves
lean cat down-street-wards
eel-with-head-quince-shaped
chant I
the litanies of the nether mind
breasts ovoid lips sulphurous
tremble the wings of my being
and the moon rose on that night
as
on other nights it
rises
when it rises
TODDA ST. MAUGHE.
Newton Centre.

SOCIAL DISTINCTIONS

As the World Wags:
Your recent observations concerning swill open up a broad subject. My mother, who is a housewife par excellence, unhappily the last of a long line of that rapidly vanishing type, is exceedingly careful in the matter of will. She used to consider it a disgrace to make more than a small drainer full in a day, in the ordinary course of events. During the canning season she allowed herself more latitude. Sometimes, an unusually ragged cabbage or a badly handled bunch of celery would pile things up a bit in the corner of the sink, but such stuff found its way to the compost pile and not into the bucket. As a result our swill didn't accumulate fast enough to interest the swillman or pay him for the long trip up our back walk. My mother once remonstrated with him for not calling regularly while he would

go to a neighbor's door. His reply was frank enough: "Well, Mrs. W— has lots of swill and it's real swell swill, too." So the task of disposing of ours usually befell me. Digging a hole in the garden was one of the regular Saturday morning chores which successfully militated against an early getaway with the gang.

Nowadays things are different. I notice that we are on the swill-man's preferred list, owing to the hired girl's indifference to my mother's injunctions. The girl is here today and gone tomorrow. She gets \$12 a week and washing done out. It's a lot easier for her to throw away the little dabs of leftover macaroni than to take a clean dish from the pantry and stow them in the ice-chest. Besides it is undignified for her to be fussy about butter scraps on the uncatered portion of a meat-plate. For a while my mother tried to buck the game, but she found it of no use, unless she wished to do her own work. I occasionally get an inkling of the anguish she endures.
DICK SWIVELER.
Concord.

ISA KREMER

By PHILIP HALE

Madame Isa Kremer, characterized as an "International Balladist," sang last night in Symphony hall for the first time in Boston. She was assisted by Kurt Hetzel, pianist.

Her program was made up of Russian, French, Italian, Jewish and English songs. The program gave in a few words the purport of these songs, except the English ones, but nothing about the origin of them, whether they were folk songs or art songs in the folk manner; nothing about composers or arrangers. Some of the songs were interesting in themselves, without regard to the interpretation; some would have been insignificant without the singer's interpretative art; some were tiresome, in spite of her art.

Madame Kremer was favored by Nature. Her personality is striking, suggesting the Orient. Her face is mobile and expressive. Her carriage is effective. The voice is flexible, obedient to dramatic intentions; with many tones that are of a rich and haunting quality; with up-tones that in dramatic outbursts are shrill, but euphonious when they are not forced. The singer knows how to employ this voice in bringing out the sentiments of the text in tones. Arrayed in two brilliant costumes, one for each half of her program, she moved about, and gestured, and sang with a strong light thrown upon her. During the first songs, she was a fascinating apparition, in large measure by reason of her personal appearance and her peculiar manner of interpretation. Familiarity lessened the charm. Little by little, the spectator began to suspect that many of the gestures were according to a formula and not always significant; while the strophic character of the songs, the many verses of a song having the same melody, toward the end became almost wearisome to the hearer.

This is to be said: The singer caught admirably the national, or, if you please, racial spirit. This was especially noted in her singing of the Italian "Chittarata Neapolitan" and "Marchiare." There was the Italian expression in all its frankness, brio and the sentiment that seems to northern nations exaggerated. It was also noted in the Jewish and the Russian songs. One of the most charming interpretations was the French cradle-song, "Le Petit Navire," but in the other French songs one missed the feligned naivete and the "malice" that would have vitalized the apparently simple verses if they had been sung by Yvette Guilbert or Lorraine Wyman.

That Madame Kremer could strike the tragic note was revealed by her singing the Yiddish song of the maiden who learns of her soldier-lover's death. Here the transition from joy to the anguish brought by the letter was finely worked. The Russian "Yasminah" was described on the program as "Arabian Song." Arabian in consequence of the tales told by the verses; not musically suggestive of the east.

Mr. Hetzel accompanied Madame Kremer in a most sympathetic manner. His task was not a light one. He also played a polonaise and waltz by Chopin and gave a thunder-and-lightning performance (accent on thunder) of Liszt's Hungarian Rhapsody No. 12. Recalled, he played Liszt's familiar Liebestraum. There was an enthusiastic audience of good size. The singer, recalled several times, added to the program.

Madame Kremer will give her second recital in Symphony hall, Sunday afternoon, Jan. 7.

APOLLO CLUB CONCERT

The Apollo Club of Boston, with Emil Mollenhauer conducting, gave the first concert of its 52d season in Jordan Hall last night, before a large and appreciative audience. The club had as assisting artists Miss Jeannette Vreeland soprano; Frank H. Luker, pianist; E. Rupert Sircorn, organist; Louis A. Hanscom, baritone; Frederick W. Pope, baritone and Roy K. Patch, tenor.

The opening number was the Battle Hymn from Wagner's "Rienzi." It was followed by Palestrina's "Adoramus te Christe." An aria from "Tosca" was given by Miss Vreeland, who was in fine voice. Other numbers on the program included Parker's "The Lamp in the West," Bullard's "Swords Out for Charlie," Chadwick's "Jehovah Reigns in Majesty," Taylor's "Drakes Drum," Burleigh's "Promis' Lan," the "Miserere," from "Il Trovatore," and Gounod's "Gloria in Excelsis."

Mr. Pope sang "Exhortation," by Cook and "Tis Me, O Lord," by Burleigh. Miss Vreeland, in the second half of the program, sang a group of songs by Bachelet, Wolff, Ganz and Park.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—"Cavalleria Rusticana," opera in one act by Mascagni; Aldo Franchetti, conductor; followed by "Pagliacci," opera in two acts by Leoncavallo; Carlo Peroni, conductor.

The cast in "Cavalleria Rusticana":
Santuzza Gladys Axman
Lola Stella DeMette
Mama Lucia Alice Homer
Turiddu Gennaro Barra
Alfo Giuseppe Interrante
The cast in "Pagliacci":
Nedda Sofia Charlebois
Canio Manuel Salazar
Tonio Richard Bonelli
Silvio Giuseppe Interrante
Beppo Francesco Curci

The various members of the cast in the first opera did their parts well but, after all, the chorus and orchestra deserve considerable credit, since on their work depended much of beauty of the performance.

"Pagliacci," starting with the dramatic prologue sung by Mr. Bonelli, as the clown, brought forth prolonged applause from the audience. Mr. Bonelli sang his difficult part unusually well. Miss Charlebois, as Nedda, the vain young wife, was charming, although she seemed to force her voice unnecessarily at times.

The entire cast in this opera sang with the conviction that was lacking in "Cavalleria Rusticana," although "Pagliacci" undoubtedly is more interesting and gives far more opportunity for artistic singing as well as artistic acting.

Nov 16 1922

The linotype is an arch-jester. In our review of "Anna Christie" last Tuesday we spoke of the realistic stage settings, especially that of the second act, the fog scene off Provincetown. The linotype laughed to itself and substituted the word "jury." The jest was the more irresistible as there is no jury, no judge, no criminal, no court in Mr. O'Neill's play.

No admirer of fine acting should fail to see Mr. Marion as Chris. It is not extravagant to say that his performance is remarkable in its delineation of character, its wealth of effective "business" that by his art is essential, never distracting or impertinent. Seldom have we seen a more pathetic meeting on the stage than that between Chris and his daughter, in which the surprise, timidity, joy, pride of the father were so graphically portrayed. Here was true emotion, not sentimentalism. And it was the more effective by reason of Mr. Marion's showing us the bargeman, reckless, a toss-pot, the mate of a trollop, yet quickened into fatherhood the moment he received the letter announcing Anna's arrival; by reason of the contrast between his maudlin delight and his subdued ecstasy.

Equally admirable was the expression of his dread of the sea, his hatred of the bragging stoker with whom Anna was infatuated. Mr. Marion's whole performance was characterized by rare intelligence heightened by true emotional expression and knowledge not only of the stage; of men and women also.

The spontaneity of Mr. Marion's performance was surprising. He has been playing the part since Nov. 2, 1921, yet there was no trace last Monday of slackness or of perfunctory routine.

By the way, the statement that the original cast of "Anna Christie" is now seen at the Plymouth is not correct. The part of Marthy in New York was taken by Eugene Blair. Her performance was warmly praised. Miss Beverly, now playing Marthy, gives a lifelike impersonation, showing the woman's character unmistakably, her coarseness, and,

at the same time, her good nature and an almost inconspicuous sense of decency.

No wonder that Frank Bacon, who, in "Lightnin'" has taken the leading part for more than 2000 times, is obliged to abandon the role. If he had been content to walk or sit through the part, trusting to the reputation that he and the play have long enjoyed, he probably would not need this rest; but conscientious actors always striving to do their best still adorn the stage.

The Daily Telegraph of London, praising the Flonzaley quartet last month, said that the listener heard the great conceptions of Schubert and Beethoven "as nearly as possible as their composers did when first they throbbed into their ken."

Suppose an American reviewer had spoken of musical ideas "throbbing into the ken" of either Beethoven or Mr. Berlin?

In the old-timer now called by the white-haired good, a large number of songs heard in our variety shows come from England, perhaps the great majority of them. The writers of the English "lyrics" charged half a crown a song; the composers charged the same, and often twisted or stole the music of their betters. Does any one remember a song, one verse of which went:

"Hit him on the boko,
Dot him on the snitch,
What a pretty fighter!
Was there ever sich?"

We believe this song was in honor of Tom Sayers.

"Boko," the nose, but why boko? Does the word come from "beak"? There are some queer synonyms in English slang: Bowsprit, cheese-cutter, paste-horn, candlestick, snuffler, trumpet, claret-jug, celestial; not to mention the more common, conk, smeller, snout, nozzle, snorer, peak, muzzle.

A correspondent writes: "Would it not be a good scheme for the managers of moving picture houses in this commonwealth to put smoked glasses on sale at the ticket stand for the benefit of the 207,476 persons who testified by their vote that they thought the present day pictures needed censoring? And why is so much still being said, orally and in print, about Isadora's recent stage costume? I have been told that it really wasn't much."

This reminds us that M. Charles de Rochefort, the young French cinema star, who has arrived to play Valentino roles, is indignant because he is announced as "Mr. de Roche." "That is not my name; my name is De Rochefort, and it shall continue to be so. Mine is a famous and honorable name in the French theatre."

Perhaps the producers thought that the actor might be mistaken for the justly celebrated cheese by those not knowing the difference in spelling. But what famous actors have been named Rochefort? There was a wandering manager, actor, quack of that name in France in the 18th century with two daughters; there was a Juile Rochefort at the Odeon, Paris, in the last seventies. But the famous De Rochefort was Henri, journalist and duellist, who was reported to have had a singularly bad breath, though in his duels he preferred to use sword or pistol.

Mr. Guest, the poet of the people, will read his verses tonight in Symphony Hall. Mr. Newman, who, like Ulysses, has seen many lands and peoples, will describe his journeying in Africa and show unusual pictures tomorrow night and Saturday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Mr. Hutcheson will play music by Beethoven in Jordan Hall on Saturday afternoon and in the same hall that night Miss Ippolito, violinist, Mr. Boynton, tenor, and the Braggiotti sisters, dancers, will give an entertainment for the benefit of the Scollay Square Service Club.

At the Symphony concerts tomorrow afternoon and Saturday evening Mr. Montoux will bring out a symphonic poem, "Polyphemus," by Vincenzo Davico, a member of the younger Italian school, who, having studied in Turin, went to Leipzig and later to Paris. One of his orchestral pieces was performed here by the Boston Musical Society led by Mr. Longy. "Polyphemus" is the story of the Cyclops who in Davico's version killed Acis and Galatea, when he was mad with jealousy, though in the old legend he slew only Acis. The symphony is d'Indy's second, one of the noblest works in the literature of modern music. The other number is the suite of Bach that contains the famous Air.

Miss Mary Garden was talkative on landing, real chatty. She has a system for breaking the bank at Monte Carlo; she won large sums there; she climbed mountains and reduced her weight to 119 pounds; she talked in an encourag-

ing manner about her desire to meet a real man with a view to matrimony, a "corned-beef and cabbage" American—apply early and avoid the rush; and she thanked the Lord that she was to sing in opera, not manage a company this season. Incidentally, she expressed her admiration for "Al" Smith and will stump for him as a presidential candidate.

The San Carlo opera company will bring an end to its successful engagement at the Boston Opera House Saturday night, when good old "Trovatore" will be performed. Tonight, "Othello," with Mme. Fittzu and Messrs. Salazar and Bonelli; tomorrow night, a repetition of "Aida," and Saturday afternoon, a repetition of "Madame Butterfly."

So the Mexican government decrees that the Mexican bad man must no longer swagger, and rob, and murder in film plays. He will join the stage Irishman with green whiskers and the German comedian with his "Was ist?" It's a pity. He was a picturesque figure. We preferred him to the English baronet with his spats and glossy stove-pipe.

Harold Darke's symphony, "Switzerland," has been performed in London. The movements are entitled Zermatt, Gornergrat, Riffelalp. Let us hope that it will be more successful than the wood carving made by Reuben Pettigill, Artemus Ward's hero, representing Napoleon crossing the Alps. "Looking at it critically, I should say it was rather short of Alps."

A London critic thinks that the writers of operatic libretti have shown a most unnatural predilection for wholesale executions. Take the operas at the Boston Opera House for the rest of this week. Othello kills Desdemona and himself; Radames and Aida die while singing; Madame Butterfly makes way with herself; and we doubt whether the Count di Luna long survived his brother, Leonora and Azucena. Even in comic opera the audience often wishes to murder the tenor or the leading woman. But this London critic believes that music has special qualifications for a deathbed scene. "Apart from its aptitude for portraying sorrow and sadness, it recalls the happy past in time of misery with greater force than any other art." And so during a poor performance the hearer can console himself by thinking of famous singers he has heard in that opera. This did not occur to the London critic.

"BARBER OF SEVILLE"

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—"Barber of Seville," opera by Rossini, San Carlo Opera Company. Fortune Gallo, director. The cast:

Count Almaviva.....Romeo Boscacci
Bartolo.....Natalie Cervi
Rosina.....Josephine Lucchese
Basilio.....Pietro di Biasi
Bertha.....Anita Kilnova
Figaro.....Mario Valle
Fiorello.....Francesco Curci
Conductor, Carlo Peroni.

There was a bit of Italy on view at the Opera House last night, provincial Italy, Bologna, say, or Piacenza, taking its pleasure at an opera performance out of season. Not much less than a real Italian public sat there to see and hear, an audience disposed to enjoy whatever was put before it, but an audience nevertheless that knew very well what's what.

The orchestra, too, was that of the provincial theatre, not conspicuous for players of individual skill, but with players in plenty who know their job, able and ready to outdo themselves if only a conductor comes along to show them how. Such a conductor came in Mr. Peroni. He made his men play with real grace and charm, paying a decent respect to Rossini's orchestration, truly refreshing. The whole performance, indeed, he kept on the move at a lively pace; he accompanied the parlando passages deftly; stirringly he whipped up climaxes. Mr. Peroni, in short, made the performance, as many a conductor has done before him. So much for the scene before the curtain.

On the stage, as well, there was the Italian provincial theatre. About lights and settings nobody bothered much. Why should they, with the spirit of comedy at large—low comedy if you will, but comedy none the less. At the very start Mr. Curci in the guise of Fiorello set a droll pace, ably supported by the well-singing chorus. Mr. Valle played Figaro with amusing nimbleness, singing far better than heretofore.

Mr. di Biasi, funny at times, sang Don Basilio as well as most people do, unless now and again an artist chooses to amuse himself with the role. Of Dr. Bartolo, Mr. Cervi made a fool, in the mistaken way prized in smaller Italian

theatres. Mr. Boscacci, the teasing first act once safely behind him, sang excellently, an admirable comedian. Miss Kilnova did her bit well.

And to complete the Italian illusion, Miss Lucchese sang and acted like a debutante, and the audience, true to Italian custom, bore with the crude deliberateness of her action and far from brilliant singing, and applauded her kindly for her pretty voice and her youthful charm. This sweet voice, Miss Lucchese uses skillfully, and, all praise to her, she refrains from driving it too hard. She knows, too, how Rossini's music should be sung. Given time and further intelligent study, she should surely acquire the verve that makes coloratura singing worth while. For the lesson scene, by the way, she sang the bell song from "Lakme," not so brilliantly as some singers manage it, but with an appealing effort to suggest its atmosphere of legend.

An entertaining performance, on the whole, heartily enjoyed and intelligently (Italy again!) by a large audience. Once more it proved what good work a skilled conductor can do with modest forces if only the impossible is not tried.

Verdi's "Othello" will be sung tonight, with Mmes. Fittzu and Kilnova, and Messrs. Salazar and Bonelli.

R. R. G.

BY OLIN DOWNES

In the afternoon "Carmen" was repeated. From the standpoint of ensemble the performance was one of the poorest given by this company this season in Boston. The chorus was very ragged in attack. Nearly everyone on the stage, at one time or another, sang off pitch. The feature of the performance was Mme. Ferrabini's Carmen, which has been described before in these columns. It is a notable impersonation, notable for its refinement and at the same time its effectiveness. Whether it equals the Carmen Mme. Ferrabini showed us last season in Boston is another matter.

Mr. Famadas was the Jose; Giuseppe Interante, the Escamillo; Sofia Charlebois, Micaela, who, alone in a smugger's cave, sang a pretty song, to the interruption of a dramatic situation and the pleasure of the audience. This was

one of the few performances in which spirit of ensemble was not present to recompense for defects in other features of the production. A gratifying exception to its general standards, indeed, one of its most salient attractions, was the finished and exquisite dancing of Miss Stasia Ledowa. Mr. Franchetti was the conductor.

Nov 1922

Mr. Roland Hayes, the negro tenor of Boston, whose singing in England and France has excited the admiration and the enthusiasm of the public and the critics, sang at a Colonne concert at the Theatre du Chatelet, Paris, on Nov. 4. Gabriel Plerne conducted a symphony by Beethoven, Lekeu's Fantaisie and Plerne's overture to "Ramuntcho."

Mr. Hayes sang an air from Handel's "Semele," the Prize Song from "The Mastersingers" and these "Spirituals": "Steal 'Way," "By and By" and "Go Down Moses." His success was great. How often has the honor of being soloist at one of these famous concerts been granted to an American?

The voice and the art of Mr. Hayes had been recognized in this country before he gave many recitals in London and the English provinces, sang for the King and Queen, was applauded in choral and orchestral concerts. Returning to this country, is there one chance in ten that he will be invited to sing with any American orchestra at a subscription concert? Paris and London, yes, Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Chicago?

IT SOMETIMES HAPPENS

(From the Chemical Bulletin of Chicago)
E. H. Harding has returned from a successful honeymoon trip in the West.

NOR DO WE SEE THE POINT

As the World Wags:
I enclose this clipping from The Boston Herald of Nov. 11; a contribution to your column sent by L. X. Catalonia.

"In London, off the Strand, there is a little street called Twining, where lived a widow and an only son and child, her own. The boy was fond of walking on stilts. One day as he was passing his mother's window she said, 'Johnny, are you not afraid you will hurt yourself?' 'No, mother, never.'"

I heard the story some years ago, but failed to see the point. I never had the courage to admit my density, and the man who told me the story is now dead. I, therefore, hasten to ask L. X. Catalonia, or the editor of this column, to explain it to me ere they, too, go where I cannot communicate with them.

Somerville.

F. C. F.

WAS IT A PRECIPITOUS SALE?

(From the Boston Evening Transcript)

The new two-apartment house and 3000 feet of land at 7 Newtonville avenue, Newton, owned by Zebadec E. Cliff, valued at \$14,500, have been bought by Elima I. Bluff for a home and investment.

HOW ABOUT GALWAY SLUGGERS?

As the World Wags:

By international agreement rules for the game of Beaver are now the same as in tennis—that is the score, and a plain beard is designated Beaver, 1 point, White whiskers, Polar Beaver, 2 points, White Mustache and Goatee, Kentucky Beaver, 3 points, single chin pendant, tapering to point, Iowa style, Rube Beaver, 4 points, Burnside with mustache, Fancy Beaver, 4 points, Dundrearys, Jim-Ham Beaver, etc., etc.

"Jim-Ham" for James Hamilton

Lewis of Chicago, whose pink Dundrearys captivated the world.

LANSING R. ROBINSON.

We miss information about Zymos and Piccadilly Weepers.—Ed.

APROPOS OF M. MARCEL

As the World Wags:

My first time to "break in" on your column. It appears that M. Marcel does not hold the centre of the stage at present in England. It would seem that the capillary attraction was on the side of the sterner sex, since beards and "beavers" have the run in the English papers now. I am quoting from the latest London Tablet a new story of Daniel O'Connell, told apropos of the discussion—and we know how Irish stories are fastened on O'Connell as Indian legends cling to the Buddha.

A famous ultra-Tory colonel had an encounter—a verbal one—on the floor of the House of Commons with the redoubtable Daniel—another Daniel in the (British) lions' den, n'est-ce pas?—and the colonel was supported in the passage by two of his Tory brothers-in-arms. The colonel was famous for his very forest of a beard, while his companions were clean-shaven. O'Connell turns the well known lines of Dryden about Homer, Dante and Milton in the following fashion:

Three colonels, in three different countries born,
Leitrim, Armagh and Lincoln did adorn.
The first in loftiness of speech surpassed,

The next in arrogance, in both the last.
The force of nature could no further go:
To beard the third, she shaved the former two!

The whole article on beards, with its classical quotations would, I believe, be found by you very interesting, and might serve you for one of your inimitable columns. It is on page 567 of the issue of Oct. 28. (The W. H. K. is a Fr. Kent, and I know of no writer in any periodical, secular or religious, who approaches him in the extent and interest of his quotations from classical and modern languages.)

While on a recent trip to Washington I saw a sign between Baltimore and Washington:

FEED—DICKEY BROTHERS—COAL AND WOOD.

Rather costly rations these days!

J. T. M.

WHY THE CHILD ELOPEMENTS OCCASIONED NO EXCITEMENT ALONG THE WABASH

(From the Post-Tribune, Gary, Ind.)

MARRIAGE A LA MODE

In Indiana, most girls are betrothed in childhood. When a girl has reached the age of 11 and her father has made no matrimonial provisions for her she may take the initiative and secure a husband for herself, though she may never marry any one in the caste below her own.

TO JEAN'S OPUS VII

(On a suggestion as to Helen's birthday gift.)
I can't give Helen, friend, my love
As per your kind request;
For if I did—good heaven's above—
Why, what about the rest?

For there is Gert in Dayton, O.,
Have you forgotten her?
And there's Adele, whom you must know—
Both lovely girls, good sir.

In Columbus there is Almee Lee,
Remember, if you please;
A friend in Memphis, Tennessee,
What could I do with these?

Fair Evelyn in Boston, Mass.,
Friend Fan in Pittsburgh, Penn.,
Suppose the gift was told each lass,
Oh, my good friends, what then?

I thank you sir, but must confess
I still am feeling blue;
For I am in an awful mess,
Oh, what—what can I do?

VEE DEE.

WHO PUT THEM THERE?

(From the Burlington, Ia., Hawkeye.)

On Monday, November 20th, Miss Ina Caldwell's play, which won first prize in a play-writing contest, will be given. Miss Caldwell will have entire charge of the evening's program.

Please remember that all splinters have been carefully removed from the Drama league chairs, and all who desire may sit in comfort.

VERDI'S 'OTELLO'

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—"Othello," opera by Verdi. San Carlo Opera Company. Fortune Gallo, director. The cast:

Othello.....Manuel Salazar
Desdemona.....Anna Fittzu
Iago.....Richard Bonelli
Emilia.....Anita Kilnova
Cassio.....Francesco Curci
Roderigo.....Arthur Doscher
Lodovico.....Pietro de Biasi
Montano.....Natalie Cervi
A Herald.....Pietro Canova
Conductor, Carlo Peroni

When Verdi wrote his "Othello," of course he imagined it making certain effect. If some curious person were to ask what proportion of this effect did last night's performance attain, a listener wishing to be fair might estimate, perhaps, 50 per cent. To come to details, the scenery did well enough. Of stage management, there was little or none. The chorus, although sufficiently rehearsed to sing accurately, were not enough at their ease to sing with spontaneity—hence the ruin of the storm scene. The orchestra, from Verdi's point of view, would have seemed about half large enough. The great writer demanded bulk in this tragic masterpiece of his and mass—an orchestra that can surge, a chorus that can rise to overwhelming volume of tone, crowds to swarm over the stage,

everywhere plenitude, last night penury ruled. The utmost finesse he asked as well, of that quality, with Mr. Peroni doing his best, there was more. The small parts were well done. To raise the average even to 50 per cent. there remain the leading singers.

They did it. The performance, despite its pitiful shortcomings, proved stirring. Let the credit for the astonishing feat go where it belongs, to Mr. Bonelli and Mr. Salazar. Miss Fittzu, to be honest, cannot claim much of it, for, though she acted Desdemona as well as most singers can do, for three acts she almost continuously forced her beautiful voice to harshness. Mr. Salazar, however, sang for the most part excellently from the vocal standpoint, and very expressively, too. If at times he indulged in too explosive a style, it may serve as his excuse that he has a voice not heavy enough in its highest register to make his effects in any other way—and his effects he did make. In his action Mr. Salazar was wholly admirable. He understands the power that comes from repose; he is artist enough to listen when other people are speaking to him. The growth of the Moor's jealousy he suggested with skill. A fine impersonation.

With Iago Mr. Bonelli did nobly. This artist must have been trained in a school worth knowing about. That he has a voice of rare beauty is not especially to his credit, since nature saw to that. But it is vastly to his credit that, given this beautiful voice, he should have been at the pains to acquire a mastery of it seldom found in a young singer today. He sings with an agility a soprano might envy, a beautiful mezzo voice and full tone quite as fine, with a clarity of diction second to almost none. And the man can act. If his Iago suggested a sulky, ill-natured young fellow with a fondness for raising trouble, rather than the foul-mouthed, foul-minded, malignant being Anglo-Saxons conceive Iago to be, Mr. Bonelli, at all events, set forth his view of the man clearly and convincingly. Thanks are due him and Mr. Salazar for an evening by no means wasted.

The opera tonight will be "Aida," with Mmes. Rappold and De Mette, and Messrs. Salazar and Valle.

R. R. G.

Nov 18 1922

FIFTH CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE

The fifth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Monteux conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. The program was as follows: Bach, Suite, D major, No. 3; Davico, symphonic poem, "Polyphemus" (first time in America); d'Indy, Symphony, B flat major, No. 2.

Vincenzo Davico, born at Monaco in 1839, of Italian parentage, studied first at Turin. When he was 23 years old he studied at Leipzig with Max Reger.

of whom nippant persons have said that he wallowed in beer and counterpoint. From Leipzig our Davico at some time went to Paris, where he was living last year, a confirmed Debussyite, according to report. What should be expected of a young Italian influenced by the two—Reger and Debussy? Davico's "Roman Impressions" for orchestra was performed here last year at a concert of the Boston Musical Association. The suite made little impression on the New Englanders and foreigners there assembled, even if Rome impressed the composer, but it was evidenced that Italian love of beauty prevented him from any exhibition of sheer radicalism or "futurism," and that, by this suite at least, he is not to be classed with the more advanced Italians as Malipiero and Casella.

"Polyphemus." When one saw this title, there was thought at once of Ulysses and the putting out of the Cyclops's eye, a punishment justly deserved, for Polyphemus, though he fed his flocks on Mount Aetna, was not a gentle shepherd; he cared not for the gods and devoured human flesh. What a congenial subject for an ultra-modern composer, say one of "The Six" (now Five) of Paris!

No, Davico was moved to express in tones the loves of Aclis and Galatea, the jealousy of Polyphemus and his crushing the amorous couple. Davico in his little note to the score says the Cyclops killed the two of them with a rock, but Macaulay's schoolboy, remembering his Ovid, knows better. Polyphemus slew Aclis by throwing the top of Aetna on him, but Galatea ran away. Thus is history perverted by musicians.

Davico's symphonic music, thus inspired, might be described as both picturesque and sensuous. He evidently chose the old legend for the sake of the love music and the tragic contrast. The introductory measures are effectively novel. The lumbering giant is portrayed skillfully—after the hearer is told that Polyphemus is a character in the poem. The passion of the lovers increases little by little in intensity and there is genuine passion. The preliminary flourish to each ascending repetition of the amorous hymn may call to mind the prelude to "Tristan," but Davico has something to say for himself, and he says it musically. And when he reaches the tragic moment there is no doubt in the mind and ears of the hearer that Polyphemus hit the lovers and hit them hard. The few measures following are curious.

Mr. Montoux is to be thanked for acquainting Boston with the poem, which contains musical ideas. It is constructed without superfluity of detail; the instrumentation is rich in color; the poem is agreeably short. Signor Davico tells his story effectively and is not an hour in telling it. Nor in telling the sad tale does he stammer or exaggerate.

Bach's Suite was greatly enjoyed. The lively movements were played in the appropriate spirit, while there was refreshing variety in the expression. Too often the quick movements of Bach are performed in a lusty manner throughout, and monotony is thus engendered. The famous air was beautifully sung by the first violins, an incomparable band, nor did Mr. Montoux sentimentalize the charming measures.

There was an impressive performance of Vincent d'Indy's great symphony. His music has often been charged with the atrocious crimes of austerity and aloofness; it has been called cerebral. It is true that d'Indy uses his head, not his heart, in composition; that his music will never be popular with the multitude; it lacks an obvious appeal to those who say with an air of finality: "I know what I like." It is not sugary; it is not theatrical. To say that it is cold is to say that it is not effusive. d'Indy does not gush. Nor does he permit himself to run with a mighty stir and din to a blatant climax, dearly loved by those who think that noise shows strength. He respects his art and himself, and does not trim his sails to catch the breeze of popular favor. There is a nobility in his music; there is to those who do not wear their heart on their sleeve true warmth. There is a soaring of the spirit, not a drooping to court favor. And no one has ever questioned his constructive skill.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of the concerts next week is as follows: Beethoven, First three movements of the 9th symphony; Honegger, "Triumphant Horatius" (first time in America); Brahms, Academic Festival overture. Frieda Hempel will sing arias by Mozart: "Deh vieni" from "Le Nozze di Figaro" and "Märchen aller Arten" from "Die Entführung."

SAN CARLO CO. GIVES

"AIDA" SECOND TIME

Last evening "Aida" was performed for the second time this season by the San Carlo Opera company. Mr. Gallo, director. Miss De Mette took the place of Mme. Cisneros as Amneris. Mr. Sale-

zar sang with true dramatic fervor, especially in the Nile scene, and the general performance was effective. There was a good sized audience.

This afternoon "Madama Butterfly" will be performed for the second time; Mmes. Miura and Klinova; Messrs. Barra, Valle, De Biasi. The opera this evening, ending the engagement, will be "Il Trovatore." Mmes. Rappold and De Mette; Messrs. Famadas, Interrante and Cervi.

BOOSTS AFRICA

By PHILIP HALE

Mr. Newman gave the first of his eagerly anticipated Travel Talks on Africa last night in Symphony Hall. There was a very large audience. On the way to Capetown beautiful views of Madeira were shown. The wonder was that the exiled Austrian monarch did not bless his banishment. Few in the hall had any idea of the scenery about Capetown or of the importance of the public buildings, villas and street life of that city. Mr. Newman did not neglect to pay tribute to Gen. Smuts and Cecil Rhodes. The former he met, and found this far-seeing statesman timid before a camera. The fine motor roads, the rich vegetation, the noble trees were a surprise to many, whose chief associations with Africa are the pyramids, Congo cruelties, diamonds, the Jameson raid and Mr. Hichens's novels.

After a remarkable picture of sunrise on the Indian ocean was shown, savages were shown and described, the Fingo men and women. Kimberly was visited. Motion pictures put vividly before the audience the great diamond rush and the staking out of claims. The scenes in the diamond fields and the washing for the gems were peculiarly interesting.

At amazing Johannesburg, there was competition in dancing by rival tribes employed in the gold mines. Then Praetoria, the home of Oom Paul, and the great monuments in his memory.

The most remarkable feature of this travel talk, which was of absorbing interest throughout, were the motion pictures of wild animals in the open, secured by a noiseless camera, and from blinds, so as to baffle the animals' keen senses of sight, hearing and smell; pictures of baboons, wart hogs, giraffes, varieties of zebras; jackals; vultures, Marabou storks, eagles and other carrion birds, all at work on dead animals; a lion at close quarters, and the hunting of a lion. To secure these pictures took many months, courage, and endless patience. No one interested in natural history should fail to see the pictures of animal life in the open, which will be shown in the remaining lectures, different animals in each one.

Mr. Newman, as before, talked fluently and modestly, giving a great amount of information in an entertaining manner. It is a pleasure to hear again this traveler of great experience, keen observation and artistic spirit.

The Travel Talk will be repeated this afternoon. The subject next week will be "Victoria Falls." Among the wild animals to be shown in motion pictures will be antelopes, elephants, hippopotamus and crocodiles.

Apropos of the full reporting of murder trials in the newspapers.

"A. N. M." in the Manchester Guardian: "One doesn't want beastliness in the papers, but I shouldn't like to have all cross-examinations in divorce and murder questions to be suppressed. You can get at something in these, something much more valuable than what emerges from the smooth speeches of politicians and philanthropists."

Aided by Prof. Webster of Worcester we discussed not long ago curious names, or names in one nation that seemed singular to men of another. We also spoke of queer Christian names. In France no French child, we are told, may be given a name not included in an official list of 13,000. (This restriction also exists in Norway.) This gives a wide choice to parents in these two countries, but why do French parents delight in naming their sons Achilles and Hector? Debussy, the composer, is known to the world as Claude Debussy, but his birth certificate read Achille Claude Debussy. No wonder he signed himself after his first compositions, Claude. "Achille" hardly goes with his later music. But in the United States there has been a practice of going to Roman history: Lucius Junius and Lucius Quintus. In our little village there was a Quartus Kingsley, and we do not think he was a fourth child. Septimus is not unknown.

There was a Duke of Beaufort who named all his five sons Henry after himself and his predecessors in the dukedom with one exception. The five sons of the seventh Earl of Shaftsbury were christened Anthony. The two sons of the present earl are Anthony.

THE DELIRIOUS REVIEWER

"H. C. L." writes: "Some years ago during a trip which I made in the South, I cut from a newspaper an account of a concert given at Salisbury, N. C., by Mme. Nordica, who was assisted by Signor Patricola. This seems to me one of the choicest specimens of musical criticism that I have ever seen and I do not think it should be lost to the world. I tucked it away in my desk and have this morning come across it and copied it. I inclose a copy."

Here is the review. The concert was in November, 1906:

"The beautiful program at Mme. Nordica's concert at the Merony Theatre tonight was opened by Signor Patricola in a piano panorama, it might appropriately be called. Before the mind's eye passed the vast landscapes, the suggestion of wide seas, where the countless billows burst into whitecaps of joy. His big grand instrument seemed transfigured and it seemed to speak the tones long unspoken. He makes the keys run riot. The notes are mad with melody and they break out with a divine fury. All the melodies and harmonies unutterably rush out as if imprisoned and drunken with delight. It is the music of the gods.

"As Patricola goes off the stage arranging his shocky, bushy head, the audience goes wild."

BUT THE COURT KEPT YELLING "BEAVER"

(From the Chicago Examiner)

"Women Bluebeards" Tell Own Story

OUR CORRESPONDENT WILL INTERVIEW THE POPULATION AS TO HIS FUTURE PLANS

(From the Aurora Beacon-News.)

Later Santiago advised that while the tidal wave that swept over the houses of fisherman and workers at Antofagasta had smashed small vessels against houses and rocks, no loss of life had been reported. The inhabitant fled in terror.

WE ARE INCLINED TO THINK THE POEM WAS WRITTEN BY HENRIQUE ANON OR JANE DITTO

(From the Bloomington, Ill., Pantograph.)

Better that all our ships an' all their crews

Should seek to rot in ocean's dreamless ooze

Than seek such peace as only cowards crave;

Give me the peace of dead men or of brave.

These ringing lines from Ibsen fittingly describe that memorable peace of four years ago today, when the armistice was signed and the great world war became history. It was the peace of the brave, not that of cowards. J. M. H.

A LAMENT

Why do the erring childhood friends

Of my mother and my aunts

Seek me, when staging a touch?

And why do the erring children

Of Grandfather's old friends

Also regard me as easy?

There is Frank Stanslaus, or

As he is better known, Frank S.,

With whom any kind of whiskey,

Bonded or moonshine, disagrees.

Always, he becomes reminiscent

And he visits my office to tell:

1—He was a soldier in '79;

2—He taught Mother how to swim;

3—Grandfather was hospitable;

4—Mother had many beaux.

But, if my contribution for

The Upkeep of Inebriates is small,

It's a different story, and

"You're not the girl your mother was."

WHY can't those people remember:

1—Mother wasn't an only child;

2—I am similarly blessed;

3—There are others in the family,

All of whom should chaff under

The beautiful ties of Friendship.

Charlestown. K. P. F.

DINNER FOR ROUGHNECKS

Was it Mr. F. P. Adams who drew up

this bill of fare for roughnecks?

"Coarse noodle soup; Little Rough-

neck clams; Hardshell crabs; Soured

mackerel; Bruised Leg of Mutton;

Stewed corn; Mashed potatoes; Cauli-

flower on ear; Hard-boiled eggs with

split heads of lettuce without dressing;

Wild grapejuice with unrefined sugar

and cracked ice; Hard cider; Blood

oranges, Assorted Nuts; Fresh peaches."

BEST SELLERS

(London Daily Telegraph.)

Now the "best seller" is, if you please, in the nature of things poor stuff. What is to delight the million will not be very original, very profound, very subtle. I do not dispute that—but what the "best seller" will be and must always be is in harmony with popular notions of right and wrong, good and bad, virtue and vice. Well, turn to any of the novels which really touch the great heart of the public and you will find them, it is notorious, faithfully re-

produce the old, old notions of morality. The long-suffering hero, far too good for this wicked world, the persecuted heroine who is all tender sympathy and modest virtue, this is the stuff of which the popular story is made, always has been made, and always will be. The novels which by a sad mischance have come Dr. Scharlieb's way with their glorification of "self-seeking disregard for the rights of others" and all the rest of it may have been and probably were hailed as masterpieces by reviewers. But there is no cause for uneasiness. Their readers are only a chosen few. Neither Machiavelli nor Nietzsche nor any of the geniuses now paraphrasing their works will draw the crowd.

It was Remy de Gourmont who said: "Retain this principle of aesthetic chemistry: In the presence of mediocrity, the bourgeois never arrives at saturation."

There is so much interest in the performance of "The Beggar's Opera" at the Fine Arts Theatre that some remarks about the portrayal of Capt. Macheath may not be out of place.

Hazlitt's admiration of "The Beggar's Opera" is well known. In 1815 he saw T. Cooke as Macheath, but he could not say anything favorable about his performance. "Indeed, we do not know any actor on the stage who is enough of the fine gentleman to play it. Perhaps the elder Kemble might, but then he is no singer." It would be an experiment for Mr. Kean, but we don't think he could do it. This is a paradox; but we will explain. As close a resemblance then as the dresses of the ladies in the private boxes bear to that of the ladies in the boxes which are not private, so nearly should the manners of Gay's Macheath resemble those of the fine gentleman." And in this review Hazlitt found fault with Munden, who spoiled Peachum by lowering the character into broad farce. "He does not utter a single word without a nasal twang, and a distortion of his face and body. Peachum is an old rogue, but not a buffoon. The ladies in the scene at the tavern with Macheath were genteeler than usual. This we were pleased to see; for a great deal depends on the casting of that scene. How Gay must have chuckled when he found it once fairly over and the house in a roar! They leave it out at Covent Garden, from the systematic attention which is paid there to the morals of the town!"

In 1816 Hazlitt saw Horn in the part, Charles Edward Horn, who came to Boston. The Handel and Haydn sang at his concert here on Jan. 6, 1828. In 1847 Horn was chosen conductor of the society. His salary was \$400. Horn died here in 1849.

Hazlitt wrote that Horn's Macheath was much better than what he had lately seen. "He sung the songs well, with a little too much ornament for the profession of the Captain; and his air and manner, though they did not fall into the common error of vulgarity, were rather too precise and finical. Macheath should be a fine man and a gentleman, but he should be one of God Almighty's gentlemen, not a gentleman of the black rod. His gallantry and good-breeding should arise from impulse, not from rule; not from the trammels of education, but from a generous, courageous, good-natured, aspiring, amorous. The class of the character is very difficult to hit. It is something between gusto and slang, like port wine and brandy mixed. It is not the mere gentleman that should be represented, but the blackguard sublimated into the gentleman. This character is qualified in a highwayman, as it is qualified in a prince. We hope this is not a libel."

It was in this review that Hazlitt spoke of Polly as one of the most interesting characters on the stage, "for we hardly know any character more artless and amiable than Gay's Polly, except perhaps Shakespeare's Imogen. And Polly has the advantage on the stage, for she may be sung, but Imogen cannot be acted."

A FEMALE MACHEATH

The Herald has received the following letter:

To the Editor of The Herald:
The coming of "The Beggar's Opera" to Boston puts me in mind of an incident of my boyhood, very many years ago. Attracted by youthful curiosity I attended an auction sale of a somewhat noted library. In a corner of the auction room was a pile of odd numbers of old magazines, coverless books, etc., from which some of those present were helping themselves, so I picked up a small book at random and took it home. It was entitled "The Devil's Walk: NOT by Professor Porson." It was some sort of a satire, but far beyond my comprehension at that day, and all I can recall of it are the fol-

lowing lines, which somehow have remained fixed in my memory:

"He went to see Madame Cestris play Captain Macheath.

And thought himself quite a dunce. Not to have hit on this excellent plan To tempt both sexes at once."

Years later in London, I asked a veteran theatregoer as to this. He said that Madame Vestris, the first wife of the younger Charles Mathews, who was a fine singer as well as a noted actress, had revived this opera, and had created quite a sensation by her rendering of the part of the swaggering highwayman. I have no idea as to the date of this occurrence. B. B. E.

Hazlitt saw Madame Vestris as Macheath in 1820.

"She played the part very prettily with great vivacity and an agreeable swagger, cocking her hat, throwing back her shoulders, and making a free use of a rattan cane, like Little Pickle, but she did not look like the hero, or the highwayman, if this was desirable in her case. If, however, she turned Macheath into a petit-maitre, she did not play it like Mr. Incedon or Mr. Cooke, or Mr. Braham, or Mr. Young, or any one else we have seen in it, which is no small commendation."

A scandalous book, purporting to be the memoirs of the life, public and private adventures of Madame Vestris, was published in London in 1839. The author there states that Madame Vestris made the "greatest noise" and won real success as Macheath and Don Giovanni.

"Lovely as she always appeared in a woman's dress—all bewitching in her laced tucker and braided locks, she never reached the acme of her reputation till she threw off female delicacy and undertook at once to teach us how women looked arrayed in breeches. Macheath was the first breeches part in which the Vestris made her appearance in Drury Lane. The beautiful proportion of her limbs, the manly nonchalance of her manner, and the arch way in which she played and gave the songs made the audience forget she was a woman. This character raised her reputation above the reach of all her enemies. The town rang with her praises and every print shop was decorated with her likeness. The following song made its appearance at the time and we make no apology for giving it entire."

We quote two verses:
In Macheath how she leers and unprincipled appears.

And tips off the bumpers so jolly,
And then, who so blest, on two bosoms to rest,

And change from a Lucy to Polly.

Her very hair and style would corrupt with a smile—
Let a virgin resist if she can;

Her ambrosial kisses seem heavenly blisses—
What a pity she is not a man.

The author, who did not hesitate to wallow in scandal, professed to be shocked by the sight of "a delicate woman assuming a masculine part."

unblushingly exposing herself to fulsome admiration. Madame no sooner appeared in breeches—no sooner had she committed this breach of female modesty, than every buck and blood in London crowded to the theatre to see her—not greater crowds attended the death of the elephant, etc."

When Madame Vestris played Macheath in Dublin, Lord Mathew observed to Dr. Durnin that her appearance was not masculine enough for a bold highwayman. "Very true," replied the doctor, but as small as she is, I make no doubt if she told your lordship to stand

and deliver, you would very readily obey and look damned foolish after your purse was empty."

MARION AND O'NEILL

George Marion, who gives a remarkably finished performance of Chris in "Anna Christie" at the Plymouth Theatre, is a staunch admirer of Eugene O'Neill. Nor does he hesitate to say so out loud.

"Anyone who does not play an O'Neill character does not know much about acting. The man is almost uncanny in his knowledge of the stage. Play one of his characters and you feel that you are that character. His dialogue is what you would say if you were the character depicted. Little wonder that he makes his great impression. He's so true, so artistic. In the early days of rehearsals of this part, the play seemed a trifle long. It was suggested that a few of the speeches might be eliminated or shortened. O'Neill, one of the sincerest, most unegotistical men you ever saw, asked me to go over the part and suggest eliminations. By that time I was absorbed with Chris. I knew him

and felt—
I did as requested. O'Neill marked a script; and the strange part of it is that we marked the same things. There's dramatic technique. It's almost uncanny, as I said before." Mr. Marion says that the way to become an actor is to be born that way—and then to develop with study, observation and experience. For something like 20 summers he has gone abroad every year, seen the productions in the leading continental theatres and he has profited, came back and endeavored to profit by his observations.

PEOPLE'S ORCHESTRA

To the Editor of The Herald:

The concerts of the People's Symphony Orchestra are not drawing the patronage of students of music that they should. It is amazing that parents and teachers fail to realize the tremendous importance of frequent attendance at orchestral concerts as necessary training of students; all orchestral work trains the ears as no other study can do. The young students must learn the great works. Where else can they learn to listen and appreciate them as at a good orchestral performance? The cost of a ticket for these concerts is only nominal. Whole families ought to attend. Abroad there would be crowded houses at such concerts. Young soloists are given a chance to appear with the orchestra, playing concertos that any earnest singer, violinist and pianist should hear. And still the students remain away.

Another thing that pains me is the lack of interest shown by college students who play in their own college orchestras, also by students of musical appreciation in colleges in and near Boston. What a means of training of the mind, the ear, the aesthetic sense, these concerts ought to be to those students! May I not offer through these columns a hope that teachers, parents and music lovers in general will try to urge upon all students the necessity of attendance at these concerts? If

the members of the orchestras of our local and suburban high schools and junior high schools should attend in a body, we would be going far toward filling the St. James Theatre.

EDITH LYNWOOD WINN.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY—Symphony Hall, 3:30 P. M. Mischa Elman, violinist. See special notice.

St. James Theatre, 3:30 P. M., People's Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Mollenhauer, conductor. See special notice.
Boston Art Club, 3:30 P. M., Boston Flute Players' Club, George Laurent, director. Beethoven, Serenade for flute, violin and viola; Vaughan Williams, songs: Breton Hill and Ho; When I Was in Love with You (Mr. Robinson, tenor; string quartet); W. F. Bach, Concerto, E minor for piano and string quartet (Mr. Sansone, pianist); Storey Smith, song: Breton Afternoon, for tenor, flute, violin, viola, cello and piano (first time); Dittersdorf, quartet for strings.

TUESDAY—Steinert Hall, 8 P. M., Concert by Rupert Edward Blachford, tenor, with Celina Fortini, mezzo-soprano; Riccardo Carnivals, baritone; Pietro Vallini, pianist. Mr. Blachford will sing arias by Donizetti, Rossini; songs by Beethoven, Blachford, Vallini, Felica, Nelson, and in concerted music by Blachford, Donizetti, Rossini and Verdi. Miss Fortini will sing arias by Thomas, Meyerbeer, Verdi, and in concerted music by Blachford, Donizetti and Verdi. Mr. Carnivals will sing Rossini's "Largo al Factotum" and this baritone part in the trio from Verdi's "Attila."

THURSDAY—Symphony Hall, 8:15 P. M. Mr. Rachmaninov, pianist. See special notice.

FRIDAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M. Sixth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Montoux, conductor. See special notice.

SATURDAY—Symphony Hall, 8:15 P. M. Repetition of Friday's symphony concert. Mr. Montoux, conductor.

On Nov. 11 Miss Nancy Eaton complained in verse and in this column about her being obliged to stand a long time before she was allowed to rush for a seat at a Lowell Institute lecture. The Herald has received a reply, also in verse:

If in the line you hate to wait
And feel that there you vegetate,
Why not about October ten

Take stamps and paper, ink and pen,
To the Curator send a letter
In which you state you'd like to get a

Program of the winter's grist
Of lectures, and from out this list
Select the ones you wish to hear,

Follow directions printed clear—
Send envelopes to be placed on file
And then receive, a little while

Before each course comes on the scene,
A ticket, red, white, blue or green,
Which will admit you without wait

If changed at table before eight?

The Herald is assured that for the Shapley lectures a ticket was given out for every seat in the hall.

GETTING TIGHT IN JONESPORT

(From the Bangor, Me., Daily News.)

Most of the people in Jonesport are preparing for winter. Many have had their buildings shingled.

A JOY OF AUTHORSHIP

A good many years ago a Bostonian—he is no longer with us—the pity of it!—told us the following story:

"When I was younger I wrote a novel of American life, introducing southern scenes and characters, for I had lived in Savannah. I thought it was a good one, with the more reason because it was published. It did not sell well. This confirmed my opinion. I blamed the public. 'The novel is above their heads,' I said. I remembered that George Meredith at the time was not appreciated. Yesterday I was looking at a street bookstall and I saw my novel in the case that bore this placard, '10 cents.' If the placard had only said 50 cents, or even 25 cents! I bought the book, which was as fresh as the day it was published, to save it and me from ignominy."

We thought of our friend and his shame when we read this tragic tale in the Daily Chronicle of London:

"He was a 'figure' in Whitehall and famous among his fellow civil servants as the authority on all things Polish. This, added to his natural dignity, made his life. Judge then his horror at seeing his standard book on Poland 'marked down' at the bookseller's near his office. 'Half-a-crown!' he gasped as he thought of the published price. 'What an insult! What will my colleagues think?' He bought it. The next day another copy was displayed. And the next day, and the next. He bought them, and by Saturday had amassed six copies and wondered what he should do with them. The following Monday the bookseller, struck by the demand for the book, displayed a further copy, but marked it 'five shillings'; and by the end of the week our author had spent another 30 shillings and collected six more copies. On the Monday morning, however, he was filled with contentment. The book was there, but in its rightful place priced at 25 shillings. That was a fortnight ago. Yesterday our permanent official was again faced with the alternative of progressive ruin or retirement. His book was bravely displayed at half-a-crown again!"

"AND A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM"

CHILD TO LEAD
U. S. OBSERVERS
AT LAUSANNE

As the World Wags:

I felt pretty doggy when my little niece, whose diligent enlargement of her vocabulary occasionally effervesces in strange and wonderful fashion, in speaking of a neighborhood entertainment, said, 'It will be fifteen cents for us kids and thirty cents for your Airedales!'

A RAGING VOLCANO

As the World Wags:

I saw a reference in The Herald to Tom-R-Jon Elliott and his paper, the Volcano. I have a copy of this paper dated December, 1875. In perusing it I find that our ancestors had the same problems which confront us, nearly 50 years later. I quote an article:

"The coal frauds ought to be shown up. Two or three skunks think it is smart to raise the price of coal from 30 to 40 cents a basket. It takes three baskets to keep us warm a week and we only run one stove. The profit is enormous. . . . House rent is too high. People are crowded into martin-boxes and then half the time they fall short, the tenants, not the rooms. Then the renter moves out and rents another room."

Another article begins:

"Probably the greatest piece of nonsense that engages the public attention at present is the method of treating what is called the liquor question."

This paper was sold exclusively, I think, on the street by Tom-R-Jon's wife, who always dressed in men's clothing. NEWTON.

CERTAINLY ALL PARENTS SHOULD KNOW ABOUT IT

"Dr. Klarkowski, school trustee, proposes to form classes and teach parents sex matters."

PHILADELPHIA WAKES UP

(From the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin

Nov. 13)

CRY BEAVER! 15-ALL!

GRAY BEAVER, 40-15!

Imported Game of Waving Whiskers Reaches Philadelphia And the Craze Is On.

THE HINT COURTEOUS

As the World Wags:

Too much cannot be said in praise of the gracious beauties of hospitality. The person who aspires to social prestige must never forget that the comfort of one's guest is of paramount consideration. One may grow cynical and disillusioned through listening overlong to

the discourse of some stranger within one's gates, but none the less, it is a flagrant breach of the conventions to express any eagerness when at last a motion is made to call it a day. On the contrary, a few carefully chosen, regretful words are expected of one at this crucial moment and the well-poised host or hostess will find it difficult to coin a more gracious or affable phrase than—"Here's your hat; what's your hurry?" HELEN HENNA.

HELEN—BARING NECK AND SOUL TO VEE DEE

(For As the World Wags.)
What do I wish! What do I wish!
'Tis kind of you to inquire;
A ring or hankie—fur or fish?
The price of playing with fire!

Just tell the world that I'm quite sane
And possibly I'm not bad,
I can raise something more than Cain,
Proving it, too, my lad.

We'll charge it up to profit and loss;
Let us not think of gain!
(I'd do still more to get that boss),
If I could find my brain.

Veel! Lend me a helping hand?
Mayhap, on a higher plane,
Some fellow's going to understand
That what I'm after's a brain!

LADY WONOVEN.

"IL TROVATORE" AT

"Il Trovatore," Verdi's melodious and popular opera, given at the Boston Opera House last night, concluded the very successful engagement here of the San Carlo Grand Opera Company. It was very competently rendered, to the great and evident appreciation of an audience that packed the great auditorium from pit to topmost gallery.

Marie Rappold was the Leonora and she sang the role with a power and sweetness that stamps her as one of the best of our dramatic sopranos. Stella de Metti, as Azucena, the gypsy, scored a real hit. Her capacity as an actor matches her ability as a vocalist, and both are of a high order.

Amador Farnadas inspired the role of Manrico with the necessary dramatic fervor and Mario Valle gave us a very gallant and tuneful Count di Luna.

All the well remembered arias were sung with spirit and sweetness. Even the duet between Leonora and Manrico in prison, played as it is on every muddy-gurdy from Maine to California, lost none of its rhythmic charm. The chorus, as ever did its work well.

Curtain calls were many and enthusiastic.

The opera yesterday afternoon was Puccini's "Madama Butterfly," the second performance by the San Carlo Opera Company. The singers were Mmes. Miura and Klinova; Messrs. Barra, Bonelli, De Biasi, Curci and Cervi. The performance was excellent. Mme. Miura's voice has broadened since she first sang here, and without a loss of quality. There was a very large audience. Mr. Franchetti conducted.

HUTCHESON

At the second in his series of piano recitals yesterday afternoon in Jordan hall Ernest Hutcheson played this program of Beethoven's compositions: Sonata in E minor, op. 90; bagatelle in B minor, op. 126, No. 4; minuet in E-flat, rondo a capriccio, op. 129; sonata appassionata, op. 57; sonata in C minor, op. 111.

Mr. Hutcheson's audience yesterday, in its size, character and behavior, seemed a phenomenon, no less. In these days when most people under 60 at the mention of a Beethoven sonata shrug their shoulders and teachers have to make a fight of it to force their pupils to Beethoven, because they find it more to their taste to meander through Debussy, yesterday, if you please, an audience of satisfying size went out to hear Mr. Hutcheson play nothing at all but Beethoven, and three sonatas at that. And the company was not markedly elderly in appearance; an unusually large proportion of the people, on the contrary, were young. They liked the concert, old and young together. No concert given this season, unless perhaps one of the popular box-office magnets who are applauded at the end of a group in the hope of more, has called forth such spontaneous, hearty acclaim as Mr. Hutcheson—all to show pleasure and to honor the performer, because Mr. Hutcheson is a person who does not hold with marring the symmetry of his programs by thrusting in extra pieces, and his audiences know his views.

To please his followers, Mr. Hutcheson did not arrange a program of

pieces that everybody knows and likes, perhaps has studied himself. With the exception of the "Appassionata," he chose music that is rarely played at concerts and probably not extensively used in the schools. Whether or not he represented Beethoven at either his greatest or his most ingratiating, is a question which one might debate. Nor did he make any concessions to the public in his playing. Stoutly orthodox — although at times he played very fast — he used no warmer colors than drab and buff. But apparently this very orthodoxy bewitched the audience, old and young alike. A phenomenon, no less! Or are there more conservative people in Boston than one would guess?

R. R. G.

With too many, Sunday is a day for gormandizing. A heavy dinner at half-past one or two o'clock, then stupefaction, uneasy dozing, a vain attempt to read the newspapers of the day. Perhaps some of our readers, tired of conventional roast beef (chickens in boarding houses) and ice cream, would like the following bill-of-fare for a welcome change.

First a word in explanation:

As the World Wags:

A friend (hic) of mine sends me a really meritorious bill-of-fare from Aberdeen (copy enclosed). In his letter he says, in part: "The dinner was a success, or at least, what I can remember of it, but it really needed the presence of Mr. Herkimer Johnson of Clamport, U. S. A., and one of his famous after-dinner speeches, to bring the party to a most finished conclusion. Please convey my regrets to Mr. Johnson."

Will you be kind enough to carry this message to Mr. Johnson, as coming from one of his most appreciative admirers. AUGUSTIN SMYTHE.

Mr. Johnson does not make after-dinner speeches. He is shy on his feet. But to this bill-of-fare:

A LITTLE SCOTCH DINNER

Some hae meat and canna eat,
An's some wad eat that want it,
But we hae meat an' we can eat,
-Sae let the Lord be thankit!

SOME O' THE THINGS WE'LL HAE

Soaps
Sheep's Hed Kall. Cockle Leekie.
Hen Bree, an' a Dram.
Flsh

Cauld Saumon. Troots.
Tawties an' Herrin'.
Anither Dram.

HAGGIS WT' A' THE HONOURS
"Fair fa' your honest sonsie face,
Great chieftain o' the puddin' race."

Sic a gran' nicht we're haein'.
We'll hae anither mouthfu'.

Joint
Sautit Soo's Leg Biled.
Gligots o' Mutton Roasted.
Lalch Cuts o' Beef Roasted.
Peas. Ingans.
Tawties, biled an' chappit.

Bashed Neeps, an' ither Orra Vegetables.
Anither Dram.

Entrees an' Orra Dishes
Roastit Bubbylocks Stuffed.
Roasted Ducks. Stoved Hens.
Doo Pie. Trumlin Tam.

Heck' Anither Tastin'.
Dessert an' Siclike

Grozet Tairt. Apple Tairt. Rhuburb
Tairt. Saps. Bakes. Alt Cake in
Fars. Parleys. Curran' Loaf w/
raisins intil. Scones. Snaps. Short-
bread w/ raisins on't. Curds an'
Cream. Glesca Jeeline an' ither
trifles. Ma certie we'll hae anither
Dram. Kebbucks, green an' mity.

Wines
Toddy Scotch. Toddy Heilan'.
Toddy Athol Brose.
Strong Yill.

Barley Bree frae weel-kent Scottish
Vineyards.
We're no that fou.

An' we'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet.
P. S.—For teetotal Folk an' siclike,
we'll hae Claret (which some folk ca'
Soordook). Cuddle ma' dearie, Skel-
chan, Treadle Yilk an' ither drinks o'
that ilk, New Maskit Tea, etc.)

A NEW VERSION

(Suggested by some modern methods
of church support. "Make not My Father's
house a house of merchandize."—
Mark xi, 16).

O Lord I come to Thee in prayer once
more,

But pardon if I do not kneel before
Thy gracious presence, for my knees
are sore

With so much walking. In my chair
instead

I'll sit at ease and humbly bow my head.
I've labored in Thy vineyard, Thou dost
know;

I've sold ten tickets to the minstrel
show;

I've called on fifteen strangers in our
town;

Their contributions to our church put
down;

I've baked a pot of beans for Saturday's
supper.

An old-time supper it is going to be;

I've dressed three dolls, too, for our
annual fair,

And made a cake which we must raffle
there.

Now, with Thy boundless vision so
sublime,

Thou knowest that these duties all
take time;

I have no time to fight my spirit's foes;
I have no time to mend my husband's
clothes;

My children roam the streets from morn
till night,

I have no time to teach them to do
right.

But Thou, O Lord, considering all my
cares,

Will count them righteous, also heed
my prayers.

Bless the bean supper and the minstrel
show,

And put it in the hearts of all to go.
Induce the visitors to patronize

The men who in our program advertise;
Because I've chased these merchants
till they did

Whene'er they saw me coming; yes,
they hid.

Increase the contributions to our fair,
And bless the people who assemble
there;

Bless Thou the grab-bag and the gypsy
tent,

The flower table and the cake that's
sent;

May our Whist Club be to our service
blest,

The dancing party gayer than the rest;
And when Thou hast bestowed these
blessings, then

We pray that Thou wilt bless our souls.
Amen,

—Walther League Messenger,

GATHER YE ROSES, WHILE YE MAY

As the World Wags:

I was happy tonight on the way home,
because Rosemary and I were in the
subway car together. I call her Rose-
mary because, although we are
strangers, to my remembrance she is
very dear.

Tonight I thought she looked toward
me and I wished that my hair were not
turning gray.

I think of her as Rosemary, and of
myself as "the marigold," these
are flowers of middle summer, and I
think they are given to men of middle
age.

JEAN JACQUES.

Lexington,

PREPARED FOR EITHER FATE

(From the Woburn Daily Times.)

WANTED—Maid for general house-
work in family of two adults, two collie
pups and a canary named "Peter,"
where the adults do not look upon the
maid as belonging to a lower order of
creation. Room with three windows on
the second floor. Her bed is as soft and
her bedclothes as good as the owners,
if she is the right girl for the job, she
will have a fine life. On the other
hand, we are in no hurry to get a maid,
who does not fit the place. Thank
goodness, we can do our own work
without help, if we have to. Tel. —

EFFECTIVE ABSENT TREATMENT

(From the Springfield, Ill., Churchman.)

The rector spent a quiet month at
Sewanee and Montague, Tenn., before
making a pilgrimage to the far-famed
land of "Evangeline," in Nova Scotia.

He endeavored, during the three
months, to carry on the work of the
parish by a "correspondence course,"
and hopes, as a result, for several early
christenings.

WV 20 1922

People's Symphony Orchestra

Pleases Audience

The People's Symphony Orchestra,

Emil Mollenhauer, conductor, gave its

fifth concert for the season yesterday

afternoon in St. James Theatre. The

program was as follows: Volkmann,

overture to Shakespeare's "Richard III."

In F sharp minor, op. 68; Volkmann,

serenade for strings, No. 3, in D minor,

op. 69, with cello solos by Rudolph

Nagel; Tschadikowsky, Italian capriccio

for orchestra, op. 45; Dvorak, symphony

No. 5 in E minor, "From the New

World."

There was an audience of good size,

enthusiastic in showing appreciation of

the excellence of the orchestra, which

steadily improves as the season pro-

gresses. The compositions offered were

such as to please the average audience,

well balanced, and with sufficient

variety to relieve any suggestion of

monotony.

Mr. Nagel's cello solo playing was

heartily applauded.

The orchestra had announced that it

would play D'Harcourt's symphony,

"Neo-Classique" for the first time in

Boston, but found that it lacked suffi-

cient time for preparation. This com-

position will be given later.

ELMAN PLEASES

Mischa Elman gave a violin recital in Symphony hall yesterday afternoon with the following program: Partita in E minor, Bach-Nachez; Sonata, Cesar Franck; Symphonie Espagnole, Lalo; Nocturne, Grelg-Elman; Co-dances, Beethoven-Seiss-Elman; Hungarian dance, F-sharp minor, Brahms-Joachim; Caprice Basque, Sarasate.

The music selected by Mr. Elman for this performance was chiefly of the delicate, fantastic, rippling type, which hypnotizes the sense and does not call for profound intellectual appreciation. The Franck Sonata, however, was superbly played and the Spanish symphony, which followed, won hearty applause.

Especially beautiful was the nocturne and the little group of contredances.

Miss Liza Elman played the piano part in the performance of the Sonata and Josef Bonime was the regular accompanist. All three performers contributed to a delightful afternoon. The house was fairly well filled.

Braggiotti Sisters and Others
Entertain WV 19

An interesting and well-arranged program of music and dancing was given at Jordan hall last evening in aid of the Seclay Square Service Club by Berthe and Francesca Braggiotti, dancers, Carmela Ippolito, violinist, and George Boynton, tenor.

The Misses Braggiotti danced with the grace and enthusiasm that has characterized all their performances in Boston and their selection of dances was particularly fortunate. Perhaps the most effective was "The Oriental Spirit," in which Berthe's "Incense" was followed by her sister's "Prayer," all amid gloomy oriental splendor and accompanied by pulsing, throbbing music, played by the Leo Frank Reisman Orchestra. Contrasted with this was the "Tango" which ended the program. In their arrangement of this somewhat overworked theme the sisters as partners gave a spirited interpretation that for all its dash lost nothing in grace.

Carmela Ippolito in two groups of pieces for violin was delightful and was accompanied very ably by J. M. Sanroma at the piano. Mr. Boynton sang first a group of French and Italian songs and later several songs in English, which were on the whole more interesting. The audience was not large but showed decided interest in the entire program.

TO BAFFIN LAND

By PHILIP HALE

Donald MacMillan told last night in Symphony hall the story of his recent trip to unknown Baffin Land. The story was illustrated copiously with motion and still pictures. There was a very large audience.

After Mr. MacMillan had been introduced in a most complimentary manner—and yet this brave and intelligent explorer needed no introduction to a Boston audience—he told in a few words why the Arctic region tempted men to risk their lives. The answer was that something might be added to the world's store of knowledge.

VALUABLE DISCOVERIES

Thus in the present journey terrestrial magnetism was carefully studied; there were also interesting and valuable discoveries in the fields of botany and ornithology. For in certain months of the year flowers of many varieties grow in abundance, and birds that are rare in more temperate lands are common there.

The pictures showed the course taken by the staunch little Bowdoin until the ice was reached which finally shut in the vessel. The Eskimos' manner of building their snow houses with windows of ice; their hunting and fishing from walrus to trout; their catching the seal; their simple sports; these were vividly described and illustrated. As at the beginning of the lecture icebergs and glaciers were seen in their beauty and majesty, so later there were countless snow and ice scenes, showing the difficulties that explorers must surmount. Not the least interesting features of the lecture and the pictures were the praise of the Eskimo dog of Greenland, and the views of the polar bear and other animals of the North.

It was easy to see why the Arctic region has had so great a fascination for hardy men consumed with scientific

curiosity. It appears that the Eskimos who inhabit the region visited by Mr. MacMillan, living as their ancestors have lived for centuries, wonder why men and women can be happy elsewhere. This northern land is not one of perpetual snow and ice; the needs of the people are few; their skill supplies them with food; they can exchange skins for what else they want, especially tobacco. They are like Homer's Ethiopians visited by Zeus, a blameless lot. The faces of the men, women and children show that they are happy, undisturbed by the vexations of what is known as civilization. There are no schools; few, if any, can read or write. Perhaps for this reason they are singularly intelligent.

A story told by our contributor, Mr. L. X. Catalonia, has perplexed many. Now come "W. F. A." and "C. W. H." with explanations (but without diagrams) of the joke.

The explanation given by "W. F. A." reminds us of a little article entitled "How Old Abe Received the News of His Nomination," written by Artemus Ward when he was on the staff of the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Mr. Lincoln is a jovial man, and has a keen sense of the ludicrous. During the evening he asked Mr. Evarts of New York 'why Chicago was like a hen crossing the street.' Mr. Evarts gave it up. 'Because,' said Mr. Lincoln, 'Old Grimes is dead, that good old man!' This exceedingly humorous thing created the most uproarious laughter."

MR. CATALONIA'S LITTLE STORY

As the World Wags:

In a communication appearing in your column in The Herald of the 17th inst. "F. C. F." asks you to explain the point in the following story:

"In London, off the Strand, there is a little street called Twining, where lived a widow and an only son and child, her own. The boy was fond of walking on stilts. One day as he was passing his mother's window she said: 'Johnny, are you not afraid you will hurt yourself?' 'No, mother never.'"

As, according to your admission, the point seems to be mutually obscure, may I state that this story is alleged to have been told by the originator of the following conundrum:

"Why is a mouse that spins?"

Answer: "Because the fewer, the higher."

The profundity of thought in this question, together with the clarity of the explanation, would, to any thinking person, upon the same basis of reasoning, make the answer sought by "F. C. F." perfectly obvious.

I trust I have made the matter clear. Cambridge. W. F. A.

As the World Wags:

L. X. Catalonia's contribution of Nov. 11, reprinted in The Herald of the 17th, interested me. I take the liberty of sending in my idea of the solution absolutely free of charge:

"She said: 'Johnny, are you not afraid you will hurt yourself?' 'No, mother, never' ('No more than ever')."

Now, F. C. F., you should be able to go to sleep peacefully. C. W. H. Worcester.

ADD "TROLLEY CAR HORRORS"

The Rev. Mr. J. C. Masse, D. D., addressing the congregation in Tremont Temple last Sunday, described a terrible scene in a subway car in which three women were jammed against him. The conductor did not even attempt to shoo them away.

CAMBRIDGE VS. FISHER HILL

As the World Wags:

The shrewd appraisal of swill is beyond the limits of the education of the average well read man. Yet swill varies in degree of excellence even as "one star differeth from another star in glory," and there is geographical variation as well. A lady living in Brookline lost a friendly cook by marriage. The girl said she was doing well, being about to marry the "city collector." The lady expressed interest, and upon seeking opportunity to say a fair word to the fortunate young man, met Mr. Bumbo, so-called, for years her trusted swill man, famous, for once he returned a silver spoon to its owner. Findings usually are keepings in this profession.

Bumbo was reminiscent. He recalled the happy days when he gathered swill along Brattle street, Cambridge. "A far finer grade than ever I pick upon Fisher Hill." "You astonish me," replied the lady. "No need," answered Mr. Bumbo, "there's scarce a day passed by in Cambridge when I'd not find the shells of grapefruit and the frames of ducks." T. B. Boston.

P. S.—What is the origin of "beezee" for nose? "A blip on the beezee," for "a crack on the snout." T. B.

IT'S IN THE BIBLE

As the World Wags:

In a football article, undoubtedly written by an expert for a morning Boston newspaper, I found this gem:

"O'Hearn made his exodus into the football world," etc.

Does it look to you as though the "experts" in their effort to show the brain in brawn were getting a bit beyond their depth? Or is it something else? HARRY L. PERKINS.

THANK YOU, FOR THE APPLE

As the World Wags:

"Behold what a great fire a small matter kindleth." Please excuse me for coming to you for assistance in a very small matter. I have tried elsewhere without success and fire threatens. Which is the top and which is the bottom of an apple? I inquired at Breck's and that century old house is divided against itself. One thinks the stem is in the top, another is certain it is in the bottom of the apple. No decision from that source and a small bet pending.

Here is an excellent painting of fruit by a real artist. Apples are shown; one with the stem pointing north, the top; another with the stem down, the bottom—no decision. Millions of people are enjoying millions of apples. I cannot hope for that pleasure again until I know which end the stem is in, top or bottom. To look at an apple now is to see only the stem and to turn it over and over in indecision. Please examine exhibit A, try it as Judge Stevens tried the chicken soup, and if possible decide the question for us. BARVEL WHANG.

Brookline. We have always thought that the stem was the top, but we are not a pomologist or the son of a pomologist.—Ed.

AMERICA UESBER ALLES

As the World Wags:

The London Times Weekly of Oct. 12, gives pictorial news of a recent diplomatic episode which the American press seems to have passed by, much as it redounds to the clean-cut and courageous foreign policy of the present administration and American leadership abroad.

It appears that of all the diplomatic representatives of all the nations of the world at London, it was our own ambassador, Col. George Harvey, who was chosen to cut into the first rump steak, kidney, lark and oyster pudding of the season at the Old Cheshire Cheese, the famous 17th century tavern in Fleet street, a function compared to which a partition of Turkey or even a bounding of America seems a trivial thing. Col. Harvey is shown standing ready to attack with implements of dissection in hand, with a smile on his face as of one unfettered at the Pandora's box of chaotic cuisine before him. If the Cheshire cat had swallowed the canary, so would he have smiled. Probably Col. Harvey had just finished reciting the Ode to a Skylark, or said something about the world being his oyster, or Rump Parliaments, or men of the same kidney, and was listening to the well considered applause. He has a record as a brave man, sometimes even to rashness. His handling of the four-party pudding makes it imperishable. I have not heard that he has been incapacitated. What would one drink in London with such a pudding? ABEL ADAMS.

Amherst, N. H.

'MEANEST MAN'

THE ST. JAMES THEATRE—"The Meanest Man in the World," play in three acts by Augustin MacHugh. First produced by George M. Cohan at the Hudson Theatre, New York city, on Oct. 12, 1920. First performance in Boston.

Barth Nash.....Honston Richards
Kitty Crockett.....Lucille Adams
Richard Clarke.....Walter Gilbert
Ned Stephens.....Hugh Cairns
Mrs. Clarke.....Anna Layne
Nellie Clarke.....Viola Roach
Frederick Leggett.....William Jeffery
Henry Billings.....Harold Chase
Carlton Childs.....Edward Darney
Michael O'Brien.....Ralph M. Remley
Jane Hudson.....Evelyn Sudsen
Hiram Leeds.....Mark Kent
Franklin Fielding.....Mel Kent
Chauffeur.....Harry Lowell

Perhaps patronizing fountain of experience and past success, the St. James Players last night brought to their stage for its first performance in Boston a play which recently enjoyed New York production under the entertaining, capa-

ble, scrutinizing hands of George M. Cohan. "The Meanest Man in the World," however, has double guarantee for its value in a theatre of entertainment, because its author, Augustin MacHugh, is the same workman-like artificer who constructed that hardy perennial of farce, "Officer 666."

But the play at the St. James this week rarely lives up to expected value so doubly guaranteed. True, it has familiar Cohan "sure fire" recipes for certain popularity: story winding, twisting through manipulated, laugh-provoking reversals of situation; it has humorous, flippant, careless love-making, and it has many a Cohan line, sharp biting, keen edged, yet genial. But also it has plot childish, replete with often turned device of oil, mortgage, a helpless woman and a cruel skinflint. Nothing could be more conventionalized stuff of the theatre than Richard Clarke, who, failing through generosity and diffidence to become a successful lawyer, passes to a small town, where he proposes to be "The Meanest Man in the World"—and so inevitably achieves riches and success—only to find that the "Only Girl in the World" lives there and that his is the task to "turn a bum town into a boom town."

Yet even the accustomed thrills, laughs, and revolving "gags" of a tale so sentimentally conventional might be glossed and freshened. Originality in even the best of drama comes not from story, not from novelty, but from treatment, thought and wit of author keenly perceptive. But agility of mind in the present instance is not for Messrs. MacHugh and Cohan.

Last night a few bright lines, a weak paraphrase of the curtain scene of act one in "Turn to the Right" and strong acting saved the piece from utter vacuity. Walter Gilbert gave some symptoms of amusing farce to the second act by the pure drive of all his powers. He was greatly aided in this act by subtle, stroked characterization from Messrs. Remley and Kent; the former a shoe-maker ironic, sagacious; the latter a villain conventional, yet raised to realism and life. In the first act, too, characterization was contributed by Houston Richards—sly, satiric burlesque of the conventional office boy.

Of the others, no one was given opportunity to do more than stencil a type and bandy lines of business faintly reminiscent of the usually alert and snapping George M. Cohan. One word we would like to whisper to certain of the players in this week's performance; gentlemen and others sometimes remove their hats upon entering a room. Production at the St. James of "The Meanest Man in the World," is good, far better than such a weak-kneed play deserves. It is not fault of players that the production of the week is a Cohanish potboiler which never boils and seldom simmers. W. E. H.

AT MAJESTIC

The Four Marx Brothers, featured in "The Twentieth Century Revue," at the Majestic Theatre this week, head an unusually fine bill of comedy, song and dance. The production has one of the strongest assortment of acts assembled for a Shubert advanced vaudeville revue.

Acts preceding the revue include such headliners, in addition to the Four Marx Brothers, as Olga and Mishka and company, members of the former Imperial Russia Ballet; Marie Rossi, Chicago Grand Opera Company soprano; Kranz and White, for the "Ziegfeld Follies," and "The Passing Show," and the Novelli Brothers.

The Russian dancers appear in an episode from "A Thousand and One Nights," the music by Rimsky-Korsakov. The staging is beautiful and the dancing is the best seen in Boston recently.

Marie Rossi has a fine voice. It shows careful training and she gave many encores at yesterday's performances.

The Four Marx Brothers, who, in the vaudeville part of the bill, appear in "A Theatrical Manager's Office," are the authors of the revue. They show considerable skill as authors and as stage managers. The harp specialty played by Arthur Marx and the song with harp in which Marx and Rossi take part, deserve special mention.

AT THE GAYETY

Harry Hastings' "Knick-Knacks," which opened at the Gayety Theatre yesterday, presented to applauding audiences lavish scenic effects in addition to comedy, song and beauty such as are rarely combined in one production. The "Royal Gorge" and the "Fountain of Youth" scenes by light- and costuming effects showed especially lavish expenditure. Frank X. Kelly and Kitty Warren were the featured figures in "A Silk Stocking Revue" and "Down Broadway." Silk, as of Up and Down Broadway, was aided in his tramp-comedian, was aided in his never-ceasing comedy by Dick Hulse,

rotund of form and comical in manner. Miss Warren is a charming dancing soubrette of grace and charm. Her singing was a feature, too, as shown by her "High Brown Blues," and other songs. In the "Royal Gorge" scene Miss Warren sang "Hiawatha" before a Colorado river setting, while the choruses were sung by girls as Indian maids. "Honey-mooning" introduces a Pullman compartment as the nest of a bridal pair. Madlyn Worth certainly can whistle. Carney and Carr led whirlwind dance numbers expertly and Kenneth Christy was laughable in black-face comedy.

SPANISH DANCES HEAD KEITH BILL

There is much that is good, little that is commonplace on the bill at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week. Last evening most every number was approved by the audience.

As a curtain raiser, Harry Moore offered a novelty in paper manipulation, followed by the Dixie Four, a quartet of irrepressible Negroes, who stopped the show in a peppy program of song, oake walking and dancing. Arthur Hartley and Helen Patterson were next in a sketch, in which Mr. Hartley sang indifferently well and Miss Patterson gave pleasure by her vivacity and high kicking.

Al Wohlman entertained in a monologue that was somewhat different from the conventional; he has a neat offhand way and his material is all from his own bag of tricks.

One of the best acts on the bill was that of Robert Emmett Keane and Claire Whitney in "The Gossipy Sex," introducing the comedian in a style unfamiliar to vaudeville patrons. The piece is a neat satire on the gossipy man. Mr. Keane gave pleasure in repose as well as the spoken word, and the actor knows the value of understatement.

Henry and Moore were seen in an act much after its kind of chatter and method in vaudeville.

The headline act of the bill was the dancing entertainment of the Carrsinos. It is a pleasure to record the progress of these dancers who have now added two more of the family—Angel and Jose—to their act. From an insignificant place on the bill of some three years ago, they now have reached the headline stratum. Their program last evening was an exhibition of the Spanish school, the act heightened by a lavish and appropriate stage setting. Elisa, the ravishing brunette, excelled again in her agility, fleetness, in the grace of her every movement, and Eduardo, as well as Angel and Jose, excited the audience in pirouette and the length of their performance.

Lillian Shaw, "nut" monologist, and Mang and Snyder, acrobats, concluded the bill.

Here is another explanation of our friend, Mr. L. X. Catalonia's merry anecdote. We fear that we belong to the noble army of boneheads, for even now we do not see the point.

STILTED JOHN'S REPARTEE

As the World Wags:

Little wonder that you do not see the point of the story of the far-famed widow of Twining. This subtle classic bit depends for its charm almost wholly upon the exactness of its wording, and I am surprised—and grieved—that L. X. Catalonia should attempt such liberties with its delicate humor. Properly told it will delight F. C. F. and other readers. I am sure:

"In Twining, off the Strand, there lived a widow and her only son, John. One day she saw her son walking on stilts and she said, 'John, you may fall and hurt yourself!' To which John replied, 'No, Mother, never!'"

Jamaica Plain. H. A. LEMMON.

And here comes Mr. Catalonia, laughing derisively:

TO F. C. F.

When ye yer stories tell
Tae friend or bosom crony,
Aye keep somethin' tae yersel'
And never tell tae ony.

L. X. C.

THEY'RE IN THE HALL OF FAME

As the World Wags:

Too bad that A. Presutti, Tallor, gave up his shop in a suburb south of Boston. There is reason to hope, however, that Mr. Grippatosi is still in the shoe business. W. H. R.

"FLASK AND FLAPPER A MENACE," ACCORDING TO A HEAD-LINE WRITER.

(For As the World Wags)

The flasker and the flapper
Were sitting on the sand.
Said the flasker to the flapper:
"I fain would understand
If all the wild world women
Of the W. C. T. U.
Were not too old to do the things
That once they used to do.
Don't you suppose," the flasker said
"They'd be a menace, too?"
"I doubt it," said the flapper,
And gazed upon the view.
Amherst, N. H. ABEL ADAMS.

(From the Marblehead Messenger)

Mr. Barnett Fiegl, the well known junk dealer, has gone to New York to spend the winter, returning some time in April.

This paragraph might serve as text for several little essays: "Junk Collecting and Its Reward"; "The Lure of New York"; "Junk in New York"—and there's a great deal of it.

READ TO HER FROM "BEST SELLERS"

As the World Wags:

I see that the intelligent jury decided that Mrs. Phillips was guilty of murder only in the second degree. What I want to know is when you wallop a lady friend with a hammer until she croaks and then you hand her a few more to make sure and that's just 2nd degree, well what would you have to do to make it 1st? Put her through a meat chopper or buy a steam roller and squash her flat? W. M. C.

ON WITH THE GAME

As the World Wags:

Should not the picture of the Union of Rabbis of America have the caption, "The Beaver Board"? S. C. B.

TURKISH DELIGHT

(From the original and surprising recipe of several contemporaries.)

The Turk he is a gentleman, a gentleman, a gentleman,
The Turk he is a gentleman and one of nature's best!

And, oh, what black ingratitude to strike an angry attitude
And fix for him a latitude that's less than he possessed!

Throughout the war with Germany, with Germany, with Germany,
Throughout the war with Germany for us, of course, he fought;
And only the censorious will grudge the label glorious
To all the meritorious assistance that he brought.

He helped us in Gallipoli, Gallipoli, Gallipoli,
He helped us in Gallipoli and Palestine no end;
Assisted by Bulgaria, enteric, and malaria

Throughout the eastern area he acted like a friend!

So give him back his capital, his capital, his capital,
The European capital he stole for Asia's prey.

Lest after you posterity records with pained severity
That friendship and sincerity for Britain didn't pay!

—Lucio, in the Manchester Guardian.

THERE'S NOUGHT LIKE A BOTTLE OF INK!

As the World Wags:

Last night as I lay on my pillow I thought of pens; I saw millions of "em—all fountain pens. There were muzzle-loading pens, breech-loading pens, pump pens and pens caught red-handed, pens that squirt and pens that shirk and pens that make noises like camels at work. I saw a breed of hard-drinking pene with their boasted liquid capacity shown in graduated glasses. "I'll have none of 'em," thinks I. "Show me the pen that will carry a full pint and I'll carry both."

I laid away my fountain pen, except for traveling, along with my folding comb and pocket mirror, my magnifying glass, my lamb's wool shoe cleaner, my ivory pocket rule, my cigar lighter and my knife with the folding scissors, corkscrew and button hook. With me pocket items are subtracted as years are added.

Does anyone carry flint and steel these days?

As to my own pen, it has a steel nib held in a tapered piece of polished applewood—part of my family tree—and is companion to a blown glass inkwell with a pewter cover. It is a simple tool, nothing fancy about it, and it expresses the idea that not fine work on a pen but fine work with a pen is

the thing. My pen is much too good for its owner, for as my friend John Quill remarked, "The pen is mightier than the sword." PERCY FLAGE.

AND A GOOD JUDGE, TOO As the World Wags:

I cull the following flowery speech for your Ironie column: "Chief Justice Thompson of the state supreme court denied Lloyd's plea for a 30-day stay to permit him to arrange for the handling of his \$1,300,000 estate. 'No man going to the penitentiary ought to have that much money,' Justice Thompson commented."—From the Boston Herald.

Fine, fine! And, obversely, many men unfortunate enough to possess such filthy lucre ought to go to the penitentiary. Perhaps the worthy chief justice would like to communicate all large fortunes including perhaps his own? Cambridge. MURRAY GERARD.

W 23 1922

Let us consider for a moment an ironical little drama, a Chinese comedy, "The Veil of Happiness" by Georges Clemenceau, which was produced at the Renaissance Theatre, Paris, on Nov. 4, 1901. The play is in one act. A rich mandarin, after two years of marriage becomes blind, but he is as happy as can be. His wife is devoted to him. The tutor of his son reads to the mandarin daily the Official Monitor, which assures him that no country equals the Celestial Empire. He has a faithful friend. Everything is for the best in the best of possible worlds. The Emperor has heeded his petition and freed a man sentenced to perpetual exile, a man whom already he had wished to rescue from poverty.

But one day a barbarous foreigner makes the mandarin a present of an eyewash. Three drops of it restored his sight. Then he sees that the tutor has proclaimed himself as the collaborator in a book of which the mandarin is the sole author; that his young son mocks him most irreverently; that the condemned man takes advantage of his liberty to rob him; that his dear friend has had and has an affair with the devoted spouse. Crushed by these revelations, the mandarin seeks the blindness that gave him happiness.

For this play, in which Gemler took the part of the Mandarin, Gabriel Faure wrote incidental music.

When the piece was revived at the Porte-Saint-Martin, Paris, in November, 1910, Signoret played the Mandarin.

"The Veil of Happiness" was turned into a lyric comedy in two acts. The libretto was adapted by Paul Ferrier; the music was by Charles Ponst. Jean Perler took the part of the Mandarin. The first performance was at the Opera Comique, Paris, April 26, 1911.

We recall two plays of a somewhat similar nature. "Yeux Clos," in one act, based by Michel Carre on a Japanese legend by Felix Regamey, was produced at the Odeon, Paris, on Dec. 1, 1896. There was incidental music by Charles Malherbe. In this play Salto loves a blind woman and is loved by her. He prays to the gods that she may see, but the wise gods hear him not. Sight is restored by a skillful physician. Alas, the reality is disappointing. To the blind woman the sky was more beautiful. Men were more imposing, the flowers were richer in color.

The other play is Synge's bitter comedy, "The Well of the Saints," which was acted here by the Irish Players.

Tony Sarg's Marionettes will be shown in Steiart Hall this afternoon and evening for the benefit of Goucher College, Baltimore. At 4 P. M., "Uncle Wiggily's Fortune," by Howard R. Garis; at 8:15 P. M., "Don Quixote," by Anne Stoddard from Cervantes.

The Cecilia Society, Agide Jacchia, conductor, will give concerts this season. The officers for the year are: A. J. Jackson, president; C. S. Burgoyne, treasurer; J. C. Walker, secretary.

The program of the Symphony concerts tomorrow afternoon and Saturday evening is a most interesting one. The orchestral pieces will be the first three movements of Beethoven's 9th Symphony; the "Horatius, Victor" of Honneger (first time in America), and Brahms's Academic Festival Overture. Frieda Hempel will sing two arias by Mozart. Arthur Honegger is one of "The Six" of Paris (now "Five," since the withdrawal of one from the radical group). His "Horatius" is music written for pantomimic action.

Mr. Newman will give the second of

his Travel Talks on Africa tomorrow evening and Saturday afternoon. The pictures of wild animals in the open should alone fill Symphony Hall to overflowing.

Apparently they are hearing opera under difficulties in Chicago. Letters of complaint have been published in the newspapers. One reads:

"We were enjoying Mary's vivid performance in 'Carmen' from our breathless heights, until the seat-indicator (who insisted upon sitting on the step beside our last row seats) began playing his Spanish Catarrh. We saw red!"

Another letter is as follows: "My vis-a-vis came upright behind my chair, having slept through an act and a half, and said, 'Well, is it 3 o'clock, and hasn't this here Alida dead yet and did she die of old age?' Silly, because when he spoke it was only a little after 12 o'clock, and the night was still young. So was the opera."

Earl Carroll wrote to the Morning Telegraph: "I disagree with Henry Hill as to the cause of the falling off of patronage in theatre galleries. It is not the fault of the so-called 'Suppressed Emotion' or 'Restrained Acting.' The architects have quit building galleries."

Why do press agents insist on making statements that invite contradiction?

"Anna Christie" is admirably acted at the Plymouth, but the original cast was not brought to Boston "intact." The part of Marthy was first played in New York by Eugene Blair.

"Many" of the comedians now playing in "The Beggar's Opera" at the Fine Arts Theatre were not in the revival of the delightful play at the Lyric Theatre, London. One was: Mr. Arthur Wynn, now playing Peachum. At the Lyric he played Lockit.

Mr. Heywood Brown of the New York World says that John Barrymore's "Hamlet" is the best he has ever seen. This may well be. Mr. Brown was born in 1888.

Mr. Charles Pike Sawyer of the New York Evening Post names 28 actors he has seen as Hamlet, beginning with E. L. Davenport and Edwin Forrest.

It has been said that nobody ever failed as Hamlet except E. S. Willard, who was deadly dull, playing as if he were at a vestry meeting; highly respectable in a frock coat; wearingrown spats.

We have seen E. L. Davenport, Fechter, Edwin Booth, Rossi, Mounet-Sully, Forbes-Robertson, Mantell, Hampden, Barry Sullivan; some less celebrated actors, among them honest routine players in theatres of Germany. We have never seen a woman take the part. Winnetta Montague, Adele Belgarde, Louise Pomeroy, Anna Dickinson and Sarah Bernhardt disported themselves as the Prince in comparatively recent years.

The performances that we remember with the greatest pleasure were those of Davenport, Fechter and Rossi, widely different as they were. Davenport's was the most scholarly; Fechter's the most human and engrossing; Rossi's was strangely interesting and in the last act superb.

Who was the worst Ophelia you ever saw?

"Hamlet from the Actors' Standpoint" by Henry P. Phelps, published in New York (1890) is a valuable book if only by reason of the comparison of various performances. It was said of Rossi's killing of the king, that it was "a stroke of genius, a touch of realism almost awful to behold. It was Italian and it was terrible."

The engagement of "The Beggar's Opera" at the Fine Arts Theatre is drawing to a close. There will be a matinee on Thursday instead of Wednesday this week. The delightful comedy with music was played in Paris by an English company at the Theatre Caumartin last December. A Parisian critic, enjoying the play, said of the music that it was "a sort of patriotic rite." Pamela Baselow, Dorothy Gill, Ethel Maude and Andrew Shanks were the leading comedians.

Mr. Rachmaninov plays in Symphony Hall tonight. Mr. Helfetz will give the concert in Symphony Hall next Sunday afternoon. Clara Larsen, a young pianist, will give a recital in Jordan Hall next Monday afternoon; on Tuesday night young Mr. Chagrinisky, a pianist, will play in Steiart Hall; Joseph Lautner, tenor, will sing in Jordan Hall a week from tomorrow night, and on Saturday afternoon, Dec. 2, Mr. Hutcheson will play music by Schumann.

Mr. Paderewski, eagerly awaited, play in Symphony Hall, next Wednesday afternoon.

The concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra on Dec. 5, should crowd Symphony Hall, for it is in aid of Wilhelm Gericke, who, as conductor, made the reputation of this orchestra.

Harold Bauer played the piano at a Colonne concert in Paris last month. The Menestrel said he was a great artist. "He will be almost perfect when he will consent to play his two hands together."

RACHMANINOV

By PHILIP HALE

Mr. Rachmaninov, pianist, gave a recital in Symphony Hall last night. His program read as follows: Medtner, Improvisation, op. 31; Beethoven, Sonata Appassionata; Chopin, Nocturne, Valse, Sonata, op. 35; Rachmaninov, Melodie and Serenade; Paganini-Liszt: Two Etudes—E major and La Campanella. There was a very large audience. Many stood.

Mr. Rachmaninov's individuality, strongly marked as ever, is a commanding feature of his art. It might be said of him as Swinburne said of Coleridge, that he is lonely and incomparable. He reminds one of no pianist, past or present. He hears the music of composers in a different way than his colleagues hear it. No doubt if Beethoven and Chopin were to listen to his playing they would be surprised at beautiful or dramatic measures of which they were not fully conscious when they wrote them. Not that he seeks out these passages so deliberately that he seems to an audience anxious to startle it; not that he prides himself on new readings, on discovery of hidden voices. He absorbs the music of others and when he plays it there is a transmutation through the mind of a lover of the beautiful.

The so-called "intellectual" pianist is usually a fearsome thing, to be avoided. He allows the audience to see analytical processes. He is usually a dry, pedantic or ponderously dull person, often all three; like Mrs. Malaprop's Cerberus, three gentlemen at once. There is no disputing the fact that Mr. Rachmaninov has brains, but his brains are those of a poetic musician, not of a theorist, not of a professor. His remarkable phrasing, with its effective rhetoric and its equally effective punctuation, however carefully considered in private, shows no painful study in the concert hall; it is accepted at once as natural and spontaneous.

In the performance last night there was a constant revelation of beautiful tone quality, varied, whether a melodic line was to be sung, whether there was a succession of chords which played by another might seem matter-of-fact. This constant sense of beauty did not lead Mr. Rachmaninov into undue emphasis of measures that were not of prime importance. There was always a fine sense of proportion. There was much more than tonal beauty, proportion, rhythm, or display of bravura; there was an originality of conception that glorified rather than did injury to the composer. And so one found a fascination in passages that had formerly passed unnoticed.

When Mr. Rachmaninov played Beethoven's sonata, no one questioned whether the music deserved the title, for there is subdued, smouldering passion as well as the stormy outburst. The momentary lull in the second movement prepared one for the fiery finale.

When he played Chopin's sonata no one thought of discussing its form or violation of the sonata form. Funeral March, much abused by many pianists, was peculiarly impressive as the mighty chords that followed immediately the chant of resignation were more than a conventional lamentation. Perhaps the most striking revelation of Mr. Rachmaninov's genius was his playing of the strange, disquieting, hopeless pages of the Finale. Dust and ashes; human lives swept away as leaves of the trees by an autumnal wind; the end of every man's desire.

One of our colleagues wrote in The Herald of Nov. 22: "What a consolation dinner party the Kaiser could give with other retired royalties as guests!"

And so we thought of Candide who once sat at table with six deposed monarchs in a Venetian hotel. Seeing royal honors paid them by their servants, Candide supposed it was all a joke and asked them why they pretended to be kings. Achmet III., Ivan

of Russia, Charles Edward of England, two kings of Poland and Theodore of Corsica, each told his sad story, and each one concluded: "And I have come to pass the Carnival at Venice." Candide, on his way to Constantinople, marvelled at this adventure and commented on the singularity of it to Martin, who answered in this same manner: "It's a common thing for kings to be dethroned, and as to the honor of having supped with them, that's a trifle that does not deserve our attention."

We should like to hear the conversation at a dinner given in Washington, D. C., by Senator Newberry to the "lame ducks."

A brilliant writer in New York, no longer living, married three wives, one after the other. He was twice divorced, but he did not bear in mind the remark of "the Man in the Iron Mask" years ago in Figaro: "He that marries the second time does not deserve to have lost his first wife." It occurred to our friend that it would be a joyous adventure to invite his three wives to lunch with him at a hotel. Strange to say, they all accepted. He gave them an elaborate luncheon. "Afterward," he said to us, "I sat in a corner smoking a cigar and hearing them discuss me. I had the time of my life."

A HOPELESS CASE

As the World Wags:

A terrible new malady is bothering me. The name of this new affliction to mankind is Radiocitis. Caused from wearing radio head receivers for several weeks. Symptoms: Ears flattened against the head with upper tips turned out. Patient very grouchy and sour. Talks loudly and says, "Statio, statio," whenever any one speaks to him. Pays no attention to wife, family or friends, and even refuses to eat at times. Sits up all hours of the night muttering to himself and feverishly turns numerous dials and dodads. Is far worse than the golf nut when he meets a fellow sufferer—talks loudly and waves his arms—paying no attention to the other bug who does likewise. I would appreciate suggestions for treatment—even if relief is only temporary. DOC. W.

"HARD TIMES"

(For As the World Wags.)

When I was a beggarly girl
And first started out to earn money,
I hadn't a permanent curl,
And my clothes were old-fashioned and funny.
We talked of hard times even then,
With shoes at three dollars a pair;
My pay-envelope held but a ten,
And I had mighty little to spare.

Since then I have worked long and late,
I've earned and I've got many raises;
My clothes they are quite up to date,
I simply have prospered like blazes.
My cheerful old boss likes to speak
Of the sure, rich reward of endeavor;
But I find that with thirty a week
I am nearer the poorhouse than ever.

ROSE WILLIAMS.

CONSULT BOOK OF ETIQUETTE

As the World Wags:

When the gent who, by a fortuitous chain of circumstances, happens to be your Boss, dictates: "To have done this would have been to have committed yourselves in the matter," and you doctor it up and he objects bitterly that you do not take him down verbatim and you demur to his splitting his infinitive and he tells you not to talk so immodestly—what is a snappy comeback?

HELEN DODGE.

AIN'T NATURE GLAND?

As the World Wags:

Nurserymen report plenty orders for *Ailanthus glandulosus* (Tree of Heaven) this fall for spring planting! This monkey business must stop. L. A.

IGNORANCE OF NUANCES

(From "Perfect Behavior," by Donald Ogden Stewart)

Many fatal blunders are made by those who, ignorant of the "nuances" of "social intercourse," go without adequate preparation to make their first call upon some member or members of the haut monde. Should the toothpick be silver with a cutaway and gold with the dinner coat or vice versa? How do you tell the host from the butler? How much time should one allow for the host to come across with a drink before you give up and take a secret shot of your own? What is a "call note"?

BEAVER!

(From the Boston Evening Transcript)

TWO ORGANIZATIONS JOIN

Community Health Association is the Name for Merger of Instructive District Nursing and Baby Hygiene Associations, with Miss Mary Beard as General Director.

"AMERICA UEBER ALLES"

As the World Wags:

Anent the anxious inquiry of Mr. Abel Adams as to what would one drink in London with such a pudding as the rump steak, kidney, lark and oyster masterpiece that Col. George Harvey cut into at the Olde Cheshire Cheese to mark the opening of the season at that famous inn, I can vouch that one would be cheered up with a "long ale" (both long and strong) during the course of the pudding; that doubtless on such an occasion a flowing bowl of rum punch would follow after the stewed Cheshire savory which would round off the material part of the feast. As to the intellectual menu, we were only given just an outline in the press as to what was actually served.

Amongst other things which Col. Harvey said, or did not say, was the reference as to America marching "shoulder to shoulder" with Great Britain against the Turks, if the need arose. We would all like to know whether the colonel really uttered such a sentiment; there are many of us over here who hope that he did.

Would he recollect the tenor of his thoughts himself after that function? Authentic information on the point would be illuminative. If reported correctly, his political critics and opponents (if any were present) would doubtless have thought that with such richly and correctly blended food any addition of Harvey's sauce was superfluous.

Salem.

B. H. FOX.

SWAPPING GRUB—AND AFTER

As the World Wags:

Some of the inhabitants of Bar Harbor have retained their native state of Maine independence and freedom of speech. A native, driving a New York rusticator to a dinner party, remarked: "Say, Miss C—, don't you folks ever get tired of swapping grub?" Miss C— admitted that she often found it a bore. Mentioning a summer resident famous for his dinners, who had not opened his Bar Harbor house that summer, she said that she always enjoyed Mr. —'s dinners and missed them; whereupon the native remarked: "You bet my pigs miss him, too—he had such elegant swill." M. M. R.

Jamaica Plain.

MARIONETTES

There was most excellent fooling last night in Steinert hall when Tony Sarg, for the benefit of Goucher College, put his amazing marionettes through their paces in a play he has made from "Don Quixote." There were perhaps eight scenes, that where the Don takes farewell of his household and sets out, esquired by Sancho Panza, to right the world; that where he routs the silly sheep; the tussle with the windmill; the meeting with nobility at an inn, and the overturn of the host, and several more, at the last the knight's return. The scenery was charming, full of illusion, too, and the costumes were admirable, gorgeous in color, and Spanish, as we are wont to picture Spain, in every line and form. The language of the play sounded for the most part becomingly archaic, quite Elizabethan, indeed.

Even a person who had heard much of Mr. Sarg's skill could only feel amazed when he came actually to see what the man can do. Those marionettes, once you admit the fact that they cannot walk naturally, apparently have at their command almost all the other motions common to man. The play of their hands proved truly marvelous, and they moved their heads with astonishing freedom and expressiveness. It was wonderful.

Other "puppeteers," to use Mr. Sarg's word, may rival Mr. Sarg in mechanical skill, though the point is doubtful, but it is safe to assume that nobody else combines his technical ability with so keen a humor and such a highly trained power of observation. He must hold himself alert every waking moment, for not a sound or a gesture gets by him. There they were last night on the stage of Steinert Hall. To see that duke strum the guitar, strictly in time with the flexible accompaniment off stage—scarce an actor on the boards today could do it so well. And when his superbly bedizened duchess, an old portrait no less by a very poor painter, with a high-nosed face that might have been carved out of wood, when that duchess sang a song, with all the tricks and graces of an amateur singer who has never learnt how—to witness anything so funny one would go far out of one's way. The curate, too—but, after all, it was not a play, to make mention of every single "actor," though truly they seemed to vary in their merits as widely as living players on the stage. The audience, indeed, a large one.

found themselves applauding individual performers, as well they might. But it was all a remarkable exhibition.

In the afternoon Mr. Sarg gave "Uncle Wiggily's Fortune," a play about animals, by Howard R. Garis. R. R. G.

NEWMAN TALKS

By PHILIP HALE

Mr. Newman's Travel Talk last night in Symphony Hall was entitled "Victoria Falls," but there were many other interesting subjects vividly illustrated by motion and still pictures. There was a very large audience.

The views of Durban inspired one with the wish to visit it, for its trees, flowers, sea bathing; not especially for its taxis drawn by Zulus with their fantastic head-dresses. Mauritius, too, would be worth while, for its scenery and its people, but Madagascar? No.

Mr. Newman, greatly daring, did not hesitate to go into the interior, to cross the island, fearing neither malaria nor the savages. Was there not a book about Madagascar, written by a missionary, one Ellis, years ago, that boys fought for in the Sunday school library of our little village? Mr. Newman had much to say about the Zulus, splendidly set-up men, pictured by him in many ways, with their beehive huts, their dances, with the chief evidently under the blighting influence of beer.

Then came pictures of the haunts of Cecil Rhodes, his burial place and that of Jameson's. Mr. Newman put it mildly when he spoke of this raid as ill-advised, though Jameson's companion, Mr. John Hays Hammond, has written an entertaining defence of it. The ancient and wonderful ruins of Khambli were shown, the setting for Rider Haggard's early novel. Who were the people that took their gods to this remote spot and built huge walls of stone without mortar? No doubt forgotten history is more fascinating than history that is remembered.

There were many views of that mighty cataract, Victoria Falls, called by the natives "The Smoke that Sounds." What were Livingstone's thoughts when he first saw this cataract, the first white man to gaze upon this marvel? He was not given to gush in his writings. Now there is a large hotel near the falls, and one expected to see in the pictures Englishmen in correct costume playing tennis or at tea-tables in the open. Mr. Newman gave the audience advice as to the best time to see the falls and other information as one would speak of a trip to Niagara or Watkins Glen.

The pictures of wild animals unconscious of the proximity of man, not being hunted but living their natural life, excited frequent applause, and justly: members of the antelope family, herds of elephants, crocodiles that took one back in imagination to the time when the earth was populated only by huge and fearsome crawling, swimming and flying creatures, hippopotami on land and in the water. In boyish days we were pleased with the Koodoo, as described in "Wood's Natural History for the Young." Did it escape Mr. Newman's camera? Or does it now bear another name? Or is it extinct?

This intensely interesting Travel Talk will be repeated this afternoon. Next week the subject will be "Congo to Victoria Nyanza."

SYMPHONY CONCERT

The review of the Symphony concerts this week will be published in The Herald of tomorrow.

AUGUSTUS THOMAS

Memoirs of a Famous American Actor and Playwright

The Print of My Remembrance, by Augustus Thomas; Charles Scribner's Sons.

As Mr. Thomas won fame as actor and playwright, one would naturally suppose that his book would be chiefly concerned with the theatre. There are many pages about the drama and his experiences as strolling actor, at first an amateur, later of recognized importance, and his adventures as a dramatist. There is a wealth of anecdote, an absence of the malice which disfigures many volumes of this character, even when they are written by women; an abundance of shrewd criticisms, independence of views, and a sturdy outlook on life.

"The Print of My Remembrance" is more than this: It is a fascinating revelation of Mr. Thomas's own character, the story of a typical American, not the type imagined by foreigners, not the type so often drawn in Punch and seen upon the stage; but the versatile, plucky, shrewd American who succeeds in the face of discouragement because he believes in himself, observes, and

knows how and dares to seize opportunity. Even for those who are not especially interested in the theatre and for those—if there are any surviving—who look upon the pit of the playhouse as the pit of destruction these memoirs will be engrossing reading and lead to respect and affection for the writer. The volume must take a high rank in the list of autobiographies.

Mr. Thomas, speaking of his plays, says that, as a rule, "the public is not interested in a man who has written from books, and to write from life requires that some time should be spent in living it." * * * Hardly anything happens to a man or woman during this probationary wait that is not directly or indirectly serviceable in the playhouse. Everything is fish that comes to that pond." And what a preparation was there for this playwright!

There is first a delightful sketch of his boyhood in the Missouri of the stirring times—he was 2 years old when John Brown was hanged—his childish impressions; his service as a page in the Missouri House of Representatives, and then in the Hall of Representatives at Washington. Here are thumb-nail sketches of men then famous, some of them still famous in history. Returning to St. Louis, he tells of theatrical and artistic life in that city as seen by a railroad clerk who joined the Knights of Labor, his experiences as a draughtsman and actor in the city, and as a wanderer; as journalist in St. Louis, editor in Kansas City, as agent for Bishop, the thought reader; at last living in New York as a member of first-class companies, and then his growing fame as a dramatist from "Editha's Burglar" (1883) to "The Copperhead" (1917). The relation is enlivened by his views on men of all sorts and conditions, manners and morals; on the life material and spiritual. There is a prevailing spirit of optimism, a humor that is now dry, now rollicking. Though he talks necessarily and freely about himself and his achievements, there is no boasting, no mock-modesty. He might say as Montaigne said of his essays that his book is one of good faith. At the end he speaks of influences, books and men. "Among the influences important to me have been a few men, more fine reputations, and still more fine books, some fine women, some music, both rather simple and both quite old-fashioned. I think the Bible, Shakespeare, Holmes and Emerson influenced my vocabulary as far as it was permeable under the callous of the railroad yard." He delighted in Voltaire's essays and letters, not the dramas. He thinks every man should be capable of sustaining himself by the labor of his hands. The reader infers that Mr. Thomas does not believe that the introduction of machinery was an unimproved blessing.

We have noticed only one slip in memory: Fawdon Vokes was not a brother of Fred, Victoria, Rosina and Jessie.

The volume of 477 pages is illustrated with photographs and numerous drawings by the author. There is a full index. P. H.

We have received the following letter from Mr. James S. Burbank:

"As a former resident of Quincy, Mass., up to the time of my departure for San Diego, and as a constant reader of the most estimable Boston Herald, I am sending you an advertisement cut from a local paper last July thinking it may appear as somewhat of a novelty. When I cut it from the paper it was my intention to send it to you at once, but it got mislaid and has only now come to light."

YAMATO CO. ADVISE TO WHOM CONCERNING

(From the San Diego, Cal., Evening Tribune July 3)

—Of recent Yamato Co. sell such great amount of fireworks that we incline deepness of mystery over matter, but great clearness of mind result when thought of very low price attach which have good fortune to be only ONE-HALF of used to be on last Fourth of July. Yamato Co. ask what more simple than to enter upon our Honorable house of merchandise and pick out fire-crackers desirable and only pay greatness of less costing? We solemnly warn Honorable public however to hasten footsteps so won't become sorrow at last moment.

FIREWORKS!

A few kins are giant cracker, pin-wheel, Son-of-guns, star mine, Roman candle, colored fire, sky rocket, torpedoe, little firecracker—that's all can remember just now so come see yourself.

THE LIBERAL PROFESSIONS

Who would envy wives of rich men, They get fat and then you see, Though they bear the name of Mrs., All the diamonds come to me—MARION, the Private Sec.

THE SCHOOL OF JOURNALISM

As the World Wags:

To decide a bet, tell us who has charge of the investigation of the Hall-Mills murder. Is it the Columbia University school of Journalism or the federal prohibition enforcement board or some other organization? H. U. F.

IN THE PICTURE GALLERY

As the World Wags:

Should not the picture of the Union of Rabbis of America have the caption "The Beaver Board"?—S. C. B.

I cannot answer S. C. B.'s query, but it's only too easy for me to think of Rembrandt's "Syndics of the Cloth Guild" as a bunch of ruff-necks. J. W. C.

WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF THIS WATSON?

As the World Wags:

Recently there appeared in the subway a poster announcing a jeu de boxe between

LOUIS BOGASH
and
BRYAN DOWNEY

The Boy Who Breaks Their Ribs Since then that last glowing phrase has been neatly effaced with a long strip of white paper on every sign.

Isn't this a matter worthy of the attention of your department of conjecture and research? Who did it and why?

1—Did the supporters of Mr. Bogash visit these posters at dead of night to make the great fighting name of Bryan no better than Ichabod, whose "glory" departed?

2—Was it the Watch and Ward Society, fearful lest eager spectators might come away disappointed if Mr. Downey should fail to bend or dent the skeleton of Mr. Bogash?

3—Or have the two gentlemen met somewhere at tea and fraternally agreed not to do more than pull each other's hair?

As one of Boston's most fashionably gownned women—one of those who always attend these sanguine encounters—I shall greatly appreciate your efforts to throw any light upon this subject.

MRS. GEORGINA HARTWELL.
(Now single)

"TROTS ALL"

As the World Wags:

In the American Advocate, published at Hallowell, Me., Aug. 23, 1810, appears a notice of a reward of \$15 for the recovery of a mare stolen from the subscriber's pasture on July 9, "long mane and square dock, trots all."

In another column is a notice of the finding of a 4-year-old red horse, "trots all, shoes on his fore feet only."

What does the apparently current phrase, "trots all," mean? N. L. B. Augusta, Me.

In the 17th century in England the phrases "trots altogether" and "trots all," as were "trots rough" and "trots high."—Ed.

The Manchester Guardian, speaking of the late Father Bernard Vaughan's many admirable qualities said that while his brother, the Cardinal, hated public life, Father Vaughan gloried in it. "There was ever in him more than a trace of the born actor. . . . He was deeply pious, but in a somewhat conscious way. Even in the pulpit he was ever using and not losing himself."

MR. CATALONIA'S STORY

The story of the boy on stilts and the anxious mother continues to excite the curiosity of our readers. X. Y. Z., writing from Weston, calls the story a classic and gives this version: "Twineham, the tea merchant, lived at the end of a long, dark alley. At the other end of the alley lived a widow and her son Nicholas, called Nick for short. Now, Nicholas was in the habit of walking about on stilts a great deal. One day his mother said to him: 'Nick, my son, some day, if you are not real careful, you will fall and hurt yourself.' To which he replied: 'Never, mother, never.'"

C. S. Purcell of Squantum writes: "I am distressed to read so many inaccurate versions of this famous classic. The genuine article, as I heard it in Lancashire, its native haunt, is far more subtle and dignified, and, as I am sure you cannot fail to note, has a certain rough pathos all its own. Thus: Mrs. Twining lived at Werneth, near Oldham. She had two sons, James and John. Now, James had contracted the habit of walking on stilts. One day his mother said to him, referring to James, who was the elder son, if my memory does not fail me: 'James, if you persist in this habit, you will surely break your unfortunate neck!' Whereupon James answered his mother in five words: 'Howsoever, whatsoever!'"

QUALIFIED FOR THE POSITION
Mr. Alfred Rackett is running for the presidency of the Chicago Federation of Musicians.

THEY FORGOT TO LEAVE THEIR CARDS

(From the Englewood News.)
Unknown burglars blew the safe of Midigan Bros. & Co.'s Dept. Store last night.

Correspondents from time to time write to The Herald asking the proper pronunciation of this or that word. We shy at these questions. When they ask whether "proven" is a better word than "proved," we say "no" in a clear, bell-like voice. "Proven" is an abomination, a word used properly only in a Scottish verdict. But we were reared in the country—"raised" was the local word—and we were not caught young. The English language may be all that Walt Whitman said it is in his preface to "Leaves of Grass," but it is a hard language to pronounce, spell, or write. This paragraph from the London Daily Chronicle may interest our anxious correspondents:

"In the interesting argument about the correct pronunciation of English, the question of the stressed syllable has been overlooked. Yet there is in this respect greater difference among the authorities and greater inconsistency among individual speakers than in any other. Most of us pronounce 'remonstrate' with one stress, and 'demonstrate' with another. Few, like Gladstone, make both these and illustrate bear the penultimate accent, while the dictionaries make the stress penultimate in the first and optional in the other two. What is the correct way of stressing 'miscellany,' 'quandary' and 'vagary'? Is it right to throw the accent one syllable further back in 'medicament' and 'promissory,' than in 'predicament' and 'possessory'? And, if not, why not?"

We take refuge behind Thomas R. Lounsbury:

"If you say 'demonstrate' . . . why do you not say 'remonstrate'? . . . Well, the latter word will not have its back broken if people should choose so to pronounce it. . . . To the question itself there is but one answer. The users of speech do not say 'remonstrate' for the reason that they have never had a disposition to do so."

We remember the late Dr. Francis Harris, medical inspector, saying that he pronounced "paresis" deliberately with the stress on the second syllable, for if he pronounced the word correctly his patients and many of his friends would think him ignorant.

INSIDE INFORMATION

(From the Lake County Times, Hammond, Ind.)

LOST—Black and white fox terrier, contains papers of value to owner only. Reward, return to American Trust and Savings Bank, Hammond.

AGAIN TO EUPHEMIA

Wives and daughters all remind us,
We must make our little pile;
And departing leave behind us,
Dough for them to live in style.
NEQ.

DEAR, DEAD DAYS BEYOND RECALL

As the World Wags:
Francis Xavier Zacher was a German beer saloon keeper on Reed street, Milwaukee, in the '70's. The brewers provided all such saloons with swinging signs showing fat Gambrinus astride a keg of beer and clutching in his right hand a huge schooner of frothing lager, a deadly lure on hot days. Francis Xavier weighed 300 pounds and resembled Gambrinus.

Besides being bibulous, Francis was a mighty thinker; seated in his arm chair, he held forth all day and far into the night, like an ancient Greek philosopher. As the night wore on Francis fought back sleep as long as even one student remained to drink and learn. When it seemed impossible to keep the eyelids open longer, Francis broke matches and fitted them under the eyebrow and resting on the cheek bone much as an eyeglass is fixed, making it impossible for his eyes to close. And he could hold the floor until the last guest departed.

Ah, Milwaukee! There was the place to live. Many saloons sold two glasses of beer for a nickel (known as "two for

five"), and we remember a resort on Third street selling "three for five," and three giant glasses of bubbling beer were painted on the side of the house, followed by the words "for five," visible two squares away. And inside was spread a tempting free luncheon of "cold off-cuttings," aromatic cheeses, pickled schwein-beine, sauer-kraut and practically all other conceivable delicatessen.

And just across the street was a wain stubbe where the finest Rhenish, Moselle, Chablis or Hock was only five cents a glass.
LANSING R. ROBINSON.

A WAIL IN THE DARK

Heartick—Homesick—Hopeless, this is me,
Eight hours dull work of typewriter and pen,
Cheap dinner in some tawdry, smelly place,
Then turning "home"—a dingy room—alone;
Love—Romance—and Adventure, where are they?
Gleaned from a book or movie second-hand.
Yet I am young, have dreams and fancies still;
Is this Life?—this all?—these empty, soul-starved days?
What difference then if some day I—give up? CINDERELLA II.

"PAINISTS" ARE WITH US EVERY DAY

On page two, section five, of the Transcript of Nov. 18, I read the following:

"Creative Technique. For Artists in General and Painists in Particular. By George Woodhouse, New York: E. P. Dutton & Co."

Do you suppose this refers to the 11th episode in Saint-Saens's, "Carnaval des Animaux," played here recently at a Symphony concert? BACK BEY.

PROTECTING THE DEAD

(Notice in the Barry Adage, Barry, III.)
We make no charge for obituaries of moderate length, provided no poetry is attached to same.
Obituary poetry, regular local rate.

PENHOLDERS FOR THE TIMES

As the World Wags:

It is gratifying to find one of your contributors honest enough to admit he prefers an old-fashioned pen. Do you remember the queer glass pens, so popular in freight offices before the advent of billing machines? By means of the glass point a bill clerk could make several copies of waybills at one time, each as legible as the proverbial "writing on the wall."

If your correspondent wants a fountain pen of one pint capacity he may purchase at any of the ultra-smart shops a neat article made of leather, resembling a cigar case, which holds four glass cylinders, each containing enough for one hooker.

Boston. WILLIAM L. ROBINSON.
What's become of the wandering seller of pens, who lapsed on street corners these lines:

"Search the world over wherever you please,
You'll never find such pens as these?"
Does Mr. Robinson know Thomas Hood's ode to Perry, the inventor of the Patent Perryan Pen? Hood speaks of the time when each man cut his quill:

To try in any common inkstands, then,
With all their miscellaneous stocks,
To find a decent pen.
Was like a dip into a lucky box:
You drew—and got one very curly,
And split like endive in some hurly-burly;
The next unsplit, and square at end, a spade;
The third, incipient pop-gun, not yet made;
The fourth a broom; the fifth of no avail,

Turned upwards, like a rabbit's tail;
And last, not least, by way of a relief,
A stump that Master Richard, James or John

Had tried his candle-cookery upon,
Making "roast-beef!"

Perhaps in some village lawyer's office there are still to be found quill pens and a sand-box.—Ed.

Mme. Sorel and her company will begin their engagement at the Boston Opera House tomorrow night with a performance of Emile Augier's "L'Aventuriere." It is an old play, produced at the Theatre de la Republique, Paris, March 23, 1848. The critics at the time were either moderately enthusiastic or indifferent. One or two, Jules Janin, for example, were severe. Janin called the play a banal comedy, old-fashioned, written in witty verse, but the five acts were acts of passion without the flush of spring; blustering passages; a young man whom his father does not recognize; a courtesan struck with a sudden love for a man who despises her—"It's enough to make me perish from boredom, weariness and despair." Barbey d'Aurevilly said that Augier's verse had all the faults of prose: "his lines are worse than the worst."

George Sand, on the contrary, praised the drawing of character; the sentiments expressed were more engrossing because the resultant actions were not distracting.

Theophile Gautier praised the dramatist's forcible style, but found some of

the lines unrhymical. To Gautier the subject was very simple, if one considered the events; a vast subject if one considered the ideas. The story is indeed simple.

Mucarade, gray haired, is seized with a passion for the adventuress Clorinde. He thinks himself loved for himself, though he answers physically Hamlet's description of old men. Clorinde assures him that no sensible woman would prefer younger men. Mucarade's daughter and his nephew Horace beg him to leave Clorinde; but he, mulish and infatuated, wishes to wed her. It is not wholly a question of money with her; she wishes to be respected, she would like to take her place among proud matrons who look down on her.

She is accompanied by a swaggering fellow, her brother, Don Annibal, who laughs at Clorinde's ideas and does not believe in her sincerity. A certain Fabrice, the prodigal son of Mucarade, returns home, jaded, without illusions. He is scarcely recognized by his sister, now a charming young girl. He left Horace a youngster, now he is a lover. The three form a band against Clorinde. Fabrice does not allow his father to know him; he is changed in hair, eyes, voice. His hatred of courtesans by reason of his free life is intense. He presents himself as a guest, a German prince who wishes to make a romantic marriage. Annibal thinks that here is a better match for Clorinde. Fabrice makes hot love to Clorinde, and is surprised on his knees by Mucarade, whose confidence in Clorinde is not shaken. He wishes to fight Fabrice, who is thus forced to give his real name. Even then Mucarade is bent on wedding the courtesan.

Fabrice then speaks bitter words to the adventuress, ralls at her until she feels true love for him. So she determines to leave the house she has put in confusion. Annibal will have none of it. He would miss the kitchen and the wine cellar of his host. He challenges Fabrice. To frighten him he boasts of his deadly thrust, "the botte de Matapan." "It is I who killed Matapan," answers Fabrice. This is enough for Annibal. The couple leave. Clorinde saying farewell, shows such love for Fabrice that for a moment he is shaken. He recovers himself, puts the hand of his sister in the hand of Horace, and says to Mucarade: "We shall be the old ones of the family."

There is a curious passage in the Journal of Edmond Got about this play. He was greatly vexed—but let him tell the story. Writing the day after the first performance, he said that Augier had read "L'Aventuriere" to him and been praised. Got suggested some modifications in the role of Annibal, which Augier told him was written with a view to Got playing it.

"Now, after many pretexts, many false confidences, intrigues of the harem, etc., it is Regnier who rehearsed the role and played it yesterday—exceedingly well. I, apparently indifferent, was in the audience, but I had to submit to this great, heart-breaking injustice. The cast was chosen without regard to good sense, and as the present does does not favor success the success of the piece was slight, and I admit that a bitter satisfaction was behind my applause. For there is a real and fresh poetic talent in this play, and 'L'Aventuriere' will survive. Perhaps at some future day I shall play the part. It was so well made for me! The important thing today is to swallow this toad in silence, even with a smile that does not seem too forced. But one's friends! One's friends! 'Amicus Plato, sed magis amica—utilitas.'"

Got was right. The comedy has never quitted the Parisian theatres for a long time. In 1848 it was in five acts; in 1860 it was revised and cut down to four acts. Sarah Bernhardt, Sophie Crolzette, Mme. Hading, Mme. Marsy, Mme. Arnould-Plessis, Mme. Brandes, not to mention others, played Clorinde before Mme. Sorel essayed the task at the Comedie Francaise on Nov. 13, 1910. Adolphe Brisson then took the occasion to inquire into the "psychology" of the role of Clorinde. He described the role as rich in nuances, containing nearly everything that should be expressed, coquetry, pride, duplicity, passion feigned and sincere, violence, gentle resignation, boldness and humility.

As for the comedy itself, he regarded it as a protest against theories of life which were then in fashion or rather just going out of fashion; against the revolutionary doctrines of exalting romanticism; against individualism, the legitimacy of crimes of passions; against the apotheosis of the courtesan. Augier opposed his "L'Aventuriere" to Hugo's Marion de Lorme. It was the defence, or rather the glorification of the family. Even if the courtesan should repent, he would proscribe her. His treatment of her was so harsh that it was almost repulsive, as shown in the tirade of Fabrice. Even Celie, the gentle Celie, was rude in the attack.

No wonder that the play lives by the characters, the simplicity and truthfulness of opinions warmly and gracefully

expressed. There are excellent and brilliant roles that tempt young comedians to play Annibal, Fabrice and Celie. The role of Clorinde has tempted great actresses as we have seen.

"LE DUEL"

Henri Lavedan's "Duel", a play in three acts, was produced at the Comedie Francaise on April 17, 1905. L'Abbe Daniel, Le Bary; Mgr. de Bolene, Paul Mounet; Dr. Morey, Raphael Duflos; La Duchesse de Challes, Mlle. Bartet.

Dr. Morey, a distinguished alienist, a free-thinker, has a retreat for victims of the morphine habit, among them the Duke de Challes. (He does not appear on the stage.) The duchess visiting the retreat, is drawn towards the doctor. He has a brother, who, weary of pleasure, turned priest. The abbe wishes his brother to be the physician for a children's hospital, under the auspices of a Catholic society. The doctor refuses. He does not wish that the sick cared by him should attribute their cure to God. The brothers fall into a heated discussion. The priest says: "What if I should tell you that for two months I have prevented an unfortunate woman from confessing to a man her love and thus committing adultery?" "She would go towards love in spite of you."

Now the duchess does not know that the doctor and the priest are brothers. She promises the doctor a rendezvous,

but before going, troubled in her mind, she consults the abbe, who is thus obliged to defend her against his brother. The doctor enters suddenly and would snatch her from the church. He even accuses the woman of being in love with the priest, his brother, for being culpably drawn towards her.

In the last act the abbe visits his friend, Mgr. de Bolene, a holy man, a bishop who was almost slain in China. The abbe confesses his trouble; he is almost persuaded to unfrock himself. Bolene comforts him and will take him to China, but he insists that the priest should see the duchess, and instead of encouraging her to enter a convent—she had announced her intention of doing this—now that she is a widow, she should wed the doctor. This the abbe does. "The ten little fingers of a child are the beads that she should henceforth kiss." Thus are the brothers reconciled.

Louis N. Parker's version in English of this remarkable play was produced by Charles Frohman at the Hudson Theatre, New York, on Feb. 12, 1906, when Otis Skinner played the Abbe; Eben Plympton, Bolene; Guy Standing, Dr. Morey, and Fay Davis, the Duchess.

In Paris there was strong objection to the happy ending.

A LIFE OF NIKISCH

(H. C. Colles in the London Times)

A book to commemorate the life and work of Arthur Nikisch has reached me from the publishers (Ed. Bote and G. Bock, Berlin). It contains essays by a variety of writers. About half the volume consists of a "Life" in which Nikisch's career is traced in detail by Prof. Ferdinand Pfohl; this is followed by an essay on "Arthur Nikisch—Der Dirigent," by Heinrich Chevalley, and various personal appreciations are added, till at last Alexander Moszkowski bursts into poetry of this quality—

In Nikisch's Kunst zeigt uns jedweder Ton:
Der Stab ist Nichts und Alles die Person.
The Germans are good at this sort of thing. If they want to praise a famous man there is nothing half-hearted in the method. These writers do not think, as we are so apt to do, that the subject may be presented in its strongest light by distinguishing between that in which the artist was supreme and that in which he was less than supreme. Nor, starting with the conviction that Nikisch was supreme in all he touched, have they any difficulty in making a book about it. Words and yet more words flow from every pen, rhapsodizing on the exalted theme. One envies the power. Those of us who spend our days listening to music and writing impressions of it for others to read, know that the most difficult task of all comes when one has heard a performance which is summed up in the one word "perfect." There is then nothing to be said unless one adopts the course attributed to a certain newspaper writer of the last generation of making a list of complimentary adjectives at the head of the paper and ticking them off as they become incorporated in the text. The situation occurs rarely; one may remember two or three instances in the course of years when one has left the concert hall feeling that one has heard the performance of a great work which was inevitably right from first to last, and when that happens the first instinct is not to spoil it by vapid phrase-making.

I do not mention this book in order to discuss how many of these moments are connected with memories of Arthur Nikisch. But another point appears in

identally in its pages, and that is the difficulty almost the impossibility, of saying what it is that a conductor really does. The art of the conductor is often

a little suspect, particularly in this country, where we are used to hearing reasonably adequate performances with next to no conducting at all. A story was told me the other day of a composer who, after directing a first performance of his own work, said to the leader of the orchestra, "Thanks very much; I followed you all the time; it was a jolly good performance." At a recent performance of a choral work I distinctly saw the conductor, who was not very used to the disposition of the choir, look to the sopranos for a contralto lead and to the tenors for a bass one. If an organist pulls out the tuba in mistake for the stopped-diapason we know what happens, but here the conductor pulled out wrong stops and the light stops spoke. Clearly a conductor has more latitude than other executives have to leave undone those things which he ought to have done and to do those things which he ought not to do without reaping ill consequences. He is less at the mercy of mechanism than others are. Conversely, his mechanism, such as it is, will avail him comparatively little, however well he may use it. We have all known conductors who appear to do all they should do, who are painstaking teachers and prepare everything most carefully at rehearsal, and yet never succeed in getting any noteworthy result in performance.

Mr. Adrian Boult, in a paper which he contributed to Music and Letters in the spring, made a point of the fact that Nikisch's method was the very opposite of this. Mr. Boult compared the rehearsals and the concerts of the "Gewandhaus" to show how Nikisch left work undone at the former with the knowledge that it could and would be done in the performance. A remark of Nikisch himself, one of the few personal touches in this volume, supports the idea. He said (roughly translated):

I do not primarily seek technical ends. If one of my colleagues should ask me after a concert how I got this or that special effect I should be at a loss to answer him. . . I follow throughout no hard and fast rules of interpretation.

Any musical artist might use these words, but in the case of a man who plays on an instrument or sings we understand them the more easily because it is his own physical faculties which he subjects to what is called "the inspiration of the moment." The conductor works on the faculties of other people. As Nikisch again says: "People ask me how I impart my feeling (Fuehlen) to my musicians; I do it simply, without knowing how." However unconscious the technique of the great singer or player may have become, it has been at some time thoroughly studied and is capable of analysis. The conductor's technique of communication has never been thoroughly studied either by himself or anyone else. It is neither physiological nor mechanical, but psychological. The players are generally as powerless as the hearers to describe it. Though they may be cynical about the conductors who, as the drill sergeant would put it, merely "go through the motions," they know the real thing when they

meet it, as they certainly met it in Nikisch.

A MALE POLLY

To the Editor of the Daily Telegraph: Sir—The Hammersmith revival of "The Beggar's Opera" has produced a plentiful "crop" of new volumes and articles in magazines and other periodical publications dealing with the 18th century work. But the authors and compilers in their researches for material have overlooked a lamentable incident in connection with the first appearance of a male actor of the part of the heroine, Polly. The obituary notices of the "Gentleman's Magazine" (April 19, 1782) contain the following:

"Mrs. Fitzherbert, relict of the late Rev. Mr. F., of Northamptonshire.—On the Wednesday evening before her death this lady went to Drury Lane Theatre, in company with some friends, to see 'The Beggar's Opera.' On Mr. Bannister making his appearance in the character of Polly the whole audience were thrown into an uproar of laughter; unfortunately the actor's whimsical appearance had a fatal effect on Mrs. Fitzherbert; she could not suppress the laugh that seized her on the first view of this enormous representation; and before the second act was over she was obliged to leave the theatre. Mrs. F., not being able to banish the figure from her memory, was thrown into hysterics, which continued without intermission until Friday morning, when she expired."

ANDREW DE TERNANT.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY—Symphony hall, 3:30 P. M. Jascha Heifetz, violinist. See special notice.

St. James Theatre: 8:30 P. M. People's Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Moltenhauer, conductor. See special notice. Symphony hall, 8:15 P. M. Roosevelt Newboys' Association concert. See special notice.

MONDAY—Jordan hall, 8 P. M. Clara Larsen, pianist. Scarlatti, Cat's Fugue; Gluck-Sambati, Aria, Liezt, Etude, D flat (un Sospiro); Chopin, Fantaisie, F minor, op. 49; Dohnanyi, Rhapsody, F sharp minor; Cuban and Andalus, de Palla, Griffes, The White Peacock; Rachmaninov, Polka (on a theme by W. R.).

TUESDAY—Steinert hall, 8:30 P. M. Alexander Ohlgrinsky, pianist. Handel, Air and Variations ("Harmonious Blacksmith"); Scarlatti-Tausig, Pastorale and Capriccio; Beethoven, Sonata, op. 27, No. 2 ("Moonlight"); Paderewski, Variations and Fugue, op. 11; Rachmaninov, Polichinelle, op. 3, No. 4; Glazounov, Gavotte, No. 1, D minor; Lisadov, Mazurka, op. 38; Liszt, Campanella.

WEDNESDAY—Symphony hall, 2:30 P. M. Ignace Paderewski, pianist. See special notice.

FRIDAY—Jordan hall, 8:15 P. M. Joseph Lautner, tenor. Balakirev, Prelude; Tchaikovsky, Pendant le Bal; Arensky, Autumn; Rachmaninov, Songs of Grusia; Lalo, Marine; Hahn, Le Barcheta; Paderewski, Psycho; Sulo, J'ai peur d'un Belser; Debussy, Ces Aïrs joyeux, from "L'Enfant Prodigue"; Schumann, Widmung and Die Lotus-Blume; Wolf, Verborgenhelt; Schubert, Wohin; Strauss, Allerseelen; Dickey, Shadows; Cyril Scott, Serenade; Bax, a Christmas Carol. Mrs. Dudley Fitts, accompanist.

SATURDAY—Jordan hall, 8 P. M. Ernest Hutcherson, third piano recital. Music by Schumann. As the opening number of this program will be "Kreisleriana," played, without pause, the audience is requested to be punctual. No one will be admitted during the performance of this piece.

Boston Symphony Program

By PHILIP HALE

The program of the concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Monteux, conductor, in Symphony hall last night, was as follows: Beethoven, Symphony No. 9 (first three movements); Mozart, Arias: "Deh vieni" from "Le Nozze di Figaro" and "Marten aller Arten" from "Die Entführung aus dem Serail" (Frieda Hempel); Honegger, "Horatius Triumphant" (first time in America); Brahms, Academic Festival.

Of late there has been a curious tendency in some quarters to underrate this symphony. The finale in spite of a few sublime pages is called barbarous by reason of its exactions on solo singers and chorus. The other movements have not escaped adverse criticism, although the Scherzo is recognized as, on the whole, worthy of enthusiastic admiration. In the Adagio, even the lovely and haunting second theme, is dismissed as "incongruous." Would that there were more incongruities of this nature!

Thus the pendulum swings. One decade this symphony is the greatest achievement in music, a work of planetary inspiration. In another decade it is amorphous, with a finale that has no possible relation to what precedes, so difficult of performance that perfection is impossible, nor is the labor worth the strain and the pains.

We do not find the performance of the symphony without the finale sacrilegious. Better this, than to see the straining throats and bulging eyes of the singers and to hear theirulations. Mr. Monteux and the orchestra gave a most eloquent interpretation, one that would have convinced even the most irreverent of the younger school that this symphony for its expression of doubt and foreboding; its sinister hints and dramatic outbursts; its titanic rage; its wild revery interrupted for a time by pastoral pipings; its sustained, ineffable song that only Beethoven could have written, stands alone and unapproachable.

Honegger wrote his "Horatius" as a ballet, with stage setting, costumes and pantomimic action. Whether this ballet was performed, we have been unable to learn; probably not; for the performances of the music recorded were in concert halls. (The first at Geneva, Switzerland, in the fall of 1921.) Honegger took for his subject the Roman legend of the three Horatii and the three Curiatii; how Horatius having slain the three Albans found his sister Camilla bewailing the fate of the Curiatii to whom she was betrothed, whereupon he killed her; the end of a perfect day. The subject has interested operatic composers—from 1720 to 1830—and there have been ballets. Many of the librettos were based on Corneille's tragedy.

As Honegger is one of "the Six" (now "Five"), to the conservative, especially to those who are loath to welcome any contemporaneous music unless it is academically dull or conventionally sentimental, he must therefore be a terrible fellow, an Anarch, if not a son of Bellal. The combat between the champions of the Romans and the Albans was not a milk-and-

water affair. Honegger, pondering the legend, evidently took for his motto: "Treat 'em rough." Even if one does not like this music, it is not necessary to call the composer a posar. He is terribly in earnest.

This "Horatius" is first of all, music for the theatre, nevertheless it does not lose wholly by transference to the concert hall. There are connected episodes which correspond to the action; Camilla and her betrothed; entrance of the combatants, the crowd, the combat, the triumph of Horatius; then the wail of Camilla and her murder. Honegger had a definite plan; he carried it out with no hesitation. There is nothing tentative, nothing experimental. His battle music is free from commonplaces, while it would be difficult to find a keener expression of anguish and dread than the first pages describing the parting of the lovers. An unusually interesting work, even when it is taken from its home, the theatre. An audacious work that to some will seem chaotic and cacophonous, but we cannot always be lulled to sleep by sweet strains on reverence old formulas. Better shrieking dissonances when they tell a story than platitudes, though they be launched with the fury of a thunderbolt; or sluggish streams of musical molasses.

The florid air from Mozart's "Entführung" was written to display the vocal agility of Katherina Calvalleri. Mozart wrote to his father that he had sacrificed a little to her "nimble throat." It is said of her that she was an excellent musician, a woman of fascinating manners rather than beautiful in face or figure. Her throat shortened her life, for, as the story goes, she over-exerted herself and was obliged to leave the stage. She died eight years afterward, only 40 years old. Some once applauded singers of marked agility do not leave the stage, nor do they die young. Mme. Hempel had thus an opportunity to display her technical facility. How beautifully she sang the air from "Figaro," one of the loveliest airs in the operatic literature! Here was a shining example of what "bel canto" may mean: Exquisite tonal quality, a firm control of breath, significant phrasing, the emotional expression that is an irresistible appeal. The last phases of the preceding recitative sung as Mme. Hempel sang them prove that the pure art of song is not lost; that there are still singers worthy of Mozart's airs.

The fact that Brahms did not attend any university probably inspired him to take a cheerful view of university life, as voiced in his overture.

There will be no concerts this week. The program of Dec. 8 and 9 will commemorate the centennial of Cesar Franck (born Dec. 10, 1822). Symphony, symphonic poem, "Les Eolides," and the symphonic poem, "The Wild Huntsmen." Mme. Samaroff will play Schumann's concerto.

"Susie" writes to us, inclosing a clipping from the New York Times:

"Some dress, it must have been, that Lady Mountbatten wore at the luncheon given to her and Lord Mountbatten at the Bankers' Club, N. Y. City Wednesday, Nov. 22, if the New York Times can be relied upon:

"Lord Mountbatten was in informal dress, and Lady Mountbatten was attired in an afternoon gown of old hose and wore her famous pearls."

She probably wished to make some slight return for the American hospitality so warmly praised by her husband.

FOR THE HALL OF FAME

As the World Wags:

Introducing Mr. B. Factor, junk dealer, of Roxbury. Mr. Benjamin Factor. A benefactor who pays the full price for empty bottles. T. P. H.

We also propose for the hall, Mr. A. Sober, merchant tailor, Washington, D. C., who, we hear, is all that his name indicates in spite of the Volstead act.

PROF. TOWES CONFIRMED

As the World Wags:

Prof. Towes, in his delightful talks on the Making of a Poem, uses the described manuscript of one of a master's masterpieces to evidence the general proposition that poetry does not exude ectoplasmically or erupt volcanically in its perfect form from the poet in labor, but that it first appears as raw material, but that it first appears as raw material, the combination of hitherto unassociated stored up mental impressions of some new poet thrown together by some new thought or impression, as the flash of lightning combines air and gas in combustion. Then to the poet upon the product of his mental combustion with the infinite capacity for taking pains which is his genius. This is encouraging doctrine. Under it the cranial cavity of the common man everywhere may be the possible carburetor of imperishable verse, at least in its preliminary stage.

I have experienced that it is truthful doctrine. In recent years I have received constantly repeated mental impressions of the manners, customs and vocabulary of the younger members of our society now so successfully democratized in its new freedom that when the best is not already like the worst it is doing its damndest to become so. Last evening I read in careless succession two stories in a current magazine, written in that vocabulary, in large part of such young persons wholly. Come not one flash, but two. Flash! Flash! Like that. Combustion. A poem. I enclose it. Another title for it might be "A Lizard's Lament." ABEL ADAMS.

Amherst, N. H.

BOSTON BLUES

(For As the World Wags)

At the good old Copley-Plaza, looking out upon the square, There's a little flapper waiting and I wish that I were there; For the saxophones are walling and they're saying it with jazz. "Come you back to me, my jazz-boy, to the good old Copley-Plaz." To the good old Copley-Plaz, Where they play the high-brow jazz; Can't you hear the banjos plunkin' in the good old Copley-Plaz? To the good old Copley-Plaz, We will put it on the raz, And we'll dance till dawn, hy thunder, At the good old Copley-Plaz.

Her petticoats were fluffy and I know she rolled her own, And her name I will not mention, though in Boston it's well known; And she pinched my cigarette case and she hoped I didn't mind, And declared a fellow-feeling always made one wondrous kind. And she thought there was no sin in my sympathetic grin, For she liked some good hip liquor So she wouldn't feel all in.

We had toddled and we'd trotted with her cheek against my cheek, While I told her with my heart beats what there was no need to speak. And I heard her whispered answer in the midst of all the hum, "Oh, Kulla-lo-lo, my jazz boy! Yes, the petting time has come! We will do a quiet sneak, Where no one will think to seek, For I know where there's a sofa That was never known to squeak." Ship me back again to Boston, where the wind blows from the east, To the good old Copley-Plaza, where the swell is like the least; For the saxophones are calling and it's there that I would be, With my little fluffy flapper while we toddle knee to knee. —Abel Adams.

A MRS. "F. F. V." ON PROHIBITION

The Baltimore Sun gallantly published a letter from "Mrs. J. D. S." hailing from old Appomattox Courthouse, Va.

"I'm from Virginia myself, and was reared among the F. F. Vs. If all the so-called uplifters would mind their own business and not stick their noses in every one else's affairs, this would be a wonderful world in which to live. They say 'Don't do as I do, but as I tell you to do.' I'd die and sink to the lowest depth of purgatory before I'd let one of them lead me one step. I know their ilk, and verily again I say, 'To hell with prohibition.' It's ruining our beloved country."

Strong, but not unpleasant language from a Virginian lady.

In the same issue of the Baltimore Sun is a letter from "W. D. M. K.," who appeals to history in a fervent outburst.

"Isn't it grand and glorious to class America with the following nations in the noble cause of prohibition to satisfy a few cranks who lead the people like a lot of goats to satisfy themselves. Mohammed wished prohibition on Turkey in the seventh century, and now look at the damn place. China tried it in the fourth century and has been 'hoping' ever since. Russia had it wished on them in the 20th century and we've got it now. And I ask you! Ain't it grand?" Maryland, my Maryland!

A correspondent in Skull Valley, Ariz., sends a clipping from a north Iowa newspaper:

"I wish to state there was an error in the amount of moonshine the officers are reported to have found on the premises of my son, Edward Weber, as he informed me there were only about four gallons instead of 30, as reported.—Andrew Weber."

OLD DOC. BRADY IS A REGULAR WATER SPANIEL, AS "L. R. R." INFORMS US.

(William Brady, M. D., in the Des Moines, Ia., Capital)

The grime and dirt of civilization must be washed off, of course; as often as every week for some persons.

HERE IS ANOTHER PROBLEM,
WATSON
CUBA

ALBERTO SANTISO
Commission
Merchant

Desires representations for all kind of
Foodstuffs and Provisions, handling
especially Lard
Ham, Bellies and Picnics

HEIFETZ

Yesterday afternoon in Symphony
Hall Pascha Heifetz, with the help of
Samuel Chotzinoff, pianist, gave a vio-
lin recital, playing this program:

Sonata in A major (for violin and
piano), Brahms; 5 movements from 6th
Sonata for violin alone, Bach; Serenade
Melancholique, Tchaikovsky; Valse
Scherzo, Tchaikovsky-Auer; Medita-
tion, Valse, Chazounov; Saltarella, Wien-
lawski; Nocturne in D major, Chopin;
Wilhelmj; Perpetuum Mobile, Paganini.

All thanks are due Mr. Heifetz for
arranging a program unlike that of the
typical violin recital. Instead of the in-
escapable concerto—with an unfortunate
accompanist struggling to furnish a
background for which the composer de-
manded a large orchestra, and, needs be,
making but a sorry job of it—Mr. Hei-
fetz, since he had a pianist and not an
orchestra at his disposal, showed the
good taste to play a sonata for piano
and violin. For his Bach number, too,
he treated his audience with considera-
tion, for if the unaccompanied sonata
he chose, the stirring prelude excepted,
proves dull hearing to many persons
who are neither violinists nor admirers
of every page Bach wrote, at least it
is not the sadly over-worked chaconne.

As well as good taste and kindness, it
would seem as though Mr. Heifetz like-
wise showed good judgment, for, though
at present such a consideration may ap-
pear beside the mark, nevertheless the
time may come when ever Mr. Heifetz
will be glad to extend his public. The
usual violin recital program today must
appeal largely to persons who are par-
tial to hearing an artist play the violin,
regardless of what he plays if only there
are enough pretty and brilliant pieces at
the end. This sort of public sometimes
proves fickle.

There is a different kind of public,
however, with a fondness for the
smaller forms of chamber music, sona-
tas for piano and violin, and the like,
which come seldom to public perform-
ances. Though purists may argue that
their place is not in Symphony hall, one
may counter with the opinion, better in
Symphony hall than not at all. At all
events Mr. Heifetz could lose nothing
by letting it become known that at his
concerts there is to be heard something
different, something genuinely worth
while, like the admirable performance
he and Mr. Chotzinoff gave yesterday
of the exquisite Brahms sonata; the
beauty of it is not soon to be forgotten.
He has, to repeat, nothing to lose, for
those people to whom the sound of the
violin is comparably only to the music of
the spheres, would not stay away, what-
ever Mr. Heifetz might play early in a
concert, and he might well lure to
Symphony hall persons who now are
disposed to stay at home. The audience
yesterday, by the way, had every air
of enjoying the sonata, and the splendid
Bach prelude they vigorously applauded.
The tribute to Mr. Heifetz's art is the
greater when one remembers that this
same audience had shown itself restive
at being kept waiting 19 minutes for the
concert to begin. R. R. G.

PEOPLE'S SYMPHONY GIVES SIXTH CONCERT

Roulon Robinson, Tenor, Appears as
Soloist

The People's Symphony Orchestra,
Emil Mollenhauer, conductor, gave its
sixth concert for the season in the St.
James Theatre yesterday afternoon. The
audience, as usual, was of good size and
appreciative. The program was as fol-
lows: Overture, "Cockaigne" (in Lon-
don Town) Elgar; Ah! fuyez donc
l'Image" from "Manon," Massenet; sym-
phony in C minor, No. 9, Haydn; Flower
Song from "Carman," Bizet; suite,
"Casse Noisette," Tschalkowsky. In the
arrangement of the program there was
obtained the variety that adds so much
to the pleasure of an orchestral program.
The various selections were heartily ap-
plauded.

Roulon Robinson, tenor, a graduate of
the New England Conservatory of Mu-
sic, who sang last season in opera with
the Boston Society of Singers, was the
assisting soloist for the afternoon. His
selections won hearty applause.

BOY SOPRANO AT SYMPHONY HALL

Master Robert Murray of Tacoma,
Wash., the boy soprano whose remark-
able voice has astonished musicians
and scientists alike, whose elastic vocal
range surpasses by two octaves Gall-
Curci's highest note, made his Boston
debut last night at Symphony hall be-
fore a full-sized audience.

With Master Murray appeared Miss
Carmela Ippolito, the youthful East
Boston violinist, Brent Curtis, soprano
soloist of Trinity Church choir; Miss
Ethel Ilinton, reader, and Frederick W.
Snow, organist, contributed a trio en-
titled "The Church and the Newsboy,"
a poetic-musical arrangement.

Emil Polak, Metropolitan opera coach,
accompanied Master Murray at the
piano, while Jesus M. Sanroma was
pianist for Miss Ippolito.

The concert was given in aid of the
funds of the Roosevelt Newsboys' As-
sociation toward overcoming a deficit
caused by the erection of their memorial
to a former member—"Scotty," the
newsboy war hero of Brookline.

Presenting an extensive and classical
repertoire, which seemed at times to tax
the strength of so young an artist, Mas-
ter Murray surprised and charmed his
audience by his wonderful vocal pow-
ers and his modest, unassuming per-
sonality. Apparently suffering from a
slight cold, he appeared at times as if
stressed, but his voice never faltered.
In the "Polonaise" from "Mignon" and
the Bell song from "Lakme" he was
heard to best advantage, while special
encore songs demonstrated his mastery
of trills and bird notes.

Mlle. Sorel

By PHILIP HALE

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Augier's
"L'Adventuriere," a comedy in four
acts, performed by a French company.

Monte-Prade.....Louis Lambert
Fabrice.....Albert Lambert
Don Annibal.....Fernand Charpin
Horace.....Charles Gervay
Dario.....Jacques d'Apoigny
A servant.....M. Parotte
Donna Clorinde.....Cecile Sorel
Celle.....Rachel Berendt

Augier's comedy in 1848 was a protest
against the romanticism that frankly ex-
torted the courtesan. As has well been
said, Augier, a good, honest bourgeois,
fought for the family and family ties.
He could not say with Victor Hugo's
Marion that pure love restores virginity.
He had no mercy on a woman of loose
life, preying on men. Not even if she
repented. Hence the abuse heaped on
Clorinde by Fabrice, and even by Celle,
the young girl, too conscious perhaps of
her own virtue.

The comedy, much as it may tempt
French comedians to take the respec-
tive roles, seems in 1922 singularly old-
fashioned, laboriously manufactured
and, by the fact that Fabrice is not
recognized by his father, preposterous;
a stage device taking us back to the
Elizabethans. No one will dispute the
honesty of Augier's sentiments, but his
cruel indignation became a little tire-
some; almost persuades one to espouse
the cause of Clorinde and hope that she
will land the infatuated old man at the
end, or at least win Fabrice. No doubt
she would have made either one a good
wife and kicked the swaggering, drunk-
en brother out of doors.

The comedy was brilliantly acted by
the men. As for Mlle. Sorel, what shall
be said of her? To judge of her art
without prejudice, it would be necessary
to see her in other roles. As Clorinde
she disappointed; chiefly for the reason
that her playing was for the most part
superficial, if not insincere. Seldom did
she strike a convincing note. Even her
carriage was mannered; her very walk
reminded one of Mary Garden's strut;
her management of her voice was often
imitative of Mme. Bernhardt's. Her
gestures—and she was constantly wav-
ing her arms or pointing with out-
stretched arm when there was nothing
to point at—seldom had significance.
Her daring and extravagant costumes
hardly suited the Clorinde who wished
to be freed from even the suspicion of
poverty, and although the dotting old
man had given her certain jewels, it is
extremely improbable that he bought
her costumes, even if those worn last
night were to be obtained at the time.

We first saw M. Lambert when he
was a young man, in the late 80's.
He then was conspicuous for dash,
magnetism and a fervent diction that
was not infrequently superheated. The
years have passed and he has naturally
gained in poise. His Fabrice is an ad-
mirable performance. This returning
prodigal son is tender in his love for
his father and sister, sympathetic with
the young lovers, melancholy as he
recalls his wasted years, firm in his

bravery, a contrast to the blustering
bully. And then his expressive action,
his eloquent diction!

Excellent too were Messrs. Ravet and
Charpin as the old man and the awash-
buckler. The former played with a fine
sense of dignity even in his infatua-
tion, without the touch of senility that
might have reduced him to the level of
Otway's Antonio. His passion was deep-
seated, not febrile. M. Charpin's
drunken scene was skilfully managed,
although he drank water out of one
wine bottle and in the second a liquid
that at least had a reddish tinge.

Miss Berendt gave a well-defined
characterization of the young girl,
charming in her love scenes, conscious
of her own virtue in the presence of
designing vice.

The comedians were recalled after
each act. The play tonight will be "La
Dame aux Camellias."

Some days ago Mr. Barvel Whang
asked which end of the apple is the
top. We have received several letters
in reply.

"Adamson" answers:

"The blossom end of an apple is al-
ways the top—when it is—that is, until
it becomes the reverse and the stem
end is the top. An apple always begins
its career with blossom end pointing to
the sky, but, as it increases in weight,
gravity takes possession, the apple is
reversed and the stem end becomes the
top. Roughly, the time required for
the transposition is six weeks. Once
an inanimate object is completely re-
versed the top becomes the bottom, and
vice versa, facts which I think admit
of no contradiction, therefore, as the
growth of the apple requires from 12
to 20 weeks, depending on the variety
and location, the bet should be settled
on a pro rata basis, first deciding which
variety of apple, early, medium or late,
is the one on which the problem is to
be decided, and taking into account the
locality from which it comes.

"I have several algebraic formulas
which decide the relative time when
the top is the top and the bottom is the
top of all varieties within a radius of
35 miles of Boston, including varieties
from yellow transparent to late russet,
but have never been successful in
catching the exact moment when the
Gravenstein throws itself into reverse,
and I think it must always select a
dark night for the performance, so I
would suggest that this particular va-
riety be eliminated in coming to a de-
cision as to a division of the money."

As the World Wags:

Like you, Mr. Hale, I come from no
long line of Pomologists, yet "In na-
ture's infinite book of secrecy a little I
can read," and I think I know apart
the two ends of an apple. Look at one
early in its life, still attached to the
family tree. There it stands, right side
up, head up and stem down. Which is
the top? The end opposite the stem,
of course. Perhaps Mr. Whang (who
asks the question, "Which is the top of
an apple?") is not familiar with the
apple in the wild; perhaps he knows it
only as a table delicacy, captive on a
dinner plate. Perhaps he has seen it
only after man has had his finger in the
pie, for it is now a pretty generally ac-
cepted custom to serve apples upside
down or, which is just the same thing,
stem side up. MOTHER CERES.

Lexington.

R. S. S. of Newton Highlands is an-
other answerer.

"The structure of the whole apple
blossom answers the query. The rosy
blossom is borne on its upright stem,
the petals rising from top of the green
calyx-tube which in turn is crowned
with the five green lobes. This tube be-
comes at the end of the summer the
ripe fleshy fruit. The increased
weight of the reddening fruit, coupled
with the law of gravitation, causes the
stem to curve downward and the ripe
apples to hang upside down on the tree.
The marvel remains how that rugged
old tree could change the green calyx-
tube into this red McIntosh apple."

"HOW?"

The Literary Review of the New York
Evening post, speaking of Max Beer-
bohm's "Zuleika Dobson," recently pub-
lished by Dodd, Mead, says: "This full-
length novel . . . has never been
published before on this side of the
water." How about the prior publica-
tion by Boni & Liveright, Inc., in New
York, with a preface by Francis Hack-
ett?

ASLEEP AGAIN

(The Public Ledger, Philadelphia, Pa.)

OUR CITY HALL

The appraising eye of James F. Mul-
head, who wrote Baedeker's "United
States," rested on the rococo monolith
at the intersection of Broad and Chest-
nut streets, and then he went away and
wrote that it was "a tasteless pile."

SHIPPED WITH A LOAD OF POST HOLES

(State News Dispatch in the Chicago Journal)
EAST MOLINE—The new City Hall
has been completed. Police and fire de-
partments are to be transferred to the
new building as soon as new cells ar-
rive.

WILLING ROOSTERS

(From the Milford News.)

FOR SALE—A family cow and eight
White Rock Pullets and two Roosters
ready to lay. Mrs. ———, Hopkinton.

WHY NOT A SLICE OR A LEG OF A
SCHOOL TRUSTEE?

(From the Eau Claire, Wis., Leader)
SCHOOL MAM'S—Cut to pieces by a
rotary saw in early sawmill days in Eau
Claire. We have choice cuts from the
same for sale at the old Bonell place.

Turning the pages of a huge volume of
social and business firms that was wide-
ly known when Grant was President, we
read that no one at table should cut
bread. But one of George Washington's
rules of conduct was always to cut it.
No one should ever call for milk. "Call
for and speak only of 'cream!'"

"The knife, which is now only used
for cutting meat, mashing potatoes, and
for a few other purposes at the table, is
no longer placed in the mouth by those
who give attention to the etiquette of
the table."

Potato skins should be placed on the
table cloth, if no especial receptacle is
provided.

"While waiting to be served put into
practice your knowledge of small talk
and pleasant words with those whom
you are sitting near. By interchange of
thought much valuable information may
be acquired at the table." With the
arrival of food, however, it was con-
sidered correct never to "allow the con-
versation at the table to drift into any-
thing but chit-chat; the consideration of
deep and abstruse principles will impair
digestion."

WHY MISS BLAIR DIDN'T PLAY
HERE

As the World Wags:

I do not think it is quite fair to
nag the "Anna Christie" management
because the original cast is not intact.
Eugenie Blair, who was Marthy Owen
at first, died in Chicago, May 13, 1922,
while "Anna Christie" was playing
there. Mildred Beverly, who now has

the part, is probably considered one of
the "original" cast. Surely hers is a
superb contribution toward making per-
fect the first act of "Anna Christie,"
and we should not be fretful because
Eugenie Blair was not spared to come
to Boston with the company.
LOUELLA D. EVERETT.

A BOSTON BLUESTOCKING

(Suggested by the passing of the Rear
Guard.)

A Boston bluestocking! There she goes!
She's got her spectacles on her nose,
She's left her class at the Art Museum
And is taking a book to the Athenaeum.

Don't let her run into you! Man alive!
It's the "Harvardising" of '65
That's taking her on up Beacon street,
And the tune she's marching to is the
beat

Of the drums that took a young sopho-
more
To duty and death in the Shenandoah.

From the Athenaeum she'll go at once
To shoulder the troubles of Mrs. Bunce,
Find out the cause of her helpless blues
And what she did with the children's
shoes,
And some of that spirit of light impart
That upholds the strength of her own
warm heart.

When evening comes she will take her
ease.

No, not a bit of it, if you please.
My dear, what could you be thinking
about?

Why this is her evening for "pouring
out"

At the dance where her nephews and
nieces play,

Which she always enjoys as much as
they
And gives the young people as good a
time

As she had herself in her golden prime.

Oh, you may laugh at her! She won't
mind,

She knows she's funny, like all the kind
Who are always girls—for to tell the
truth

She never has lost the glamor of youth,
And life is the great adventure still
As when he marched down over Beacon
Hill.

But if you care that this queer old town
Shall still be a place where the stars
look down
And know that in spite of its sloth or
guilt

It is yet a city the Lord hath built,
You will pray that you and all your
friends,
When you near the place where the
journey ends,
In all your work and play may be
As kind and as joyous, as gallant as she.
Boston.
JOSEPH LEE.

MISS LARSEN PLAYS

Yesterday afternoon in Jordan hall, Miss Clara Larsen gave a piano recital, playing this program:

Fugue, G minor, Scarlatti; Etude, D flat, Liszt; Humoreske, Nos. I, II, III, IV, and V, Schumann; Rhapsody, F sharp minor, Dohnanyi; The White Peacock, Griffes; Valse, Mokrejs; Cubana, Andaluza, Manuel de Falla; Polka, Rachmaninoff.

Miss Larsen has been fortunate in her teacher. He, or she, has helped her to an excellent technique, notable for its constantly beautiful tone and evenly pulsing scales. The ability to sing a melody he has taught her as well, elegance in turning a phrase, skill in the use of the pedal and above all else, the proper way to play a fugue. Miss Larsen gave a far more intelligent and attractive performance of the scarlatti fugue than many of her elders could manage to do.

But if Miss Larsen has been blessed in her teacher, it remains no less a fact that the teacher has had good material to work with; the most skilful teacher in the world could not make a pupil play as well as Miss Larsen played yesterday unless she had exceptional talent. For Miss Larsen does play well, remarkably well—but she plays like a pupil. The time would seem to have come when she should think for herself—even at the cost, for a year or two, of not playing so well as she plays today. With her probable musical nature so soundly trained, Miss Larsen could venture to yield to her musical impulses more freely than she appeared to do yesterday. In a young player even a little extravagance would do no harm.

R. R. G.

"Down to the Sea in Ships"

SELWYN THEATRE—"Down to the sea in Ships," photoplay by Elmer Clifton. First showing in Boston. Scenario by John L. E. Pell. Photography by Alexander G. Penrod. Musical score arranged by Henry F. Gilbert. The leading members of the cast were William Walcott, William Cavanaugh, Raymond McKee, Patrick Hartigan, J. Thornton Easton, Marguerite Courtot and Clara Bow.

This noted picture play, to make which the Whaling Film Corporation received help from the city of New Bedford, many citizens of New Bedford, the Old Dartmouth Historical Society, and various societies and organizations of New Bedford, turns out a curious melange of good and bad. Though the efforts of all the company concerned in the production no doubt make for accuracy of detail, the fact remains that imagination, when the suggestion of atmosphere is in question, proves more effectual than a wilderness of accuracy. Correctness, too, in a moving picture, is but a meagre substitute for skilful workmanship; the photography in this film is for the most part poor, frequently indistinct, often badly lighted, never of a beautiful texture. Most trying fault of all, the story, long and clumsily told is commonplace. The acting is none too good.

Then let people who don't fancy this kind of entertainment stay at home, one might say. But that advice won't do. If most of the film is mediocre, some of it people who like sea pictures will surely want to see. Just how or why it happens a person inexperienced in the technique of film-making cannot tell, but it is nevertheless true that when the hunting of the whale begins, a different kind of photography comes into view. In these scenes of the sea there is at least imagination at play. Boundless stretches of gray water and sky are seen in all their loneliness, their grandeur. The excitement when the "white water" of a distant spouting whale first is seen is artfully suggested. The excitement grows in a superbly mounting climax. At its height, when the whale overturns the boat, pictures as rousing, as convincing, too, may have been shown before, but none such can be recalled. Quieter, but of genuine beauty and suggestiveness, are a few pictures of a gathering storm. And then comes commonplace again.

To accompany this film Mr. Gilbert has made an admirable arrangement of music, drawing on everything from "Nancy Lee" to the second act of "Lohengrin." Better done it could not have been, and the orchestra played as

well as it could, at all events with much life. After the breezy overture which he conducted himself, Mr. Gilbert was cordially applauded. R. R. G.

ST. JAMES THEATRE—The Boston stock company in "Shavings," a play in three acts, adapted from Joseph C. Lincoln's novel by Marion Short and Pauline Phelps. The cast:

Jed Winslow, "Shavings".....Walter Gilbert
Capt. Sam Hunnwell.....Mark Kent
Phineas Babbitt.....Harold Chase
Leander Babbitt.....Houston Richards
Charles Phillips.....Hugh Cairns
Maj. Leonard Grover.....Edward Darney
Gabriel Bearse.....Ralph M. Remley
Roscoe Holway.....John E. Hines
Ruth Armstrong.....Viola Roach
Barbara Armstrong.....Theresa Kilburn
Maude Hunnwell.....Evela Nudsen

"Shavings," a play of Cape Cod life, is deservedly popular and the stock company has done even better with it than last year. Walter Gilbert as the whimsical, kindly "town crank," does considerable to present a lovable character amid surroundings that can scarcely be called original. Homely characterizations of simple types and a generous supply of keen wit make "Shavings" a play that affords real pleasure.

Mark Kent and Harold Chase played their parts of village enemies excellently, as did every member of the cast. Evela Nudsen, as the village belle, somewhat overplayed in the first act but later in bits that called for tense feeling was much more effective. Viola Roach, as the young widow, about whom centred the action of the play, was gracious and natural.

The settings were attractive but there were a few inconsistencies not usually apparent in the stock company's productions.

FANNIE BRICE HEADS

The program at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week is fashioned after the better ideas of vaudeville, for there is the variety that suggests vaudeville itself. Last evening a large audience was immensely pleased.

Mazie Lunette, aerial performer, opened the bill and studiously offered an unusual display of anatomy. Miller and Capman, dancers, followed, and showed their heels to many of their dancing associates in a loose style that could not fail to conjure memories of the late Dan Daly.

The single sketch of the bill introduces Travers and Douglas, in a domestic farce, that while not showing the finer vein of farce, pulled the laugh nevertheless with a surfeit of horseplay.

One of the best acts on the bill was the singing number of Irving Fisher, favorite of musical comedy and vaudeville stages. Not only gifted with a voice of charm, the singer excels in textual interpretation and in the clarity of his enunciation. Then there was a fine dramatic accompaniment, notably in the song of the street musicians, one of his own compositions.

Lorraine and Minto, assisted by Margaret Davies, danced in a neat style. Miss Davies scoring in shooting her legs in the air in a most astounding manner, and always with rhythmic charm. Florence Santos and Jacque Hayes, physical opposites, returned in their uproariously funny singing and comedy act, in which they "ride" each other to the delight of the audience. Mr. Hymack, as mysterious as at any time during a long and successful career in vaudeville, again bewildered the audience in his spooky monologue and accompanying astounding feats of quick changes.

Fanny Brice, the feature act of the bill, demonstrated her fitness for the place, and had the audience clamoring for more. Her program leans much to work in the Hebrew dialect, and her principal number, that of the Yiddisher Minnehaha, is brimful of subtleties of burlesque and "business"—an act that no lover of vaudeville should miss. Tamaki and company, Japanese performers, closed the bill.

Harvey's Troupe of 50 Puts

Arlington Theatre—Harvey's Minstrels, in three parts with 50 artists. Production staged by Robert Russell. Master of ceremonies, Whitney Viney.

Harvey's Minstrels opened last night at the Arlington Theatre with pep written all over the show. The large first night audience gave the production the hearty applause that it merited. The first of the three parts was the conventional ring, with six end men, part two was made up of five vaudeville acts, and the closing scene was a musical revue, which included everything from "The Sherk" to a selection entitled "Do You Like Whiskey?"

Some of the best negro clog dancing ever seen in Boston was the feature of the performance. Hazel Cannon, Winnie Watts and Johnny Woods were the nimble toe artists whose work on this line stood out especially. Lawrence

Blaker, one of the end men, was a whole show himself. He was good.

Margaret Jackson, termed the "modern black Patti," surely comes close to deserving the title. Her burlesque of Italian opera was very clever.

A team called "The Edwardses" demonstrated well its ability in acrobatic contortions on the stage and on a slack wire.

The chorus, half women, was fair for a minstrel show, but it was rather handicapped by mediocre music. The selections chosen were, in every case, either ones which we believe are destined to be short-lived or ones that have seen better days.

Johnny Woods put over a very clever ventriloquist act that proved to be one of the most popular numbers on the program. His work was never artificial and although conventional was not tiring.

One number, the first on the vaudeville part of the program, could well be omitted without loss to the show. Possibly it was only inserted to fill space, anyway. The reference is to Olone Moore's act in would-be magic. Every trite attempt embodying the use of pigeons, rabbits, steel rings and paper flowers, that had been discarded years ago, Moore tried in the most insipid manner.

Summarizing, the pep and dancing of the show were worthy of commendation, as were several of the individuals in the cast. On the other hand, the music and other individuals cannot well be praised. The performance as a whole was markedly anticlimatic; it started off with a bang and then simmered down to a very dreary last act of nothing.

ST. JAMES THEATRE—The Boston stock company in "Shavings," a play in three acts, adapted from Joseph C. Lincoln's novel by Marion Short and Pauline Phelps. The cast:

Jed Winslow, "Shavings".....Walter Gilbert
Capt. Sam Hunnwell.....Mark Kent
Phineas Babbitt.....Harold Chase
Leander Babbitt.....Houston Richards
Charles Phillips.....Hugh Cairns
Maj. Leonard Grover.....Edward Darney
Gabriel Bearse.....Ralph M. Remley
Roscoe Holway.....John E. Hines
Ruth Armstrong.....Viola Roach
Barbara Armstrong.....Theresa Kilburn
Maude Hunnwell.....Evela Nudsen

"Shavings," a play of Cape Cod life, is deservedly popular and the stock company has done even better with it than last year. Walter Gilbert as the whimsical, kindly "town crank," does considerable to present a lovable character amid surroundings that can scarcely be called original. Homely characterizations of simple types and a generous supply of keen wit make "Shavings" a play that affords real pleasure.

Mark Kent and Harold Chase played their parts of village enemies excellently, as did every member of the cast. Evela Nudsen, as the village belle, somewhat overplayed in the first act but later in bits that called for tense feeling was much more effective. Viola Roach, as the young widow, about whom centred the action of the play, was gracious and natural.

The settings were attractive but there were a few inconsistencies not usually apparent in the stock company's productions.

"Whirl of New York" Has Unusual Beauty Chorus

Stars from various Winter Garden productions are featured in "The Whirl of New York," at the Majestic Theatre this week. The principals appear in vaudeville specialties as well as in the revue, the latter being confined to the second half of the program.

The show opens with the appearance of the "beauty chorus" in a special number. The chorus is unusual in the fact that its members are good looking, shapely and can sing as well as dance.

This act was followed by Florence Schubert, who sang several selections and played a piano artistically. She was given several encores. Others in the vaudeville bill included Frank and Ray Purcell, in "What's in a Name," Joe Keno and Rosie Green in "The Saturday Evening Postman," Roy Cummings with "Billie" Shaw in "One Afternoon," and Kyra, assisted by Rafaelia and girls. Kyra is an oriental dancer who has been seen here before.

The second part of the program consists of "The Whirl of New York." The revue is in three scenes, one of them being "New Year's Eve in New York Chinatown." The costumes are beautiful, the music is catchy and there is a snap and go to the entire program from the time the curtain goes up until the close of the entertainment. It is a show well worth seeing.

FINE 'CAMILLE'

By PHILIP HALE

The French company of players gave a performance of Dumas's "La Dame aux Camellias" last night at the Boston Opera House. It is the fashion to sneer at this drama. Nearly all the adjectives of reproach and contempt have been thrown at it. It has even been denounced as immoral. But when the part of Marguerite is played by an emotional actress of the first rank it is still a moving and engrossing drama and it will continue to draw audiences and even tears long after the realistic, the pseudo-realistic, and the problem plays applauded today are in the huge dust-bin of Time.

Of course there are different ways of portraying Marguerite in spite of certain traditions. We wish we had seen that wild genius, Matilda Heron. Perhaps Clara Morris came nearest to her, giving a heart rending portrayal, even when that actress, desperately ill, took medicine in the last act and not for the hacking cough. (We once saw Miss Morris when there was a long row of bottles of various sizes on a stand near her bed.) The earlier actresses in this country represented Marguerite—or "Camille," with a heavy accent on the "Cam"—as dying in poverty, in squalid surroundings. Later we had more refined portrayals, none the less moving: portrayals by Modjeska, Sara Bernhardt, Duse.

It was natural that Mlle. Sorel should follow certain French traditions, handed down possibly from the time when Fechter as Armand nearly caused Mlle. Doche to be ignored, yet there were a few original and pleasing departures, as in her not protracting the agony of the death scene. Last night she gave a stronger impression of sincerity than she did Monday night in Augier's play. Perhaps the part is more congenial to her. Still, it was in the lighter scenes that she as a rule excelled; in the frivolous moments; in her first meeting with Armand. The crescendo of her affection from mere interest to passion was managed with no little skill; in the scene where she leaves Armand her emotion was for the moment unfeigned, yet, strange to say, it was hardly contagious. One said: Yes, she's doing it very well, but one was not on the stage, protesting against old Duval's insistence. It was an interesting performance, touching in the last act, without rising to a tragic height.

M. Lambert gave a convincing portrayal of Armand, persuasive in the love scenes but not mawkish; highly dramatic in his denunciation, where if Armand is decidedly a cad, it is the fault of Dumas. One wishes, seeing the drama, that the highly respectable father would enter, as in Verdi's opera, and free his mind about the outrageous behavior of the unhappy son. M. Lambert was dramatic, we say, but, always an artist, he did not rant and roar.

The other parts were satisfactorily taken, from the bored Count to the voluble Doctor. By the way, could this doctor of Dumas ever had a lucrative practice, an assuring bed-side manner? Would any sane person have called him in sickness?

The company no doubt plays "La Dame aux Camellias" as a drama of contemporaneous life. Hence the smoking of cigarettes, which we believe, were not common in France until after the Crimean war, when Laurence Oliphant introduced them in England. The costumes were decidedly not those of '48-'53.

The audience, which should have been larger, showed unmistakable signs of appreciation. The play tonight will be Mollere's "Misanthrope."

We have received from Mitch Ka Ditch a little book entitled "Brother Jonathan or the American Boy's Songster: a Collection of the Most Popular Naval, Patriotic, Comic and Sentimental American Songs." The book was published in New York. Unfortunately there is no date of publication.

One of the songs, "Jonathan's Wedding," sung by John Winans, is seasonable:

Did you ever go up to Thanksgiving?
I swaggers what oceans of cakes,
Confounded fine lots of good living,
What a darned site of 'lasses it takes.

By golly what desptert great chickens,
As big as old roosters I van,
And turkeys as fat as the dickens,
I never did see such I swan.

There are six more verses of this swash. One must suffice:

And then there's the fiddlin' and dancing,
And galls, all as cute as a whistle;
The fellers are kicking and prancing,
Their legs are as nimble as gristle.

Did our fathers and grandfathers really enjoy this song? Was "Jonathan's Wedding" a play? As for poor Winans, who was playing at the Bowery Theatre and the Chatham in the New York of the fifties, was it a wonder that he went mad, escaped from an almshouse, disappeared, and was at last accidentally found, dead with his body in a shocking condition under a stairway of the cellar in a Philadelphia variety theatre? He had married the mother of Susan and Kate Denin.

HERE'S TO THE PRESS: THE ARCHIMEDEAN LEVER THAT MOVES THE WORLD

(From the Evening Transcript)
M. de Perigny says the Americans in the Canal Zone are giving themselves airs of superiority, adding:
"I gathered from conversations that the majority of Panamans have a feeling of antiquity toward the Americans, which is more or less concealed according to their station. There is no doubt that the

(From the New York Sun)
"In 1905, when he was 222 years old, he was arrested for carrying concealed weapons. His own story of this is that

(From the New York Tribune)
"The gems are said to have been concealed in a trunk, and were not declared when the ship entered the harbor, o o"

This last sentence was evidently intended to be sung.—ED.

(From the Evening Transcript)
"The musical session program provides for consideration by the House of the Merchant Marine bill, and work by the Senate on the Dyer anti-lynching measure, which has already passed the House."

However, boresome a pianist or singer may be, we are not in favor of lynching him. Let him have a fair trial, an intelligent jury (not of musicians) and a judge who is in the habit of hearing music.—ED.

"PUDDING-TIME"

Mr. Charles St. C. Wade of Taunton asks: "Can any one inform me of the meaning of the fifth line of the fifth stanza of that immortal lyric: 'The Vicar of Bray.' 'When George in pudding-time came o'er'? What sort of pudding is meant, and why is pudding connected with the house of Hanover?"

Pudding-time means, or meant, for the word is obsolete, the time when pudding or puddings were to be had; hence, figuratively, a time when one is in luck; a favorable time. In Yorkshire, pudding-time means simply dinner time. There was no intimate connection between pudding and the house of Hanover.—ED.

SUPPOSE SHE GOT MARRIED?

As the World Wags:
Some time ago good old Doc. Evans mentioned the propagating proclivities of a "single lady louse." Please ask him on a fleeting glance, how is one to tell a "lady" from the other kind. It seems to me here is another sex problem.
MACK.

CONCERNING TROUSERS

As the World Wags:
In furtherance of the praiseworthy desire to gratify the democracy of the modern Athens in its craving for some new thing an advertiser in a Boston newspaper tells the world thusly:

NEW! MEN'S TWO-TROUSER SUITS

Above the script is pictured a "sack coat pendant, supported dexter and sinister by right and left trouser-legs also pendant, cuffed at bottom and neatly pressed. Yet the mind gropes seeking to find wherein lies the asserted novelty. Accentuating the word "men's" does not throw light upon the question. Only the more revealing knickerbockers have the women taken as their own, leaving the obliterating trousers to their original occupants. There is no sex question here, clearly. There is no novelty in that the suits are "two-trouser" suits. Trousers, like the men who wear them, were not made to live alone. A single trouser would, like a disassociated atom, rush headlong to its affinity. A one-trouser suit would be the novelty, chiefly useful, one would surmise, to retired brakemen. In what seems to be an attempt at elucidation it is stated in parentheses in smaller type that the suits are "(4 pieces—coat, vest, 2 trousers)." The sum total seems accurate but adds nothing to the common knowledge that one may acquire a coat, a vest, and a pair of pants if one has the price.
Amherst, N. H. ABEL ADAMS.

FOR THE HALL OF FAME

In Stamford, Conn., there is a highly estimable firm of dentists: Hertz, Moore and Offen.

IN A BOSTON BOOKSHOP

Some time ago, an alert old lady became interested in Benjamin Franklin. She was told that in a certain book shop an inexpensive edition of his autobiography could be obtained. She went to the shop. A clerk handed her a large and expensive life of the sage. "But I want the autobiography in the cheap edition." The clerk directed her to another counter, saying with an air of pity: "But this, madam, is the only authentic life, the one authorized by him."

THE DUNE HILLS

The drowsy hills of Duneland,
They stand against the sky;
Ten thousand joyous summers
Have wooed and passed them by.
Their forms are white and wasted,
Their look is set and old,
The wraith of perished ages
Has wrapped them in its fold.

The lake is soft with laughter,
The air is sweet in song,
The sky is bright with promise,
The earth is warm and young.
But Oh! the hills of Duneland,
The only world they know
Was sunk in glacial silence
Ten thousand years ago.

W. P. BURNS.

CHIGRINSKY PLAYS AT STEINERT HALL

Alexander Chigrinsky made his initial appearance in Boston last night at Steinert hall in a program of varied numbers. Starting with the "Harmonious Blacksmith" air and variations of Handel, which he presented in a matter-of-fact way, he proceeded to give a Pastorale and Capriccio of Scarlatti. Beethoven's Moonlight Sonata did not find him as sympathetic as did Paderewski's Variations and Fugue. Mr. Chigrinsky gave a masterly reading of this really stunning Fugue. Rachmaninoff's Polichinelle was not very effective, and Glazounoff's Gavotte and Lisadoff's Mazurka were rather inconsequential.

In the Liszt Campanella, Mr. Chigrinsky revealed to the full his technical mastery of all the devices suggested to Liszt by Paganini's playing. There are other and later fields of conquest which it is hoped will occupy Mr. Chigrinsky's attention.

30, 1922 PADEREWSKI

By PHILIP HALE

Mr. Paderewski, after a long absence, gave a recital yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. His program read as follows: Mendelssohn, Serious Variations; Schumann, Fantasia; Beethoven, Sonata Appassionata; Chopin, Ballade, G minor; Nocturne, op. 37, No. 2; Mazurka, B flat minor, op. 24, No. 4; Scherzo, C sharp minor; Liszt, Au bord d'une Source, Etude de Concert, F minor; Polonaise, E major.

The tribute paid by the great audience when Mr. Paderewski came on the stage was a tribute to the patriot and the man as well as to the virtuoso, whose coming had been impatiently awaited. For the pianist is the man; the man is the patriot. Many of those in the hall yesterday remembered when on the same stage he spoke words of burning eloquence in behalf of his beloved Poland, for this remarkable man, gifted in many ways, is as eloquent in speech as in the interpretation of music that appeals to him.

While he was in the political world, striving valiantly for the assured freedom and establishment of the Polish republic, he was sorely missed by thousands whom he had charmed as a pianist. They followed eagerly his adventures at Paris and at Warsaw, rejoicing with him when his noble aim was attained; yet they could not regard him as only a Pole; for as a musician the world is his country. The long-deferred report that he was to return to the concert stage was enthusiastically received.

The scene was familiar; the lowered lights, the delay in appearance, the expectant hush; finally the entrance, dignified, not dramatic. There has been too much drama in Mr. Paderewski's recent years for him to be theatrical. Again the resonant, arresting chords by way of a prelude. And then the weaving of the old-time spell by the masterly interpretation of music known to all.

It would be impertinent to speak of this or that technical feature; of this or that salient characteristic in interpretation. One hearing Mr. Paderewski is conscious, not merely of a pianist exerting uncommon skill, but of a highly sensitive, poetic, imaginative man, who has chosen the piano to bare his own

soul by communicating to others the musical thoughts and emotions of great composers as he himself understands and feels them. Yet this tremendous personality—and "tremendous" is not here an extravagant word—which has been felt in the political conferences of nations and in the legislative halls of his own capital, is not aggressive, not irritating. It is accepted thankfully, as is any beneficent phenomenon of Nature.

Mr. Paderewski's second recital in Symphony hall will be on Sunday afternoon, Dec. 31.

A Lithuanian tenor has been singing in London. He rejoices in the name Juozas Bobrovitch-Babravicius.

The Russian soviet government has banned with other "dangerous" music, Beethoven's "Emperor" concerto, lest the title sap the democratic spirit of the Russian musicians and frequenters of concerts. But Beethoven never gave this title to his concerto.

A London actress, Miss Dix, has applied for an injunction to restrain the defendant from billing any artist in any poster or advertisement of "The Broken Wing" in letters of a larger type than those in which she is so billed, and from allowing an electric sign, affixed to the theatre on which the name of an actor other than the plaintiff so billed to remain exhibited.

This reminds us of a story in Col. Mapleson's memoirs: how early one morning in a city of this country he caught a tenor of his company—was it Ravelli?—on a ladder measuring the letters of his name and comparing the size with those of his co-mates in art.

The French Society of Composers and Authors has protested against the growing practice of adapting classical works for dancing. The society objects especially to Chopin's Funeral March being turned into a tango.

We read recently of bandmen in Paris who do not wish to hear this march again in any form. They were engaged to play it at the funeral of a pountess, who, by her will, directed that it should be performed all the way from her house to the cemetery. The band, to fulfill the contract, played the march 54 times.

David Warfield has appeared as Shylock at Baltimore. The judicious critic of the Sun remarked that the performance was so protracted "that it will probably be several days before a correct perspective can be obtained of the production as a whole"; nevertheless he admitted that Mr. Warfield's interpretation is one that "alternately enlists the sympathy and antagonism of the audience." This is vague. Was the audience "agin" Shylock or Mr. Warfield's conception of the character?

Has Mr. Henry Ford seen a performance? If he has, what is his opinion?

It is stated by travelers—but travelers tell strange tales—that foreigners visiting the Budapest Opera House are shocked by the bare-legged ballet. Mr. Sawyer of the New York Evening Post remarks: "Certainly none of the shocks came to New Yorkers, who have had that sort of thing in musical shows so long that they are wishing for the return of tights, as much more pleasing to the eye in that they hide the enormous muscular development of the dancers, which is very far from being a pleasing picture."

But the Hungarians give a reasonable explanation for their bare-legged behavior; a pair of tights costs 60,000 kronen, the price of food for one family for three months.

Mr. Harold Bauer returned his fee to the Royal Philharmonic Society of London which he had received for playing at a concert. The Daily Telegraph said: "It is a characteristic act of a great Englishman."

But was Mr. Bauer a "great Englishman" during the world war?

The London Times, hearing Mr. Sappelnikov play pieces by Chopin and Schumann, decided that his performance did not invite musical judgment but was submitted as a specimen of mechanical execution. "In that case we are bound in honesty to say that a machine would do them better, because when once set at a given tempo it keeps time, and makes accurate shots with the left hand, and because, having no conscience, it need not blush at making nonsense of the music."

Walter Hampden is playing Sir Giles Overreach in that fine old play "A New Way to Pay Old Debts." We should like to see the performance. E. L. Davenport played Sir Giles with amazing

vigor. There are advantages in going down the hill of life. We remember Davenport's Brutus, an incomparable portrayal; also his Hamlet and his Damon.

Frieda Hempel will sing next Sunday in Symphony hall in costume like the one worn by Jenny Lind when she gave her first concert and with the same program. Jenny Lind is a tradition. If she were to sing today, would the public rave about her? Reading the contemporaneous criticism written when she was applauded for her virtue and her charitable deeds, we doubt it. Even her warmest admirers admitted that there was a break in her voice. It would be considered blasphemous to say that Mme. Hempel, as far as pure singing goes, probably equals, if not excels, "The Swedish Nightingale."

Some one told me that he saw a very distinguished writer in tears at his own play. It is a private matter, and we ought to turn our heads away. Naturally one would do so, and yet such a chance sight might be thrilling and illuminating.—A. N. M. in the Manchester Guardian.

The Chicago Tribune gave this synopsis of critical opinion concerning William Hodge's new play:

"I don't mind admitting that I left the La Salle last evening in tears."—Doc Butler in his criticism of Bill Hodge's new play in the Tribune. "Ash Stevens was crying so hard when he came in from the show last night he could not write a word."—Chihex. "Doc Hall was so affected by the new show he was unable to write, and, although he tried to dictate his review, his heartrending sobbing made his words unintelligible."—Chivejournal. "Miss Leslie could not return to the office last night after seeing a new performance, but is still standing outside the theatre weeping bitterly."—Chidainnooze. "Our Mr. Collins in attempting to write his review of the opening last night of the latest Broadway success to visit these parts, became so grief-stricken that he disappeared and has not been seen since. The police are dragging the lake."—Chivepost.

Mr. St. John Ervine has been telling young women in London how to become efficient actresses, pointing out that hard labor and little profit are the lot of the majority of those who wish to shine on the stage; they may also expect bitter disappointment and hopes deferred.

"If you wish to get an immediate engagement in a West end theatre in a part which exacts no skill or knowledge from you, then get yourself born into the world a blue-eyed, fair-haired flapper, without the power to act or sing or dance or enunciate clearly, and add on to these great gifts the possession of an influential relative or a rich parent or an uncle in the peerage—and you will certainly get it. The modern stall-fed audience does not know what acting is, but it can at least recognize merit in a young woman who is able to announce that she is a cousin of Lord So-and-so, who successfully became a bankrupt last Tuesday."

Mme. Melba, having been heard by over 97,000 people in her concerts in various cities in Australia—she gave the proceeds to charity—is in London. "Everything here is tax, tax, tax. People

cannot continue to pay their taxes and support opera. So it is of no use my talking about singing in opera just for the present."

Jane Cowl and Ethel Barrymore are rehearsing the part of Juliet, but for separate productions. Who was guilty of saying that for an ideal performance of the tragedy, Juliet before the birds are heard twittering at dawn should be played by a young maiden; but by a mature woman in the later scenes?

There was once a performance of "Romeo and Juliet" at Booth's Theatre, New York, in which seven Juliets were announced; the ball scene, Grace d'Urfrey; nurse and marriage scenes, Ada Dyas; banishment scene, Maud Granger; parting scene, Marie Wainwright; tomb scene, Minnie Cummings. Adelaide Nelson was announced for the balcony scene, but she did not appear. George Signold—the performance was for his benefit—played Romeo; Fred B. Warde, Mercutio. This was on May 30, 1877.

"Polly," the sequel to "The Beggar's Opera," was written in 1720, but the original performance was censored, on account of the political allusions, and it was not put on the stage till 1777. There will be a revival in London in December. Gay's libretto is considered "unpleasantly pessimistic and vituperative." Has it been softened? The scene is in the West Indies, where some of the charac-

ters of "The Beggar's Opera" have been transported. Polly followed Macheath there. John Teach, who is buried there, outlived Macheath, for he had had 14 wives.

MISANTHROPE

At the Boston Opera House last night the French players, headed by Mlle. Cecile Sorel, gave Moliere's "Le Misanthrope." The cast:

Celimene Mlle. Sorel
Alceste A. Lambert
Oronte L. Ravet
Philinte Georges Seller
Acante Charlie Gervail
Clitandre Rene Stern
Dubois Fernand Charpin
A Guardsman Jacques D'Aboley
Elante Mlle. Rachel Berendt
Arsinoe Mme. Mareans
Basque Mme. Lereel

"In the century in which we are," to use a phrase of Moliere's own, it is scarcely necessary to air at length one's views on Moliere's art or his understanding of human nature. The fact that his plays hold the stage today, some 250 years since he wrote them, is evidence enough that he kept a sharp eye open for all that was significant going on about him, that he rejoiced in an insight into the souls of men and women such as has been vouchsafed to very few, and that, furthermore, he knew how to set his living men and women on the stage with a theatrical skill so masterly that to this very day "In which we are" audiences forget themselves in following their fortunes and emotions.

About "Le Misanthrope," in particular, of all Moliere's plays the witliest, if neither the funniest nor the most dramatically effective, not a word is needed. Surely every person in the theatre last night must have studied the play in college or school; those who have forgotten their knowledge and would like to recall it to mind, can find all historical data as well as much critical comment set down in those little neat volumes published for use in schools.

The firmly held interest of the audience last night would prove, if proof were called for, the staying powers of Moliere's comedy, since the performance could hardly be called convincing. For a person who has seen only now and again a play at the Comedie—in the summer, too, when the best forces were abroad—to tell of the traditions of that Institution would be a vain thing. Quite likely, therefore, the actors last night played Moliere precisely as it should be played. For a comedy, nevertheless, it opened curiously grave except when it was pert. The two marquises and Oronte, even though Moliere did use caricature in their drawing, had too much the spirit of farce to keep their place in the picture. Mr. Lambert, on the other hand, an artist of a skilled technique, it was a pleasure to watch, played with an unrelieved, cold seriousness that ended in monotony.

Mlle. Sorel, one may venture the guess, made her reputation as Celimene years ago when she had at her command vivacity and youthful charm. A reputation once established may hold for long. Her impersonation last night, with its awkwardness and poverty of gesture, its lack of facial play and its monotony of voice, cannot possibly be the best that she has been able to do in the past. A moment or two toward the close of the play suggested that Mlle. Sorel would be happier at present in a part of stronger emotions. Most successful of all, because they seemed most like comprehensible human beings, were Mmes. Marsans and Berendt, and Mr. Seller. The audience was large. R. R. G.

If the photographs of the male Russian operatic singers who will invade Boston next week are faithful likenesses, we may expect to see the game of beaver played merrily at the Boston Opera House.

THE NEEDED TEXT BOOK

G. G. R. calls our attention to a little book that should be in every household. What could be more appropriate for a holiday gift? The New Statesman's review of this treatise is published in the current Living Age.

"Werner Laurie have published a small book entitled 'Beaver,' by John Kettelwell. It elaborates the game. The different 'Beavers' are illustrated, and the scoring values are noted: The Imperial beaver, the fringed beaver, the ecclesiastical-King-beaver, the queen beaver, the santa-beaver, the Ursine-beaver, the Vandyck-beaver, etc. The disappearance of the beard was in Schopenhauer's opinion, though he himself was a splendid specimen of the 'half-fringed beaver,' a barometer of civilization. The

east has always been the home of reverence for the beard. In the 'Arabian Nights' we are told that Allah has especially created an angel in heaven who has no other occupation but to sing the praises of the Creator for giving a beard to men and long hair to women."

LINCOLN AND THE BOY

As the World Wags:

I have given the story of the boy on stilts some thought, but not much, as I have deemed it merely another example of repetition wherein the real point has been lost by having passed through English hands (or mouths). In this connection I am reminded of the story of the boy who stumbled and fell down before the great Lincoln. "Boy, how did you come to fall down?" asked Mr. Lincoln. "Notwithstanding," replied the boy instantly. This story delighted an Englishman who essayed to repeat it. But his version was thusly: "Boy, wot mide you fall?" asked Mr. Lincoln. "Nevertheless," replied the boy.

SUDDEN NOYES.

We have received several letters about the English story, one from Paducah, Ky. Even now we fail to see the side-splitting humor of it. It is not the sort of story that would—to quote an extract from an oration in front of South College at the Yale of the seventies delivered by Hannibal of blessed memory: "have made you laugh if you had been by yourself all alone, no one near you, in the woods." Ed.

ACROSS THE ALLEY

(For As the World Wags.)

From my window when I'm working,
Or I should say when I'm shirking,
I can see a pretty picture,
Of a maiden very fair,
(I can even see the ripples
Running through her wavy hair).

When my glance too long it lingers
(Though 'tis stolen through my fingers)
I can see the rosy blushes
Dye her youthful cheeks to red,
With a startled little movement
She then quickly turns her head.

But 'twas not my glance which lingers,
(Nor my looking through my fingers)
Which turned her cheek into a blushing
rose.

But the fact that when I spied her
(With the other girl beside her)
She was rubbing talcum powder
On her dainty little nose.

JAMES L. EDWARDS.

NEWS FROM THE EAST

As the World Wags:

"Yet standing for full length photographs with his hands in his trouser pockets, Mustapha Kemal Pasha looks for all the world like the secretary of a board of trade in Dayton, Detroit or Denver."

My friend, Able the Agent, insists that, for the resemblance to be perfect, the Pasha Mustapha Kemal glued to his lower lip.

J. W. C.

MORE THAN A HUSBAND A PIECE! WATSON, PLEASE INVESTIGATE

(From John P. Gair's Article in The Herald)

"Most of the 7433 alumnae of Smith are just plain married women—wives, mothers and housekeepers. They have 4800 children to look after and 8243 husbands."

OMAR IN EXILE

(Reuter's Teheran correspondent says that, following upon a campaign, the Ulama (priesthood) have now presented to the government demands for the prohibition of the sale of liquor and the closing of all places of amusement. The demands have been accepted by the government.)

Dreaming when Dawn's Left Hand was in the Sky,

I heard a Voice within the Tavern cry,
"Awake, my Little Ones, and fill the Cup

Before Life's Liquor—and our Land—
be dry."

They say the Sleuth and Pussyfoot
now keep

The Courts where Jamshyd gloried and
drank deep;

And Bahram, that great Hunter—he
now stalks

The Bootleggers that o'er the Frontier
creep.

Iram indeed is gone with all its Rose,
And now the Grape must follow, I
suppose:

Why, even Mere Amusement gets the
Bird—

My Hat, this is the Gloomiest of
Shows!

But come with old Khayyam and leave
the Drys

To run the Show as seems to Them
most wise:

One Thing is certain—there are Other
Lands

In which the Vintner still his Juice
supplies.

With me to some more friendly Haven
blown

Retire to call your Soul (and Throat)
your Own—

Where Norma Talmadge dines with
London's Mayor

And Entertainment claims its rightful
Throne.

Or stay behind: and when Thyself shall
pass

With Sobered Foot where, scattered on
the Grass,

I kept my famous Loaf and Flask of
Wine,

Turn down that now for ever Empty
Glaes!

—Lucio in the Manchester Guardian.

LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS

(From Donald Ogden Stewart's "Perfect Behavior.")

Fringed Gentian—"I am going out to
get a shave. Back at 3:30."

Poppy—"I would be proud to be the
father of your children."

Golden-rod—"I hear that you have hay
fever."

Blood-root—"Aunt Kitty murdered
Uncle Fred Thursday."

Iris—"Could you learn 'ave an op-
tician?"

Deadly Nightshade—"own those
blinds, quick!"

Wild Thyme—"I have seats for the
Hippodrome Saturday afternoon."

CONGO RIVER

By PHILIP HALE

The subject of Mr. Newman's third
Travel Talk, delivered before a very
large audience in Symphony Hall last
night, was "Congo to Victoria Nyanza."

The word "Congo" is associated in the
minds of many with the meeting of Liv-
ingstone and Stanley, also with the
"Belgian atrocities." Mr. Newman,
who made a close investigation into the
truth of the reported cruelties committed
by rubber men in the reign of Leopold
II, believes the stories to be unfounded.
Yet the commission of inquiry (1904)
confirmed the rumors of the torturing
and generally barbarous treatment of
the natives.

Few of us have any idea of the enor-
mous natural wealth of the Congo in
diamonds, gold, silver, copper, and even
radium. Discovery of radium has al-
ready, the lecturer said, lowered the
price considerably. The changes in the
Congo region within the last 20 years
are marvellous. The wilderness may
not actually blossom as the rose, but
the evidences of what the world is
pleased to call civilization are many, as
is shown in Elizabethville, other towns,
missionary stations. Contrasted pic-
torially with these were the huts of
the Congo natives, a race far inferior
to the Zulus in stature, strength and
intelligence, a race almost as close to
the brute as that of the Pygmies.

Herodotus, because he spoke of Pygmies
in Africa, was for a long time called
"the father of lies," and his state-
ments were derided. A mighty traveler
in his day, he is now recognized as a
keen observer. Many of his stories,
once thought incredible, have been cor-
roborated by modern explorers.

The views on and along the Congo
river and the scenes in the jungle were
most interesting. Not enticing to
trippers, perhaps, though in the higher
regions the temperature and the pre-
vailing natural conditions are favorable
to health and comfort. In the jungle
the air is malarial and there are in-
sects that bring on blindness and the
sleeping sickness. Nor would one care
to mingle with the Pygmies or with a
still lower race fond of disfigurement,
with mutilated lips for the sake of
hideous ornamentation.

Interesting, too, were the views on
and around Lake Tanganyika, taken in
the course of Mr. Newman's journey by
caravan for 200 miles. Again there
were unusual pictures of wild animals
in the open, hartebeeste, gnus, zebras;
Paul du Chailin's old friend, the gorilla;
a singularly cleanly chimpanzee, but
chained, taking a bath that would
shame the hurried ablutions of many
men; the ferocious buffalo, and the
quick-eared rhinoceros of imperfect
sight. Birds of fine plumage were
shown. All in all, another instructive
and entertaining travel talk.

"Congo to Victoria Nyanza" will be
delivered again this afternoon. The
subject next week will be "Khartum."

There will be extra Travel Talks on
Friday evening, Dec. 22, and Saturday
afternoon, Dec. 23, when there will be a
complete showing of remarkable close
range views of wild animal and savage
life.

FOR MR. JOHNSON'S COLD

(London Daily Chronicle.)

This is the latest cold cure—from
France, not America. A well known
Frenchman, suffering from a feverish
cold, took to his bed and sent for the
doctor, who duly prescribed for him.
After some three days in bed, the pa-
tient, feeling no better, decided to see
what he could do himself. He instructed
his housekeeper to bring him a large
vessel filled with fine ashes from behind
the fire. He then plunged his head in
the ashes, kept it there a few moments,
and, without washing himself, got back
into bed and composed himself for sleep.

The next morning when the doctor
called he was astounded to find his
patient quite free of the fever and ready
to get up and go about his business.
The medical man exclaimed that it was
a miracle.

"No miracle at all," said the patient.
"I have simply buried my cold. Much
better than allowing it to bury me."

LOVE SPEAKS A VARIOUS LAN- GUAGE

He never offered me his name,
His bank book or his bid for fame,
Or took me for an auto ride,
Or held my hand with look of pride;
He never took me out for eats,
He bought me ne'er a pound of
sweets;
And yet I know he loved me well
And better than mere words could tell.
He never offered me his trunk,
To put away my shoes and clothes,
But once upon his handkerchief
He let me wipe my nose.

WINNIE WINKLE.

LET'S CHANGE THE SUBJECT

Ah, these press agents, and these
caption writers for portrayed actresses!
We read in Photoplay for November that
Pauline Stark is "a potential emotional
player. . . . She can emote with fine
effect."

ADMITTF

As the World Wags:

May I propose as a candidate for the
Hall of Fame Dr. William E. Peach of
Orange? A sort of fruit salad—what?

GEVETE.

FOR T. AIKEN

Mr. A. H. Herrick of Cambridge
writes: "In spite of the difference in
metrical pattern, 'All-Souls Day,' con-
cerning the source of which Mr. T.
Aiken inquired in The Herald of Nov. 5,
seems to me beyond doubt a very free
rendering of a little poem by Hermann
von Glim, entitled 'Allerseelen.' What
translator addressed himself to Mistress
Mary Tooley? I have no conjecture; but
Longfellow's rendering of other German
poems so nearly follows the original in
thought and metre that I cannot be-
lieve this to be from his hand."

"Allerseelen" is best known today by
Richard Strauss's music: one of his best
songs.—Ed.

NOT FOR PUBLIC USE

As the World Wags:

What is the history of the toothpick,
in form of goose quills, rounded or
squared wooden pick, mere silver, on
tough straw stock? One cannot think
of the pick as wholly of American ori-
gin. The Athenians, the Persians and
the Babylonians must have used it,
either in private or openly.

Around the year 1865 we in the North
saw the well-to-do American dwellers
among us use the goose quill—not the
tiny quills now sold by apothecaries, but
the large ones freely furnished to patrons
at tables in the New York hotels and
the big hostleries in Boston. True, it
is not good form to use the toothpick
in public, but it was not then considered
a bad breach of etiquette 60 years ago
to go along the quieter streets with one
protruding between the lips. (Quills
cause lip irritation.) Times change.
The dentists now urge the use of dental
floss. Dr. Dio Lewis, the old-time
guide to health in Boston, who recom-
mended the foregoing of supper and the
extreme early-to-bed habit, urged us to
rinse the mouth and pick the teeth at
least twice daily. (I think Louis P.
Ober also supplied picks at his restau-
rant.)

What do the French, English, Span-
iards, Italians and Viennese in this mat-
ter?

WILLIAM B. WRIGHT.

Yes, the ancient Romans employed
this dental tool. Martial wrote: "A
piece of lentise wood is best; but if
that is unattainable, a quill may relieve
your teeth." Here is his epigram on
Aefulanus, as translated by Elphinston:

Who lounges lowest in the middle bed,
Rich ungent portioning his three-hair'd
head;
And, with the lentise in his mouth, looks
big;
But looks a lie; he has no teeth to dig

Mr. Herkimer Johnson once told us he

I am interested about the toothpick enough to furnish several chapters in his colossal work. In England, "The Refracted Courlier" (1679), advised people of fashion not to rub their teeth with a napkin or pick them with the fingers. When the cloth is taken away it is not decent to pull a case of toothpicks out of your pocket." Viscountess Lisle sent her tooth picker to the Palaisgrave in 1539 "because when he was here I did see him wear a pen or case to pick his teeth with." But the dandy, Novel, in Wycherley's "Plain Dealer," names as one of his qualifications "My jaunty way of picking my teeth." The Chinese use the tool. The Emperor Charles carried one. So did Admiral Coligny, and sometimes stuck it in his beard. (Beaver!) Perhaps for this reason he was killed in the St. Bartholomew massacre. As for Dr. Dio Lewis, we remember his fulmination against Gounod's "Faust," how no young maiden could see and hear it without being polluted, started on the downward path, etc., etc.—Ed.

THE MOUSE TRAP MAN

As the World Wags:

A discussion has arisen as to the authorship of the often quoted lines relative to a manufacturer of mouse traps who might have originated his article in an extremely sparsely settled district yet captured the market without investing in advertising. A preacher and an author working along the same lines also are disclosed. Was Emerson the author? If so, where do the lines appear and when were they written? Boston. W. T. MARTIN.

These questions have aroused controversy, almost as hot as one as: "Who struck Billy Patterson?" We believe the passage is not to be found in Ralph Waldo Emerson's writings, but we have reached an age when we are not cocksure of anything.—Ed.

WANTED

As the World Wags:

I find certain advertisements under the heading "Wanted: Australia" in the Bialgowie Advertiser that seem to me unusual.

"Good general wanted for farm, 2 in household; one cow."

"Wanted, young or old byerman, who can milk and be handy, with reference; may eat in house."

What is a "byerman"? The following advertisement seems to me suspicious: "Old and worn-out horses for slaughtering; distance no object." Are beef, mutton, pork so scarce and dear in Coupar Angus? D. G.

Lincoln, N. H.

A byre is a cow-house in Scotland, Ireland and English provinces; sometimes meaning a farm including the cow-house.—Ed.

DEMI-MONDE

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—"Le Demi-Monde," a comedy in five acts, by Dumas Fils, played by the French Players, headed by Mlle. Sorel. The cast:

Suzanne d'Ange.....	Mlle. Cecile Sorel
Raymond de Lanageac.....	M. Albert Lambert
Olivier de Jalin.....	M. Georges Selher
Le Marquis de Thonneries.....	
Hippolyte Richard.....	M. Fernand Charpin
A servant.....	M. Rene Stern
A servant.....	M. Jacques D'Apigny
A servant.....	M. Parotte
The Viscountess de Vernieres.....	M. Candese
Valentine de Santa.....	Mlle. Rachel Berendt
A Maid.....	Mme. Farnel
	Mme. Liersel

Last night Mlle. Sorel brought to the opera house one of her most familiar and, perhaps, most famous, interpretations. "Le Demi-Monde," by Dumas Fils, is a play of kindly opportunities for Mlle. Sorel and her abilities. It delves not in the romantically, fluid torrents of emotion so familiar in "Camille"; instead, it takes a course along that road which Sardou and many another of the French dramatists of yesterday have made so well known—the straight, unerring path of a play perfect in technique, artificial in life. And it is such play that best suits Mlle. Sorel.

Interesting it is to see this drama of the great young Frenchman; interesting because, at no great distance, are plays similar in theme, similar in treatment of life. Laid on the other side of the world, "East of Suez," by Somerset Maugham and, strangely enough, still closer home on a New York waterfront the "Anna Christie" of Eugene O'Neill, describe and embroider closely parallel phases of "Le Demi-Monde." The young Dumas shocked Paris by presenting to the stage a new world of people, from that demi-monde that he himself had named, just as Eugene O'Neill has done in our day and land by his Hairy Apes and Anna Christies and all his motley crew. But while O'Neill totally disregards the technique of the theatre, the young Frenchman stuck to the well-made play with persisting care. As for the parallel, however, in "Anna Christie" and in "The Demi-Monde," each has treated the situation of a woman confronted with a sincere love, after

she has threatened the path of dalliance. Each gives a characteristically different answer to the problem. O'Neill deals in the elemental depths of human nature; Dumas Fils plays subtly with finesse and intrigue. Each leaves an acrid taste with the spectator. Perhaps both do no more than prove that the woman pays. "Ah, that past," as Suzanne cries.

The play of 1855 has lost much of its brilliance today. Sincere emotion is hard to find. Trick follows trick, lie treads on lie. Does the audience care a particle what happens to any of the personages? To many Olivier can appear but a meddling prig, who would play guardian nurse to all the world. Mr. Lambert does not add to the allure of Raymond by that immobility of expression that has become part of his later style, though he always charms by his clarity of diction and his expressive voice.

But to the great majority of the persisting audience of the opera house the part of Suzanne will, without doubt, appear the most successful role of Mlle. Sorel. The range of her emotions was fairly broad. As smiling charmer she approved herself to all the men. Deceived in her dreams of capturing a lawful spouse she almost brought tears for her sorrow, until in the end she marched bravely off the field of battle to try her prowess in battles new. Gowns, furs, jewels, perhaps, are part of her show, but they are a distraction over against more animate things of the theatre. A surface brilliance of theatrical skill still leaves "The Demi-Monde" interesting to an older generation, though to a far less degree than "Camille." The modern theatre echoes to the slogan, "Have a heart!" W. E. H.

JOSEPH LAUTNER

An audience of unusually good size went last night to Jordan hall to hear Joseph Lautner, tenor, with the help of Mrs. Dudley Pitts, accompanist, sing these songs:

Prelude.....	Balakev
Autumn.....	Arensky
Pendat Le Bal.....	Tchaikovsky
Songs of Grusia.....	Bachmanov
Marine.....	Lalo
La Barcheta.....	Hahn
Psyche.....	Paladilhe
J'ai Penr D'un Balser.....	Saulc
Air, "Ces Ales Joyeux" (L'enfant Prodigne)	Debussy
Widmung.....	Schumann
Die Lotus-Blume.....	Schumann
Verborrenheit.....	Wolf
Wohin.....	Schubert
Allerseelen.....	Strauss
Shadows.....	Mark Dickey
Serenade.....	Cyril Scott
A Christmas Carol.....	Bax

Evidently Mr. Lautner gave his audience much pleasure, for they applauded him cordially, and asked for more songs. There was much, indeed, in his singing to applaud, pure intonation, reasonably clear enunciation in three tongues, an admirable legato and nicety of phrasing. The voice itself, a light lyric tenor, has excellent quality and body in the middle register, and the low tones too, for so light a voice, are firm; they must have been skilfully trained. In its upper register, however, Mr. Lautner's voice at present seems limited either to hollow sounds void of musical timbre or else to tones of so extreme a lightness that most people would make no bones of calling them plain falsetto. Mr. Lautner's excessive use of this thin light tone, besides making for monotony of style, conveyed as well a suspicion of sentimentality which it might be wise to avoid. Mrs. Pitts played exceedingly good accompaniments. R. R. G.

HUTCHESON

By PHILIP HALE

Ernest Hutcheson gave the third recital in his series, "The Great Masters of Piano Music," yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall. He played music by Schumann: Kreisleriana, Kinderszenen, and Etudes Symphoniques.

That strange character, Johann Kreisler, imagined by E. T. A. Hoffmann—or was he in the flesh Johann Ludwig Boehner, also a wandering Kapellmeister?—fascinated Schumann, for Kreisler's hatred of amateurs, mediocre performers, and "snobism" in taste, appealed to him, as did his rhapsodies over romantic music. Did Kreisler sit, like John Ford, in doleful dumps when separated from his Julia? Schumann sympathized with him, was in melancholy mood when away from his own Clara.

Writing to a friend that the title "Kreisleriana" conveyed nothing to any but Germans, he did not foresee that Hoffmann would be eagerly read in France: that Gautier would write in eloquent eulogy, as fantastical as the man he praised; that Offenbach would choose him for the hero of an opera. Schumann was especially fond of his "Kreisleriana" ranking it with the six

"Phantasies" the "Novellatten" and the "Romanzen," the best of his piano pieces, according to his opinion. And he said that his Clara had inspired them all. She may have inspired them, but according to contemporaries, when she was in her prime she played her husband's music feebly, without verve or color. We heard her in the eighties, when young women in Berlin threw roses at her as she sat at the piano. Her playing then did not show lack of vigor, but it was matter-of-fact, deadly dull.

Each piece in the "Kinderszenen" has a title, but Schumann did not unite music to any title. "The inscriptions over my pieces," he said, in a letter, "always occur to me after I have finished composing the music." This is true of the "Carnaval."

Mr. Hutcheson showed bravery in playing the "Kreisleriana," peculiarly intimate music that one would like to hear in a comparatively small room, with permission to ask the pianist to play this or that page again: to skip this or that section. But Mr. Hutcheson succeeded admirably in maintaining intimate relations with the hearer. The moods and the capriciousness, the restlessness and the brooding, the vague longing, the sadness and the shy confessions—these, beautifully interpreted by the pianist, were felt by the audience.

Wasn't it an error in judgment to follow the "Kreisleriana" with the "Kinderszenen"? And is it an error in judgment to devote the whole of a recital to any one composer? These questions admit of academic discussion.

The composer on Saturday, Dec. 16, will be Chopin.

So Mr. Milne's amusing comedy, "The Dover Road," is coming here. It's high time. "Dover Road?" "Dover Road?" Where have we heard these words before?

From Mr. F.'s aunt in "Little Dorrit."

"A diversion was occasioned here by Mr. F.'s aunt, making the following inextorable and awful statement: 'There's milestones on the Dover Road.' Clenham was disconcerted by this. 'Let him deny it if he can,' continued the venemous old lady. He could not deny it. There are milestones on the Dover Road."

Yes, Mr. F.'s aunt is one of the few excuses, for reading "Little Dorrit," a dull book on the whole, with a vague and preposterous plot, and characters for the most part shadowy or uninteresting. One reads with pleasure the description of Marselles at the beginning of the story, but the rest of melodrama and those of sentiment are bore-some.

Yet there are persons, like me, who, like the king, they insist, and do no wrong. Perhaps we are thick-witted; perhaps "Little Dorrit" is among the best novels of Dickens. While we are in the confessional, let us admit that we prefer Scott's "Fortunes of Nigel" to his "Ivanhoe," and rank it above other tales by Sir Walter that are held in high honor by the majority. We speak of "The Fortunes of Nigel," for it was published just 100 years ago. We should class it with "Old Mortality" and "The Antiquary."

"THE DOVER ROAD"

Then there is Mr. Charles G. Harper's entertaining volume, "The Dover Road: Annals of an Ancient Turnpike," which Mr. Mitchell of Hartford, Ct., has recently reprinted. There is much about the associations of Dickens with this road. Mr. Harper regrets that Dickens put Rochester Cathedral in "Edwin Drood," a novel that "quite spoils one's Rochester, and leaves an ineffaceable mark of a modern, sordid tragedy upon the hoary stones of Cathedral, Castle and Close. It is as though one had come to the place after reading the unrelieved brutality of a newspaper report. . . . He (Dickens) had no comprehension of tragedy and romance other than those of the street and the police court; which is to say that he had better have left Rochester alone, so far as 'The Mystery of Edwin Drood' is concerned."

Sour words, which do not disturb us, for the only Rochester we know is in New York, a city where in happier days beer flowed in the streets. As for "Edwin Drood"—would that Dickens had lived to complete it. We have never had the courage to read the various completions—one by Robert H. Newell (Orpheus C. Kerr)—one "Communicated from the spirit world" to—we have forgotten his name, but didn't he live in Brattleboro, Vt.?

FOR JEAN

(For As the World Wags)

I cannot bring a present to my love
Such as she should accept. My soul
gives forth
No note to vibrate in so blest a sphere.

And yet this tribute I'll be bold to send
And will not call unworthy of the
shine:
One beauty I have known through lov-
ing her,
The flowers I have picked along the
way
Because she prized them, I will daily
bring
And leave before her door. Which if
she sees,
Or if she see not, will true tokens be
Of heavenly gifts which she has brought
to me.
JOCELYN.
Boston.

POLLY'S SONS

As the World Wags:

Having heard "The Beggar's Opera," I am moved to wonder about the three sons who were born to the Duke of Bolton and Lavina Fenton, most famous of Polly Peachums. The only encyclopedia I have at hand has little to say about this noble family; but perhaps the collected omniscience of the "Oxford" of World Wagging (one of the most delightful of all-the-year-round sports) could tell me if any of these sons or their descendants combined the noble port of their father (who presumably had one) with the beauty and charm of their gifted and fascinating mother. Were they skilled in music, dancing or other arts? Did some ironic atavism perhaps produce from the union solid, stolid citizens, enthusiastic and successful breeders of pedigreed hunters or swine or peacocks?

So far as my acquaintance goes—it is not wide—these by-blows of nobility and royalty are apt to be disappointing, not romantic or gifted creatures. There was the divine Leonardo, of course. But the only thoroughly satisfactory one that I know is Harry Richmond's father, and he (poor dear!) was often extremely trying as a member of the domestic circles. MIRIAM LOWELL.
Winchester.

This is an interesting question, whether the three sons became song and dance artists, were country gentlemen, entered the diplomatic service, or died young. Suppose, Miss Miriam, you consult the great English Biographical Dictionary? As for Lavina, she was one of the many women we have missed knowing. Old Doc Wharton wrote that he had sat at table with her "when her conversation was much admired by the first characters of the age," but he perhaps was prejudiced; for he accompanied the Duke and his mistress in a continental tour, "that he might be ready to marry them the moment the breath was out of the body of the Duchess, who was left dying in England."—Ed.

TOP OR BOTTOM?

(For as the World Wags)

When Eve beheld the pippin as it dangled on the tree,
No doubt the problem taxed her soul with fruitful irritation—
Which side was up, and which was down? She bit it just to see;
For less than this has woman worked the ruin of a nation.
And Eden? What is Eden worth when issues so terrific
Divide the heart and rend the mind and titivate the spleen?
Like woman-kind perplexed in mind she failed to be specific;
She prob'ly murmured, "How unique!" and bit it in between.
Providence. KELTON.

THE FINISHING" SCHOOL

Far too little is heard of training men to be husbands—Daily Paper.
The perfect husband is not born, but made by skilled tuition; his training (Herculean task!) is woman's special mission. She teaches him to take her out to theatre or to dinner; and, should he grow unduly stout, she diets him till thinner.
She tells him where and when to smoke, edits his dissipation, chooses his clothes, and hats, and ties, with evident elation. She teaches him to give her checks at least once every quarter—pupils whose tutors are "advanced" may make the period shorter! She tells him when he needs a shave, or when his hair wants clippers, and when to change his "underneath," and when to spank the nippers.
And yet, in spite of tutelage incessant and unhurried, no modern husband seems to be quite perfect till he's... buried!—London Daily Chronicle.

The Russians will begin an engagement of two weeks at the Boston Opera House tomorrow night, when the opera will be Moussorgsky's "Boris Godunov," or, rather, Rimsky-Korsakov's sandpapered version of that opera. It is said that the original score will soon

be published with all its solecisms and barbaric pages. The comparison will be interesting. In spite of the harsh things said about Rimsky-Korsakov's tinkering, who knows that he was not right, more loyal to the memory of his friend that if he had published the score as it stood?

When Mr. Toscanini was at the Metropolitan Opera House he said that he was going to see Debussy—for Debussy was then alive—who had this original score. It is excessively scarce.

"Boris" has been performed here and it is hardly necessary to tell the story; better say describe the loosely-joined episodes. Moussorgsky based his work on Pushkin's historical drama, in which events in the history of Russia during the reign of Tsar Feodor, son of Ivan the Terrible, while Boris was regent. Moussorgsky's prologue has little to do with Pushkin's drama. Boris has put out of the way young Dimitri, brother of the Emperor and his heir. He ascends the throne. A young monk, Grischka, escaping from a monastery, goes to Poland and passes himself off as the dead brother, marries the daughter of an influential Pole, and marches with his army against Boris. But the death of Boris, haunted by frightful visions, is reported. The false Dimitri usurps the throne.

Portions of the opera were performed at Petrograd early in 1873, but the whole work was not heard until Jan. 24, 1874. Rimsky-Korsakov revised the score in 1896. The first performance in America was at the Metropolitan Opera House on Nov. 19, 1913, when Adamo Didur took the part of Boris. He was seen in this role at the Boston Opera House. "Boris" will be repeated at the matinee next Saturday.

"PIQUE DAME"

Tchaikovsky's "The Queen of Spades" with the libretto by his brother Modeste, was produced at Petrograd, Dec. 19, 1890. The story is based on a tale by Pushkin, which has been translated into many languages; into French by Prosper Merimee. The first performance in this country was at the Metropolitan Opera House on March 5, 1910, with Mmes. Destin and Gluck and Mr. Slezak. The Queen of Spades is an old countess who knows the secret of three cards which bring luck in gambling. Her granddaughter Lisa loves Hermann, an officer without money. She gives the key of the old woman's apartment to Hermann. He tries to obtain from her the secret. When she is obdurate, he draws a pistol. She falls dead from fright. As the funeral procession passes the barracks, Hermann's window is blown open by the wind. The ghost of the Countess appears and names the cards: Ace, seven, three. Lisa, unable to keep Hermann from the gaming table throws herself into the Neva. He plays and wins on the first two cards, but the third turns out to be the queen of spades. The ghost of the Countess appears. Hermann stabs himself.

Tchaikovsky was fond of this opera. Writing to a friend he said that when he composed the scene in which Hermann goes to the Countess it was so gruesome that he was for a long time under the horrible spell of it. To the Grand Duke Constantine, who had criticized adversely some of the declamation and repetitions of certain words and phrases, he wrote in a dignified manner: "I should not hesitate for an instant to sacrifice the literal to the artistic truth. If we aimed at pushing realism in opera to its extreme limits, we should finally have to abandon opera itself." At Petrograd the audience was enthusiastic but the libretto was condemned by the critics, nor did the music please them. One called the opera a "card problem."

"THE DEMON"

At the Wednesday matinee the opera will be Rubinstein's "Demon," which is based on Lermontov's poem. The scene is Grusia in the Caucasus. Satan appears, weary and cursing the world. The Angel of Light warns him against his attempts to overcome Heaven. Satan sees the Princess Tamara, betrothed to the Prince of Glindal, and he woos her. She, frightened, returns to the castle, but she cannot forget his words: "Queen of my Love, thou shalt be the empress of worlds." She believes him to come from a higher world. The Demon invites the Tartars to rob the prince's caravan and kill him while he is on his way to Tamara. She is thinking of her strange wooer, when the body of her lover is brought in. In the midst of her grief she hears the seducing voice of the Demon. Feeling her strength going, she begs her father to let her enter a convent.

The Demon, really in love with Tamara, remorseful, seeks to see her. He invokes her pity and her love. She asks aid from above, but her strength

gives way and the Demon embraces her. The Angel of Light appears. As Tamara hastens towards him, she falls lifeless. The Demon, cursing, disappears. Lightning strikes the convent. Angels bear Tamara heavenward.

The libretto is by Wiskowatov. The opera was brought out at Petrograd on Jan. 25, 1875. Airs and a female chorus have been sung in Boston. In 1871 the performance at Petrograd was forbidden for political reasons! The opera was very successful in Russia. It was in the repertoire of German theatres. In London (1881) the chief singers were Mme. Albani, Lassalle. (the Demon), Ed de Reszke, Marini and Mme. Trebelli.

"THE JEWESS"

Halevy's "La Juive," libretto by Scribe, was produced at the Paris Opera on Feb. 23, 1835. It is said that the libretto was first offered to Rossini. The chief singers were Mmes. Falcon and Dorus, MM. Duprez, Levasseur, Lafont. The opera was brought out in a luxurious manner. The production cost 100,000 francs alone, a large sum in those years for operatic scenery and costumes.

The story is not unfamiliar: how Cardinal Brogni hopes to learn news of his daughter from the Jew Eleazer; how Rachel, supposed to be the Jew's daughter, is courted by Prince Leopold under a false name; how he refuses to marry her, and his betrothed Eudora denounces him for living in unlawful wedlock with a Jewess, a crime punishable by death; how Rachel in prison is persuaded by Eudora to clear Leopold. The cardinal promises Eleazer to save Rachel if he will abjure his faith. He and Rachel will not be converted. As Rachel is thrown into a cauldron of burning oil, Eleazer tells Brogni that Rachel is his long lost daughter. This cauldron of oil shocked Robert Louis Stevenson, who protested vigorously against the scene on the stage. The opera, banished from the London theatres for 41 years, was revived by Augustus Harris in 1893.

RIMSKY'S OPERAS

Rimsky-Korsakov's "Snow Maiden" ("Snezhnitsa") will be performed on Thursday evening. The libretto is by Ostrovsky, who based it on an old folk legend. The first performance was at Petrograd in March, 1882.

The daughter of Winter and Spring

is found by villagers. An old drunkard and his wife adopt her. Misgaur, a merchant, falls in love with her, abandoning his sweetheart, but she is cold and will have nothing to do with men. Even the handsome shepherd Lehl courts her in vain. The Tsar offers a handsome gift to anyone who can win her. She appeals to her mother, Spring, who invokes the aid of flowers. The Snow Maiden's heart is at last touched. She and Misgaur appear before the Tsar as lovers, but at the first kiss she melts and disappears. Misgaur drowns himself.

On Friday evening the opera will be Rimsky's "The Tsar's Bride," the overture of which has been played here at Symphony concerts. Airs from this opera and "Snow Maiden" have been sung here. "The Tsar's Bride" was produced at Moscow on Nov. 3, 1899. The libretto is founded on a play by Leo Mey. The story attracted the attention of Borodine in the late 60's.

This story of Russia in 1572 is founded on the oriental custom of the ruler's choice of a bride from all the fairest of the assembled maidens. ("Then said the king's servants that ministered unto him, Let there be fair young virgins sought for the king; and let the king appoint officers in all the provinces of his kingdom, that they may gather together all the fair young virgins unto Shushan, the palace, to the house of the women, unto the custody of Hege the king's chamberlain, keeper of the women; and let their things for purification be given them; and let the maiden which pleaseth the king be queen instead of Vashti. And the thing pleased the king; and he did so."—Esther II. 2-4.)

Purification: "For so were the days of their purification accomplished, to wit, six months with oil of myrrh, and six months with sweet odors, and with other things for the purifying of the women." Burton in his notes to the story of Ali Nur al-Din and Miriam the Girdle-Girl—"The Book of the Thousand Nights and a Night" (Vol. VIII, p. 279)—quotes John Payne: "The bodies of Eastern women of the higher classes by dint of continual maceration, Esther-fashion, in aromatic oils and essences, would naturally become impregnated with the sweet scents of the cosmetics used."

The story of the opera is as follows: Martha, the beautiful daughter of Sobakin, a rich merchant of Novgorod, is betrothed to the Boyard Lykov. The Oprichnik Gryaznoy falls in love with her and swears she shall never marry another. He procures from Bomely, the court physician to Ivan the Terrible, a magic potion to aid him in his wooing. A woman, Lioubasha, the dis-

carded mistress of Gryaznoy, overhears his talk with the leech and then makes a desperate but vain attempt to win back her former lover. As people are leaving the church after vespers and talking about the Tsar's choice of a bride, Martha comes out. Ivan, disguised, looks at her long and intently. She, not knowing him, is yet disquieted. Lioubasha, too, has been watching Martha, from a window. She goes to the physician and asks him for a potion that will injure her rival. Bomely demands the price of her lips. Unwillingly she kisses him. In the third act the merchant, Lykov, and Gryaznoy are sitting at table. The merchant tells them that the wedding of his daughter and Lykov must be postponed. The betrothed asks Gryaznoy what he would do in his place if the Tsar should choose Martha. Giving an evasive answer the oprichnik drops his love potion in a cup of mead and offers it to Martha, who has joined them. The announcement is made by a deputation of boyards that the Tsar has chosen Martha for his bride. The last scene is in the palace of the Tsar. The merchant bewails the sickness of his daughter. Gryaznoy comes in to inquire after her health at the command of the Tsar. Gryaznoy believes that the love potion is the cause of her illness. He tells Martha that Lykov, having confessed that he purposed to poison her, has been executed by order of the Tsar. She cries out and faints. Her brain is turned; she mistakes Gryaznoy for Lykov, and speaks lovingly to him. Gryaznoy now sees that he has failed in getting Lykov out of the way, and, touched by the madness of Martha, is ready to give himself up to justice; he learns that the physician deceived him, and Lioubasha confesses that she changed the potion. Gryaznoy stabs her. Begging Martha's forgiveness he goes out, and Martha, with beauty destroyed, sick with death, crazed, still thinking him her lover, Lykov, calls to him, "Come back tomorrow, my Ivan."

EUGENE ONEGIN

Tchaikovsky's "Eugene Onegin" will be the opera on Saturday evening. The libretto is based on Pushkin's poetic romances that is no doubt familiar to The Herald readers. The opera was produced at Petrograd in 1879. The Byronic hero meets at a country house Tatiana and Olga, daughters of Mme. Lerin. Tatiana falls wildly in love with

the haughty Eugene, and writes him a passionate letter. He repulses her. At a ball Eugene flirts with Olga. Her jealous betrothed challenges Eugene, who kills him in the duel. Six years pass. Onegin meets Tatiana, now the wife of a prince. He now falls in love with her. Tatiana, though still loving him, is faithful to her husband. Eugene departs bitter at the thought of his wasted life.

The opera was produced at the Metropolitan Opera House on March 24, 1920. Mme. Muzio, de Luca (Eugene) and Martini.

The Russian opera company has given performances of these operas in cities of the United States.

ALWAYS SOMETHING DOING

(For The Sunday Herald)

In the far-away days, when the weather was fine,

We attended to business, each man in his line.

But the days it was stormy or frequently showered,

We shut up the office and went to the Howard.

At the Howard Athenaeum there was always something doing.

Often Maffitt and Bartholemew were seen in pantomime.

Hughey Dougherty would make a speech the Guss's events reviewing,

Or we'd hear Gus Williams singing, "Oh, what lots of fun" or "Crime."

Delehanty and his partner Tommy Hengler did their dances,

Maybe "Love Among the Roses," or "The Apple of My Eye."

With Leona Dare, the graceful, always taking fearful chances,

On the little white trapeze that hung so everlasting high.

Denman Thompson, Nat C. Goodwin, Stuart Robson, Billy Barry,

George S. Knight and Sophie Worrell, later all dramatic stars;

Harry Kennedy, Pat Rooney, two Kernells, both John and Harry,

Barney Fagan, Horace Wheatley, who could dance to beat the cars;

Fields and Hoey, Fields and Hanson, Tony Pastor's Combination;

Adah Richmond's shapely figure in an up-to-date burlesque;

Both the Clinetops and the Rigls, terrific-sichorean sensation.

Oh, a Howard show would pay you for a whole month at the desk.

Joseph Proctor's "Jibbenalnosay," a play of blood and thunder.
Harry Bloodgood, Andy Leavitt, in the sketch "He's Got to Come."
Ira Paine, Bogardus, Frank I. Frayne, dead shots and each a wonder;
Ella Wesner, male impersonator, advertising Mumm;
Acrobats like Burnell Rannels and his youngsters Fred and Bonnie;
Two Garnellas, Millie Turnour, Leopold and Geraldine;
Stars like Harrigan and Hart, and Wild, loquacious little Johnny.
Oh, the equal of a Howard show has never since been seen.
Little Aimes, Human Fly, who used to walk upon the ceiling;

Lester, Allen, Smith and Waldron, the original Big Four;
Tumblericon O'Reardon, showing true poetic feeling,

When he introduced his masterpiece, "My Dream of Love is O'er;"

Song and dance men like McKee & Rogers, Courtwright, "Flewy-Flewy,"

Ward and Vokes, and all four Dalys, Dan and Bobbie, Tom and Bill;

Kelly, Ryan, Harris, Carroll, both the Wesleys, John and Louis.

Almost all have gone before, but all are well-remembered still.

Puritanical people once thought it was low

For respectable men to attend such a show.

But, to speak for myself, I have nothing but praise

For the Howard performers of far-away days.

Brookline. QUINCY KILBY.

FILMS AND TITLES

(London Daily Telegraph)

It is all a question of tact and genius, or the lack of one or both, as in every other art. The producer, also, must be careful never to go too much above the heads of the majority of those he expects to look at his film. Quite recently an American film was shown in which there were no sub-titles at all, a desideratum which is sometimes declared to be the ultima thule of screen art. The director of the play had set himself the task of making it without the aid to be derived from those very useful legends which serve to bridge any awkward hiatus, and in spite of the difficulties, he had the courage to persevere to the bitter end. The heroine, who has been very carefully brought up in an Italian convent, a young girl, bien élevée in every sense of the term, finds herself suddenly thrown without resources on the tender mercies of a vulgar, illiterate woman in the Far West of America. Just when she is in the depths of despair, a great-hearted son of the soil takes compassion on her misery and marries her.

The problem the director of the play had to solve was how to explain to the spectators, without using any words, the reasons why such a marriage could not be successful. He decided, apparently, that he could best accomplish this by showing husband and wife seated at the tea-table. The man, unconscious that he is doing anything amiss, or that could possibly give offence to his companion, whom he loves with all his soul, manipulates his knife and fork and conveys the food to his mouth as he has been accustomed to do all his life. The girl sits watching him with horror. All her instincts are being outraged, and whatever gratitude she might have felt is submerged by something not far from hatred for this uncouth being to whom her lot is tied. The situation is perfectly clear to half the people in the theatre, but, on the other hand, there are many who fail to understand it at all. The man is behaving in what seems to them a perfectly natural manner. He eats his food just as they do themselves when they are at home, and

the girl's uneasiness and final outburst must appear wholly inexplicable. A sub-title in the right place would, no doubt, have cleared up the mystery at once, but the director, for the reasons stated, would not give way to such weakness, with the consequence, no doubt, that his play was nothing like so successful as it might have been.

MARIE LLOYD AND THE HALLS

(From the London Times)

It is not to be expected that we shall soon see her like again. The fashions of our modern entertainment, for all their laborious efforts to link the audience with the stage, do not make for that intimacy which was fostered by the old music-hall. Our drolls cannot let it go for granted that everybody knows them, and will take their points at a nod or a wink. They must be more elaborate, more emphatic. The older way was the way of the "sing-song," with

the least possible addition of emphasis for a larger auditorium. Those who made a success of it, like Marie Lloyd, had a way with them such as we hardly find in the impersonal variety theatre of today. When we turn over the old songs or read the descriptions of the heroes of the tavern entertainments of the Coal Hole and the other places which Thackeray loved, we feel that our ancestors were, as Mr. Pickwick thought the friends of Mr. Peter Magnus, very easily amused. The little improvisatore whom Thackeray brought into "The Newcomes" reads dearly enough. The program of that evening seems to us dimly lacking in gaiety and variety, the two qualities which are valued above all others nowadays. There is no doubt that if we could be taken back to Evans's or the Cyder Cellars we should be sadly bored. Marie Lloyd, of course, belongs to a later generation than the little singer who shocked Col. Newcome. But the change from the entertainments which satisfied George Warrington and Mr. Pendennis to the music halls in which Marie Lloyd won her fame was insignificant compared with the evolution of the program of the performances of the old Oxford and the old Tivoli into modern revue and vaudeville. Until a few months ago there was in the West of London no single example to be found of the entertainment which 25 years ago filled half a dozen big halls nightly. Where a program composed of separate contributions by different performers was offered, it was in a new style. Much was made of dancing, of one-act plays, of serious music.

The comic song, the staple fare of the old music hall, was of little importance. The drolls, if there were any, no longer headed the bill. Outside the west of London, it is true, the difference was less marked. The suburban and provincial music halls offered at least some elements of the old fun. But, even there the change of taste was not to be ignored. The chief cause is commonly said to be the transformation of the music hall into a place of family entertainment. Into the tavern "sing-songs," from which the music halls developed, women were not admitted at all. The music hall of 25 years ago was not a place of much delicacy. The managers who found out that a variety program could be adapted to domesticity made a place for other elements than the old full-flavored fun. Some part in the development must also be ascribed to a change in public taste. In the theatre, as well as on the music hall stage, we see that a lighter, perhaps a more polished, but certainly a less vigorous, style obtains. There has been a growing demand for spectacle. It is, indeed, the secular complaint of those who take the stage seriously that audiences have come to care little for what they hear and much for what they see, that a brave show is vastly more popular than a good play or good acting. We ought to remember the echo of these old lamentations before we hastily condemn the childishness of the modern playgoer. But there is no denying that the last generation has seen a vast increase in the magnificence and in the importance of stage spectacle. The settings which satisfied us in our youth may have been quite as artistic as those which managers now labor to adorn. But certainly they were less gorgeous. All these causes have combined to diminish the importance of the old art of the music hall. Its scope has been limited, its rivals are more numerous and more powerful. Yet we find that to the last Marie Lloyd could hold a great audience in a London hall. Though we allow something for the affection of Londoners for an old favorite, it is plain that her art still made its impression. Fashion will change again, and the future may well encourage comedians of her school once more. But it will be long enough before London sees again such hearty vigor of fun as hers.

HELENE LACKAYE'S CAREER

Helene Lackaye, with "Captain Applejack" at the Tremont Theatre, after graduating from college made her debut under the most auspicious circumstances, owing to the assistance of her brothers, in "Ninety and Nine" at the Academy of Music, New York city. Since then her career has been based upon her own merits as an actress. She was next engaged as the ingenue with the Amella Bingham all-star cast which supported that distinguished actress in a repertoire of plays. She was then engaged to play the part of Hippolyte in N. C. Goodwin's production of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," and appeared with him at the New Amsterdam Theatre, New York. Miss Lackaye then became the leading comedienne with Raymond Hitchcock in "The Galloper," and when that play was turned into a musical comedy, became the leading woman with

Guy Bates Post in "The Heli to the floorah." Other engagements have been with Dustin Farnum in "The Virginian," as leading woman with Henry B. Dixey in "Mary Jane's Pa," in John Cort's production of "The Fox," as Light in Maeterlinck's "Blue Bird," a season with "Bought and Paid For," Mrs. Trask in "On Trial," and Mrs. Rhodes in "Seven Keys to Baldpate." She has much of the spontaneous humor

that has made her brother, Wilton Lackaye, famous throughout the country.

EMOTIONAL EFFECT OF MUSIC

The fashion may be dead long before the symphony gains its proper recognition, but it may have prepared the way for this final judgment. Let us give that credit to the idols. They will soon be forgotten, and we need not despair because the performances of Puccini's operas given annually in this country outnumber those of any other modern music. It has always been thus.

The critic's business is to anticipate that judgment of posterity, which will assess the true value of a work; to strip the pretentious ornamentation from the worthlessness, and to point out the beauty which may reside in the strange form of originality. It has been one of the catchwords of recent musical criticism—indeed, of all criticism of the arts—that any appeal to the emotions is pernicious. We prefer rather to accept the view that a work of art is the result of an experience aesthetically perceived, which must have aroused emotion in the artist in order to obtain expression and that this expression itself provides for its audience an aesthetic experience whose main appeal is by way of the emotions.

There is nothing base in the emotional effect of music, provided that the experience producing it is genuine. Puccini can make us weep. He knows all there is to be known about the technique of music, and it is a strong man who can withstand his three-hour assault upon the nerves, his calculated piling up of every sentimental device of harmony and instrumentation for the climactic utterance of one final, glucose cry de coeur. But our feelings are very different from those aroused by the equally lachrymose thrills of Othello's cry:

O thou weed!
Who are so lovely fair, and smell'st so sweet
That the sense aches at thee, would thou
hadst ne'er been born!

They are different because we realize that the melodrama of Sardou, Belasco, or whoever it may be, is based upon false or second-hand emotions, while Shakespeare has packed into his image the whole of a genuine human experience.

VARIOUS NOTES

Napier Miles has turned Stevenson's story, "Markheim," into a one-act opera, which was produced at Shirehampton, Eng., last month.

Mme. Pavlova has been dancing in Japan and China.

Mengelburg, the conductor, has given 500,000 marks to the fund of the Berlin Philharmonic Society for the relief of musicians.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY—Symphony Hall, 3:30 P. M. Frieda Hempel's Jenny Lind concert. See special notice.

St. James Theatre, 3:30 P. M. People's Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Mollenhauer, conductor. See special notice.

TUESDAY—Symphony Hall, 8:15 P. M. Concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra for the Wilhelm Gercke fund. See special notice.

THURSDAY—Symphony Hall, 8:15 P. M. John McCormack, tenor. See special notice.

FRIDAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M. Seventh concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Monteux, conductor. See special notice.

SATURDAY—Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. Adrienne Lowrie, lyric soprano; Harry Whitmore, accompanist; Lotti, Pur Diez; Old Italian, Separations; Haydn, My Mother Bids Me; Handel, Dance Song; Bruch, Ave Maria ("Cross of Fire"); Fauré, La Belle au Bois Dormant; Chausson, Apaisement; Jacques-Dalcroze, L'Oiseau Bleu; Debussy, Air from "L'Enfant Prodigue"; Horsemans, You Are the Evening Cloud; Scott, Blackbird's Song; Perkins, The Dandelion Pluff; Watts, Wings of Night; Bassett, Take Joy Home.

Symphony Hall, 8:15 P. M. Repetition of Friday's Symphony Concert. Mr. Monteux conductor.

"LE DUEL"

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—"Le Duel," play in three acts by Henri Lavedan, played by French actors.

Cast:
Duchesse de Challes.....Mlle. Berendt
Abbe Daniel.....A. Lambert
Doctor Morey.....G. Seller
The Bishop.....L. Ravet
A Servant.....R. Stern
A Porter.....J. d'Apolligny
An Orderly.....M. Parotte
Yvonne.....Mme. Farnel

The theme of this odd play has been amply rehearsed in the papers—an unhappily married woman, in love with and loved by an atheistic physician, has resort, to strengthen her resistance to

temptation, to a priest, the Brother, though at first she does not know it, of the atheist. Thence the duel, between those brothers, for this woman. Though but slowly developed, and with tedious garrulity, through a very long first act, the theme itself has enough of human interest and sufficient dramatic potency constantly to hold the attention. But quite of a sudden, late in the second act, that doctor, though apparently M. Lavedan means him to be a man of breeding and distinction, falls into a vulgarly incomprehensible—to her face he insinuates—and pretty broadly, too—that the woman he professes to love with true devotion is attracted by the priest himself as well as by his ghostly counsel. And for good measure he shouts at the priest, his brother, that it is not zeal for her soul that stirs him, but the charm of the woman, too.

This might do; coarse-grained persons are not of necessity undramatic. But the play takes a curious turn. Both the woman and the priest, though outraged at the insinuation, discover in it a certain truth; whether the doctor, gross to be sure, was, nevertheless, shrewd, or whether the power of suggestion brought about their state of mind, is not made quite clear. At all events, they both, for one whole act, are bent on explaining to each other and to yet one other, their sentimental subtleties. Thanks at last to the timely fall of the worthless husband from an upstairs window, and the sturdy common sense of a bishop who heard them both with patience, the woman saw it her duty to marry the doctor, and the priest determined to accompany the bishop back to China. Thus ends the "duel."

False as this play seems to the every-day person, unalloyed, too, except in the well-contrived second act, by any notable stagecraft, and weighted down with words and words and still more words, the fact remains that in performance it proves engrossing—a tribute to M. Lavedan's temperament and sincerity.

Yesterday Mr. Lambert played the priest with a fine skill and intelligence which in the second act quickened to communicating warmth. Of the doctor Mr. Seller made a plausible figure of unusual naturalness, no mean feat. Miss Berendt played excellently, though not with marked distinction. But Mr. Ravet's portrait of an old bishop was in itself worth going to see, a portrait drawn with very few strokes, but those few of telling significance and a masterly surety. Art without artifice, personality, intelligence, imagination—to find these high qualities combined in one man means a treat not enjoyed in the theatre every day. R. R. G.

Dec 9 1922
That phrase "pudding time," concerning which a correspondent inquired with relation to its appearance in the old song, "The Vicar of Bray," has aroused other correspondents to action. We'll not say that pudding time "intrigued" them, for that is a vile word as it is now abused, overworked.

M. G. of Cambridge writes:

"In the early days of this country our forebears followed the old English custom of serving the pudding at the beginning of the meal instead of at the end as we do now. The dinner was often cooked in a huge pot, and consisted of meat, vegetables and pudding, all boiled together. The pudding, which was always tied in a bag, was made of Indian meal sweetened with molasses, with the addition of raisins on special occasions. As the pudding was served before the main dish, anyone who came in pudding time arrived happily and in the nick of time for a good dinner. Miss Crawford, in her 'Social Life in Old New England,' states that as late as 1817 at the house of John Adams a dinner was given, the first course of which consisted of a boiled Indian pudding."

But the pudding in the Vicar of Bray's time was not of Indian meal. Was it the pudding akin to a huge sausage? Was there suet with oatmeal? Or was it after King Arthur's recipe?

When good King Arthur ruled this land, He was a goodly king;
He stole three pecks of barley-meal To make a bag-pudding.
A bag-pudding the king did make, And stuff'd it well with plums;
And in it put great lumps of fat, As big as my two thumbs.
The king and queen did eat thereof, And noblemen beside;
And what they could not eat that night, The queen next morning fried.

Was it a barbarous habit—this beginning a meal with a pudding? The Chinese—at least the Cantonese in Boston—serve soup as a last course. Whenever we hear the word "pudding," we think of the picture in Punch years ago. A well-meaning host, caught too late, rises at table and asks: "What gemmun

will take pudden?" To which one of the guests answers: "No gentleman will take pudden," with a heavy accent on "gentleman" and the offending word.

A CHICAGO LULLABY

Softly sighing stock-yards breezes o'er thy pillow lightly stealing—
Sleep, my baby, for thy mother must go down and watch the booze.
Hark! the gentle patter of the plaster from the ceiling,
As the dancers up above thee hop and shake to "Sewer Blues."

Slumber deeply, baby darling, close thy dainty eyelids tight,
For tomorrow, lightly tripping, you shall wend your way to school;
And returning in the evening, dearie, kiss yourself good-night,
For some crazy dumbell auto will surely knock you for a goal.

HARLEQUIN.

CLOSE FIGURING

(From the Waterloo, Ia., Courier)
The park commission has filed its annual report of activities at Island park last summer, showing total receipts at the bath-house to have been \$3,079.68, with expenditures of \$538.46, leaving a balance of \$458.79.

IN THE LUNCHROOM

As the World Wags:
Last Saturday two fair slinkers were seated at my table in a lunchroom. Said one: "What are you going to have for dee-sert?"
"Oh, choc'late cake, per usual."
"You sure are fond of it, hain't you?" said the first f. s.
"I sure am," sez the second f. s.
"It's the fondest thing I'm off!"

JUNE.

THE WORLD ABOUNDS IN MYSTERIES

As the World Wags:
"I'm beginning to lose faith in Mr. Tiernan," said Mrs. Blanche Rahn Hash Trimmer Biernan—no, that isn't it. It's Mrs. Ranche Horn Smash Glimmer Tiernan—but no! It's Mrs. Hanch Born Mash Sllimmer Beerman—oh well, whatever it is, we were just going to say that with 28,436,745 men in the United States, how in the world, Blanche, did you come to pick out the professor?"

MARCELLUS GRAVES.

AMERICA UEBER ALLES

As the World Wags:
What is this about going down the hill of life, because you remember E. L. Davenport's Brutus? I remember it myself, and I am just going up. Pull yourself up 10 times on a horizontal bar every morning after that cold bath that you don't react from, and you'll not talk that way. I am glad to see Abel Adams of Amherst back again in his old form. I was afraid he was dead or something, like Henry and Charles Francis. How are Eve and Cain doing by now?
What I really want to say is about an abuse in which I know I shall have your sympathy. I went to an Italian play a short time ago and while I was waiting a gentleman came up and spoke to me, and when he found that I pretended I could speak Italian he rolled off a torrent of conversation, to which I could only make feeble responses of "si" and "no" and "davvero" or "sicuro" (sure). He asked me whether I had a dictionary "Italo-Americano." I regretted that I had only an Italian-English one, but I am trying to get an American one. Last night I went to a concert, and this is what I read.

PROGRAM

Sonata.....Beethoven, Op. n. Adagio.
Allegro sostenuto.
Finale presto.

Now when you and I were in Berlin the then K. and K. Bill Hohenzollern did what he could to purify the language of foreign terms. The railroad platform became instead of "perron" the "Bahnsteig," and instead of the "billet" we had the "Fahrkarte," or farecard, which would be American for it. Now in the interest of 100 per cent. Americanism I say the above should read:

WRITEUP

Played.....Electric oven. Work n. Slow.
Held on fast.
End up quick.
I also object to the characterization of a piece of music by the speeds alone. The above would describe my train on the B. & A. from Worcester, if you would insert a pause of 60 bars while the water was being heated in the boiler. I want a piece described by the pitches employed. For instance, the national hymn will be carried in the write-up as—High-low-fast and chipper. I look to you to indorse these important reforms, in the name of culture and patriotism.

ARTHUR GORDON WEBSTER.
Worcester.

FOR CINDERELLA II

Adventure . . . romance . . . pah!
Cinderella, I know what you want
You and all the others like you.
Not for you the precarious, the wholly
delightful
Thrill of facing big odds,
The audacious smile in the face of
despair;
For you a polished limousine,
Pink-shaded candles,
The odor of gin on your escort's breath—
Romance as it is conceived by the
middle class.

CHORUS GIRL

'LIND' CONCERT

There was not a seat empty in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon, nor very much standing room either, when Frieda Hempel gave her Jenny Lind concert—a Jenny Lind concert being, as everyone knows, a reproduction, so far as may be, of the first concert Jenny Lind gave in this country, program, costumes, flowers, lights, and a general air of state day or bonfire night. Miss Hempel sang Handel's "Oh! Had I Jubal's Lyre," "Non più di fiori" from Mozart's "Clemenza di Tito," Schubert's "Ave Maria," "Jungling an der Quelle," and "Ungeduld," the famous Echo Song, the "Carnival of Venice" variations, Mendelssohn's "On Wings of Song," a Bird Song Taubert wrote for Jenny Lind, an amazing "Greeting to America," composed for her by Julius Benedict, and "Home, Sweet Home," not to mention many encore pieces. Conrad Bos, as well as the accompaniments, played a pair of solo pieces, a Chopin romance and the G-flat waltz, and Louis P. Fritze, flutist, in attendance to furnish an obbligato or two, also played solo pieces, an andante pastorale by Boehm and a Beethoven minuet. Both players were encored.

In a charming mid-century gown which became her well, Miss Hempel made her entry gallantly led by Mr. Bos, also got up in early Victorian garb. The people who a year ago chose Miss Hempel to "impersonate" Jenny Lind at a memorial concert, showed their sagacity, for surely there is no other singer today who possesses so completely as she, the "grand" manner of the prima donna of a day when a "great" singer, held little lower than a princess, was expected to comport herself as such, to be splendid in appearance, of stately bearing and yet gracious, and of a dignity so genuine that she could afford to indulge in playfulness without fear of losing her impressiveness. Miss Hempel can do all this; who else can?

Who else, by the same token, can sing a program like that of yesterday, a Handel air and a Mozart, a group of Schubert songs, a ridiculous coloratura air which must be sung with the height of virtuosity not to sound intolerable, and a song or two which only supremely good singing could save from gross vulgarity. The name of any singer other than Miss Hempel does not come readily to mind.

Most of yesterday's music of worth Miss Hempel has sung here before. The Mozart air, written for a dramatic soprano of phenomenal range, suffered from the changes and omissions which Miss Hempel, a light soprano, was forced to make. In the course of the afternoon there was, it goes without saying, much beautiful singing, for Miss Hempel has command of a wonderfully developed technique. But now that Miss Hempel has given her Lind concert with proud success, and sung all the encore pieces a vast audience love to hear, why won't she gratify her warmest admirers with a more varied program of only the best songs, a program such as she alone, among women singers, could sing today? R. R. G.

PEOPLE'S SYMPHONY
IN SEVENTH CONCERT

Miss Jean MacDonald, Contralto, Is Soloist

The People's Symphony orchestra, Emil Mollenhauer, conductor, gave its seventh concert of the season yesterday afternoon in the St. James Theatre. Miss Jean MacDonald, contralto, was soloist.

The program was as follows: Overture to "Oberon" in D major, Weber; aria, "Gerichter Gott" (Adriano), from "Rienzi," Wagner, Miss MacDonald; "Largo," played by all the violins, Handel; Symphony No. 1, Sibelius.

The orchestra is now well advanced in its season and its playing, excellent from the first concert, has settled into a precision that adds to the smoothness of its performance. There is a faithful following of the People's Symphony orchestra which one is sure to find at

the concerts nearly every Sunday and it forms an appreciative audience. Every number was heartily applauded. Miss MacDonald's singing gave the gathering genuine pleasure.

'BORIS GODUNOV'

By PHILIP HALE

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Moussorgsky's "Boris Godunov." First evening of the Russian Opera Company. Michael Fivlesky conducted.

Marina Valla Valentova
The Inn Keeper Emma Mirovitch
Pavlov Clara Pavlovskaya
Xenia Zena Daen
A Nurse Emma Mirovitch
Dmitri Ivan Dneproff
Prince Shuisky Vladimir Svetloff
Mikhail Vladimir Svetloff
Tsar Boris Nikolai Karlash
Varlaam David Tulchinnoff
Pimen Gabriel Hranowski
A Jesuit Leonid Gerlenko
Nikitin Gregori Ardatoff

The performance was interesting, chiefly on account of its intensely Russian flavor. The orchestra was not large, but it gave an expressive reading, owing to the intelligence and the fervor of the conductor, who while he appreciated the nuances of the score, had respect for the singers. The stage settings and the costumes were characteristic. The behavior of principals and chorus was not that of Italians or Germans masquerading for a night as Russians.

As "Boris" is a collection of episodes loosely strung together with the Tsar in various fits of remorse, a director is not perhaps to blame if he makes a selection of the various sections. Last night a scene was included which was unknown to us except on paper, a long scene between a priest and Marina. The music has few salient features if any, but it served to introduce Mr. Gerlenko—that is his name if we are not mistaken—who has a resonant voice under firm control. He was by all odds vocally the most effective singer on the stage. In his acting he showed experience and dramatic feeling.

The famous scene with the village simpleton, with the memorable music, was omitted. The more the pity, for here Moussorgsky wrote from his heart and voiced the soul of Russia.

The performance was interesting also by reason of its honesty, by the zeal of all from chorus women to Boris himself. As in the leading French theatres, here all the singers were absorbed in the action. No one in the audience felt for a moment that the men and women on the stage were in the treadmill of routine, accomplishing a prefabricated task. A performance like this deserves a full house.

It would not, perhaps, be fair to write in detail of this or that portrayal of character. It may be said in general that the acting of the principals was more effective than the singing. There was no doubt that Boris was suffering keenly from remorse. This was established beyond doubt and peradventure the moment he appeared on the stage. His acting was melodramatic rather than tragic. Mr. Karlash has a powerful voice, which he used last night none too well. Mr. Svetloff gave an excellent portrayal of Shuisky. Miss Valentova as Marina bore herself with dignity and was pleasing to the eye, but her voice was unsteady and in the upper tones it was shrill. Miss Mirovitch as the Inn Keeper gave a well-considered performance. Mr. Tulchinnoff acted with humor and detailed his famous song with dramatic sense, but his co-mate, Mr. Hranowski, overacted. The women in the Tsar's apartment sang with spirit. As for Mr. Dneproff, the Dmitri, he has a voice that deserved better training.

In spite of this or that vocal deficiency the performance as a whole was interesting for the reasons already stated. It was the spirit that appealed to the audience rather than the letter. It might here be noted that the most conventional scene in the opera, the one that is strikingly out of keeping with the rest of the music, the garden scene, aroused the most enthusiasm.

It is to be hoped that this visiting company will be heartily encouraged by the public. There may not be another opportunity of hearing here the majority of the operas in this company's repertoire.

Tonight the opera will be Tchaikovsky's "Queen of Spades," based on Pushkin's grimly fantastical story. The chief singers will be Mmes. Mashir and Mirovitch and Mr. Danilov.

A "society woman," heading a company of professionals, is giving performances of plays in New York. These plays will be seen only by invited audiences, so there will be no hoarse cry at the box office: "I want my money back." On the other hand, no one in-

vited is obliged to attend the performance. The desire of an amateur to shine on the stage does not necessarily cause her to put aside humane feelings, the finer qualities associated with the sex.

GREAT IS THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE
As the World Wags:

Prof. Webster and his Siberian pal are about right. English is indeed a difficult language. Prof. Webster implies that he has mastered the "shall and will," and doubtless he has, and likewise the "should and would" and for this feat he deserves congratulations. For all his pretended and good-natured priggishness, however, does he not misuse the word "nonce"? As I look back upon my education I seem to have been taught that "nonce" refers to the present. One may say "A Siberian masquerading for the nonce as a Frenchman laments so and so," not "for the nonce lamented so and so."

"Nonce," if I am right, is used of "now" not of "then"; there is no analogous term for the latter, the word "thence" having been pre-empted for a different meaning.

PRESCOTT WARREN.

"For the nonce" first meant "for the particular purpose, on purpose, expressly. Later, beginning towards the end of the 16th century, it meant "for the occasion." "Hence (in modern use) for the time being; temporarily." Brown-ing uses the phrase "at the very nonce"—at the very moment. Our correspondent's point is well taken.—Ed.

FIRST CLASS IN EUGENICS

As the World Wags:

Chicago school authorities will urge on girls graduating from high schools the necessity of requiring from suitors for their hands in marriage certificates of their physical condition duly attested by recognized medical men.

May we not expect the romance of the future to work out something like this:

John (passionately)—Mary, I love you and I cannot live without you. Will you marry me?

Mary (also passionately)—John, I love you dearly and will marry you, but before we proceed further in the matter, have you brought your medical certificate?

John (producing certificate)—Here it is, Mary, and a good one, too.

Mary (reading certificate)—Yes, fairly satisfactory on the whole. Blood pressure slightly above normal, but not dangerously so. Tonsils enlarged and require attention; a lower left molar should be filled at once; blood test shows a slight deficiency in red corpuscles, but this may be remedied. But what is this I see? Flat feet! I cannot marry a man with flat feet. All is over between us.

John (crushed)—Is there no hope for me?

Mary—None.

G. S.

A COMEDIAN-MORALIST

Mr. Seymour Hicks, the comedian, in his book "Difficulties" pulls a solemn face and urges the young to read Pepys, Boswell, Dickens and Rupert Brooks. He warns them against gambling clubs in the West end where there are free suppers, champagne, and sirens. Don't escort a siren home. Here the voice of Mr. Hicks chokes with emotion, but quickly recovering himself he waxes eloquent:

"With a boldness bred of pity your lips will touch her forehead, two of her well-salted tears will splash heavily on the already watered silk of your dress coat, and a bowed head resting almost imperceptibly against your shirt-front will price your pearl studs. Poor little soul! you think, as an army corps of full-blooded microbes surge uppermost in you. You will wonder what good fairy has turned you into a Jack to play the giant of her sorrows. Transfixed and irresolute you will suddenly see yourself painted by Martell as a three-star Galahad, and at the advanced age of 22 you will suddenly find that you have been wrong in thinking that there was nothing in life worth living for. It is all too wonderful, whispers a far-off voice.

There is an exquisite pause, and you are for the Jeweller's in the morning, 25 per cent. of the purchase price of your gift being posted to your host of the night before five minutes after you have left the shop."

'WHY DON'T THEY GO?'

As the World Wags:

The problem of when and how to terminate an evening call is always before me. We all have been embarrassed either as guest or host. Of course, the guest doesn't wish to give the appearance of running away. How may one discover the psychological moment when the call may come to an end to the satisfaction of every one? How may the host gently convey to the guest that he has had enough? Once this was done in a very happy fashion: the host turned to his wife in the midst of an awkward

silence and gently said: "Mary, perhaps we'd better go to bed so that these good friends may go home." H. O. H. Newburyport.

A LADY LIVED IN LESBOS

A lady lived in Lesbos a weary time ago; So many years have overpassed it's little we can know;
So many wars have worn away, with gods and creeds and kings,
It's little we remember now of older, happler things.

For men go up and down the land, under and over the seas
(A lady lived in Lesbos, but what is that to these?)

And men sit watching, night by night, how Mars the planet spins,
And women sit and gossip over marriages and sins.

We have forgotten beauty and all our gods are good,
And little we remember now the dryads and the wood,
And only old philosophers and foolish dreamers know

What lady lived in Lesbos a weary time ago.

—The King of the Black Isles.

As the World Wags:

I read in a New York newspaper that the Hon. Mrs. John Fortesque, whose "creations" are always original, said at the house of Mrs. Leland Eggleston Corper—I like to roll these names like a sweet morsel over my tongue: "English women are demanding clothes that are easy to slip into."

Seeing American women in evening costumes, I infer that they demand clothes easy to slip out of.

BOSTON. RODERICK SEELEY.

ON THE JOB

As the World Wags:

I have some active customers named "Dudult & Dudult" in an Ohio town. And somehow I have a feeling that you won't blame me for thinking that I am expected to "do it now" whenever I receive an order from them reading: "Enclosed find check. Please send us the books we have marked. Yours truly, Dudult & Dudult." Perhaps you would even forgive me if I should some time make the mistake of filling one of their orders in duplicate—a sort of doing it and doing it. Thanks for your liberal spirit.

BOSTON.

E. M. DUNBAR.

'DOVER ROAD'

PLYMOUTH THEATRE—"The Dover Road," comedy in three acts, by A. A. Milne. Presented by Guthrie McClintic, with Charles Cherry. The cast:

Dominic George Riddell
The staff:
Arline MacMahon, Doris Haslett, Edwin H. Morse, George Nolan.
Latimer Charles Cherry
Leonard Reginald Mason
Anne Kathleen Comegys
Eustasia Molly Pearson
Nicholas Lionel Watts

A comedy, they call this play—there is comedy in the course of it, beyond a doubt, say 30 per cent. Add 40 per cent of farce, to this 30 per cent. of polite vaudeville and there stands the play, completely accounted for. Good farce, of course, everybody finds amusing, and the term vaudeville does not necessarily carry reproach. Only, why should a playwright who has shown that he knows what comedy means, so misuse the term?

The "plot" has been told before, but to repeat it will take little time. A Dickens-like person, one Latimer, with a house on the Dover road, makes it his business to lure in eloping couples en route for Dover-Calais-Paris, hold them prisoners till they have seen a new light, then send them home. During the play he has under his charge a young peer making off with a young girl, and likewise the peeress his wife, off with a very young man who would wish to console her. They all think better of it before the play comes to a trite end which one would hardly have expected of Mr. Milne, with an alliance hinted at between Latimer and the girl who arrived in charge of the peer. That is all. For characters, there are types, deftly sketched.

Even this slender tale, a man of Mr. Milne's ability would succeed in making diverting. For the most part he did, by means, first of all, of witty speech, wit sometimes of spontaneity and point, but again something too obviously forced, by means of genuinely funny situations, and by no means, as well, of episodes which would serve nicely for themes for vaudeville sketches—for example, the quarter of an hour it took one man to shave. It was all amusing enough, and often more than that. But there were long stretches when it seemed as though Mr. Milne were working cruelly hard to make his wit and his drolleries hold together.

With the exception of Miss Comegys, who did not play the young girl's part

at the first performances in New York, the cast was that of New York. Mr. Cherry, as the result, perhaps, of 300-odd performances in New York, has let his usually light touch grow rather heavy handed. Mr. Riddell, too, perhaps afraid his funny butter might not be quite understood, has added a needless stroke or two. Miss Comekys acted pleasantly and with surety. Miss Pearson, if a trifle extravagant, was droll and always in character. Best of all were Mr. Watts, with a well drawn picture of a commonplace young man, and Mr. Mason, who played the peer, both actors with keen powers of observation, who understand the proper way to play farce. Everybody on the stage, by the way, spoke with unusually distinct enunciation. The play was cordially received by a large audience.

R. R. G.

"Bull Dog Drummond"

HOLLIS STREET THEATRE—First production in Boston of "Bull Dog Drummond," a play of adventure in four acts, by "Sapper" (Cyril McNellie). Cast:

Captain Hugh Drummond.....H. B. Warner
Alky Longworth.....Geoffrey Miller
Peter Darrell.....Harry Green
Carl Peterson.....Harry Plummer
Dr. Henry Lakington.....C. H. Croker-King
James Handley.....George Sodenbaum
W. Hocking.....William McNeill
Hiram C. Travers.....J. H. Hunt
Denny.....H. Ashton Tongue
Derbyshire.....William Read
Marcovitch.....Wallace Hickman
The Mute.....Tracy Barrow
Irma Peterson.....Mary Robson
Phyllis Benton.....Stella Hayes

Old-fashioned melodrama! That is what we were told it was. It is not. It is melodrama without possibility of doubt, but it is of today, swift, strong; no 1910 model, but 20-cylinder, 300-horsepower, radio-equipped melodrama. That is why it drove such long, fast runs in London and New York. That is why the audience that crowded the Hollis Street Theatre last night held its breath in suspense all the time it wasn't gasping in surprise, laughing at flashes of humor or exclaiming: "Oh, good Lord!" at the Bull Dog's newest exploit.

For the piece is just one durned exciting exploit after another with unheard of obstacles for the hero to overcome and with the villains using electric doors, doped cigarettes, a laboratory of subtle drugs and other scientific machinations that old-fashioned melodrama of the saw-mill type never dreamed of. There is one near old-fashioned touch, when the torture scene in "La Tosca" is imitated in a refined though gripping manner, but the modern heroine in this piece unbinds the shackled Bull Dog and the villains are routed in short order, this Scarpa being gleefully choked to death to make a Hollis street holiday.

It would not be right to tell the story of "Bull Dog Drummond." Nine-tenths of its grips and thrills come from not knowing what is to come next. But all are advised to have nerve centres and solar plexuses in prime condition before seeing H. B. Warner rout the gang of international crooks he is after, for the strain is great and constant.

Mr. Warner as the Bulldog is a wonder. Of that there is no question. He makes two mistakes, however. Anyone can see them. He sends his sweetheart to safety in the care of the mute, a Chinese servant of the crooks who, of course, turns her over to the criminals, and he lets the chief villain, Peterson, splendidly played by Harry Plimmer, telephone to Irma, his confederate, so they are able to escape before the police come.

Both are good "mistakes," though, for they make it possible for Drummond and Phyllis to be alone at the end and they avoid a silly closing scene of foolish-looking policemen standing around.

Some genius picked the players and allotted them to their parts. Analysis of their good points would be tedious iteration of praise. Everyone of them so adapted himself and herself to character and action with speed and zest that there is not one moment in the whole play that is not animated and tense.

K. P.

"DAFFY DILL"

SHUBERT THEATRE—Frank Tinney in "Daffy Dill," musical comedy in two acts; book by Guy Bolton and Oscar Hammerstein, 2d; music by Herbert Stothart; lyrics by Oscar Hammerstein, 2d; produced by Arthur Hammerstein at the Apollo Theatre, New York, on Aug. 22:

Teacher.....Ethel Kinley
Estelle.....Josephine Stevens
Lucy Brown.....Irene Olsen
School Inspector.....Ben Mulvey
Tommy Dill.....Frank Tinney
Dan Brown, Lucy's father.....Jerome Daley
Kenneth Hobson.....Guy Robertson
Harry Jones.....Joy Manners
Gertie.....Georgia O'Ramey

The first curtain rises on a colorful silhouette view of "the old swimmin' hole," deep blue sky, one gnarled old

willow tree by the stream side and perched precariously on the lowest branch, a slim girl, fishing. An awkward boy, polishing a red apple, approaches, offers the apple in tribute and is spurned. Other girls and boys come on, romping like school children. Then the teacher scurries in and we learn that all have played hooky. Teacher decides to hold the school session there and then. All are accounted for save Lucy Brown, who is always late because, being the Cinderella of the piece, she has to tidy up her father's home first; and Tommy Dill. Why Tommy is a colored boy in this scene and a white lad through those which follow, is not explained by the authors of the simple little story of the evening. However that may be, Tommy, that is to say Mr. Tinney, is with us within five minutes after the curtain, and he stays with us liberally through the evening, giving up much of his valuable time in right royal efforts to entertain.

The Tinney humor is of a species still unique. We can recall no other comedian, of this day at least, who can resurrect from Joe Miller's joke book so many bon mots of earlier periods, and deliver them with such disarming innocence of intent and spontaneity of vocal inflection. Many of his lines really may be classed as monologues, as his impromptu speech in the second act in which he wanders from mouse traps to monkey glands. He is on friendly terms with a piano keyboard, he can dance heel and toe with the lightest of his pretty choristers. He can weave with nimble tongue a glamor about looking through a tiny hole in one end of a knife "bought in Paris," so that those out front find themselves actually wishing they could take a peep themselves. In the rehearsal of "The Coachman's Heart" he proves himself a master at burlesque of the richest sort. From first to last, Mr. Tinney is good fun, and the waves of laughter which he evoked through the evening indicated tolerance and forgiveness for even that grossest of antiques anent the small town, the letter carriers, and the confederate soldiers.

"Daffy Dill" in itself is worthy entertainment. Such scenes as the old swimming hole and the deck of the Jolly Roger, really a fashionable inn, are rich and picturesque. The music is evenly pleasing, with here and there tunes of appeal like "Two Little Ruby Rings," "Till Build a Bungalow," and "Fair Enough." Mr. Robertson is the only soloist of importance, though in the last-named song he has seven fine male voices behind him. Miss O'Ramey, broadly comic in two songs, has little else to do save to serve as foil to Mr. Tinney's rough and ready wit. Miss Olsen as the Cinderella girl, and Miss Stevens as the vaudeville soubrette, were excellent. There were special dances by Frederick Renoff and Loris Lee, and by Selma and Vilma Lytell.

ST. JAMES THEATRE—The Boston Stock Company, in "Dulcy," a comedy in three acts by George S. Kaufman and Marc Connelly. The cast:

Dulcinea.....Eveta Nudsen
Gordon Smith, her husband.....Gilbert
William Parker, her brother.....Walter Gilbert
C. Roger Forbes, a business man.....Mark Kent
Mrs. Forbes, his second wife.....Viola Roach
Angela Forbes, his daughter.....Lucille Adams
Schuyler Van Dyck.....Edward Darney
Tom Sterrett, advertising consultant.....Ralph M. Remley
Vincent Leach, a scenarist.....Hugh Cairns
Blair Patterson, a lawyer.....Harold Chace
Henry, a butler.....Lionel Bevans

In Dulcy, the young wife who continually chatters and continually makes others uncomfortable through her efforts to keep her husband and friends happy, there are traces of people we all know. Her trite remarks, always made at the wrong time, are familiar to everybody, and it is for this reason undoubtedly that she is so amusing and so human. The plot itself has barely enough strength to carry the humor that is brought out by nearly ever character in the play. At times the action is decidedly slow but nevertheless the performance last evening was well done and the large audience was delighted.

Miss Nudsen made a charming Dulcy and a convincing one, too, in places where her part could easily have been burlesque. How near the entire play does come to burlesque was evident in Mr. Cairns' portrayal of the empty-headed scenarist. In his first appearance last evening this scenarist was merely a caricature, although his later appearances were more in keeping with the rest of the performance.

Mr. Richards, as Dulcy's brother, was excellent in a part that calls for dry humor and his sympathy with the unfortunate husband, played by Mr. Gilbert, was one of the funniest things in the play. Mr. Kent as a hard-headed business man had an opportunity for clever character work. Other members of the cast combined to make "Dulcy" well up to the standard of the company this season.

Elsie Janis Delights Audience with Impersonations

The bill at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week is one of the greatest laughing entertainments of the season. Last evening a big audience laughed to its heart's content.

Samaroff and Sonia opened the bill with their trained dogs, and Al Marnaux, pitcher of the Brooklyn Nationals, and Jimmie Rule, the son writer, offered a pleasing act; and here is one ballplayer who fits on the stage and does not need to trade on his reputation on the diamond.

Raymond Bond, in a sketch new to Boston, offered a type of rube something more than the conventional stage characterization, and the sketch is amusing, with a keen-edged dialogue. Wells, Virginia and West appeared in a dancing act in which the youngest member of the trio received an ovation after his eccentric steps and burlesque. Hallie and Grace DeBeers, taken from the bill at the Boston Theatre, to fill in for Miss Lettice, danced neatly and gracefully, and Fred Walton and Mary Brant were convincing in a chatter act.

Elsie Janis was at her best. In a long program the audience clamored for more. Singing and dancing and giving impressions of her stage associates, she was startling in the fidelity of her imitation of Fannie Brice, fresh in the minds of the audience, as she headed the bill at this theatre last week. Again in her impression of Sam Bernard, as he would act as a traffic cop on a one-way street, there was brought into play all the subtleties of "business" of the German comedian.

Charles (Chic) Sale followed in his uproariously funny act, now familiar to all. Last season he promised us something new on his next visit—a new steam radiator—but there was the old one, just as obtrusive and annoying as at any time during the village concert. But why dig and miss another car in quest of superlatives to fit this amiable comedian? Ford and Price, in a dancing act, closed the bill.

BILL AT MAJESTIC

Roger Imhof, the vaudeville favorite, in "Say It with Laughs," heads a bill made up of stellar comedians and comedienne at the Majestic Theatre this week. Mr. Imhof, assisted by Marcelle Coreene and company, appear in a skit, "The Pest House." It is one of the funniest vehicles Mr. Imhof has ever presented in Boston.

In the vaudeville part of the program in addition to the feature act appear the Barr Twins in songs and dances, the Hayatake Brothers in oriental oddities, White and Beck and others. A chorus of "20 Roguish Dancing Beauties" play an important part in the production.

The second section of the program consists of the revue. The opening scene is billed "At the Pier," and it gives an opportunity to Imhof, Bobby Barry and the other principals to act at their best.

Following rapidly come episodes "Haymaking Time," "Jazzing the Alphabet," "Spooks," "Hot Lips," "At the Cabaret," "A Table for Two," "Fine Feathers," "Come on and Dance," and other skits. The music is catchy, the costumes are pretty and the entire production is well staged.

GORDON'S CAPITOL THEATRE OPENS

A large audience was present last night at the opening of Gordon's new Capitol Theatre at the corner of Commonwealth and Harvard avenues, Allston. The feature film, starring Guy Bates Post in "Omar the Tentmaker," exhibited in Boston for the first time, is one of the most absorbing pictures ever shown in this city.

"PIQUE DAME"

By PHILIP HALE

Boston Opera House: First performance in Boston of Tchaikovsky's "Pique Dame" (The Queen of Spades), opera in three acts, text taken by Modeste Tchaikovsky from Pushkin's story of the same name. Performed by the Russian grand opera company. First performance at Petrograd Dec. 19, 1890. Hermann, Figner: Liza, Mme. Figner, the Countess, Mme. Clavina. Produced at the Metropolitan Opera House in

German, on March 5, 1910. Mme. Deslenn, Liza; Leo Slezak, Hermann; the Countess, Anna Meltschik; Prince Geletzk, John Forsell; Paulina, Florence Wickham.

Liza.....Marie Maasler
Countess.....Emma Mirovitch
Paulina.....Valji Valentynova
Prince.....Sophia Oslipova
a Gouvernante.....Barbara Lowe
Figner.....Sophia Fieher
Hermann.....Vladimir Danilov
Le Prince Geletzk.....Vladimir Radu
a hokalski.....Efim Viti
Comski.....Max Pantelev
a haplinski.....Sergel Tsvetkov
Narmoff.....Anatol Groshev
a logor.....Max Pantelev
a rin.....Avram Ardatov

The conductor was Eugene Fuerst.

Pushkin's tale is more direct, more dramatic than the libretto of "The Queen of Spades," but it would not serve so well for operatic purposes. The performance last night gave an idea of the opera—the situations, the action and even with the small or-

chestra and with singers who for the most part were more conspicuous for earnestness and vigor than for the graces of vocal art, it was possible to judge in a measure of Tchaikovsky's music.

Tchaikovsky apparently began to stir himself in the second scene of the first act. For the entrance of Hermann into Liza's apartment and for the scene between them Tchaikovsky wrote dramatic music; not only for the voices; the orchestra here has an important part. It comments, it emphasizes, it supplements. There are pages of beauty, fire, the very ecstasy of passion.

In other scenes that follow, as in the opening of the scene just referred to, there is music of a lighter nature pleasing to the ear, not to mention the folk song sung by Paulina, and the air from Gretry's "Richard," which, the Countess recalling her young days in Paris when she was beautiful and adored, tells her attendants she sang to the King of France. Mozart was Tchaikovsky's idol. So we find the Russian deliberately Mozartian in the "Interlude" in the ball scene, and here he charms the ear.

There is power in the orchestral music for the tragic scenes with their burden of fright and horror, with the touch of the supernatural.

Now, suppose this opera were to be performed by singers of the first rank with an orchestra of the Metropolitan's size and ability, would there still be prosaic pages, music of little dramatic significance? We are inclined to think that the orchestra would almost constantly hold the attention. Even the first act might not seem to be so busy in the statement of common places.

With the forces of the visiting company, the performance, both gratified and whetted curiosity. Tchaikovsky himself blew hot and cold about this particular opera and about opera in general. At one moment he patted himself on the head; at another he was in despair, vowing he would never write again in this form for the stage. This libretto appealed to him: This man, Hermann with the mania for gambling, the countess with her incredible luck, and her secret for playing three cards,

then her posthumous revenge at the card-table, after she had appeared to him in a vision and disclosed the secret—the unexpected Queen of Spades turning up to his ruin and remorseful her. Here was material, a wild story for wild music. Was Tchaikovsky successful? To us Prosper Merimee's translation of Pushkin's simpler story is more the work of art; for music, elo-

quent as it may be, expressing the ineffable when there is no text, often does not enlarge the effect of a drama. Thus the play in which Duse appeared as Santuzza is infinitely more moving than Mascagni's opera.

It is necessary to speak of the singers individually. Mr. Danilov has not yet attained for heroic roles; he has not been taught how to employ it. Miss Mirovitch gave an excellent portrayal of the Countess, until Hermann threatened her; then she over-acted.

The opera this afternoon will be Rubinstein's "The Demon," for the first time in this city. Tonight Halevy's "The Jewess."

PAYS TRIBUTE TO GERICKE

It was a fine tribute to Wilhelm Gericke, the concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Symphony hall last night for his benefit and in his honor. All honor also to the management. Mr.

Monteux and the orchestra for the generous deed, for their recognition of the past services of a fellow musician who, by his untiring patience, his skill as a disciplinarian, his pure taste, his remarkable sense of emphasis and proportion in interpretation, gave this orchestra its international reputation.

It was at first proposed that the program should be identically the one arranged by Mr. Gericke for his first concert in Boston, Oct. 13, 1884: Beethoven, symphony No. 3; Vieuxtemps, concerto, A minor, for the violin (Leopold Lichtenberg); Bach-Bachrich, prelude, andante and gavotte, for strings (first time here); Volkmann, symphony No. 3, D minor, (first time here.) This idea was abandoned.

A pleasing feature of the program of last night was the including of waltzes written by Brahms for the piano (four hands), which Mr. Gericke scored in the course of his first visit to Boston for a small orchestra and for performance in a private house. When he brought out his arrangement at a concert of the Symphony Orchestra on Jan. 7, 1899, he added here and there parts for trumpets and trombones and kettle drums. Brahms wrote 16 of these waltzes. Mr. Gericke scored 14, omitting Nos. 7 and 16 and repeating No. 2 at the close.

Some may have wondered why one of Strauss's tone-poems was included in this program. It should be remembered that Mr. Gericke brought out Strauss's "From Italy," "Heldenleben," love scene from "Feuersoth," "Burleske," "Don Quixote." It was characteristic of him that while he was not in sympathy with the Strauss of the later tone-poems, he nevertheless was anxious to give them a fitting interpretation. He believed that without regard to his personal likes or dislikes, new and important works of contemporaries should have a hearing. This he thought was his duty toward the public.

The other pieces on the program: Schubert's "Unfinished" symphony, Beethoven's fifth symphony and Strauss's "Till Eulenspiegel," are not particularly associated with Mr. Gericke. Strauss's Rondo was produced here by Mr. Paur.

The performance of the various compositions would have pleased Mr. Gericke, even if he had been a disinterested listener—and Mr. Gericke was a fastidious critic, not easily satisfied.

On a Mississippi steamboat about 1857, if Herman Melville's "Confidence Man" is to be believed, a pedler hawked the lives of Measan, the bandit of Ohio; Murrel, the pirate of the Mississippi, and the brothers Harpe, the Thugs of the Green River county, in Kentucky.

"Creatures, with others of the sort, one and all exterminated at the time, and for the most part, like the hunted generations of wolves in the same regions, leaving comparatively few successors; which would seem cause for unalloyed gratulation, and is such to all except those who think that in new countries, where the wolves are killed off, the foxes increase."

Can anyone enlighten us as to the deeds of Measan, Murrel and the brothers Harpe? Has anyone, second-hand book-seller, or prying purchaser, a copy of one of these lives, chap-book, yellow cover or broad sheet? "The Confidence Man!" Will the revival of interest in Melville persuade anyone to read this fantastically cynical book? We picked up a copy in Stuttgart—there was only the first edition—over 35 years ago. How did it find its way to that dull little town in the bottom of a cup? Victor Herbert was there at that time, the first violoncellist of the Royal orchestra, and there were a few Americans at the music factory, otherwise known as the conservatory. But we are anxious to know something about Measan, Murrel, and especially the brothers Harpe—par nobile fratrium.

A THIRD SET

The ingenious and enthusiastic Dr. C. Everett Field assures us that by the judicious use of radium men and women will live to be over 100 years old. They will be free from wrinkles; bald heads will grow hairy; a third set of teeth will come without pain. And as Mr. Newman, the traveler and lecturer, tells us that the great stores of radium in the Congo will lower considerably the price, as soon as the transportation to the sea problem is solved, there is no reason why we should not all be joyful; that is, if we wish to pass the century line.

There have been surprising instances of dental activity in persons of extreme

old age when radium was unknown. There is our old friend Zancles, a Samothracian, who bred his teeth again after he had arrived at the 104th year of his age. Some say he was 140 years old. In the days of Louis Duke of Savoy, Michael de Romagnano, being above 90 years, cast his teeth, and had almost a complete new set that succeeded in the place of those that were fallen out. In the year 1372, when the Emperor Charles IV resided above the Rhine, one of his grinders dropped out while he was asleep. Another came in the room of it, which surprised those who were about him, for at that time he was in the 71st year of his life. Truly, this is a little world of great wonders.

WE MUST ALL SEE HER BEFORE SHE LEAVES TOGUS

(From the Portland Press Herald; Special Dispatch from Togus)

The bride on the Gardiner Road near the southern boundary of the reservation has been repaired and put in condition for travel.

COME IN! THE WATER'S FINE

(From the Covina, Cal., Argus)

If you have no church home in Covina, try the Baptist variety of friendship next Sunday, either at 9:45 or 11:00 A. M. or 7 P. M.

GIVE THEM TIME

As the World Wags:

When the office slaves approach me and smile winsomely and ask: "How are the cigarettes today?" I bring out the pack and reply: "They're going fine." Have ruined 10 packs this week trying to get it over, but haven't had a rifle.

H. R. H.

THE COMPLETE INSTRUCTOR

As the World Wags:

In 1899 Harvard had an instructor in botany named Olive. He resided on Hawthorne Street in an apartment house called The Mayflower. P. H. C. Worcester.

FORFEITS

As the World Wags:

The solemn burning of a boat, by relatives of boys drowned by its overturn, is a curious survival into our day of the ancient custom of "decadands." This was the expiatory sacrifice of the thing or animal which had caused a human death, and much thereon can be found in the encyclopaedias and less accessible sources. A present-day application is the proposal to forfeit to the state every automobile causing human death or injury, and making it a criminal offence to insure against such loss of machine. This, coupled with rigid enforcement of regulations on pedestrians, would diminish the current rate of casualties in astonishing degree.

A lion was slain in London, not so long ago, after having occasioned the death of a too-curious bystander; but this verges on the "Trial of Animals," on which I have a recent reprint, but which subject is scarcely germane.

CHARLES-EDWARD AAB.

Boston, Mass.

YOU ARE ENTITLED TO THREE HA'S INSTEAD OF TWO

As the World Wags:

How's this for a snappy comeback? I had a patch over my eye for quite a time due to an automobile accident, and when some wise bird would say, "How does the other fellow look?" I'd say, "He doesn't. Ha, ha!"

H. M. M.

HE DIDN'T HATE HIMSELF

As the World Wags:

In these days when education is within the reach of the lowliest, the following notice, dictated by a member of the medical profession who could not sign his name, is especially interesting. It is quoted from a paper in my possession, the Bristol Gazette, published at Fairhaven, and dated Dec. 4, 1812.

LOOK HERE

The subscriber hereby challenges the whole HOST of doctors throughout the Union to meet him in a FAIR and HONORABLE manner, and prove their skill; as he is MORALLY certain that there is not one single DEVIL of them that can STAND upon a fair trial with him. He don't pretend to MUCH LATIN LINGO, but in physis (PLAIN PHYSIC) he is positive he is TOO-SLICK for the whole TOTE of them.

his
GEORGE (X) BARLOW, JR., M. D.
mark

Rochester, Dec. 3, 1812.

The printed words are in italics in the original notice.

ALICE SPROAT EMERY.

Taunton.

Shaw's "Pygmalion"

COPLEY SQUARE—"Pygmalion," a comedy in five acts, by George Bernard Shaw. The cast:

Henry Higgins.....E. E. Clive
Colonel Pickering.....Charles Warburton
Alfred Doolittle.....H. Conway Wingfield
Freddy Eynsford-Hill.....Clifford Turner
Eliza Doolittle.....Catherine Willard
Mrs. Higgins.....Jessamine Newcombe
Mrs. Pearce.....Octavia Kenmore
Mrs. Eynsford-Hill.....Katherine Standing
Clara Eynsford-Hill.....Marie Hassell

With only one or two exceptions they were all new faces in the cast of last night's revival of this, one of the most scintillating and characteristic of Shaw's comedies. But the Jewett Players slipped into the very spirit of the piece as though it had been written expressly for them, and the performance was a noteworthy event.

The Copley Theatre, transposed and transformed, with its chaste whiteness and austere decorations, was filled with an admiring and highly appreciative audience, who enjoyed the subtleties of the Savian text, the lightning repartee, the brilliant paradoxes and all the fun and topsy-turvy nonsense of the play to the full.

Honors, if any such there were, rather fell to Mr. Wingfield, for his wholly admirable impersonation of Doolittle, pere, first as one of "the undeserving poor," and later as one of the "moral middle class." As a piece of character work it was perfect.

Miss Willard's work as Eliza, the London flower girl who is picked out of the gutter and metamorphosed into a duchess, steadily improved from the first act, where her hullabaloo was much too strenuous, to her very effective exit at the end. She developed the part with painstaking skill and had nothing to suffer in comparison with Viola Roche's well-remembered performance of the role.

Mr. Clive, as Prof. Higgins, was conscientious, but rather exasperating. We realize, of course, that a Shaw comedy has to be played with a certain extravagance. But Mr. Clive overdoes it. His exaggerations become grotesque. He needs restraint, finesse. After all, he is a gentleman, even if he is a crack-brained enthusiast, and he shouldn't be pulling and hauling people about in his own mother's drawing-room.

But this criticism is only in passing. The acting of the company as a whole was beyond praise, smooth, sympathetic and intelligent. "Pygmalion" will continue to be one of the favorite pieces of the Jewett repertoire for a long time to come.

J. E. P.

Dr. Edward Bunnett of Norwich (Eng.), although he is in his 90th year, is still giving organ recitals. They can't stop him.

Apropos of John Barrymore's performance of "Hamlet" columns have been written about "novel staging," curious lighting effects, entrances and exits by parting the curtain casually at the centre.

But was it not Hamlet who said, "The play's the thing"? Mr. Barrymore's performance must be interesting, for "Observer," writing to the New York Herald, says that John "instills into that most mysterious character all the great qualities of his" (presumably John's) "genius."

The London correspondent of the Manchester Guardian was not overjoyed by a revival of "Mid-Channel," which was played at the opening of the Pinero Cycle.

"What the psychologists call 'The hedonic tonic' of this harsh, wry play is summed up in the remarks of the lover who buried his head in his hands and said, 'Hell, hell, all the time hell.' And that, as the Communist commentator would add, is what comes of doing well with stocks and shares and being too rich by half."

When Ethel Barrymore played in Pinero's grim comedy-tragedy in Boston, a theatre party sat directly behind us. The men were thick-necked, red in the face, with breaths that told of cocktails and champagne. The women, like the throat, belt and coat of Gen. Jung Bahawther seen by Thackeray's Mr. Molony at the ball given to the Nepaulese Ambassador, "all bleezed with precious minerals."

Men and women yawned through the first act. Then one of the men said hoarsely: "What's the matter with Ethel tonight? She isn't a bit funny. Let's get out." And they did.

When the unfortunate Mr. Robert Atkins played Julius Caesar at the Old Vic, London, last month, he had "a continuous and weak smile."

An English critic reviewing Mrs. Patrick Campbell's memoirs, says that much of the book had come more gracefully from a biographer. "A vicarious sense of modesty is appalled by the collection of plaudits it contains. They spatter it, like machine-gun fire, from cover to cover."

The Queen of Sheba is coming to Easton. In spite of "Dangerous Curves Ahead," "Four Horsemen" were in Easton this week.—Easton Star-Democrat.

"Pagliacci" in condensed form has been performed at the London Palladium between "Miss Maudie Scott's" lamentations over married life, the concertina fireworks of Mr. Percy Honri, and the eccentricities of Little Tich.

The program note on Theophile Ysaye's piano concerts played in London said "The theme is further spun out by the English horn." To which a reviewer added: "And the spinning out was continued through 40 minutes of precious time."

Eugene O'Neill's "Hairy Ape" will be performed at the Odeon, Paris. It may possibly be seen in Boston in 1924.

The short run of "Anna Christie" and of "He Who Gets Slapped" in Boston theatres and the little interest shown in these uncommon plays, are a sad commentary on the taste of the Boston theatregoers. As Hamlet said of Polonius: "He's for a jig, or a tale of bawdry—or he sleeps."

Debussy's music has a "commerce with the skies" in another way. He is like a man condemned by circumstances to pass his life among blatant posters and uninspiring chimney-pots, who finds compensation in the taste of the Boston theatregoers. As Hamlet said of Polonius: "He's for a jig, or a tale of bawdry—or he sleeps."

Count Michael Tolstol rehearsed with Mme. Spirodovitch and Prince Obolensky for their appearance in a cabaret performance at Paris last Monday. "At the dress rehearsal Alexander Mikaelovitch, brother-in-law of the late tsar, was a melancholy spectator."

Was the show as bad as all that?

We read that Jean Riddez, baritone, having made a tour of Canada this season, sailed for Havre from New York. "With him were Mme. Riddez and their six daughters, each of whom carries a name that suggests one of the operas in which their father has sung."

Mr. Riddez was a member of the Boston Opera company, 1911-1913. He sang here as Athanael in "Thais," the High Priest in "Samson and Delilah," Escamillo, Valentin, Pelleas, Lescaut, Scarpa, Albert in "Werther," Ramon in "La Habanera," the Ogre in "The Blue Forest," Dr. Miracle (Lindorf, Coppellus and Dapertutto).

How, then, are these presumably interesting daughters named? Surely not Thais, Delilah, Carmen, Manon. The Princess in "The Blue Forest" is simply the Princess. Perhaps they are Melsande, Charlotte, Marguerite, Antonia—but how are the other two named? Not after the naughty Venetian woman with whom Hoffmann was infatuated. Not after Olympia, for she was an automaton. No doubt Mr. Riddez has a wider repertoire than that given above.

While we are speaking of the Boston Opera Company, it is pleasant to note that Paul Ludikar is again in this country. He has had many adventures since he last saw Boston; singing in Italy, interned on the island of Sardinia since he was a Czech, visiting Buenos Ayres, appearing last spring in Paris as Hans Sachs, giving recitals with Gretchaninov and Richard Strauss. He was here in the last season of the local opera—1913-14. An excellent artist, he took the parts of Mephistopheles (Gounod's), King Mark, Ramfis, Marco in "Monna Vanna," the Old Hebrew in "Samson and Delilah," Hans Sachs, the Father in "Louise," Leporello, Archibaldo in "The Love of the Three Kingdoms." He now purposes to make a concert tour.

In New York letters were written to newspapers protesting against the extravagant, flamboyant and incongruous costumes worn by Mlle. Sorel in her plays, costumes that did not suit the characters or the time of the action; costumes that by their gaudy fantastic display distracted the attention of the audience from the situation and the dialogue.

In like manner Geraldine Farrar often erred. Mary Garden's costume in the second act of "Monna Vanna" was a flagrant contradiction to Maeterlinck's stage direction and the significance of the scene. Santuzza, as Mme. Pames

pressed her, was gorgeously attired even for a holiday occasion. How often Michaela makes her way through mountain passes, in silk stockings and thin slippers to see her Don Jose!

Percy Grainger, after his Scandinavian tour, is to give 30 odd concerts in Holland, appearing four times with Menzelberg's Concertgebouw orchestra.

'THE DEMON'

By PHILIP HALE

Yesterday afternoon, at the Boston Opera House, the Russian Grand Opera Company performed "The Demon," an opera in three acts, libretto based by Wiskowatov on a poem of Lermontov, music by Anton Rubinstein. Produced at Petrograd on Jan. 25, 1875: Mmes. Raab, Krutikov and Schroeder; Messrs. Komissarevski and Melnikov. First performance in Boston.

Prince Gudal.....Nikolai Karlash
Tamara.....Marie Maslir
Prince Sinodal.....Vladimir Danilov
A Servant.....Gregori Ardatov
Nurse.....Barbara Lowieva
An Angel.....Clara Pasvolokaya
The Demon.....Max Pantelev
A Messenger.....Efim Vitis

Probably the first performances of "The Demon" in America was a rough one at the Grand Theatre, New York, in 1904, when the opera was sung in Russian by a local company. Most of the singers were amateurs. Hermann Kaminsky, who was said to have sung in Russian opera houses, took the part of Prince Gudal. The company now at the Boston Opera House performed "The Demon" in New York on May 13 of this year. The Demon, Jacob Lukin; Prince Gudal, Nikolai Kirilash; Tamara, Nina Koshetz; Prince Sinodal, Vladimir Svetlov.

Music from this opera has been heard in Boston. The ballet music was performed by the Philharmonic Orchestra on April 2, 1881—the first performance in America, it was then said. Vocal excerpts have been heard here—the only opera of Rubinstein's performed in Boston before yesterday was "Nero." (National English Opera Company at the Boston Theatre, Jan. 8, 1888, with Mmes. Fabris, Poole and Juch; Messrs. Sylva, Ludwig and Fessenden.)

But to the performance of yesterday. If space permitted, it might be pertinent to discuss Rubinstein's opinions about opera, his ambition and his failures.

In "The Demon" he followed, as a rule, the traditional path, as regards arias, duets and choruses. The libretto gave him opportunity for varied expression. The Demon is a striking character, one might say a sympathetic one. What Lord Thurlow thought of Milton's Satan—"A damn fine fellow; he ought to have won"—might be said of Lermontov's Byronic fiend, and not merely because he killed a tenor. There is the constantly interesting struggle between the powers of darkness and the angel of light, who in this opera is always interesting. (In the libretto of the original story this ending is more elaborate; Tamara does not refuse the Demon before she dies; there's a vision of her lover who was killed, etc., etc.)

There is musical material enough in Rubinstein's score for a half dozen operas. It is true there are platitudinous pages, but they are not many. The opening scene between the Demon and the Angel is musically dramatic, without bombast on the one hand, without sentimentality on the other. The chorus of women at the fountain is charming in its simplicity with Tamara's voice heard at first in the distance. This scene would have been more beautiful if Miss Maslir had been able to sing the flood passages. Other prominent musical features are the caravan music, Prince Sinodal's song and the impressive male chorus in the first act; the ballet music and the scene between the Demon and Tamara in the second; the final passionate scene between them, the outbursts of Tamara with the unseen chorus of nuns in the third. The instrumentation is carefully nourished. Even with the comparatively small orchestra ably led by Mr. Fuerst, it had color, strength and beauty.

The performance was again characterized by the sincerity, the absorption in the allotted task peculiar to this company. Mr. Pantelev gave an impressive portrayal of The Demon. His voice was resonant, he did not force it. As a singer, he stands, so far, above his comrades in exile. Miss Pasvolokaya made a pleasing impression as the Angel, singing with a steadiness of tone that seems denied to her sisters, and showing musical intelligence. When Miss Maslir has to do with scenes of subdued emotion her voice has an agreeable quality. Unfortunately these scenes in "The Demon" are few. As a rule her tones wobble and in forte passages are shrill. Mr. Ardatov deserves a word of praise as does the chorus.

PRESENTS 'LA JUIVE'

AT THE OPERA HOUSE

Russian Grand Opera Company Gives

Halevy Composition

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—"La Juive," opera by Halevy, Russian Grand

Opera company, presented by S. Huroh.

Cast:
Eleazar.....Nikolai Buzanovsky
Rachel.....Nina Gaseleva
Eudoxia.....Zena Ivanova
Leopold.....Vladimir Seattloff
De Brogni.....David Tulinhoff
Rugiero.....Gabriel Hranjowsky
Albert.....Avram Ardatoff
Conductor, Victor Vasilieff.

Produced in France somewhere in the thirties, "La Juive" was frequently performed in New Orleans in the course of the next 20 years, but the first performance in Boston seems to have taken place, in Italian, in the spring of 1861, when Mme. Fabbri and Messrs. Stigelli and Weinlich sang the chief parts. In 1885 the opera was sung again, this time in German, with Mme. Materna and Mr. Udyardy. Although Caruso's performance of Eleazar at the last of his career gave the work a short new lease of life in New York, "La Juive" has never been popular in this part of the world. It holds its place, nevertheless, or at least it did a few years ago, on the stage in Germany and France.

There is no adequate reason why it should not, granted a taste still exists for this kind of opera at all, for surely "La Juive" is exceedingly good of its kind. When it came to a test, who so skillfully as Scribe knew how to please the taste of the world that frequented the opera, a world, with apparently ample time to give of an evening to entertainment, that consequently wished its fill, and wished it in variety, a clearly defined, dramatic plot properly unfolded, street scenes with pageants and processions, one great chorus following another, one of them preferably chanting a Te Deum and the next roaring a drinking song, a ballet or two, a scene of splendor in church or palace, a dungeon, a dramatic soprano and one who sings coloratura, and two or three scenes of a dramatic force that stir today, after 75 years or so of service. That is what they relished, those people of the thirties, and Scribe was the man of all to furnish them the fare.

Than Halevy, too, there was no stouter man at the music. If he never, at least in "La Juive," reached the dramatic heights of which Meyerbeer was now and again capable, at all events he never sank so deep into trivial mediocrity. His choruses "sound," his recitatives are of an admirable vigor, his melody, if of little characterizing value, has yet character of its own and sometimes attains real beauty and moving power. The orchestration also, one may guess, sounds well, though after last night one may only guess; in one matter of consequence, however, composers of today may study Halevy's methods to advantage—when points of importance to the plot were being made on the stage, he never covered them with orchestral din; for so stupid a mistake he had too keen a theatre sense. This same sense of the theatre it no doubt is that keeps "La Juive" alive on the stage today, for it is in those countries where the theatre flourishes best that this opera keeps most lively. It would be an interesting experiment to try the old opera today, stripped of all excrescences, down to the bare plot, with only music of significance left.

The cuts last night were heroic, but much was left that might come out. For the performance, Boston surely has never seen anything so odd. There was nothing to do with—and yet those people really gave "La Juive!" The audience were not bored; the opera made its effect. So much for the power of sincerity and honest pains—not to forget Mr. Vasilieff, a conductor of unusual skill. If the company can do so well with an opera demanding voices and trained singers which the whole world can scarce provide today, they must be effective indeed in their native Russian works.

R. R. G.

"SNOW MAIDEN"

By PHILIP HALE

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—First performance in Boston of "Snegurotchka"

(The Snow Maiden), opera in four acts and prologue by Rimsky-Korsakov. Performed by the Russian Opera Company. Mr. Fuerst conducted.

Snow Maiden.....Olga Kazanskaya
Koupava.....Sophia Oskova
Lel.....Emma Mirovitch
Fair Spring.....Clara Pasvolokaya
Tear Berendel.....Vladimir Danilov
Mizguir.....Vladimir Radev
Bobyi.....Piotr Koslov
Bobyilcka.....Varvara Loseva
Bermjata.....Sergel Anfimov
First Herald.....Avram Ardatov
Second Herald.....Efim Vitis

Chuchilla.....Gabriel Hranjowsky
Frost.....David Tulinhoff

The story of a folk-lore nature is fascinating; the music is for the most part charming; the performance was not only conspicuous for its honesty; it was interesting in many ways. Even when the parlando passages were delivered without vocal grace, it was a pleasure to listen to Rimsky's instrumentation.

The most effective scene vocally was the one between the Tsar and the Snow Maiden in the second act. Here Mr. Danilov showed a fine sense of musical as well as dramatic values. His voice was agreeable; he sang skilfully and with quiet, genuine feeling. His portrayal of the part was from the histrionic standpoint excellent throughout. It is a pity that Mr. Danilov often sings so badly, pumps and screams. He has the making of an artist. No one without artistic feeling could have sung so well the music in the scenes to which we have referred.

It is hardly necessary to speak of the others in the cast. The women were better actresses than singers. Miss Mirovitch was a handsome Lel, but the music of the shepherd demands an accomplished singer; her voice is naturally a good one, worthy of patient study. Miss Kazanskaya was a pretty Snegurotchka and appropriately cool. Miss Oskova and Miss Loseva acted intelligently, the latter with the rough humor called for by the part. Mr. Koslov as the drunken Bobyl, amusing enough, was inclined to over-act. At times he diverted the attention from the principals to the disadvantage of the composer, the singers and the audience. Mr. Fuerst again proved himself a capable conductor. The chorus sang well.

The opera tonight will be Rimsky-Korsakov's "Tsar's Bride," which will be heard for the first time in Boston.

Mr. Chaplin has announced his intention of being in the audience.

Next Wednesday night, Rubinstein's "Demon" will be repeated instead of Tchaikovsky's "Pique Dame," which had been announced for that evening. The substitution is judicious.

It is a pleasure to find English journals discussing matters of more importance than non-employment and the Eastern question. The London correspondent of the Manchester Guardian was struck by the great number of cats in Fleet street and Holborn during a dense fog. "Can it be," he asks in a praiseworthy spirit of scientific investigation, "can it be that darkness affects cats as lights at night affect birds and makes them mistake the hour of the day? The cats seemed to have come out in their night-time mood."

The lament of Cinderella II has touched the hearts of The Herald readers. Many have sent in words of encouragement and clarion calls to duty.

CINDERELLA II.

Give up? You may not, for the sake Of all the little band which still believes In gold at the rainbow's end, and other silly things

That fill a day with quiet joy. You may not! Lest you leave, That sad reminder that our dreams do pass, When strikes the clock—an empty slipper.

JANE WINTERBOTTOM.

And here comes "Althea," rebuking "Chorus Girl."

FOR CHORUS GIRL

(In re Cinderella)

Cynicism is ridiculous on lips that should be youthful;

Do you think you were quite truthful in your strangely tart reply?

Aren't you human—don't you ever once relax that "smile audacious"?

As for grinning, goodness gracious, do you think she doesn't try?

Why get peeved? She didn't hit you! When your fist you up and double

Are you sure her load of trouble isn't bigger than your own?

We can't all be tough and hardy; some, I'll venture, were not sent to

Live unsheltered, were not meant to bear the winter all alone.

Arbitrarily, the wish of one unknown's an insincere one!

You're a queer one: may her vision never come to such a pass.

What provoked your pose so snobbish?—"middle class"—your air so knowing?

Hark—the stones that you are throwing—they are breaking panes of glass.

Let us say to Cinderella, "Please, to live and hope continue

And your courage yet will win you love enduring, hearth a-flame."

(That's her wish I'll bet). And Chorus Girl though danger I'm not

courting, Just to hear you loudly snorting I will wish to you the same.

ALTHEA.

Straight to the point are these lines:

"ECHO"

"Adventure... romance... pah!
Blush-shaded candles,
A polished limousine,"
Good, excellent,
And nothing more,
Beneath that cold veneer?
Which, for all one knows,
May hide—
"The audacious smile in the face of
despair,"
A sympathetic tear.

J. O'G.

But will Cinderella II. take heart and find pleasure in humble, honest routine work?

FOR CHORUS GIRL

Glitter... laughter... cheerio!
Chorus girl, I know what you get.
My wail was born in drabness;
For you the respite of a make-believe,
The magic nearness of humanfolk,
Crying for entertainment.
Finite atom, that you are, there's a
swing to your step,
A toss of your head and a chance to
show it.

Cinderella! Wedded to monotony.
Pah! Fools in alteration.
Thrill me again with tales of my desires;
Teach me romance as viewed by a sweet
Jazz artiste.

CINDERELLA II.

ADD 'SUFFERINGS OF A PLAYGOER'
As the World Wags:

Upon mentioning to the young thing who sat next me at dinner the other night that I had just returned from New York, she wanted to know the best plays now running in the metropolis. I said, "The best thing I saw was 'R. U. R.'"
A blank expression was followed by a gleam of intelligence. She replied, "Oh, you mean 'As you Were'—And there you are!"
DYER NEEDHAM.

WE WERE AFRAID SOME ONE WOULD MAKE THIS WHEEZE

As the World Wags:

(From the Worcester Evening Gazette)
CHILD FALLS INTO
HOT WASH WATER

We thought he would get himself into hot water if he had anything to do with those unspeakable Turks and awful Russian Bolsheviks.
C. W. H.
Worcester.

IT'S A FAIR WAGER

As the World Wags:

I read in my newspaper: "It is said D'Annunzio will visit America. He will be welcome. There is no man in Europe whom the American public would be more curious to see in the flesh and to hear."

The customary 3 to 5 is offered that 95 per cent. of the "American public" doesn't know who D'Annunzio is and that Battling Siki would outdraw him 100 to 1.
CCG.

*And neither does it give a damn.

CHEER UP! HAVE CONFIDENCE, DEAR SIR, IN THE PEE-PUL

As the World Wags:

"I do not mean that he descended into mortality for the purpose of unfolding the sublimest truths to the vulgar part of mankind; for this would have been a vain and ridiculous attempt; since the eyes of the multitude are not strong enough to look upon truth. Hence the present efforts to enlighten by education the lowest class of mankind is an attempt to break the golden chain of beings, to disorganize society, and to render the vulgar dissatisfied with the servile situation in which God and Nature intended them to be placed. It is an attempt calculated to render life intolerable, and knowledge contemptible, to subvert all order, introduce anarchy, render superstition triumphant, and restore the throne of—
'Night primeval and of Chaos old.'
(From Thomas Taylor's Introduction to Plotinus, 1817.)

Is the "proletariat" educable, in any proper sense? Is the public intelligence susceptible of increase by any amount of instruction? The American people have been religiously taking the public school course for over a hundred years, and now, notwithstanding all this schooling, it is highly doubtful whether the average popular intelligence throughout the country is much above that of the United States Senate. It is terribly discouraging.
Ashland.
W. C. ROSE.

M'CORMACK

At his third Boston recital this season, once again last night John McCormack packed Symphony hall to the doors. As usual he had the help of

Edwin Schnelder, accompanist, and Rudolph Bocho, violinist, who played a piece by Kreisler, "La Gitana," an arrangement Auer made of Beethoven's march from the "Ruins of Athens," and a "Caprice Basque" by Sarasate; his performance was much applauded. Mr. McCormack sang:

Lesclia ch'io planga.....Handel
Tell Fair Irene.....Handel
A Dreamer's Song to Life.....Jarnfelt
Dying Embers.....Merikanto
Oh Cease Thy Singing.....Rachmaninov
Oh Christmas Carol.....Bax
Irish Folk songs:
Silent O Moyle, The Light o' the Moon,
The Meeting of the Waters, arr. by
Hughes.

Una Baum, arr. by Hardebeck.
Where Bloomed the Rose.....Johns
She Rested by the Broken Brook

Coleridge-Taylor
The Little Tree.....H. O. Osgood
Flower Rain.....Schnelder

There are grounds for fearing that students of singing do not study Mr. McCormack's ways as they should. Is there an inventor in the land with a taste for good singing? If so, let him devise a mechanism by which he can take a moving picture of Mr. McCormack while singing "Pur diesti" (the first encore last night), with the face sufficiently large for every motion of the jaw and lips to be plainly visible. Let him pack this device along with the best possible record of "Pur diesti" from Mr. McCormack in a convenient little box, to sell to singing teachers. That, pupils would heed, in these days when anything artificial makes a strong appeal. So the inventor with a taste for good singing would do a deed which should accomplish much in helping teachers to help pupils to sing, for Mr. McCormack's singing last night, once he had left behind him the first Handel air in which he seemed singularly ill at ease, came as near to technical perfection as mortal man is like to reach. To let pupils see how it is done, what of it at least is demonstrable, could only work for good.

By the same token, it would do no harm for many an artist to listen to Mr.

McCormack's way of singing Handel's airs and "Pur diesti." Though he respects the purity of classic design as deeply as any living singer, and more intelligently than most, he does not therefore make the mistake of singing the music of those early musicians as though they had nothing to say—just a pattern to exhibit. "But he sings it like a song!" said a woman tonight of "Pur diesti," and she said it dubiously. Just so, he does. Why not?

R. R. G.

SYMPHONY DOES FRANCK HONOR

By PHILIP HALE

The seventh concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Monteux, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. The program was arranged with a view to celebrate the 100th birthday of Cesar Franck (Liege, Belgium, Dec. 10, 1822). His symphony and his symphonic poems, "The Aeolidae" and "The Wild Huntsman" were the selections. It was a pity that Franck's "Symphonic Variations," one of his finest works, were not in the repertoire of Mme. Samaroff. She would, no doubt, have given a noteworthy performance of them. As it was she played Schumann's concerto.

"Let us now praise famous men,
And our Fathers that begat us.
The Lord hath wrought great glory by them,
Through his great power from the beginning.

Such as found out musical tunes,
And recited verses in writing."
It was eminently fitting that the centennial of Franck should be celebrated in this city and by this orchestra. His music was not always high in favor here. The first time his name appeared in Boston on a program was at a song recital of Gardner Lamson's. The song, an early one, was "The Emir of Bengal." The date was March 9, 1892.

When Ysaye and Lachaux introduced Franck's violin sonata in 1895; when Ysaye, Marteau, Bendix, Gerardy and the pianist Lachaux introduced the magnificent piano quintet in 1898 leading musicians of this city shook wise heads and said with an air of finality: "This will never do." The string quartet was only tolerated, endured in the same year because it was produced at a Kniesel Quartet concert, and at that time the Kniesels could do no wrong. "The Wild Huntsman," produced here by Theodore Thomas in 1898, was looked on as the work of an eccentric and theatrical Frenchman.

When Mr. Gericke produced in 1899 the symphony so enthusiastically applauded yesterday, the storm broke loose. There were letters of angry protest. A leading critic characterized the symphony as "dismal." Several subscribers to the concerts called it "immoral" and vowed they would not attend any concert in which music by Franck was to be played.

Nor did Franck fare better for a time in New York. Even the broad-minded James Hunsaker dismissed him as a sort of Abbe Liszt, now in the heavily scented boudoir, now with self-conscious devotion in the church. Franck in the boudoir! Poor "Pere" Franck!

And so Franck had to make his way here, as in Paris, misunderstood, abused, regarded by some as an anarchist, by some as a bore. He shared the fate in Boston of Verdi (see Dwight's Journal of Music). Wagner, Richard Strauss (whose "Till Eulenspiegel" was described in a Boston newspaper as the work of a madman), Loefler, Debussy, Ravel. This men and brethren, should make us all tolerant, even cautious, in passing judgment on contemporary composers whose idiom is as yet strange to us. Cocksure opinions are valuable chiefly to the one that expresses them. The lighting did not strike Symphony Hall when music by Milhaud was performed; nor was there any sign of divine wrath, there was no celestial disturbance, no perturbation of nature when the "Horatius Triumphant" of the Sleur Honegger was produced.

Let us hear what is going on in the musical world. Even if it is going on noisily and queerly to our ears. It is not enough to say: "I don't like it." Why does Mr. Monteux put such pieces on the program? Inherently bad music will soon disappear of itself, unless it is so bad, with so obviously vulgar tunes, that it becomes popular; but music is not necessarily bad because it is of a strange and irregular nature. For audiences to have no curiosity about new works, no spur to hot discussion concerning them, is a sign of stagnation in art.

Thus Cesar Franck, a great teacher, teaches us all indirectly a lesson. It is not necessary to eulogize him at this late day. He has his seat high among the immortals, and the muses and the saints hold converse with him.

The performance yesterday was a superb glorification of this modest man. Even "The Wild Huntsman," not one of his best works, was played under Mr. Monteux's brilliant direction as it had never been played here before.

Mme. Smirnoff gave a very musical reading of Schumann's concerta, a performance that might be called Schumannesque. She did not attempt, as many do, to turn this romantic composition into a thing of swollen proportions for a large hall; she succeeded in establishing an intimate relationship between Schumann and the hearers. In this she was aided by the exquisitely sympathetic playing of the orchestra.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of the concert next week is as follows: Sibellus, Symphony; No. 5; Lully-Mottl, Ballet Suite; Bax, "November Boughs" (first time in Boston); Chadwick, Anniversary Overture (new).

"KHARTUM"

The subject of Mr. Newman's illustrated Travel Talk in Symphony Hall last night was "Khartum." The talk was about the journey from the shores of Victoria Nyanza to Zanzibar, where the clove comes from, through the Kenya territory, the caravan along the Roosevelt Trail; about several native tribes, some nude, some clothed—but the missionaries say that the nude folk are the more moral—then the upper stretches of the Nile. The talk and the pictures, motion and still, were, as before, most interesting.

And at last we saw the Koodoo, the species of antelope that, in a child's book of natural history, fascinated us in our little village. The Syllabus of the spelled the name "Kudu," but we prefer the old spelling, just as "boule-dogge" is preferable to "bulldog," for one sees more clearly the jaws, teeth and determined expression when "dog" is "dogge." Zanzibar, in spite of the heat, the poor hotels and the mosquitos, should be visited. The views shown were enchanting. The streets and houses are of "the Thousand Nights and a Night" variety, and it was surprising not to see a Jinnee or at least an afreet ready to play a trick on some keeper of a bazaar. The natives on the mainland from the Kilikuyus to the Masai are given to hideous ornamentation; some greased with castor oil; many women with jewelry weighing 80 pounds, with pierced ears distended by huge earrings, ranging from spoons to tin cans. The dances that now seem grotesque may be in fashion here next season. They were not more grotesque than some now seen in local ballrooms, and the

faces of the dancers showed pleasure, which is more than can be said of our gilded youths and flappers of high and low degree.

Mr. Newman had a good deal to say about Theodore Roosevelt, for he was with him in Africa. When asked if he was a good shot, the colonel replied that he shot often. He was not a wanton destroyer of game. Killing only one of a kind as a specimen, except in the case of lions, which are considered to be a species of vermin. The life and manners of the savages were described and fully illustrated.

Again there were pictures of wild animals in the open, among them hyenas, the first pictures of them taken out of captivity, and a leopard eating an antelope. Mr. Newman spoke bitterly about the leopard's character, the meanest creature of the cat family. Not even his inability to change his spots found favor in Mr. Newman's eyes.

In the course of his remarks, he asked any South Africans, presumably whites, who might be in the audience, to send their names to him so that he could forward them to some one who wished to organize here a South African club.

The Travel Talk will be repeated this afternoon. The subject of the one next week—the last in the regular series we regret to say—is "Sudan to Cairo." There will be extra showings of wild animals and savage life on Friday evening, Dec. 22, and Saturday afternoon, Dec. 23.

P. H.

Mr. George M. Rosener of Long Island has blown a trumpet blast.

"While reason lasts, while breath remains, while life allows my poor pen to carry its messages, I will protest the lie in politics, history, religion, philosophy and the social state of man. This I shall do with the gifts providence has bestowed upon me, and after the manner destiny decrees.

"Not with ponderous stride and by musty precept will I turn the earth of human-valuation to the sunlight of logic—an earth made hard and almost barren from the tramping feet of despots that strut about as rulers and the friends of man while they build their houses on a foundation of lies and adorn it with human agonies—but with merry song, in burlesque and in satire, with fiction and with Rabelaisian essay, will I make men see the truth with their hands held tight against their sides."

We are sorry not to oblige Mr. Rosener, but at present, nearing financial stagnation, we "haven't the price" for his magazine, although we should like to read "the letter from a retired hangman."

TO EDDIE QUEST

(By Sam J. Banks)

Plain rhymes writes Eddie Quest,
Rhymes sweet and full of zest;
In quaint and wholesome verse,
Old truths he puts most terse;
The human heart he knows,
And optimism glows
In everything he writes—
That's why his verse delights:
So here's to Eddie Quest,
And may he, in his quest
For subjects, ne'er depart
Far from the human heart.

LUCUS A NON LUCENDO

A Stinnes cocktail is served at an "American bar" in Berlin: a combination of beer, champagne and a dash of something else; an expensive drink, it is said, strong, yet not unpleasant. But Mr. Stinnes never drinks anything stronger than mineral water. Cigars are often named after distinguished men. Did Henry Clay smoke? Probably. But how about Robert Burns and William Cullen Bryant? The latter's patriarchal face recommends "The Poet" brand. Do the Smith Brothers—we are never weary of looking at their faces and admiring the difference in their whiskerage and shirt collars—ever take their own coughdrops, or do they prefer good old Dr. Brown's on which we were fed in the happy boyhood days of red flannel underclothes, with a buckskin and flannel chest protector? Happy days—when feet and nose were rubbed with bear's grease, and a stocking was tied about the neck, by a mother fearing the boy's cold would turn into "inflammation of the lungs."

CONCERNING MURREL

We asked if any reader knew the history of one Murrel, the pirate of the Mississippi, whose life was hawked on the boat of that river on which Herman Melville's Confidence Man had embarked. "A. F." of Concord writes: "I have no reference handy, but I know Mark Twain refers to the Murrel clan somewhere at some length. Is it 'Life on the Mississippi'? Also in that excellent novel, 'The Prodigal Judge,' there is a picture of the operations of the clan given as a minor part of the story plot."

REMEMBRANCE

Do you remember the night we met,
Dear love of mine? The dusk was sweet
With the scent of primrose and violet;
Like waves upon white sand your feet
Tripped down the path. I waited there
Knowing that love had knit our lives;
Starry your eyes, and dark your hair—
Do you remember? . . . You had the lives.

Shall you forget our first dear kiss?
Your deep eyes held the sacred light
Of Love and youth, and, oh, the bliss
To stand beside you in the summer night!

Ah, you were Beauty—Love—Desire;
You were my Life, my God, my Truth;

I kissed you then, my lips were fire!
Do you remember? . . . I broke your tooth.

Do you recall our honeymoon?
The very clouds sang songs that day,
Happy for us and our love in June.
Your brown eyes danced, your hat was gay,

Yet you were shy, and, oh, your blush
Recalled a peach kissed by the rain—
But somehow in the station crush
Do you remember? . . . I missed the train.

VANADIS—GORDON SEAGROVE.

ADVICE TO GIRL GRADUATES

As the World Wags:
Clara Phillips, the well known hammer slayer, sawed her way out of jail. Moral. Throw away your hammer and get a saw.
Dedham.
THOR OLSEN.

ADMITTED, IF LIVING

As the World Wags:
Thinking over candidates for our New England Hall of Fame, I wondered whether the barbering at the Elm Hotel, Auburn, Me., is still done by Messrs. Sharp, Cutter and Sawyer.
Boston.
A. C. W.

A correspondent wishes to know where she can obtain a poem entitled "Michael"—("I am not sure of the spelling")—and who wrote it. "It is in the dialogue form; the mother says one verse, the returned and changed son replies."

SOCIETY NOTE

(London Daily Chronicle)

Sir: English girls in general have very ugly ankles, and one of the reasons for this is because they rarely wear boots. The continuous wearing of shoes causes the ankle to lose its shape.
"A FRENCHWOMAN WHO KNOWS."
West Kensington.

THE COMPLETE POLITICIAN

Arthur Porritt, in "The Best That I Remember," tells this story of a politician who was anxious to find out the religious faith of villagers whom he, as a candidate, was addressing.

"My great-grandfather was an Episcopalian (stony silence), but my great-grandmother belonged to the Presbyterian Church of Scotland (continued silence). My grandfather was a Baptist (more silence), but my grandmother was a Congregationalist (frigid silence). But I had a great-aunt who was a Wesleyan Methodist (loud applause), and—I have always followed my great-aunt." He was elected.

THERE MIGHT BE SPECIAL COURSES

As the World Wags:
Ben Lindsey says that a new law should be passed making the attendance of parents on lectures in sex compulsory on all. Would parents like Eva Fontaine, say, or Mrs. Tiernan and some more that I'm thinking of have to go? Wouldn't you say they knew enough already? Or would you have a post-graduate course?

MORTIMER FINHADDY.

A year or two ago it was stated in a London journal that a part of the secret of M. Clemenceau's amazing virility and buoyant spirit is attributed to a custom he has followed for many years of taking a daily air bath. Was this observable in Commonwealth avenue? Either through a field glass or with the naked eye? Was there no camera man at hand?

"THE TSAR'S BRIDE"

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—"The Tsar's Bride," opera by Rimsky-Korsakoff in three acts. First performance in Boston, Russian grand opera company. Michael Fiviesky, conductor. The cast:

Vasely Stepanovitch Sobakin,	Nicholas Karlash
Marpha	Marie Mashir
Grasnoi	Max Panteleeff
Maluta Skuratoff	David Tulchinnoff
Lykoff	Vladimir Busanowski
Lvovasha	Valja Valentinnova
Bomely	Flora Kosloff
Bonna Saburova	Zena Ivanova
Dunja	Clara Pasvolovskaya
Petrovna	Barbara Losseva
Officer of the Tsar	Grosheff
Servant Maid	Mme. Ficher

This opera presents an amazingly vivid picture of life in medieval Russia. In rooms extraordinarily decorated people take their ease and walk about, people in blazing colors, scarlet jostling purple and gold, green and rose, people of a barbaric splendor, with a fondness for singing, dancing, drinking. Peasants, rudely clad but gayly, stroll home from church, stopping on the way to sing a song or two. A woman prowls about in the dark, seeking a German doctor to sell her a potion wherewith to poison a rival. A nobleman, a handsome barbarian every inch of him, likewise deals in poison. An emissary of the Tsar breaks in on a wedding feast, interrupts the wedding song, and claims the bride for the Tsar. The bride goes mad, the barbarian nobleman stabs the poisoning woman to the heart—and so it runs to the end. As a gorgeous spectacle of life in an exotic land as lived in ancient times, this opera is something not to be missed.

What one may call the "incidental" music, too, sounds exceedingly attractive. A graceful unnecessary quartet in the second act, the drinking song and the peasants' song, the ballet song, all this music has rhythmic and melodic charm, above all else the virtue of abounding life. Rimsky-Korsakoff, judging from this opera, possessed a remarkable skill at finding fitting music for the life of every day. Among Russians, according to what we read, singing and dancing, drinking, too, are as integral parts of life as breathing itself. So is talking; for the voluble conversations that carry forward the plot, and the detailed narratives which the characters relate on slight occasion, the composer devised music rapid in movement, delightful in itself, and artfully contrived not to smother the voices.

The story, though but a slender thing, from the view of dramatic effectiveness, is feebly told. Much is narrated, little happens. The personages, sketchily presented, are all too lacking in character to stir much sympathy. And the music, to a person hearing it for the first time, after only superficial study, does not better the situation. Though there is a manifest effort after characterization, this music is not strikingly characteristic. It adds few dramatic strokes, and rarely is it emotionally compelling. From the composer of "Scheherazade" one would have expected something different.

The performance, like other performances by this company, proved effective by virtue of its honest sincerity. The small parts were admirably done, in especial Miss Ivanova's old woman, a fine characterization also well sung, and Mr. Kosloff's doctor. Mr. Panteleeff played the poisoning nobleman with picturesque effectiveness, and sang exceedingly well. Miss Mashir sang well, too, when she did not force her voice, and Miss Valentinova had a fine dramatic moment in the course of the second act. Mr. Flyvsky conducted with genuine skill.

R. R. G.

him that Gilbert had caught her "unready and in her night-stubb." Gilbert, we are happy to say, soon recovered from the shock.

Apparently nightcaps, if Buckle is to be believed, were uncommon early in the 17th century. Congreve describes Lady Flyant in "The Double Dealer" telling how Sir Paul courted her for nine years. She gave him a piece of an old scarlet petticoat for a stomacher. He converted it into a nightcap "and wears it still with much solemnity on his anniversary wedding night."

ALWAYS WALK WITH A FLAPPER AND THUS AVOID A FALL

As the World Wags;

In a letter to his son, dated Sept. 22, 1749, Lord Chesterfield wrote: "You know by experience that I grudge no expense in your education but I will positively not keep you a Flapper. You may read, in Dr. Swift, the description of these Flappers, and the use they were made of by your friends the Laputans: whose minds (Gulliver says) are so taken up with intense speculations that they neither can speak nor attend to the discourse of others without being roused by some external tactics upon the organs of speech and hearing; for which reason those who are able to afford it, always keep a Flapper in their family as one of the domestics. This Flapper is likewise employed diligently to attend the master in his walks; and upon occasions, to give a soft flap upon his eyes; because he is always so wrapped up in cogitation that he is manifestly in danger of falling down every precipice and bumping his head against every post."

JOHN QUILL

THREE WINNERS

(For As the World Wags)

"Twas NOT for frills or fancies; 'twas NOT for gain or name;
I sort o' thought I'd like to be a lover-
ess of fame.
You know! Like Cleopatra, who died be-
cause of bite;
(I learned lots more, but keep it dark;
my schooling came at night.)
A mighty lover, then I picked, who
looked a trusting lad,
But 'twasn't long before I knew the Line
that boy had had!
I flew to seventh heaven, then flopped
straightway to hell,
And hit all places in between! Experi-
ence!! Oh, well,
From misery of yesterdays, delusive
quicksand elings,
Warped thoughts, stillborn illusions—a
burlesque romance brings.
I was real smart to hold him, and he'll
come back some day,
Although he had it all fixed up to woo,
then ride away.
Women of Countless Ages! I might have
been as Thou!
Instead, I'm in an 8x10, where they raise
an awful row
If you sneak a little pork chop in, to
sizzle on a jet.
I'm bent, but I'm not broken, so I'll
make a sporting bet
That right up through my skylight I see
a shimmyming wing;
Then, just beyond—a phantom trail
where voiceless echoes sing,
"Say, Kid, be up and doing, life's worth
the living yet,
The only girl who ever wins is THE
ONE HE DIDN'T GET."
And so, I lay me down to sleep—to
dream, "I'm not so bad,
No man can ever quite forget THE GIRL
HE THOUGHT HE HAD.
Next time he'll keep a secret and fill no
souls with dread:
AVENGED! The girls he's left behind,
by ME—HE SHOVED AHEAD!"
RUBY VALENTIA, the Star Striker.
Alias "Crusty Anna."
(MENOWIHATEM TRIBE.)

POLITICS AT HOME

An English school teacher gave his pupils a problem in compound proportion to be worked out at home. It began: "If 15 men work 10 hours a day in order to complete certain work—" and so on. When the school master saw little Jim's homework book next morning he found that no attempt had been made to solve the problem, but there was this note from Jim's father: "Dear Sir—I will not let James do the sum you set him last night, as it casts a slur on the eight-hours' system. Any sum not more than eight hours he is welcome to do."

ART AND PROPAGANDA

The Russian Soviet government censored a scenic representation of the Helmer household in "A Doll's House" because it was "too bourgeois." The Architects' Journal (London) has published a picture of this scene. "It shows a room crowded with gear and devoid of taste. It has a couple of stunted palm plants on a needless table; looped portiere hangings where there is not need for them; an appalling wallpaper stupidly broken up with pictures in the worst taste; furniture that blends, with complacent aimlessness, the saddlebag

suit of the flautists with cheap-jack imitations of farmhouse chairs, added no doubt because they are 'so quaint.' The general effect is one of utterly tasteless overcrowding. It is a room in which a sensitive woman (or even a sensitive man) might smash the window to get air. It is, with a little variation this way or that to suit the country of its production, an ideal setting with which to trounce the 'bourgeois.' But the Soviet censor will have none of it. Presumably he would reduce Ibsen to futurist terms as, according to this interesting article, he has already reduced 'Romeo and Juliet.' The setting for the balcony scene in that play shows a couple of grotesque figures addressing each other from different points in a perpendicular, chaotic waste of builders' material, as though the young man had paid his addresses in the midst of a house-breaking."

The Russian opera company will perform this week three operas unknown in Boston.

"Christmas Eve" is not the title given by Tchaikovsky to the opera for tomorrow night. When this opera was composed in 1874 it was called "Vakoula the Smith." The Russian Musical Society had offered a prize for the best musical setting of the libretto by Polensky. Tchaikovsky at first hesitated; he feared he would be unsuccessful, but the book appealed to him by its originality and poetic lyrics. As soon as he found out that Rubinstein, Balakirev and Rimsky-Korsakov were not to compete, he went to work. He completed the opera in three months, and as long as he lived had a weakness for this early work. In 1885 he made some not very important changes in the score. The opera was afterward entitled "Cherevichek" ("The Little Shoes") and still later "Les Caprices d'Oxane."

The overture to "Vakoula" was performed at Petrograd before the opera was completed.

The jury that decided the fate of the competitors was composed of Anton Rubinstein, his brother, Rimsky-Korsakov, Napravnik, Davidov, Laroche, Th. Tolstol and Asantchevsky. Tchaikovsky was simple enough to write the motto on his score "Ars longa, ars brevis" in his own hand. The Grand Duke remarked while the jury was sitting: "Secret de la comédie." Rimsky wrote to Tchaikovsky, "I do not doubt for a moment that your opera will carry off the prize. To my mind, the operas sent in bear witness to a very poor state of things as regards music here. . . . Except your work, I do not consider there is one fit to receive the prize, or to be performed in public."

In October, 1876, Tchaikovsky went to Petrograd to see the first performance. He was delighted with the rehearsals, the behavior of the singers, the lavish manner in which the opera was mounted. The house was sold out before the performance, on Dec. 6. The overture and first scene pleased. Then the enthusiasm of the audience cooled. Only the Hopak was heartily applauded. The audience had gone to be amused, expecting something lively and humorous. The composer himself said the opera was a brilliant failure. "The style is not good opera style—it lacks movement and breadth." The next year he wrote to his friend Mme. von Meck: "What agony I have had to go through during the performance of my operas, more especially 'Vakoula.'" When he heard "Vakoula" at Petrograd in 1878 he was angry with himself. "Good Lord! What heaps of unpardonable mistakes there are in this opera which I alone could have made!" He wrote in detail of his errors. A year later he said that in this opera he gave the audience no repose, he set too many heavy dishes before it.

It was in 1885 that he gave the name "Cherevichek" to the revised "Vakoula," for there were other "Vakoulas." He wrote to the singer Emilie Pavlovskaya that he always saw her as the heroine: "So you dwell in my company without suspecting it."

The new version, entitled "Les Caprices d'Oxane," took place at Moscow on Jan. 31, 1887. The opera was brilliantly successful. Tchaikovsky conducted. In 1890 he wrote to Jurgensen, the publisher: "I fully believe it will come to have a place in the repertory, and regard it, musically speaking, as my best operatic work."

"CHRISTMAS EVE"

The story of this opera with several names is as follows:

On a moon-lighted Christmas eve the witch Solokha and the Devil decide to

fly off together. The Devil sings of his hatred towards Vakoula, the Smith, because the latter drew a caricature of him on a church wall. He invokes a snow storm, and with Solokha flies off, stealing the moon and stars so that the village is in darkness. Vakoula is courting the daughter of Choub, the Cossack. Choub going to supper with the sacristan, loses his way in the darkness, wanders about and finds himself at his own hut. Vakoula takes him for a rival and drives him away.

Act II. The witch adorns herself in her hut. The Devil comes out of the stove and makes love to her. They dance the Hopak. A knock is heard, so the Devil hides himself in an empty sack. The Headman comes in. Another knock, and as he does not wish to be found there, he hides in another sack, the same thing with the Sacristan. Finally Choub enters and he seeks refuge, hearing a fourth knock, in still another sack. Vakoula comes in; he is so in love, despairing of winning the girl, that he carries off the sacks. Villagers are singing Christmas carols in the street. The moon has returned to its place. Oxana teases Vakoula and says she will marry him if he will bring her the Tsaritsa's shoes. Vakoula, angry, goes away, taking the sack with the Devil. The other sacks he leaves in the road. The children look into them and find the Headman, the Sacristan and Choub.

Act III. Vakoula is about to drown himself. The Devil in the sack offers to give him Oxana in exchange for his soul. Vakoula consents. The Devil lets him go for a moment. Vakoula seizes him and makes him promise to take him to the Tsaritsa. A room in the palace at Petrograd. The herald announces a victory of the Russian army. Cossacks summoned before the Tsar dance a Hopak. Vakoula begs for the Tsaritsa's shoes and obtains them. The Devil takes him back to his village. It is Christmas morning. Oxana is weeping for the loss of Vakoula. He gives her the shoes and she consents to wed him.

TCHAIKOVSKY'S SUFFERINGS

"Mazeppa," an opera in three acts, music by Tchaikovsky, will be performed on Thursday night.

Let no one expect to see Mazeppa tied to the back of a fiery, untrained steed, "a Tartar of the Ukraine breed." The horse plays no part in this opera.

Tchaikovsky received from Davidov, who was then director of the Petrograd Conservatory, the libretto based by Bourenin on Pushkin's poem "Poltava." This was about 1881. He wrote a few scenes, but as the libretto did not please him much he put it aside. Not finding another libretto that suited him, he took up "Mazeppa" again and was carried away by Pushkin's poem. He then set to work on the scene between Marla and Mazeppa, which is taken unchanged from Pushkin's text. He wrote in 1882: "I am not much drawn to the characters—I continued to work on the opera because I have begun." He wrote again to Mme. von Meck: "Never has any important work given me such trouble as this opera. Perhaps it is the decadence of my powers, or have I become more severe in self-judgment? . . . I think—if God grants me a long life—I shall never again compose an opera. I do not say with you and many others, that opera is an inferior form of musical art. On

the contrary, uniting as it does so many elements which all serve the same end, it is perhaps the richest of musical forms. I think, however, that personally I am more inclined to symphonic music, at least I feel more free and independent when I have not to submit to the requirements and conditions of the stage."

In 1883 he was vexed because the publisher proposed a small remuneration for "Mazeppa." Tchaikovsky valued it at a sum equivalent to \$1200.

Petrograd and Moscow were contending for the new opera. A scenic artist was sent from Petrograd to Little Russia to study on the spot the moonlight effect in the last act.

The first performance was at Moscow, Feb. 15, 1884. No opera there had ever been so brilliantly staged. The performance was not brilliant. Some of the singers had no voices, those who had voices lacked musical and histrionic training. Only the chorus was excellent. Tchaikovsky wrote to Mme. Pavlovskaya, who took the part of Marla, addressing her as "dear and superb," thanking her for her indescribably beautiful performance.

The first performance at Petrograd was on Feb. 19, 1884. There was only a success d'estime. The performance of the chief parts was not effective, but the staging and costumes outshone those at Moscow. Tchaikovsky suffered—he was then in Paris—"as though some dreadful catastrophe had taken place." But the

Tsar was interested in the opera, commanded a performance of "Eugene Onegin," his favorite opera. Tchaikovsky was presented to him. So upset before the meeting that he had to take several strong doses of bromide, but the Tsar was most friendly. "I think it is only necessary to look into the Tsar's eyes, in order to remain forever his most loyal adherent, for it is difficult to express in words all the charm and sympathy of his manner." Tchaikovsky learned that the audiences were really pleased with the opera, that the critics, "who unanimously strove to drag my poor opera through the mire, were not expressing the universal opinion."

"MAZEPPA"

This is the story of Tchaikovsky's "Mazeppa."

Act. I. Maria, the daughter of Kochoubey, parting with girl friends sings of her love for Mazeppa, her father's guest. Andrew, a young Cossack, in love with her, comes in, knowing her passion for Mazeppa. The latter asks Kochoubey's consent for his daughter's hand. Songs and dances during the discussion. Mazeppa hints that Maria cannot marry another, whereupon the enraged father orders him to leave the house. Before he goes, Maria confesses that she loves him more than her parents. Second scene. Maria has fled with Mazeppa. The father promises, at his wife's entreaties, to denounce Mazeppa to the Tsar. Andrew undertakes to carry the denunciation.

Act. II. Kochoubey is in a castle dungeon, for Mazeppa had forestalled and impeached him. Kochoubey is confronted with Orlik, Mazeppa's tool. Scene second. Mazeppa has ordered the execution of Kochoubey. Maria enters, still in love, not knowing how cruel and treacherous Mazeppa is. Her mother informs her of the execution. They rush out in hope of saving Kochoubey. Scene three. The place of execution. A crowd has gathered. Dance by a drunken Cossack. Maria and her mother arrive at the moment when the axe falls.

Act. III. Symphonic sketch. "The Battle of Poltava." He deserted garden and house of the Kochoubey's. Andrew appears. In the battle he strove to meet Mazeppa and kill him. Now he wishes to see for the last time the place where he and Maria were happy as children. Enter Mazeppa and Orlik. Andrew reproaches bitterly Mazeppa for the misery he has brought on Maria. They fight. Andrew is mortally wounded. Maria, who has lost her reason, appears. Mazeppa orders her to follow him. She refuses; he leaves her to her fate. Seeing Andrew she hardly recognizes him, taking him in her arms she sings him to sleep. The peasants, attracted by the fight, arrive on the scene. Maria throws herself into the river.

A FAVORITE STAGE CHARACTER

The story of Mazeppa has been a theme for poets, novelists, dramatists, painters and composers. Byron's poem was completed in 1818. Mazeppa is the central figure of Pushkin's "Poltava." There are also dramas by Skowachi, Gottschall, Milner and others. The novel by Bulgarin and the pictures by Horace Vernet are known to many.

An entertaining article could be written on Mazeppa in the theatre. W. R. Derr took the part in a melodrama in New York in 1834. Among other men to play the part were Fitzgerald, Harris, Judah. It is said that Charlotte Cramp-ton, an accomplished and versatile actress (1816-75), not content with acting Richard III, Iago, Shylock, Hamlet, was the first woman to play Mazeppa with her trained horses, Alexander and Black Eaglo, at the Chatham Theatre, New York, Jan. 3, 1859. Other women followed her example, among them Addie Anderson, Fanny Louise Buckingham, Kate Fisher, Maude Forrester, Leo Hudson, Kate Raymond, Kate Vance, Lizzie Wood, but the most famous of them all was the remarkable woman, Adah Isaacs Menken, who played Mazeppa for the first time at the Green Street Theatre, Albany, on June 7, 1861. Helene Smith took the part in a spectacular extravaganza at the Bowery Theatre, New York, in 1873.

C. W. Taylor's burlesque, "Mazeppa the Second, or The Wild Horse of Williamsburg," was performed in New York in 1854. H. J. Byron's burlesque, "Mazeppa, or The Fiery Untamed Rocking-horse," was first played in this country at Tripler hall, Jan. 7, 1861, with Joseph Jefferson as Mazeppa. The burlesque was played for the George Holland fund, Jan. 19, 1871. There was an equestrian burlesque in which C. White took the part of Mazeppa under the assumed name of Satinette. There have been ballets, pantomimes and circus acts entitled "Mazeppa."

Among the musical works incited by the story of Mazeppa are operas by

Campana (Bologna, 1850), Wietinghoff (St. Petersburg, 1859), Pedrotti (Bologna, 1861), Tchaikovsky (Moscow, 1884), the Marquise de Grandval (Bordeaux, 1892), Munchelmer (composed in the eighties of the last century, and produced at Warsaw in 1900.)

J. M. Maurer wrote the music for a melodrama (Bamberg, 1837). There is an opera-bouffe "Mazeppa," music by Pourny (Paris, 1872); a cantata by Pouget (Paris, 1873); a Ballade for orchestra by T. H. Frewin (London, 1896.)

An opera by Milliet was composed about 1875, but we find no record of a performance.

Then there is Liszt's tone poem for orchestra; also piano piece.

"A NIGHT OF LOVE"

Valentinov's "Night of Love" will be performed on Saturday evening. We are told that the composer, now living in Petrograd, enjoys a reputation for writing agreeable operettas; that "A Night of Love" is a light and amusing work, containing parodies on familiar operas.

"THE QUEEN OF SPADES"

Apropos of "Pique Dame" (The Queen of Spades) performed last week.

An opera "La Dame Pique," music by Halevy, was produced at the Opera Comique, Paris, on December 28, 1850.

Scribe based his libretto on Pushkin's story, but how? No one would recognize Pushkin's tale, "A Queen of Spades," on a family's escutcheon; a compact long ago with the devil; a charming girl disguised as a humpbacked and limping princess, debts of 300,000 roubles, attempts to steal the secret of the winning cards, in a mine where Nevilov is a convict owing to base intrigues, no murder of a countess, no ghost, and the niece of the princess, throwing off her disguise which she had assumed to escape the anger of the Tsar, weds the irreproachable and freed Nedidov. The opera, though it had a brilliant opening, did not live long.

It may be remembered that in Pushkin's story Hermann does not kill himself; he goes mad, and in the asylum keeps repeating, "Three! Seven. Ace!—Three! Seven—Queen." As for Liza, she marries an amiable and highly respectable youth who has a good position.

THE TWO EDDINGERS

Thanks to the courtesy of Mr. Quincy Kilby, The Herald publishes today a portrait of Mr. Wallace Eddinger as he appeared as Dick, the angel child in "The Soudan" at the Boston Theatre early in the fall of 1890. His father Lawrence Eddinger was in the cast of that once famous melodrama of Pettit and Harris, which had been brought out as "Human Nature" at the Drury Lane Theatre in 1855.

But this was not Mr. Eddinger's first appearance on the stage. Born in Albany, N. Y., on July 14, 1881, he first went on the stage as a child at the People's Theatre, New York, June 11, 1888, as Joey in "Among the Pines," and he played Cedric in "Little Lord Fauntleroy," Florry in "Philip Herne" and Johnny in "Master and Man," before he was in "The Soudan."

Eben Plympton, R. F. McClannin and Louise Eldridge were among those with young Eddinger in "Among the Pines."

When Mr. Eddinger was born in Albany, his father was a member of the stock company at the Leland Opera House, which was managed successfully by Rosa Leland.

SUTRO'S NEW PLAY

(From the Manchester (Eng.) Guardian) "The Laughing Lady," by Alfred Sutro, was produced at the Globe Theatre, London, Nov. 16.

It is "British school." You pick up the program and before the curtain has risen you have got the hang of things. There are, excluding the servants, eight characters. Three of them have titles; another is a K. C. The scene is Mayfair, and it has been built by the Barker family. The dresses are by Worth (why, by the way, are the gentlemen's tailors never mentioned?). You know where you are. The characters will all be over the super-tax line. They will move

gracefully amid elegant but not ostensibly comfortable furniture. Sunshine will pour through the windows. There will be no fogs, colds, poverty, hard work or shabby, clumsy folk. But these handsome creatures, equipped with the latest fashions and with epigrams not quite so recent, will devote themselves to matrimonial complications with the same dogged obstinacy which their poorer fellow-countrymen apply publicly to the spotting of winners as they read the midday specials against the walls of public houses.

And so it turns out "British school"

from Sir Hector, the soldier, and Sir Harrison, the profiteer, down to Ellis, manservant, and Rose, the maid. We are back at the St. James or Criterion Theatres of 20 years ago, watching the comfortable class muddling its comfort away owing to its extraordinary inability to manage its married life, and yet finally (for plays must be ended) muddling through.

But one must be more explicit. Lady Marjorie Colladine, whose name alone sets the British stamp upon the piece, has married in Sir Hector Colladine, Bart., D. S. O., a fairly perfect ass. She is a laughing lady and given to innocent but badly stage-managed flirtation. Her husband has her watched and, by a certain folly at Folkestone, she hands the detectives her character. Lady Marjorie fights a cause celebre and is flayed in court by Daniel Farr, K. C. The result is a decree against Lady Marjorie, who on the same evening meets Daniel at dinner and finds out that the hearts of dreadful K.C.'s can be speared as easily after dining as the hearts of undergraduates in Elights week. But there is Daniel's wife, Daniel's family, Daniel's name and work. He would fling them aside and go to South America. But the laughing lady sees Daniel's wife and thinks of Daniel's work, and stops laughing to make the great renunciation on which the curtain falls. She has shaken off soldier and barrister. What will it be next—tinker or tailor, or even a nun? We do not know. And perhaps we do not very much care. She has laughed her girlish laughter and shed her girlish tears over three acts. There are limits to one's enjoyment of April weather.

Still, April within its proper boundaries is delightful, and there are some really gay bursts of sunshine to enjoy. There was a particularly amusing Mayfair kitten, played with exquisitely pointed malice by Miss Edith Evans, whose gambols on the roofs of scandal would alone make the play worth while. There are good sayings, too, and good draughtsmanship; the British school guarantees you that, as it also guarantees good acting. Add to Miss Evans's high spirits the blended suavity and passion of Mr. Godfrey Tearle as Daniel, the austere dignity of Miss Violet Vanbrugh as Daniel's wife, and the April moods of Miss Marie Lohr as the laughing and leading lady, and you have a handsome exhibition of the British school.

"HELP A SHIPWRECKED BROTHER"

To the Editor of The Herald:

B. W. asked the editor of As the World Wags about a song, "Then give what you can with a generous hand," sung at the Old Howard 40 odd years ago. One verse went, as I remember: There are many good sayings I've heard in my time,

And some I believe to be true, But the one I will mention today in my rhyme

Is one that is well known to you. If you meet a man that is down in the world

And assistance you can't give him any,

Remember that many can always help one

Where one cannot always help many. Salem. H. G. H.

To the Editor of The Herald:

I heard the song sung by a circus clown, if I remember right, when I was a boy, and the memory of it lingers with me. It ran as follows:

If you meet a man who is down in the world,

And assistance you can't give him any—

Remember though many can always help one,

That one cannot always help many.

Then give what you can to those in distress,

Though it be but a dime or a penny: Remember though many can always help one,

That one cannot always help many.

I haven't the slightest recollection of any other verse.

EARNEST A. JOHNSON.

Bath, Me.

Mr. J. W. Palmer of Jamaica Plain remembers the chorus of a song "very popular in England about 1875":

"Do what you can for a man in distress. Let it be a pound or a penny;

For many can help one, I've heard people say.

Where one cannot always help many."

A SONG OF MINSTREL MEN

(From the Boston Herald)

I sing a song of minstrel men, Who entertained us long ago.

The Morris Brothers flourished then, Whom everybody used to know;

The Buckleys, Bishop, Swayne and Fred;

The Bryants, Jerry, Neil and Dan; Birch, Wambold, Backus, long since dead.

Produce their equals if you can.

George Thatcher, Primrose, Billy West, Luke Schoolcraft, and his partner Coes, Milt Barlow, Wilson and the rest— You don't see many men like those.

McAndrews, McIntyre and Heath, Cool Burgess, Sheridan and Mack, Eph Horn, the Welling Brothers and Freeth. How vividly they all come back!

Low Benedict, the first Big Four, Three Rankins, Will and Carl and Rit, The Daly Brothers, now no more, Sam Sharpley, famous for his wit, Wood, Beasley and the Western two, Sam Lucas, Mackintosh, Kersands, Dockstader, brainy, funny Lew, Hank White, who owned the one-night stands.

When Dick Jose sang like a bird, "With All Her Faults I Love Her Still," His equal we had never heard, And what is more, we never will. And say, could Barney Fagan dance? Did Billy Emerson have style? Was Frank McNish a star perchance? Or Carroll Johnson? I should smile.

Chuck Atkinson, the peerless Bones, Pete Lee, unrivaled Tamhourine. We find them on no graphophones, Nor Shorey, Carle, Duprez and Green. The banjoists we used to hear, Like Billy Carter, E. M. Hall, Old Andy Leavitt, Sam Devere. I wish I'd time to name them all.

Name after name comes trooping back, Like Bloodgood, Johnny Wild, Bob Hart, Rice, Bobby Newcomb, Little Mac— There seems no end when once you start.

When I have reached the Promised Land,

I hope I'll see them all again, United in one mighty band,

Those dear old burnt-cork minstrel men. Brookline. QUINCY KILBY

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY—Symphony Hall, 3:30 P. M., Mr. Chaplin, Russian singer. St. James Theatre, 2:30 P. M. People's Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Mollenhauer, conductor.

MONDAY—Symphony Hall, 8:15 P. M. First extra concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Monteux, conductor.

THURSDAY—Symphony Hall, 8:15 P. M. Concert of the Harvard Glee Club, Dr. Davison, conductor.

FRIDAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M. Eighth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Monteux, conductor.

SATURDAY—Jordan Hall, 8 P. M. Ernest Hutcheson will play music by Chopin. Fantaisie op. 49, Ballade in F-major; Preludes op. 28, Nos. 20, 23, 21, 22, 3, 6, 7, 10 and 16; Nocturne in F-sharp minor; Scherzo in B-minor; Valse in E-minor; Mazurkas, op. 32, No. 1 and 2, op. 68, No. 2; Etudes, op. 10, No. 3; op. 25, Nos. 6, 8, 7 and 11.

Steiner Hall, 3 P. M. Piano recital by Cecile de Horvath.

LOWRIE RECITAL

Yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall Adrienne Lowrie, soprano, gave a song recital, with the help of Harry Whittemore, accompanist. Miss Lowrie sang "Pur d'icestl," an old Italian song. "Separazione," edited by Sgambati; Haydn's "My Mother Bids Me Bind My Hair" and Handel's "Come and trip it"; the "Ave Maria" from Bruch's "Cross of Fire"; Fourdrin's "La Belle au Bois Dormant," the Chausson setting of "L'Heure Exquise," "L'Oiseau Bleu" by Jacques Dalcroze, and Lia's air from Debussy's "L'Enfant Prodigue"; and, in English, Horsemans' "You are the evening cloud," Cyril Scott's "Blackbird's Song," "The Dandelion Fluff" by Thomas E. Perkins, Winter Watts's "Wings of Night" and "Take Joy Home" by Carolyn Wells Bassett.

Miss Lowrie is evidently a singer who has studied seriously. Blessed with a voice of beautiful quality in the medium register, she allows its low tones, nevertheless, to take on a curiously small, childish character, and to its upper range she does not always give the body which would prove available if her breath control were more secure. An admirably smooth legato Miss Lowrie has achieved, though for it she appears to have paid the high (and unnecessary) price of sacrificing most of her consonants; if for a space of time she would devote much attention to the proper enunciation of those same consonants, she would add bright color to her voice as well as clarity to her diction. Miss Lowrie might also to advantage spend time in learning to differentiate her songs more markedly. Though there was not a song yesterday she did not sing in a way to show she knew how it should be sung, she sang them all too much in a single vein, a placid vein, to allow of their proving effective. By her previous study Miss Lowrie has accomplished much; the much that is left for her still to do cannot lie beyond her capabilities.

Mr. Whittemore played some very beautiful accompaniments, above all, that to the lovely Chausson song. In the two big airs he showed how adequately a pianist may furnish a sonor-

is and colorful substitute for orchestral accompaniment if only he knows how to set about it and is willing to take the necessary pains. R. R. G.

EUGEN ONEGIN

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—First performance in Boston of "Eugen Oegin," opera in three acts. Music by Pchailkovsky. Libretto freely arranged by the composer and K. S. Shilovsky from Pushkin's romance in verse.

Madam Larina.....Varvara Loseva
Tatiana.....Marie Mashin
Olga.....Emma Mirovitch
Filipievna.....Valja Balentinova
Eugen Oegin.....Vladimir Radeev
Llenski.....Vladimir Busanowski
Prince Gremin.....Nikolai Karlash
Princess.....Piotr Kozlov
A Captain.....Avram Ardatov
Sergei.....Sergei Anfinov

Tchailkovsky owed the idea of this opera to Madame Lavrovsky, a famous singer of her day. He went to work with zest, and wrote to his brother: "How delightful to avoid the commonplace Pharaohs, Ethiopian princesses, poisoned cups, and all the rest of these doll's tales." Yet his brother warned him that the story lacked scenic effect and action. How simple the story! Eugen meets Tatiana; she falls madly in love with him and declares her passion in a letter. Eugen tells her he has neither time nor inclination for love; that she should learn to control her emotions. A ball is given on her birthday. Eugen flirts with Tatiana's sister Olga, whose betrothed, Llenski, Eugen's friend, becomes jealous and challenges him. Llenski in the duel is killed. Years pass. Eugen, restless and jaded, meets Tatiana in her palace in Petrograd, for she has married a prince. He falls in love with her, tempts her, but she, still loving him, is faithful to her husband. He again goes out into the world, feeling his life has been wasted.

Tchailkovsky thought that this opera should be for a small theatre with a modest setting. He despaired of finding singers to satisfy him. His opera should be called "lyric scenes" he said. So he was satisfied when "Eugen Oegin" was produced by the students of the Moscow Conservatory in the Small Theatre in 1879. The reception was rather cool; partly owing to the necessarily poor performance. In spite of the fact that libretto and music lack dramatic incidents the opera grew to be popular.

"Lyric scenes" instead of opera as it is generally understood. As in other operas by Tchailkovsky, while he was not a man of the theatre, there is charming music; the Letter aria and Llenski's air are the pages best known; the ball music has a certain brilliance; but the opera might as well be given in concert form. Of course capable singers are required; and singing is not the strong point of this wandering Russian Opera Company as a whole. Last night as on previous occasions, the feature of the performance was the spontaneity in action, the desire to carry out in every way the intentions of librettists and composer without thought of self-glorification.

The parts were all well taken, Miss Mashir making a particularly charming Tatiana who sang prettily and effectively, especially in the "Letter Song." Mr. Radeev as the dignified gallant and Mr. Busanowski as his friend and later his rival entered wholeheartedly into the spirit of the opera. There was very little over-acting by any of the characters and the simplicity of the story was maintained throughout the performance.

They are publishing a sumptuous edition of Herman Melville's works, too sumptuous for the true and tried lover of Melville for 40 years. He resents the appearance of an illustrated "Moby Dick," for who can outdo Melville's verbal portrayal of Capt. Ahab, Starbuck, Stubb, Flask, the harpooners, not to mention Bill and Capt. Peleg. Better the old thumbed, battered volumes standing in a row, from "Typee" to "The Confidence Man."

A man told us yesterday with exceedingly gle that he had recently procured a copy of "Mardi." He did not say whether in the sumptuous edition or the two volumes published in 1849. But is this man worthy of "Mardi"? Will he appreciate the satire? Beginning as a capital sea tale, the book slowly turns into a fantastical description of the world, and the crawling and strutting things thereon.

Will our friend read intelligently the pages about Dominora with its white cliffs; Kaleedoni, where the people bare the knee "in token that it was honorable as the face, since it had never been bent"; Verdanna, whose "worst evils are her own"?

Media asks: "Mohi, tell me if, save one lucid interval, Verdanna, while in-

dependent of Dominora, ever discreetly conducted her affairs? Was she not always full of fights and factions? Did not her own chief, Dermoddi, fly to Bello's ancestor for protection against his own seditious subjects?"

"Bello but holds lunatic Verdanna's lands in trust.

"And may the guardian of an estate also hold custody of the ward, my lord?"

"Ay, if he can. What can be done, may be; that's the creed of demi-gods." Pray, Mr. Johnson, what country could Melville have possibly had "in mind when he wrote thus of Verdanna?"

BALLADE TO THE LEAGUE FOR MAKING VIRTUE ODIUS

Be not righteous over much; neither make thyself overwise: why shouldst thou destroy thyself? Ecclesiastes, v. 11, 16.

Hear me now for my good lay—
O canting Pharisees and cheating—
It is meet that men should pray
Since that life is frail and fleeting,
Yet on shining days and fleeting,
Lest ye lose the human touch,
Joy in drinking and in eating—
Be not righteous overmuch.

Dance while yet the time is May,
Forms are fair and hearts are beating,
When the Piper claims his pay
Turn ye then from swain and sweetening,
Soon, beside the fire, entreating—
Hands grown old shall claw and clutch
All in vain for youth's completing—
Be not righteous overmuch.

"Drink no longer water"—yea,
These be words that bear repeating—
"Drink no longer water"—nay,
Once in Cana there was treating,
With a glorious wine and heating,
To a board of saints and such,
Bridal toast and merry greeting—
Be not righteous overmuch.

ENVOY

From the grave there's no retreating,
Death guards well the wormy hutch,
Never parting more nor meeting—
Be not righteous overmuch.
—The King of the Black Isles.

SPEED THE PARTING

As the World Wags:
"How may the host gently convey to the guest that he has had enough?"
Question asked by "H. O. H."
"Once this was done in a very happy fashion: the host turned to his wife in the midst of an awkward silence and gently said, 'Mary, it's time to put out the dog.'"
Strange that neither The Herald nor "H. O. H." did not hear of this.
Brighton. P. F. TRACY.

YOU HAVE SAID IT

As the World Wags:
When we read of James Cash Penney, head of the Golden Rule Stores, taking out \$3,000,000 of life insurance, does it not seem to you like bringing coals to Newcastle?
Boston. P. M. B.

TIGHTENING UP

As the World Wags:
Prohibition Commissioner Haynes in urging a House appropriations committee to loosen up \$9,000,000 for prohibition enforcement for the coming year, stated that "there is a general disposition to tighten up" now current. Although the commissioner seems to have intended to limit the scope of his comment to the action of courts, which he says are becoming more "sympathetic," and in this sweet sympathy inflicting heavier jail sentences and fines, thus increasing the overhead of the national industry of bootlegging by so much when economy is the watchword of every other branch of the administration, there is no doubt that the observation is correct in a thoroughly general way.

If the courts are tightening up, so are the members of the bar, "doctors, lawyers, Indian chiefs, rich men, poor men, beggar men, thieves," all getting tighter likewise. Whether the approach of Christmas and the holidays with the natural, increasing, uplifting, outpouring of the Christmas spirit is not the cause of this it is impossible to say as yet, but if the disposition to tighten up keeps on at the present rate there will be many years of precedent for the conclusion that it is. And yet how can one American citizen wish a Happy New Year to another, knowing that \$9,000,000 of which he has been mulcted in taxes may be spent for the enforcement of prohibition during the course of it?

AND A GOOD JUDGE, TOO

As to the tightening up of courts, it is recorded that in the early days of the republic it was the custom for the justices of the supreme court to dine together when assembled for conference on decisions to be rendered, and that on rainy afternoons a special brand of old port would be served, as lubricant

for continued discussion and preventive against the dampness of the air. There came a dry time, as now, but by natural, not legislative causation. No storm, no port, and the unlubricated justices grew restive in their robes. Up rose John Marshall, and going to a window, scanned the heavens for a cloud the size of a man's hand. He saw none. Then functioned that great mind as it did at times seemingly by revelation. "The jurisdiction of this court," he said, "extends over the whole wide territory of the United States. Somewhere within that territory it is raining. We will take judicial notice of that fact. Let the port be served." I am not sure

whether ex-nisi Senator Beveridge tells this in his life of Marshall or not.
Amherst. ABEL ADAMS.

IN SUNNY ITALY

As the World Wags:
History repeats itself and Mussolini recalls Browning's "Protus":
"Here's John the Smith's rough-hammered head. Great eye,
Gross jaw and gripped lips do what granite can
To give you the crown-grasper. What a man!"
Boston. W. S. BIGELOW.

As the World Wags:
The verdict in Dorrit's favor reminds me of the old lines:
He who loves and runs away
Leaves a terrible bill for dad to pay.
Reading. BEN HART.

THE ITALIAN

(For As the World Wags)
You, builder of street and home and mill,
Man, eager for toll of rugged frame,
Of effort so sure to master skill,
What have you brought from your land of fame,
From the old home of great thought, of art
In paint and stone? Man, termed by fop
And clod and toller of wealth ruled mart
But dago, guinnie, and sometimes wop!
Such glory holds the land of your race:
Angelo's, Dante's, Saint Thomas' land
In thought supreme is its strength and grace.
It is the triumph Columbus planned.
Bring you not from the land of your birth
For future effort to soar to the top?
Fall ye, Italian, to know your worth!
Who in scorn call dago, guinnie, wop?
Marblehead. PHILIP McCAIGUE.

CHAI LAPIN

At his concert yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall, Feodor Chailapin, the Russian bass, had the assistance of Max Rabinowitch, pianist, and Nicholas Levenne, cellist, who each performed to the content of the vast audience. Mr. Chailapin sang in Italian Leporello's "Catalogue" air from "Don Giovanni" and Beethoven's "In questa tomba." In Russian he sang Schumann's "The Two Grenadiers," "The Old Corporal" and "We Parted Haughtily" by Dargomizhsky, "When the king went forth to war," a stirring song by Koeneman; "O could I but express in song" by Malashkin, Moussorgsky's "Song of the Flea," a ballad by Rubinstein, the Volga boat song, and an air from Rachmaninoff's opera "Aleho." Doubtless there were more songs still. The occasion was one of wild enthusiasm, a striking demonstration of the high place Russians have accorded their fellow-countryman.

It is no easy task, nevertheless, for a person hearing Mr. Chailapin for the first time to give people who have never heard him at all, if there still are any such, an impression of what his art is like. He has, first of all, a noble voice, large, sonorous, admirably trained, and also, for a voice of its great bulk, of an unusual flexibility. He has as well an exceedingly capable vocal technique; in short, he can sing. Mr. Chailapin, from a pianissimo that does not make throats ache in sympathy to a tremendous tone that still stays a singing tone, not a shout bawled out by force of a muscular throat.

Vocally, indeed, all Mr. Chailapin's ways yesterday were a pleasure to listen to. In other respects, however, opinions are sure to differ. Mr. Chailapin, in studying a new song, would appear to busy himself first of all with the way best to suggest the dramatic essence of the text, by means of voice inflections, accents, pauses, short or long—very long indeed if so he finds it expressive—body posturing and facial play. Then, this done, and seemingly only then, he fits in the music as best he may. The result is dramatically effective, in songs above all which are unfamiliar or which are intrinsically more dramatic than musical. That Mr. Chailapin's way, however, with Mozart, Beethoven and Schumann is the most becoming way, everybody would not assent to—even though there is no denying that for five minutes yesterday Leporello himself did stand on the stage before us!

People's Symphony Assisted by Julius Risman

The People's Symphony Orchestra, Emil Mollenhauer conductor, gave its eighth concert of the season in the St. James Theatre yesterday afternoon. Julius Risman of Boston, violinist, was soloist.

The program was as follows: Schubert, overture, "Rosamond," Op. 26; Johan Strauss, waltz, "Aus dem Bergen," Caesar Franck, symphony in D minor. Mr. Risman played Bruch's Concerto in D minor, Op. 44.

There was hearty applause for every orchestral number, especially the Strauss waltz.

Mr. Risman, in spite of his youth, played with remarkable ease, smoothness, assurance and well sustained clarity of tone. The audience accorded him an outburst of applause that was well merited.

The orchestra will give no concert next Sunday afternoon.

Of late we have read verses about December from Spenser to Nora Hopper, published in various newspapers, chiefly in glorification of the month.

In the seventies of the last century there was a poet who was on the staff of the New Haven (Ct.) Register. As a rule he wrote in melancholy, pessimistic vein. It was evident that he had been metrically influenced by Swinburne. In private life—his name was Root—he was a comparatively cheerful person to meet at the shrine of Gambrinus. His poetry, however, was not beery; he had fancy and a command of words; he shunned the commonplace. At times he would write in a light vein. We always liked his

ODE TO DECEMBER

No more the incisive bite,
Mixed with the infernal midnight monotone,
The emphatic scratching of the match to light
The gas, and find the attenuate horror flown.

No more the odorous breath
Of summer nights that, every time it blows,
Suggests, not Araby, but shapes of death,
As every member of our health board knows.

No more the industrious fly,
The mosquito's morning supplement, to map
The upturned face with exquisite agony,
Of him who loves his early morning nap.

But days of quiet peace:
The stove pipe cometh to the front again,
Its anxious joints slip into place like grease,
And blasphemy sleeps on the lips of men.

The patient plumber sees
The full fruition of his summer's dream;
Again the clothier flingeth to the breeze
His garments false of wool and frail of seam;

Whereat the coal man smiles,
And rubs his hands, and sayeth, "Even so
My harvest cometh." And his hours beguiles
With chants and pious psalms in praise of snow.

And we, in joy profound,
Just hibernate, unmindful of our cares;
Oblivious that the coal man doth abound,
Forgetful of the plumber man downstairs.

ADD "RAILROAD NEWS"

As the World Wags:
During the recent railroad strike, a freight engineer on one of the stiff grades of the Rocky mountain foothills had a green and very fresh brakeman in charge of the rear brakes of his train, which pulled and tugged up the long incline, puffing, screeching, making an unusual rumpus. The top was finally reached and the train rested for a moment to cool off. The rear brakeman walked up to the engineer, who said sociably: "She took it hard, didn't she?" "You bet," said the verdant one, "and if I hadn't had the rear brakes on, she'd have slid backwards."

J. P. TABLEAU.

STERNLY LOGICAL

As the World Wags:
I noticed an item in The Herald to the effect that the better the law the worse the man that breaks it.

Conversely. The worse the law the better the man that breaks it. That seems good logic. As for the prohibitory law, it should be broken at every possible opportunity. Conscience not only should approve but applaud and put a beautiful rainbow in one's soul on every occasion.

GEORGE WHANG.

The following advertisement pleases us:

A NEW ENGLAND GENTLEMAN

He is particular, temperamentally and fundamentally; and gets this from his clear observation and balanced thinking.

So our style-eye toward his business dress prefers tasteful fabrics and our after method confers style inconspicuously. We groom a confident appearance without obvious straining for effect.

L. R. R., to whom we are indebted for this advertisement, informs us that "Mies, the Art Tailor," was painted on a shop window in Duluth. The excellent Mr. Mies probably never thought of grooming an appearance, "confident" or shy.

THE APPLE AND THE CHILD

Our correspondent, E. J. T., thinks that the top of any object should be the top as indicated by popular speech at the time of the object's greatest utility to the public. "This is a direct consequence of the fact that all nature is subservient to us he-men."

E. J. T. considers the banana and is wise. It grows upside down during its entire career, but in fruit shops and as held preparatory to eating, the other end is up, so the stalk or bottom end is the top. "What could be more natural (as Beethoven is reported to have said when he composed a sonata in C major)." Take the case of an infant. He cannot be said to have a definite top, "since in characteristic positions its longitudinal axis is far removed from the vertical, and the mass of the infant rotates intermittently around it."

As man gradually moulds it into his own scheme of things, decks it out in trousers, and develops its inane chortling into inane speech, it comes gradually to assume normally a standard posture, i. e., with its longitudinal axis nearly vertical, and so mankind tacitly agrees that it has a definite top or top-side. But even as in the case of the very young infant, we can be fairly certain which side or region will eventually be the top, and we do in fact treat it as such from the beginning, so in the case of a very young apple we should still call the stem end the top, whatever its actual position. To be consistent we must consider the top of the apple blossom to be the bottom side.

"I do not claim to be infallible. I wish only to add my feeble beam to the spotlight thrown by more brilliant contributors on this most perplexing subject."

IN PRAISE OF CHEESE

(For As the World Wags.)

Cheese and its glories I sing,
Be it Edam or piquant Gruyere,
Neufchatel white,
Parmesan bright,
Or creamy (pas trop!) Camembert!

Limburger pleases at times;
Rouquefort (sans smell!) doth entrance
Smooth old Romagnol,
Dry Povalone,
Vie with ce cher Liederkranz!

Leave Gorgonzola unsung?
Not while these lungs can still wheeze!
Shefford or Swiss,
With biscuit—what bliss!

Three toasts and a cracker for cheese!
HAROLD WILLARD GLEASON.
Hartford, Ct.

'CHRISTMAS EVE'

By PHILIP HALE

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—First performance in Boston of "Christmas Eve," better known as "Les Caprices d'Oxane," opera in three acts, libretto based by J. Polonsky on a tale of Gogol; music by Tchaikovsky. Performed by the Russian Opera Company. Conductor, Mr. Vasilev.

Wakula, a Young Blacksmith, Nikolai Busanovski
Tschub, an old Cossack, Sergei Andonov
The Mayor, Tschub's Godfather, David Tulinov
The Devil, Gabriel Hranovsky
Scolocka, Wakula's Mother (a witch), Vava Valentinova
Oxana, Tschub's Daughter, Nina Gussieva
The Schoolmaster, Piotr Koslov
The Czar, Max Panteleev
The Marshal, Master of Ceremonies, Groshev

A Guard, Boris Godunov
A Zaporoga, an old Cossack, Boris Godunov

This opera, amusing and delightful, shows the lighter side of Tchaikovsky's nature. The music for the comedy and

for the more serious episodes is fresh and melodious, with instrumentation discreetly effective and often beautiful.

The story was told in The Herald of last Sunday: a story of a fair witch courted by four lovers, one of them the gray-hearted Devil, who are disposed of in a scene that recalls a tale in the "Decameron," likewise one in the "1000 Nights and a Night"; a story of the capricious, coquettish Oxana who will not wed Wakula unless he brings to her the slippers of the Czarina, which he does through the aid of the Devil.

Tchaikovsky's music is illustrative of the scenes and of the characters. The first scene has the light touch, the sparkle found in Auber's better operas. How finely the different lovers of Scolocka, the witch, are portrayed in tones, especially the schoolmaster! The grief of the blacksmith finds patriotic strains, the melancholy peculiar to Tchaikovsky, while the flirtations nature of Oxana is admirably expressed. The chorus plays an important part, as in the Christmas song heard off stage while Oxana and the blacksmith are together; the impressive chorus, also the ensemble in a more conversational manner, at the end of the second act. These choruses were well sung; in fact, a chorus so intelligently trained is seldom heard in performances by the visiting companies from Chicago or New York. At the end of the first scene, the Devil's invocation of the snowstorm is highly dramatic. Note also the orchestral prelude to the third act. And the opera is well within the power of these Russians to give an excellent performance.

It was acted in a most spirited manner, and the singing of the principals was on a higher plane than in preceding performances we have heard. The opera and the performance deserved an audience that would have filled the house. Bostonians clamor for opera, but they will not patronize opera unless they are familiar with singers whom they have applauded, or whom they have been told they should applaud. They have no curiosity about unfamiliar operas; they have sworn eternal fidelity to the old stock repertoire including "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci."

Miss Valentinova was so beautiful a witch that it was no wonder old men and young men, and the Devil himself, were infatuated with her. She has naturally so rich and compelling a voice that it is a pity it has not been better trained. Miss Gussieva acted the part of Oxana in a spirited manner—arch, mocking, tender when she thought Wakula was not near her. She sang brilliantly and with firm control of tones, but the voice itself was hard except in the gentler measures. Mr. Busanovski's voice is manly. He sang freely, and too often directly at the audience, although he was supposed to be addressing his beloved, the disposition of an old-time Italian tenor. Mr. Hranovsky, a comedian of parts, was an ingratiating Devil. Scolocka, we hope, consented to be his wife. With him life would never be dull. The other roles were well taken. The conductor worked wonders with the small but efficient orchestra. The stage settings—especially the village in winter, the interior of the two huts, and the river scenes—were interesting, and with the costumes transported the spectator to the Russian of Gogol.

The opera tonight will be Gounod's "Faust."

Many have asked about Valentinov and the nature of his opera, "A Night of Love," which will be performed on Saturday night. We are told that he is a young composer of light operas, which are popular in Petrograd, where he lives.

"A Night of Love" is a burlesque. It utilizes dozens of familiar airs and scenes of the operatic stage, strung together in an amusing story with amazing transitions from dark tragedy to the sheerest frivolity. One scene, for example, shows Marguerite at her window. Faust is serenading her, but he is a strange Faust, clad in pajamas, bathrobe and slippers. Prompters stand behind him, coaching him. They hand him the key to her door and urge him to enter. Apparently all does not go well within, for he emerges hastily, pursued by his flying slippers. He sits down in grief and sings the Miserere from "Trovatore." Many familiar scenes are thus burlesqued."

COLONIAL THEATRE — "Orange Blossoms"

"Orange Blossoms," a comedy with music, in three acts; book by Fred De Grasse, lyrics by B. G. DeSylva, music by Victor Herbert; based on the play, "The Marriage of Kitty" (La Passerelle), and produced by Edward Royce:

Lawyer Brassac, Robert Fischer
Tillie, Queenie Smith
Octave, Denny Murray
Baron Roger Belmont, Robert Michael
Kitty, Nancy Welford
Jimmy Flynn, Hal Skelley
Helene De Vasquez, Phyllis Le Grand
Auguste, Maurel Bernardo
Ninetta, Mary Lucas

Victor Herbert returned to his own last evening. The man who wrote "Mile. Modiste" and "The Red Mill," with a dozen scores in between, who turned out "Eileen," the finest Irish operetta ever heard on the American stage, who too frequently has worked at such pressure of speed and on so many contracts at one time that his output perforce became mediocre and dull, shows his old time form in "Orange Blossoms."

Here it is apparent that he labored as easily, as deliberately as a composer of his temperament may; that he gave the book and the lyrics, in this instance equally rich in material for his musical moods, proper contemplation and satisfying musical expression. Through three acts there play upon the ear truly Herbertian humors, like "New York Is the Same Old Place," "In Hennequeville," "Why Do We Love Them?" "Every Girl Is Like a Weather Glass," "Way Out West in Jersey," and even "Orange Blossoms" itself. There are delicately wistful rhythms like "A Kiss in the Dark," or "The Lonely Nest." There are spirited choruses, sprightly dances, swelling finales, with always the right balance of strings and wind instruments. Last evening Mr. Herbert conducted in person, and the theatre orchestra, at least one of the best in Boston's playhouses, followed his baton with unflinching intelligence.

On the stage, the tale runs less smoothly. Miss Welford, promoted from the small part of a maid to the prima donna's role, abandoned at the eleventh hour by Edith Day, in New York, assumed the difficult characterization made famous years ago by Marie Tempest, carrying herself along by dint of splendid courage, nerve and no small blessing of ability. Of a type suggesting the diminutive comedienne, she elected to play in simple fashion the part of the country mouse who is led into a marriage of convenience through the contrivance of Lawyer Brassac, her god-father. She revealed little of the sparkle, the contrasts of mood, the biting wit of the woman who combats the wary worldliness of the adventurer seeking her husband's name and fortune. Her voice is not brilliant, vibrant, daring. Lacking such attributes, and perhaps well aware of their lack, Miss Welford made her appeal simply, without fraudulent attempts at the impossible. So she sang and danced and acted exactly as she is, a pretty, pleasing young woman, letter-perfect in her part, but essaying no embellishment of it of which she felt herself incapable.

Mr. Michaelis as the baron, flirting with every fresh pair of eyes he encounters, was excellent in speech, passable in song. Mr. Fischer, in the part vacated by Mr. Pat Somerset at the same hour that Miss Day left the cast, skimmed the surface of the role. More than once Mr. Skelley, with his easy humors and original antics, steadied a tottering scene or gave speed to lagging action. In this he had as first aid Miss Smith, as slangy stenographer, patter singer and dancer of ballet or rough and tumble duets. Miss Le Grand, schooled in London's best training places, the old Gaiety, was admirably cast as the scheming divorcee. The ladies and gentlemen of the ensemble in turn revealed elaborate coiffures and costumes or sang and romped with well-feigned youthful vigor.

The three sets by Norman Bel Geddes, showing Lawyer Brassac's office, and Kitty's villa and its gardens, at Cannes, were marked by dignity and, in the garden scene, by beauty. The Polret gowns worn by the ladies were remarkable for richness of texture, oddity of design. They accomplished wonders for their wearers.

W. E. G.

EXTRA CONCERT

For the first concert of the extra series Mr. Montoux arranged this program: Brahms, Symphony No. 1, C minor; Raboud, "La Procession Nocturne"; Liszt, concerto for pianoforte in E flat (soloist, Ernest Schelling); Chabrier, rhapsody, "Espana."

The audience last night, though very large, failed quite to fill Symphony hall. It seems odd that outside the constant symphony concert public there should not be a second public, eager for perhaps four or five concerts of high quality, large enough to pack the hall. But concertgoing seems, after all, to be much a matter of routine, a case of "either, or." The greater the pity.

To judge by the test of applause, the Liszt concerto gave most pleasure last night; with genuine cordiality Mr. Schelling was recalled four times. This much-played work of perennial vitality may be all things to all men. Some players see in it music of romance, of poetry, others find it dramatic to the verge of that theatricalism that calls for a ranting type of performance; a third body of pianists, the largest by far, pounce on it when they want a dazzling showpiece to display what

they can do. Mr. Schelling chose a high heroic vein, set off with patches of rather pallid virtuosity. His was an amply competent performance, but quite without the charm of Mr. Proctor's, the romantic beauty of Miss aus der Ohe's, or the dazzling brilliancy of Sofie Menter's. The loveliness of the accompaniment was done no more than justice to.

The whole concert, for the rest, was not precisely inspiring, though the rhapsody of Spain went with the rhythmic incisiveness its stirring measures demand, and beautiful playing did what it could for the gentle suavity of Mr. Raboud's singularly unsuggestive Nocturnal Procession. For the surging storm and stress and finally the splendid exaltation of the Brahms C minor symphony, Mr. Montoux seemed last night unable to reach that highest pitch of eloquence which is needful to show forth this marvellous music in full glory. The last movement, nevertheless, the audience warmly applauded.

The second concert in this second series will be given Jan. 29, with Renee Chemet, violin, as soloist. R. R. G.

ST. JAMES THEATRE—"The Ghost Between," a comedy drama in prologue and three acts by Vincent Lawrence. First time in Boston. The cast:

Dr. John Dillard, Walter Gilbert
Ethel Brooks, Eveta Nudsen
Richard Hunt, Edward Darney
Jenkins, Ralph M. Remley
Nurse, Anna Loring
Rev. Jerome Burton, Harold Cates

Vincent Lawrence, a former Boston newspaper man, is the author of the play, which served Arthur Byron with a successful vehicle on Broadway. It opens with a prologue, perhaps not absolutely necessary to the dramatic action, but nevertheless effective.

Ethel Brooks's husband is dying. A young physician has been called hurriedly to his bedside and he is trying desperately to save him. He loses the big fight and the curtain falls on the grief-stricken wife.

Two years have elapsed at the beginning of the first act.

The doctor meanwhile has been helping the young widow. She comes to him one night to pay a debt. He tells her that he loves her and she consents to marry him, but to be his wife in name only. The memory of her dead husband must stand between them. The bargain is made. Six months elapse when the second act opens. Dr. Dillard has lived up to his bargain, but his wife begins to feel as if she were beginning to forget "the ghost between." Her husband's chum, seeing her unhappy, confesses his love for her. The remaining action of the play concerns the struggle between the two men for the woman in question.

It is hard to know just how the playwright intended to treat the problem he presents. In some moments we are led up to highly dramatic scenes, only to be followed by action and dialogue in nearly farcical form. We surely have here both impossible and possible persons in highly impossible circumstances. Mr. Gilbert has the role created by Mr. Byron. He did what he could with a character that was not very well developed. He was conventional for the most part, but rose to climatic action at the close of the second act.

Mr. Darney, "the other man," had a sort of comedy-villain role. The audience, however, last evening found it hard to distinguish just when he was supposed to be funny and when he was wicked. They decided they liked the comic element and laughed heartily at some of his most dramatic bits.

Miss Nudsen, as the young widow, was attractive and her acting adequate. "The Ghost Between" is not a great play, but last evening's audience was well entertained. It has a bit of humor and pathos, and while the characters presented are scarcely real, nevertheless, last night's cast was entirely satisfactory.

KEITH'S THEATRE

The bill at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week plays a close second to the high standard set on the previous week. Last evening a large audience was unmistakably pleased.

The bill opened with a burlesque bicycle act by Bill, Genevieve and Walter, in which one of the three was missing. This may in a measure account for a loose jointed performance of unconvincing comedy that was made tolerable by some tricky manipulation of the wheel.

Bryant and Stewart amused in their flippancies and burlesquing of the saxophone and again in their dancing numbers. Bryant and Lee followed in a honeymoon sketch, in which there was a humorous fling at divorce, and there was the opportunity for the display of Mr. Lee's robust voice and Miss Cranston's pretty manner and display of lingerie.

"Yarmark," a night at the carnival, introducing a group of Russian singers, dancers and comedians, is one of the best features now playing on the circuit. The piece is a colorful spectacle, there is whirlwind action, the singers sing as musicians, and there is a solo dance offered by Theodor Stepanoff that stopped the show. The latter, in an exhibition of the technique unique of the Russian school, offers in the pirouette and in the squatting dance a performance that is new to the vaudeville goer or patron of the legitimate stage. Besides this there was a leaven of good comedy in pantomime. Nor should the entertaining "line" of D. Makarenko, who made the announcements and conducted, be omitted from mention.

Marino and Martin, in a "wop" sketch, amused with their irrepressible style and bickering, and they sang as a couple of fellows on a good time.

Thomas E. Shea, in a condensed version of "Richelleu," "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" and "The Bells," gave a nicely varied performance, and there was never the thought of the actor till he appeared in evening dress at the close of his performance.

Joe Cook, the factotum of vaudeville, billed as the headliner, returned in his sketch of last season. It included a little that might be seen in the acts of a bill of contemporaneous vaudeville. We mean, of course, in a burlesque way. The Alexanders and John Smith closed the bill in an entertaining musical act.

COPLEY THEATRE—A revival of "The Cassilis Engagement," a comedy in four acts by St. John Hankin. The cast:

Mrs. Herries.....May Edies
The Rector.....Walter Kingsford
Watson.....Charles Warburton
Lady Remenham.....Marie Hassell
Lady Mabel Venning.....Katherine Standing
Mrs. Cassilis.....Jessamine Newcombe
Footman.....Clifford Turner
Footman.....W. E. Watts
Lady Marchmont.....Catherine Willard
Geoffrey Cassilis.....Gerald Rogers
Mrs. Borridge.....Octavia Kenmore
Ethel Borridge.....Phyllis Cleveland
Dorset.....Florence Mims
Major Warrington.....E. E. Clive

"The Cassilis Engagement" above all furnishes an evening's entertainment and until the final curtain there is little time to consider whether or not there are serious faults with the play itself. It is a play of contrasts drawn sharply enough to make an amusing farce. The characters are real people and every player last evening did his or her full share to entertain.

Jessamine Newcombe as Mrs. Cassilis, the adoring mother who is determined that her son shall not marry the vulgar, pretty little London girl with whom he has become infatuated, was delightful. She is admirably suited to the part and fairly radiated charm and poise. Phyllis Cleveland as the fiancée and the cause of consternation in the society of the county played her part quite as successfully as last year, and Mr. Clive was excellent in his characterization of the dissipated old bachelor. Octavia Kenmore as the "impossible" London mother, portrayed a somewhat hackneyed form of "impossibility" in such a convincing way that she contributed considerably to the enjoyment of the evening. The other parts were all well played to bring out the amusing lines that abound in the comedy.

EDDIE NELSON AT MAJESTIC THEATRE

Eddie Nelson, remembered by Bostonians as the star in "The Last Waltz," is featured as the comedian in "Echoes of Broadway" at the Majestic Theatre this week. The book of the revue is by George Stoddard and Eddie Nelson, the music by Fred Herendeen and Fred Rich, and the combination provides an entertainment that is pleasing to the eye and ear.

The program is divided into two parts. The first is made up of the vaudeville acts and the second consists of the miniature revue, "Echoes of Broadway."

In the first part of the entertainment appear Tom Nip and Lew Fletcher in "Just Two Boys," a dancing act. Next come Evangeline and Kathleen Murray, two girls "A Little Different from the Rest." They sing and dance.

Then appear the Five Jansleys. They have one of the best acrobatic acts on the stage.

Ethel Davis follows in songs and stories and makes one of the hits of the show. She has a fine personality and succeeds in getting her offering over.

Eddie Nelson and Capt. Irving O'Hay, in "Just for a Laugh," bring the vaudeville section of the bill to a close. Their mental telepathy act is a scream.

"The Echoes of Broadway," consisting of eight scenes, completes the program. Nelson is assisted by the artists who appear in the vaudeville acts. They take part in specialties during the revue. Virginia Anno and Henry Stremel, the former a fine contralto and the latter possessing a pleasing tenor voice, render

several selections.

A scene in China, an Arabian scene and the parade of jewels stand out in the revue. The staging is beautiful throughout and the comely chorus can sing and well as dance.

acc 13 1922

Mr. Whiting in his sane entertaining column has told the story of "Petroleum v. Nasby's" hero who described his victory over an opponent. "He won by inserting his nose between his adversary's teeth and dragging him down on top of himself on the ground."

Now comes our contributor "Observer," and asks where this story is to be found in the writings of Nasby? He says if this "engaging tale" is to be found there, then Nasby was a plagiarist, for the same sort of victory was described by John Phocus in his account of the interview between himself and the editor of the San Diego Herald, published in "Phoenixiana" (1898). "We held the judge down over the press by our nose, which we had inserted between his teeth for that purpose."

If "Observer" will consult the complete works of Artemus Ward, he will find an account of a fight between a "Secesher" and Artemus that may have been suggested by John Phoenix's story of his encounter with the editor. This powerful large Secesher, "to show that he had no hard feelings again me, put his nose into my mouth. I returned the compliment by placing my stummick suddenly again his right foot. . . . By a sudden and adroit movement I placed my left eye again the Secesher's fist. . . . I hadn't bin on my feet more'n two seconds afore the ground flew up and hit me in the hed. The crowd sed it was high old sport, but I couldn't zackly see where the lature come in." (From "Thrilling Scenes in Dixie," first published as a letter, "Artemus Ward in the South. His Trials and Adventures," in Vanity Fair, N. Y., May 25, 1861.)

It is easy to shout "Plagiarism." The shout is often as rash as it is unjust. There are many instances in literature and in music where the same idea has been expressed in almost identical language when the one author's work was wholly unknown to the other.

We met "Petroleum V. Nasby" in a New York beer cellar in the fall of 1876. He had a very red nose. He was with Charles F. Briggs, who talked cynically about Poe and the former literary life in New York, also with Richardson, then on the staff of the Independent, later the esteemed professor of English literature at Dartmouth College.

THE PARAGON

(George Duncan was so much impressed, during his recent tour in America, by the thorough methods of American golfers that he is reported as declaring that "we should now have to stop playing at golf and start working at it.")

Somewhere about the fifteenth tee
The village golfer stands.
Plus fours adorn each stalwart knee.
His gloves are on his han's.
And the wretched caddy groans to see
The clubs which he commands.

His eye's stern, his face is glum
Beneath its mask of tan;
He does not play at golf like some,
But works it on a plan.
And his brow is wet with honest sweat
As befits a working man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night
You can hear him bellow "Fore!"
Eighteen men wave him on in fright
Lest they should spoil his score
And poor, weak females take to flight
When they hear his awful roar.

He goes on Sunday to the links
(He dare not miss a day).
As dusk descends he homeward slink
Arguing on his way;
And at night he lies awake and thinks
Of the game he ought to play.

Driving, approaching, holing out,
Onward through life he goes;
Each morning sees him full of beans.
Each evening hears his woes;
And the thought of a putt he missed is
Sure

To spoil his night's repose.
—Lucio in the Manchester Guardian.

OYSTERS AGAIN

The London Times, discussing various modes of cooking oysters mentions a la Poullette, a la Villeroi, a la Mornay, a la Reine. "I hate all your Frenchified fust," said an honest Englishman paraphrasing an ode of Horace.

What are known to us as "Pigs in Blankets" are to the English "Angels on Horseback."

A la Mornay:—"Oysters first poached, laid in shells, which have been lightly sauce poured over them, sprinkled with

ground cheese and butter."

At Joe Kester's table, nearly opposite the Casino on the Hill in Albany, N. Y., a venturesome stranger said "Mr. Kester, will you tell me the difference between a Boston stew and a New York stew?" To which Joe, moving his head after the fashion of a turtle, answered: "A Boston stew, son, is one in which the waiter puts his thumb."

THE CANVASE CANDIDATE

A political banner on a Ford truck gives this startling information: "For city council, LEO J. CONWAY, Boston's roughest candidate, four's exponent of 'roughed politics.'" Guess I'll vote for the G. O. P.'s more mature and God-fearing candidate. JOSEPH GUINASSO.

2 DAYS OF BOYHOOD

Did any boy in New England ever burn a match in the belief that when the flame died it would point in the direction of his best girl's house?

And if a boy walk d with his girl on the outside of the walk did any jealous rival or young suitor for the propertities shout "Cabbage" and laugh a harsh jarring laugh?

Mr. Herkimer Johnson informs us that he has no knowledge of these incidents in a boy's life so far as New England is concerned.

FOR SAFETY, OR ATTACK? PERHAPS IT WAS A MUSICAL SAW

(From the Three Rivers Mirror, Daily Commercial)

Come to the Baptist Church Thanksgiving night and see "Ben Hur" illustrated with a trio by Mrs. George Lull at the piano, Mrs. Adabath Lull with the violin, and Rev. Buell with the saw.

As the World Wags:—I see that Mme. succeeded Miss Garden as the head of the Chicago Opera, to Mussolini, said: "Man is always the best boss." To this Mr. Galli-Curci probably said "Amen," but he had slipped round the corner and said it pianissimo.

ABIJAH P. STONE.

FEAR

(For as the World Wags)
What has happened since yesterday?
Then the flowers nodded wisely,
Conceding me, I knew their fairy lore;
My Wonder Road now seems a narrow path,
A loathsome funnel, sucking me toward oblivion.
I dare not glance backward;
Love has gone and taken courage.
Bewildered,—I stand alone.

(Except for a few hall room boys;
The last thing they care for,
Is my poetic trend.) B. B.

SHE MUST LIVE NEAR A CEMETERY

(Headlines in a local journal)
"WOMAN CLOSE TO 100 DEAD"

GOUNOD'S 'FAUST'

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Gounod's "Faust," performed by the Russian Opera Company.

Faust.....Ivan Dneprov
Mephistopheles.....Nikolai Karlash
Valentin.....Vladimir Radeev
Wagner.....Sergei Anfimov
Marguerite.....Marie Mashir
Siebel.....Emma Mirovitch
Marta.....Barbara Losseva

This company is more fortunate in the performance of Russian operas than in those by composers like Halevy and Gounod. "Faust" is first of all lyrical and the music demands most accomplished singers.

There were times when members of the cast failed to produce the effects desired and the entire performance certainly lacked the spontaneity that has characterized other performances by the company. Yet the performance was enjoyable last evening and many times excellent acting and satisfactory singing made it delightful.

Mr. Karlash as Mephistopheles was especially interesting; his treatment of his part was refreshing and his singing for the most part good. Mr. Dneprov

as Faust and Miss Mashir as Marguerite were both pleasing although unnecessarily stilted at times. The other parts were well cast and Miss Mirovitch made a charming boy.

The settings were not so good as could have been desired; the garden scene in particular was taudy and the effect of paper roses pinned on a lilac bush obviously in full bloom was disconcerting.

Tomorrow afternoon, "The Snow Maiden," by Rimsky-Korsakov will be given and in the evening, "The Demon," by Rubinstein.

"The Ten Commandments will be the basis of a dramatic motion picture to be made next year by Cecil B. de Mille."

Already we hear the censors sharpening their axes.

In New York they are still much exercised over the question whether Hamlet was mad. We now quote from the Morning Telegraph of that city:

Mr. John Barrymore, strolling aimlessly through the Plaza yesterday afternoon, was encountered by an old friend "Why, Jack!" exclaimed the old friend. "It's been such a long time since I've seen you! How are you, any way?"

Mr. Barrymore announced that he was perfectly splendid, or something to the same effect.

"But look here! Aren't you opening in 'Hamlet' tonight? What about it?"

"Well," he remarked in a non-committal tone, "it's a good part."

After all, there are no press agents like the old ones. On our desk is the circular of Spaulding's Bell Ringers (1873-79). Some of us remember George Dean Spaulding, described by the writer of the circular, "Queen of the Cornet and Empress of the Harp." She was born, we learn, for the latter and magic instrument.

"Swept by her skilled fingers, the HARP sends forth the most ENCHANTING and EMOTIONAL HARMONIES touching every heart and causing it to throbb in sympathetic unison with its SOUL-STIRRING INFLUENCE, which receives additional inspiration by her exquisite vocalism as a SOPRANO SONGSTRESS. Standing before her audience with all the majesty of a conqueror, this GENIUS-GIFTED ARTIST sends forth such HEAVENLY STRAINS as never fell before on MORTAL EAR—the very air is filled with RICHEST MELODY as, in all the pride and glory of womanhood she produces such exhilarating harmony from this FAVORITE INSTRUMENT of which she stands confessedly THE UNDISPUTED MISTRESS."

George Spaulding was more than that; she was a "Musical Proteus"; a bell ringer without a rival, a marvellous performer on the musical glasses, the steel bars "and upon that unique and melodious novelty, the zyllophone, a simple but ingenious fabric of wood and straw."

There was attached to her an "auxiliary"; "the personal beauty of this artist."

We regret to say this beauty is not revealed by her portrait on the first page of the circular, but there is a log chain about her presumablyilly-white neck and to the chain is attached a locket in the shape of a massive padlock. Mr. Spaulding, whose portrait is beside hers, undoubtedly kept the key. His moustache was one of the wonders of the modern world. Ouida's life guardsmen would have burst in envy at the sight.

Then there was Mr. Fred D. White, who was ranked "among the most gifted violinists and composers of the age." He was especially famous for his performance of "Chef d'oeuvre" by Paganini—a composition that is apparently unknown to our humbler violinists of today.

"In accordance with the spirit of the age, which seeks to combine refined amusement with economy, the price of admission to this matchless entertainment has been placed within the reach of all."

Think of it: besides George and William P. Spaulding, there was Little Kittle, who, performing on 36 glass goblets, "presented the most thrilling and impressive musical exhibition the world ever witnessed"; Fannie Peak Delano, serio-comic vocalist (with a voice of "great volume"), alto horn and bell player; Jeppe, the "Parlor Comique," humorist, comedian, ventriloquist, facial delineator, and character vocalist; Messrs. Wood and Beasley, "those laughing sons of Momus engaged at an enormous salary" who manipulated 12

different instruments at the same time; a Cornet Band, with the "lady artists" using gold and silver horns "made expressly for their use at great cost"; not to mention the Swiss Bell Ringers with their 139 silver bells—count them—imported from Switzerland. And all for the ridiculously low price of 25 cents; children, 15 cents; reserved seats, 35.

We remember this mammoth aggregation visiting our little village. The Bohemian Glass Blowers also were in the Town Hall that season. So were Negro Minstrels from Boston, who would march with a band from the railway depot—we did not say "station" in those days—up Main street to the hall. We see them now with their wash-leather faces, as they talked and laughed on the sidewalk, no doubt com-

menting on the gaping Reubens impatience for the show.

The Amateurs will play "The Harlequinade," by Dion Calthrop and Granville Barker, and Milne's "The Truth About Blayds" tonight and tomorrow night in Whitney hall, Brookline.

Tomorrow afternoon at the Hollis Street Theatre the Harvard Dramatic Club will perform Andreyev's "Life of Man."

Henry W. Nevison, writing to The Nation and The Athenaeum from Vienna, "sat in the private box of the Hapsburgs to witness a superb performance of Mozart's 'Don Juan' . . . perhaps on the very site where it was first performed."

Mozart's "Don Giovanni" was first performed at Prague, gentle sir.

The Cercle Francalse of Harvard University will perform Croisset's "Le Coeur Dispose" in Jordan Hall next Saturday evening and next Monday afternoon.

Mrs. Patrick Campbell after her first performances of Paula Tanqueray was asked all sorts of queer questions by persons who thought that because she played the part she must have the same character as her heroine.

"I remember a beautiful woman leaning excitedly across the dinner table on overhearing a remark of mine and exclaiming: 'Have you a mother? How interesting!'"

When Mme. Calve first appeared in Boston as Carmen we heard a woman behind us say: "Yes, she is a good actress, but I hope no one here will entertain such an abandoned creature."

The program of the Symphony concerts this week contains an interesting work by Arnold Bax, "November Woods," which will be heard here for the first time. Two of his symphonic poems have been played here. They pleased greatly. Mr. Chadwick's "Anniversary" overture will be performed here for the first time; also a charming suite arranged by Mottl from old Lully's ballets. The symphony will be Sibelius's fifth.

Next week the Symphony program will include the overture to Spontini's once famous opera, "The Vestal"; a suite from Stravinsky's ballet "Pulcinella" (first time in America); a violin concerto by Dohnanyi played by Albert Spalding, and the prelude and love death from "Tristan and Isolde."

The Harvard Glee Club will give its first concert of the season tonight in Symphony Hall aided and abetted by Mme. Louise Homer. Tchaikovsky's "Mazeppa," with a blood-thirsty libretto, will be performed tonight by the Russian company at the Boston Opera House for the first time in the city.

According to Robert Browning, the tune of a railway train varies with the passengers rather than with the line on which he is traveling. In "Christmas Eve and Easter Day" Browning writes: A tune was born in my head last week,

Out of the thump-thump and shriek-shriek
Of the train as I came by it, up from
Manchester;

And when, next week, I take it back again,
My head will sing to the engine's clack again.

While it only makes my neighbor's
haunches stir.

RUSSIAN OPERAS

The Russian grand opera company and Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Snow Maiden" yesterday afternoon at the Boston Opera House, and last evening gave Rubinstein's "Demon."

The interpretation of "The Snow Maiden" emphasized the beauty and poetry of the opera and its derivation from Russian folk-lore. The choruses alone, sung by happy people deep in the virgin forest in the spring, would suffice for an afternoon.

Mr. Fuerst again conducted with authority, animation and color. Miss Kazanskaja was the lively but cold-hearted Snow Maiden, Miss Osipova an excellent Koupava, Miss Mirovitch as Lei, Miss Pasvolkskaja as Fairy Spring. Mr. Danilov for a poetic and understanding interpreter of the King's music. Mr. Gorlenko's manly and fervent Misguir; the fooling, as Bobyl and Bobylitska, of Mr. Kosloff and Miss Loseva, and other competent artists in smaller roles. The music was applauded to the echo, and after each act there were curtain calls.

"The Demon," with spots of great beauty, is like many of Rubinstein's compositions, a mixture of styles. Mr. Panteleef, who took the title role, had a voice of superb sonority and a feeling of the traditions of the opera. The music was Marie Mashir; the vocal, Ivan Dneproff; the

Angel of Light, Miss Pasvolkskaja. Mr. Fuerst conducted and again the choral performances were a very impressive element of the presentation.

"MAZEPPA"

By PHILIP HALE

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—First performance in Boston of "Mazeppa," an opera in three acts and six scenes, music by Tchaikovsky. Mr. Fivieski conducted.

Mazeppa Vladimir Radeev
Kochubey Nikolai Karlash
Lubow Nijala Valentova
Maria Nina Guseleva
Andrei Vladimir Danilov
Iskar Sergei Anfimov

During the first act we labored under the delusion that Mazeppa was the gentleman who sang so violently, that the old man with respectable whiskers was the unhappy father of Maria, and we wondered why he fired a pistol in the air, thus attracting spearmen, and at the end ran away with the girl. We did not think it possible that she could be passionately in love with one old enough to be her father, or even her grandfather, when young Andrei was a wooer. The libretto in the intermission showed us our error by stating that Maria had fallen desperately in love with the Hetman, who from his looks must have passed even apathetic middle age; that she herself could not account for her infatuation. Ah, how changed from the gallant Mazeppa, who had been bound to the back of a fiery, untamed steed, a Tartar of the Ukraine breed!

In his old age he was singularly treacherous and cruel, as is shown in the opera by his falsely accusing Maria's father, putting him in a dungeon, and then executing him, and not merely on account of his singing. He treated Maria badly in the end, so that she went mad. Incidentally, he killed Andrei, the best singer of the lot last night, and then went gaily off the stage well pleased with his adventures.

It is a sombre story, not relieved by the sight of a young woman enamored of an old man.

With all due allowance made for a vocally inferior performance, Tchaikovsky's music disappointed greatly. It is hard to realize that this was the man who wrote the delightful music for "Christmas Eve"; as "Les Caprices d'Oxane" was entitled here; "Eugen Onegin" or even "Pique Dame." Only here and there in "Mazeppa" are hints of the greater Tchaikovsky, as in the fresh and charming chorus of women at the beginning, the female chorus in the second scene, in the orchestral accompaniment, now and then. A Russian critic has praised the "psychological analysis" in the dungeon scene, but one does not go to the opera to study psychology. The long scene between Mazeppa and Maria in the second act, both in their best clothes, and between Maria and her mother, where there is an opportunity for intensely dramatic music, is conventional, long-winded, ineffective.

No one that heard this company last night should judge the visiting Russians by that performance. It was dramatically earnest; all the principals and the chorus were refreshingly honest; but the singing of the principals was, as a rule, very poor. False intonation was the rule. Seldom is such cacophony heard in opera as last night at the end of the scene in Kochubey's house, when they were all shouting in more than the Seven Keys to Baldpate. Mr. Danilov in the first act was better than his co-mates.

Nor did the orchestra always show the confidence that has distinguished it in preceding performances. Solo measures for violoncello were finely played.

The opera tonight will be Halevy's "Jewess." Saturday afternoon, "Eugen Onegin;" Saturday night, "A Night of Love," operetta by Valentinov.

George Laurie Osgood, whose death is reported, was known here by the younger generation as a composer of choruses, part songs and songs, but to the older lovers of music he was the accomplished conductor of the Boylston Club in years when choral singing was more appreciated than it is today, when hearers were more critical. Harvard graduates of his time remember gratefully his activities as a musician at the university.

We first knew him as a singer journeying from city to city with Theodore Thomas and his orchestra, acquainting audiences with the songs of German composers, singing them most musically. He had studied singing and composition in Germany—among his teach-

ers was Robert Franz—and he had spent three years in Italy with the famous Lamperti, so when he returned to this country, after concert tours in Europe, he was thoroughly equipped as singer, composer, teacher, conductor.

He was a man of fine, yes, fastidious taste. Perfection was his aim. He was liberally educated, interested in many things, but his passion was music. When he last visited Boston—a few seasons ago—he was still the delightful companion of former years, still musically alert, busied with a history of singing, which, we understand, was completed shortly before his death. In the history of music in this city he holds a high and honorable place.

FELL THREE STOREYS

(From the Montreal Star)

TORONTO, Dec. 11.—(Canadian Press)

—Mrs. Elizabeth Prescott, a colored woman, fell backwards last night from a third-storey window, 33 feet above the concrete sidewalk, crashing down head-first upon it. She was admitted to the hospital suffering from nothing more serious than a cut nose and minor lacerations of the legs.

But you ought to see the sidewalk! Montreal. ALBERT FRESCO.

EUPHEMISTICALLY, AS IT WERE

(Suburban News Item)

Ikey Cohen drove his new Ford through the Ancient Order of Hibernians' parade yesterday. He would have been 39 on April 17th next.

As the World Wags

The other night the wireless man had it:

"To Be Broadcasted from Newark, New Jersey, 8:30 P. M. Amy Lowell, Poetess."

This ought to have been in your column, with the heading:

Wireless Trapeze.

Boston. R. W. H.

AND SHE HAD A CRACKING GOOD TIME

(From the Knox Messenger, Rockland, Me.)

Miss Marjorie Williams of Cushing was the guest of Miss Hazel Nutt, Thanksgiving day.

COLORED CURRENCY

As the World Wags:

A promising suggestion comes from Ohio to have each denomination of our paper money carry its own distinctive color. This in line with modern business practices, such as having a different color on restaurant checks for each day. This practice has fought its way against an early error by a great paper company which spent thousands of dollars in distributing elaborate books with examples which apparently were selected, without revision, by a man color blind; the result was so absurd that it put handicaps on a plan of merit.

Probably the original scheme of having all our paper money "the long green" arose to contrast the national money with that of the state banks whose "red dog" and "blue pup" (so called from pictures thereon) had then recently fallen into disrepute. Of late years there has been one deviation, in the yellow of gold certificates, which most of us see but too rarely. If this new plan should be adopted, it would lend new and stronger meaning to the invitation: "Let's see the color of your money!" CHARLES-EDWARD AAB.

Boston.

I HATE THIS PLACE

I hate this place; I hate
the way the telephone girl's skirt
swirls
when she turns a corner . . .
the way the book-keeper chews his
cheek
and taps on his desk with a chewed
pencil . . .
the way the usher combs his hair
and the typist drops her g's . . .
the dictionary and the adding machine . . .
the crooked tables they stand on . . .
my leaky inkwell and the things I
write about . . .
everything . . . I hate . . .
I wonder how far \$27.35 would take me
on a train? DOPPEL DEFERRED.

DID THE SHEIK WEAR 'EM

As the World Wags:

This very morning I have once more drawn on newly pressed trousers. The straight edge was perfect, fore and aft. But alas! my shoes remained to be tied, and I deliberated on that problem, for, I fear, I am of an unbending make-up.

A sort of descending goosetep brought me to the first floor holding the line without a bulge, but my shoes were still to be tied—I tie my own—and when and where to bend the knee is, you will agree, a world problem.

One has recourse to the raising of each trouser leg about eight inches, but after all, esthetically considered, a bulge over the shin bone is worse than a bulge

at the knee. Furthermore, this change of line does not ease the matter of the waistline, a mere physical consideration, I confess.

Continued experiment leads me to offer this solution: I select a table with a rectangular top. I clear off the ash trays, best sellers, \$2-membership-letters, and I put away the book called "A Thousand and One Points on Prohibiting Bootleggers," also Prof. Aggie's volume, "Racial Spinsters and Meticulous Morality." I now raise a leg and lay it diagonally across one corner of the table. I tie my shoe.

This is the straight and narrow way in an age of creased trousers, and I have fought it out on this line all summer. Of course, most of the virile men in history and fiction wore no trousers, but even for the sake of appearances in virility I dare say we may not leave them off. Well, I have hopes for the return of knee breeches, for Narcisse does not approve of my knickers.

They are baggy at the knees.

Boston. JOHN QUILL.

WESTERN HEROES

G. W. writes to us that a detailed account of Murrell, the outlaw, and of Big and Little Harpe, is to be found in "The Story of the Outlaw," by Emerson Hough (Outing Publishing Co., N. Y., 1907). But has any one a copy of the lives of these prominent western citizens that were hawked on the Mississippi steamboat on which Herman Melville's Confidence Man embarked? Has Mr. P. K. Foley ever run across these pamphlets, yellow-covers, or in whatever form they were published?

HARVARD GLEE

Last night in Symphony hall the Harvard Glee Club, Dr. Archibald T. Davison, conductor, gave the first of its three concerts this season in Boston. Mme. Louise Homer, contralto, assisted. The Glee club sang the Crucifixus from Bach's Mass, "We Praise Thee" by the Russian Schoedov, "Tenebrae factae sunt" by Palestrina, with Mme. Homer; Brahms's Rhapsody, three Russian folk songs, "Song of the Lifeboat Men" (solo by James E. Mitchell), "Fireflies" and "At Father's Door," a song by Thomas Morley, "Drake's Drum" by Coleridge-Taylor, Sullivan's "Echo," "Noon Quiet in the Alps" by the Italian Bossi, and the "Hallelujah" chorus from Beethoven's "Mount of Olives." Mme. Homer, as well as the solo in the Brahms Rhapsody, sang a fragment from Perli's "Orfeo," the Gluck air "Vieni cho pool sereno," Haydn's "Mermaid Song," Strauss's "Mit deinen blauen Augen," Wolf's "Elfenlied," two Brahms songs, "Bei dir sind meine Gedanken" and "O liebliche Wanger," two songs by Sidney Homer, "Row's My Boy" and "From the Brake the Nightingale," two Italian songs, Respighi's "Pioffiata" and "Tramontano la luna e le Plajadi" by Benvenuti, and finally two songs by the English composer

Warlock, "That Ever I Saw" and "Dedication." Eleanor Schell played Mme. Homer's accompaniments; for the Glee club G. W. Woodworar was the accompanist, W. T. Ames the assistant accompanist and C. T. Leonard the organist.

Dr. Davison should feel himself blessed when he compares his lot with that of those remarkable but unfortunate conductors of the Russian opera who, poor souls, struggle night after night—and, mind, mighty successfully too—with inadequate forces to make things go as they should. Sympathy one feels for them every minute for the torments they must undergo, when, say, they call on the orchestra for a blaze of sound—and get instead something like the flicker of a match.

With Dr. Davison at the head of his Glee Club one feels no call for sympathy. Beyond any conductor, orchestral, choral or operatic, who has recently led a performance in Boston, Dr. Davison has the air of getting from his forces what he wants. He has taught his choir an attack of exceptional neatness, a finish equally good, time of the strictest accuracy, distinct enunciation, the correct turning of a phrase, pure intonation, and, an achievement since last year, a smooth legato—a goodly schedule, truly, of excellences. Blessed, though, is not precisely the word to apply to Dr. Davison for the competence of the choir at his disposal, since this competence is not so entirely the result of his own rare skill. Let praise then fall where it is justly due. Dr. Davison is manifestly of a power to make his chorus sing not very differently from the way he would have it sing.

Mme. Homer, who received very warm applause, is to be thanked for placing Brahms, Strauss and Wolf once more on her program. The gracefully picturesque and atmospheric song of Respighi, nevertheless, overshadowed the rather mediocre songs of the greater masters Mme. Homer chose to sing.

The audience was very large. The

Second Glee Club concert will be given Feb. 15 with Gulomar Novaes assisting. R. R. G.

8TH SYMPHONY

By PHILIP HALE

The eighth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Montoux, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Sibelius, Symphony No. 5; Lully-Mottl, Ballet Suite; Bax, "November Woods" (first time in Boston); Chadwick, Anniversary Overture (first time in Boston).

Walter Savage Landor represented himself as saying to Archdeacon Harcourt with reference to his five volumes of "Imaginary Conversations": "I shall dine late, but the dining room will be well lighted, the guests few and select. A proud saying, but not a conceited or a foolish one."

Would the Sibelius of the later symphonies answer any objector in the same spirit? It is doubtful whether for some years to come this fifth symphony will please the many, for it lacks sensuousness, it is without an obvious and in-olusive appeal; nor has it beauty, as beauty in music is understood by the crowd; nor has it thunder-and-lightning climax with all the percussion instruments working overtime and the organ called in to swell the din in the apotheosis. It is a strange but not a baffling work. Those who yearn for "explanations" of music might find the first movement a seascape, with only screaming gulls to relieve the loneliness. "Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste."

Sibelius wrote this symphony for himself, and possibly, as Mozart said of one of his works, for a few friends. Whether he had any definite program in his mind is immaterial. A man of virile nature and of strong emotions, he expressed them in tones, in his own way, without thought of any school or chapel, ancient or modern. No one can say, this composer or that composer influenced him. Wild and sombre as are some of the pages, there is no taint of pessimism. Sibelius is not afraid to be alone with savage nature, and as there is beauty in the Alps, in spite of certain 18th century English travellers, in the desert, or in Thomas Hardy's Egdon Heath, so there is beauty in this symphony, nor is it always subtle and hidden.

This man of the North knows the exciting effect of oriental repetition in phrase and rhythm, and on these repetitions he rears imposing musical structures. The symphony is not a ways the "spasms of the sky and the shatter of the sea"; there are measures to which dervishes might whirl, rays of the sun break through the clouds. We prefer Sibelius when his sky is leaden.

But will the great public ever love "to cope him in these sullen fits?" Arnold Bax is one of the few English composers who is enriched with the gift of imagination. His November is a month of storm and stress, yet not the November of Thomas Hood, but the November of Clare's Shepherd:

"At length it comes among the forest oaks,
With sobbing ebbs, and uproar
gathering high."

While clouds above him in wild fury
boil,
And winds drive heavily the beat-
rain."

Did not some Frenchman say that in November respectable Englishmen went out and hanged themselves. Picturing the fury of the elements, Bax also expresses the reaction on mortal man, the month of a dying year without the shining ray of Bethlehem's star. A symphonic poem to be heard again in spite of a seeming prolixity.

As Mr. Montoux was the full and sympathetic interpreter of Sibelius and Bax in their moods and emotions, so he caught the spirit of Lully's 17th century dances. (How eloquently the orchestra aided their leader throughout the concert!) Mottl arranged this old music reverently, sparing any incongruous touch, refraining from "modernization." The beautiful Nocturne and the Prelude to the last movement reminded one of Handel, although there was French grace rather than Italian melody and German-English dignity. The dances, especially those in which the wood wind instruments, exquisitely played, were prominent, brought before one the noble dames who honored Lully in his ballets at Fontainebleau while Louis, the Grand Monarque, looked on encouragingly or took a royal part.

Mr. Chadwick's overture seemed to us a personal document, possibly autobiographical. The music is for the most part fresh and spontaneous. It shows sure construction, but is not too academic. Its seriousness is not oppressive; its gaiety is not forced. Per-

haps we are wrong, but we found in the more joyous measures hints at former and characteristic works of his.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of next week's concert is as follows: Spontini, Overture to "The Vestal" (first time at these concerts); Stravinsky, Suite No. 1 from the ballet, "Pulcinella" (after Pergolesi; first time in America); Dohnanyi, violin concerto (first time in Boston); Wagner, Prelude and Love Death from "Tristan and Isolde." Albert Spalding will be the solo violinist.

NEWMAN SHOWS

To the regret of many, Mr. Newman brings to an end this week his series of entertaining and instructive Traveltalks about Africa, from Cape Town to Cairo. Those who had the pleasure of attending this series are certainly better acquainted with the nature of the country, its great natural wealth, its magnificent scenery, the native inhabitants of various degrees of intelligence, their manners and customs, the improvements by the whites, the vision and the accomplishments of Cecil Rhodes and others, than they would have gained by reading many books.

For the informing talk of Mr. Newman, founded on several journeys in Africa, the keenness of his observations and his sane conclusions, these have been supplemented by many remarkable photographs, motion pictures, and still. The photographs of all manner of birds and beasts, wild and in the open, are enough to make these Traveltalks memorable.

Last night from Masindi port, the Albert Nyanza was visited with views of the Nile natives, the Shilluks and their strange coiffures; the skilled bowmen. There was Fashoda associated in the mind with Marchand; Khartum with the Gordon tragedy. Hippopotami and crocodiles were shot from the steamer's deck. Then came more familiar sights: The marvellous buildings of the early Egyptians: Luxor, Thebes and Memnon—all the monuments of Egypt passed in review, until one looked down from the great pyramid as the centuries looked on Napoleon.

Among the pictures of bird and animal life shown last night were those of pelicans, herons, weavers (at work on their nests), the Nile buffalo, hippopotami of the Nile, wild boars, vultures and other carrion birds peculiar to the venerable river.

The Traveltalk will be repeated this afternoon.

There will be extra Traveltalks on Friday evening, Dec. 22, and Saturday afternoon, Dec. 23, when the pictures of wild animals in the open shown through the series will be collected in one lecture. P. H.

Mr. Charles St. C. Wade of Taunton wonders why no mention of "blue violet salad" or of "Salamis (sic) a la bourgeois gentilhomme" has been made in this column.

We are not greatly interested in salads, except in lobster salad, to which we are passionately addicted, and in the salads dressed in French private houses by hosts who break and crumple lettuce leaves. (In our little village in the sixties lettuce was eaten with sugar and vinegar. A literary man in Boston once told us with pride that his father was the first man in Maine to pour oil on lettuce. It is a pity that our friend the Historical Painter did not portray this daring man in the act.)

Was it Leigh Hunt who wrote in imitation of Martial:
Jones likes his lettuces undrest.
D'ye ask the reason?
'Tis confessed
That is the way Jones likes them best.

A SALMIS

But, Mr. Wade, when you speak of "salamis" do you not refer to "salmis"? If memory serves us, the sea fight off Salamis is justly celebrated, although Xerxes the Great did not enjoy the sight. You quote a description of the salmis from Ellwanger's "Story of My House." We gladly comply with your request to reprint the recipe.

"There were four larded quails freshly roasted. He took a piece of unsalted butter the size of an egg—ah, those dear, familiar words!—placed it in the porcelain saucepan and allowed it to liquify. When it began to bubble, he put in two shallots and two sprigs of parsley finely minced, stirring until browned, adding a teaspoonful of sifted flour. When well incorporated, he supplemented this with two cupfuls of bouillon, a pinch of salt, and for the bouquet garni a third of a bay-leaf, two cloves, a small piece of cinnamon, a pinch of thyme, a dash of allspice and the merest trifle of nutmeg. Next he added two sliced truffles of Perigord, the juice of a can of button mushrooms, a tablespoonful of cognac, a tablespoonful of water and a wineglass each of Chablis and St. Julien.

This full-flavored, his hazel eyes sparkled, and every little while he tasted of the savory salmis.

"After pouring in the wine, he allowed the sauce to boil until reduced to the desired consistency. The can of mushrooms was then added; and about two minutes before serving one of the quails was permitted to simmer in the perfumed sauce. Immediately previously to placing the salmis in the chafing dish and decorating it with croutons he dropped in a peppercorn and stirred briskly."

Didn't he rub the dish with a tooth of garlic? If not, a fatal error.

The choir will now sing: "I hate all your Frenchified fuss."

NASBY AND PLAGIARISM

As the World Wags:
Plagiarism! Who said that Irish bulls were calves in Greece? J. H. W.

MR. OSGOOD IN ALBANY

As the World Wags:
I note that George Laurie Osgood has passed on. I heard him in Albany, N. Y., in 1872 or 1873. He sang in the Theodore Thomas concert. I recall his "Erlking" and "Eulogy of Tears" (I could quote the titles in German, but it is not yet safe to do so in my town). My clerk told me that a woman at the concert said: "I should like to kiss him on the mouth once and let him go." As Mr. Osgood sang the German words, I suppose this enthusiastic admirer was a German.

EX-ALBANIAN.

"WHITE PERSONS"

As the World Wags:
If the current version of the Japanese immigration decision is correct, the supreme court will have heaps of trouble in the alleged definition that a white person is a descendant of the Caucasian race. The Finns, and the Magyars of Hungary, are Mongols, and who would wish to exclude distinguished Basques like Bolivar? The most likely cause of trouble would be the Jews, who are notoriously Semitic, not Caucasian.

CHARLES-EDWARD AAB.

FROM HAUNTED HALLS

If we should meet, my love and I,
At our old garden gates, alone,
And see our Spanish castle lie
A crumbling ruin, ivy-grown,
Would we go thence, my love and I,
To some small cottage near a stream,
Or—oft I ponder—would we sigh
And part to mourn a shattered dream?

If we should meet, my love and I,
And stand without the broken door,
Well might we fear what now must lie
Where happiness was housed of yore.
And would we dare, my love and I,
Cover a meaner hearth and walls
With arras of a day gone by
And trophies torn from haunted halls?
—The King of the Black Isles.

IN THE SEAT OF THE SCORNFUL

As the World Wags:
Discussion in the editorial and mail bag columns of The Herald regarding the prosperity of peanut stands may very well revive the question of 3-cent coins. H. B. L.

BUILT FOR COMFORT

(London Daily Chronicle)

He was one of those people built for comfort rather than speed. Being a heavy type of man he preferred a heavy square-toed boot.

Calling in at the bootmaker's one day for a new pair of boots, he found a difficulty in obtaining what he required.

The young assistant extolled the beauties of the boot with the pointed toe.

"You know, sir, pointed toes are so smart-looking, and they are all the fashion this season."

"That may be," was the answer, "but unfortunately I am still wearing my last season's feet!"

HOT DOG

UNITED STATES LINES

General Information.

DOGS, CATS, MONKEYS, BIRDS: These should be properly caged before being brought aboard and turned over to the Baggage Master, who will deliver them to the Butcher for caretaking.

IN GOOD AND REGULAR STANDING

(From the Canton Journal)

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Ames of Sherman street entertained last Sunday their grandmother, Miss Eleanor Hallett of the Sargeant School, Boston.

Is it true that whatever razor is used the same number of strokes are needed? An expert barber tells us that for an ordinary "quick shave" 300 are necessary, for a very close shave nearly 500.

"\$15,000 STOLEN IN HOSIERY"

(Headline in an esteemed contemporary)

As the World Wags:
I ask you, is that nice? Now that the lisle thread bank is no longer hidden, where can we carry our roll so it will not be seen? MIMI.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

(In the N. Y. Evening Post)

"Louis Lcart's symphonies of gold and

purple were conceived in Italy, his sonnets in Spain," says the catalogue brought back by M. S. P. from Belmont, where 50 paintings and 50 drawings by Louis Lcart are on view. And the catalogue continues: "The splendor of Granada and Toledo, the sun-basked hills of Castilla, have left an ineffaceable impression on the artist's palate."

Or, as Mr. Wrigley would have it, their flavor lasts.

STAGE 'LIFE OF MAN' AT HOLLIS

The Harvard Dramatic Club—following its now well-established custom of presenting foreign plays never before seen in America—offered at the Hollis as its 25th production a play from the Russian, and it is "The Life of Man" by Leonid Andreyev which it has thus honored by its selection. We say "honor" advisedly. For sometimes the producer surpasses the playwright, even if the latter is a Russian. Andreyev is supposed to be a symbolist; and, indeed, in his "He Who Gets Slapped" there's poetry—lots of it—much that is beautiful, and not a little that may properly be termed symbolic. But in "Man" we find no such wealth. In five scenes, man is carried along the path of life from his birth to his grave. Never does the piece depart far from the usual course; either in event or in emotion. Of imagination there is quite a little; of subtlety there is none. It might much more properly be termed an allegory—and allegory is symbolism made obvious.

Unfortunately, to write symbolic drama, one must have ideas. Or failing them, charm and beauty of expression. Of course "Man" was written nearly a decade and a half before "He." It is in every sense emergent work. But barring two splendid passages where Man defies and curses Fate, and a prologue which possesses both majesty and power, the dialogue is thin, the ideas attenuated, Andreyev is a Maeterlinck—but without the poetic touch and sense of weird beauty which is so peculiarly the latter's, and which is evident in our author's more recent "He." Andreyev is a Molnar—but without the Austrian's profound, well-thought-out philosophy. He never thinks clearly. The nearest approach to a "symbolic" line which "Man" can offer is when an old witch explains that Man, even as a baby "always cries because no one gives him what he wants." For the rest, it is largely a portrayal of the obvious and colorless, because to Andreyev's mind that is all we may expect from existence. Of what profit is Man's futile struggle against Fate? Is he the victor because with his dying breath he curses it? Better, rather, to resign oneself at once, and to "sit on an iceberg and weep."

Into the play, hinting at symbolic treatments which it never fulfils, the producers have projected their artistic selves. Out of it, they have drawn more symbolism than it contains. Only two of the five acts absolutely demand a non-realistic treatment. But Mr. Oenslager has chosen to develop always the imaginative side. Gray curtains form the background throughout. Against these: bare walls of orange running in graceful hyperbolas up to a flaming point at one corner of the set; doors without walls to give entrance through; windows, towering and slender, bent and twisted, as one observer said, "to show stress of emotion." No opportunity is lost to give a fantastic touch. The lighting, Mr. Stralem has done with spots alone—good lighting and playing well into the hands of the designer. So, too, Mr. Seymour's actors. Swaying bodies of the witches, half-seen in the dusk, long skinny fingers that point jeeringly, snickering laughter; a hundred little touches, all proclaim the spirit which the author tried so hard to get. Persistently the producers read into the play more than is in it. And almost—may actually—they succeed. It is only in the cold light of after-thought that the skeleton which they have so well clothed begins to show through. After the mature work Andreyev has shown in "He," it is perhaps just a little bit hard on him to present, however well, a play which belongs so obviously to a far earlier, long outgrown period.

Mme. de Horvath

By PHILIP HALE

Mme. Cecile de Horvath, pianist from Chicago, gave a recital in Sternert hall yesterday afternoon. Her program read as follows: Rameau, V.

Sarabande; Schubert-Ganz, ballet music from "Rosamunde"; Serablin, Sonata l'hantasy; (Gluck-Sgambati, Melody; Bach-Saint Saens, Gavotte, B minor; Chopin, Sonata, B minor; Schubert-Liszt, "Hark, Hark the Lark"; Zoltan de Horvath, Viennese Waltzes; Chopin-Liszt, Mes Joles; Mendelssohn-Liszt, Wedding March, and Dance of the Elves from "Midsummer Night's Dream."

It was too fine a day to hear piano playing. Nevertheless, Mr. Hutcheson, an earnest laborer in the musical vineyard, drew an audience to Jordan hall, and Mme. de Horvath, who visited Boston for the first time as a public pianist, had her hearers. We are told that she has studied and given concerts in Europe and played with several orchestras in this country.

She is at present in the effervescent stage, delighting in violent dynamic contrasts, forgetting that in a small room with the admirable acoustics that characterize Steinert hall, it is easy to go astray in the matter of force.

Was it Godowsky or Mme. de Horvath, who so grossly misunderstood the nature of Rameau's Savabande and the spirit of French 18th century music? The former has godowskyized much charming music so that the composers would hardly recognize it, but the pianist was surely guilty of making Rameau's stately, melancholy dance tune alternately thunder-claps and whispers. Poor Rameau! What did they not do to you! Mr. Ganz did not meddle seriously with Schubert, and Mme. de Horvath played the charming music with sympathy and understanding; as she did Sgambati's artistic arrangement of Gluck's air. When she came to Bach's Gavotte she pounded it.

When we read the name Scriabin on a program, we are seized with an impulse to rush from the hall to the street, where one can see the sky and reasonably human beings and breathe fresh air; but the first section of the Sonata-Phantasy was an agreeable disappointment. The section contained musical ideas well treated; there was no attempt at a translation of "psychology" into tones; there was character, although the influence of Chopin was observable. The latter section was a matter of notes, notes, notes.

Mme. de Horvath, when she outgrows the storm-and-stress period; when her feverish blood is cooled; when she does not think it necessary to show that although she is small in stature she can play as loudly as any pianist of the sterner set (as it is called with unconscious irony), may be a pianist of prominence. Yesterday her phrasing was musically intelligent, her rhythm decisive. In lyric passages she displayed an agreeable touch and the ability to sing melodic lines. Her mechanism was wholly adequate; but in these days technical proficiency runs in the streets, as Goethe said of talent. At present her performance is often yeasty.

Have the English gone mad over Herman Melville? A catalogue of a London bookseller informs us that a set of first editions of Melville's books, exclusive of the poems, may be had for 200 guineas. The list given is curious in this respect: some of these "first editions" have dates of publication in London, whereas the publication in the United States ante-dated them.

BALLADE OF THE GREAT WAR (Memoria in Aeterna.)

Reign of ruin! Who rides by night
Over the roads and past the wells?
Looms a troop in the lurid light,
Rings a cry on the startled ears,
Hoot-beats volley among the meers,
The winds rush down and the dead
leaves dance—
Rapier, rapier! Musketeers
Ride again in the land of France!

Boots and saddles! And bold and bright
Youth goes galloping, Youth that jeers
Death and the dust in pride of might—
War is ever the word it hears;
Peace is ever the word it fears
When roll the drums of the foe's advance,
Athos, Porthos, the Musketeers
Ride again in the land of France!

Thrust and parry and press the fight!
What of the heroes famed of years?
Lo, they fly with the eagle's flight
When France has need of them—France
in tears!

Lo, they laugh at the foreign spears
And sing with the song of guns! Per-
chance
D'Artagnan and the Musketeers
Ride again in the land of France!

L'Envoi.

Stirrup-cups for the cavaliers,

And the old oath over of old romance—
"One for all!"—and the Musketeers
Ride again in the land of France!

THE KING OF THE BLACK ISLES.

MORE CANDOR

As the World Wags:

The story of the "Candid Candidate" reminds me of a political speech I once heard in Buffalo, N. Y. A campaign orator, speaking at a large political meeting, exclaimed: "Vote for Nellie McE— for city treasurer. He will treat the public funds as if they were his own."

HENRY P. EMERSON.

PEELER, COP, BOBBY, BULL

As the World Wags:

As I was walking to the railroad station the other day on my way home from the office, the word "peeler" came to my mind, I do not know why, as the name current for a policeman in the days of my South Boston boyhood, 50 years ago. It must have been in common use elsewhere, but I think I have never heard the word applied to a "cop" since I left South Boston, a half-century ago. I have even distrusted my memory, but consulting the Century Dictionary, I find the following: "Peeler. A policeman; so called from the English statesman, Sir Robert Peel (1788-1850), who, while secretary for Ireland (1812-18), established a regular force of Irish police, and while home secretary (1828-30), improved the police system of London. (Colloq. Or slang.)"

I wonder if the word is ever heard nowadays in these parts.

JOHN MONOLOGUE.

Yes, "peeler" was first applied to the Royal Irish constabulary established by Peel, subsequently for similar reasons to the metropolitan police of London. The word is not in Matsell's "Vocabulum; or the Rogues' Lexicon." (N. Y., 1859.) Matsell had been special justice, chief of police, etc. "Bobby" was then in use in New York. We have heard "gevus"—"g" not soft as in "gin"—but hard as in "gout"—applied to a policeman. When did "bull" come into the crooks' vocabulary?

"Peeler" did not invariably mean "policeman" in this country. Harriet Beecher Stowe, in "Oldtown Folks": "She was spoken of with applause as a staver, a peeler, a roarer to work."

SHE WHO WAS SLAPPED

As the World Wags:

It was written from the beginning that on the evening of the fifth day of the 12th month Miss Irene Kramer, hat check girl at the Hotel Sherman in Chicago, "lid lady," in the vernacular of that 100 per cent. American metropolis, should make an end of a perfect day by going to the theatre. So was it written of Philip Brodsky, and then the finger having writ pointed the ways of the two young persons to seats side by side in the auditorium. Philip was a chauffeur by profession, and as he sat expectant on the evening's entertainment he chewed upon the cud of gum with which he cushioned his teeth against the joltings of his taxicab upon the pavements during business hours, ruminant, reflective, reposed. As the orchestra began the overture he roused from his reverie and in responsive mood champed his gum in rhythmic tempo with the music, putting so much pep in his pepsin at certain fortissimo passages that Irene protested with hot words that his obligato quite drowned out the opus. Whether she appealed to Philip drunk or Philip sober does not appear in the statement of the case, but be that matter of the moment as it may have been, it was also written from the beginning that Irene was at that foreordained instant to be slapped and that Philip was to do the slapping, and so was fate fulfilled.

In court on the following morning Philip, in defending against a complaint under the Chicago code for gumming up a musical performance, offered two witnesses in disclaimer of even common attainment as a gum chewer in that he was not able to crack his gum, a defence which would certainly have prevailed with the honorable court if Irene, also conscious of its weight, had not withdrawn the complaint. This procedure on her part gummed up the machinery of law and order to such degree that the presiding magistrate addressed to her in rebuke the inquiry, "What was this gum game you were trying to put over, anyway?" And so did the record of Klismet end.

Amherst, N. H.

ABELADAMS.

As the World Wags:

Does this bit from stage coach days apply today when we speak of "six" in terms of cylinders?

"Do you, papa, but find a coach

And leave the other to me, sir!

For that will make a lover approach

And I warrant we shan't disagree, sir;

No sparks will talk

To girls that walk

And I have heard it, and I confide in't

Do you then fix

My coach and six
I warrant I get one to ride in't, to ride in't."

("An Old Man Taught Wisdom"—
Fielding.)

Cambridge.

UNQUITY.

ADDRESSING THE HOUSE

(London Daily Chronicle.)

It may be believed that Mr. Scrymgeour has made a new record by addressing the House as "Friends," though there have been some famous departures from the strict rule of "Mr. Speaker, sir." Pitt once addressed the speaker as "My dear sir," to the scandal of the precisians. Macaulay was very indignant with a new member of opposite views who was guilty of "Ladies and Gentlemen," and one has heard a tale of a member who addressed the House as "Gentlemen," and was sternly called to order.

Much has been written about Hamlet of late, and some of it seems nonsense to the plain, ordinary citizen, who reads his Shakespeare without undue curiosity concerning this or that crux in the text, and will see Mr. Walter Hampden soon, not caring whether, as an Englishwoman now asserts in print, the play of Hamlet was inspired by political events at the time Shakespeare wrote.

It has been justly said that the Hamlet as portrayed in Jules Laforgue's "legendary morality" is more Hamlet than Hamlet himself, but what is to be said of a singular drama, "The Marriage of Hamlet," by Jean Sarment, produced in Paris at the Odeon last month?

"THE MARRIAGE OF HAMLET"

This play is in three acts and a prologue. In the prologue the Lord is shown in conversation with the patriarch Abraham. The talk is about the victims of the Danish tragedy. For 17 years Hamlet, Ophelia and Polonius have been awaiting judgment. If they could live their lives over again the three say they would dwell, Hamlet and Ophelia married, in some country village. The Lord permits them to have their way.

And there they are, having gone back 17 years, passing a decent, honest existence in the village dreaped of by them after their death. Their identity is not known, except to themselves. The first day was delightful; on the second unexpected clouds came up. (The Lord had foreseen this). The three felt themselves out of their sphere, deprived of things to which they had been accustomed. Ophelia is the only one that accepts her lot; she is not a slave to romanticism; she has made a good marriage with the son of a king. Polonius misses his ancient authority, politics, tribunals. And what has Hamlet to do when he is no longer busy in the attempt to avenge his father? Furthermore, he is proud of his birth and is sorely vexed when the country bumpkins treat him as an equal. On his wedding day he told to the assembled villagers his story. They thought he was cracked, or a merry jester. That night while he was in the garden, in a reverie, and in no haste to join his bride, a ghost appeared to him, all in white, with clanking chains, groaning, saying that he was Hamlet's grandfather who had been murdered by his son, Hamlet's father. "Horrible!" cries Hamlet, who immediately sets out for the court at Elsinore.

Polonius and Ophelia then determined to annul the marriage. Ophelia will wed a middle-aged captain who is well disposed towards her. Hamlet returns, exceedingly put out, for he was told at Elsinore that Hamlet, who had died 17 years ago, was not the son of the King but the son of a groom favored by the Queen. He foolishly tells this fact to Polonius and Ophelia, who at once hold him in contempt, but Polonius, out of compassion, offers him the position of swineherd; he can sleep under a tree in the garden. Only one person is still faithful to him, a poor serving-maid, who, strange to say, is named Ophelia. She loves him as did the Ophelia of old at the court. To this maid, Hamlet, the son of the groom, is still her lord and master. She cradles him under the tree till he falls asleep. Polonius, coming home, drunk, sees the couple. The old man makes an assault on the maiden, who does not dare to cry for help from fear of awakening Hamlet, but Hamlet, sleeping with one eye open, rushes on Polonius and chokes him to death. His pride returns; he has acted as a noble lord should act. No country lout would have shown this calm and confident authority. No, a groom was not his father.

When Ophelia finds her father's corpse, and the villagers arrive on the scene, headed by the captain, Hamlet is haughty in speech, and will not excuse or defend himself; they can kill him if they wish. And so, superb in

his pride, he is stoned to death in company with the serving-maid who refuses to abandon him.

The author took the part of Hamlet.

LAFORGUE'S HAMLET

Sarment probably had read Laforgue's story of Hamlet, who acted in a strange manner after "the irregular decease of his father," lonely and sad in a tower, lamenting the fact that all the young girls had taken to nursing; finding Michael Angelo superior "to our Thorwaldsep"; Hamlet who determined to dethrone the categorial im-

perative and put in its place the climacteric imperative. He was not satisfied with uniting romances, poetry, plays; he wished to be a humble scholar in Paris or a librarian at the brilliant court of the Valois. When the two stars of the wandering theatre company came before him, William and Kate, he asked them to sit down and take cigarettes. "Here's Dubeck and here's Birdseye." When Kate told him her name was Ophelia, Hamlet exclaimed: "What, still another Ophelia in my drink?" and he complained of parents who gave the names of heroines in dramas, Ophelia, Cordella, Lelia, Coppella, Camella, to their children. The players named their repertoire, "Dr. Faustus," "The King of Thule," etc. Then he described to them his own play, and asked William to take the part of Claudius, and Kate that of the Queen. They hesitated, and William said: "It is our custom to incarnate only sympathetic roles."

This Hamlet is cruel in speech to young maidens. One, always sitting near his door, tells him she has always understood him, loved him for a long time.

"Still another one," he thought. "Is your father sick?"

"No, my lord."

"So much the worse; you would have a genius for polticing him."

In the graveyard, the diggers were arranging the wreaths on the tomb of Polonius.

"We shall not have his bust till next month."

"What caused his death? Does any one know?"

"An apopleptic stroke. He was a high liver."

Another grave digger complained that the cemetery remained a little one, although the goodness of the late King had nearly doubled the population of his happy town. "The late King—he also had an apopleptic stroke—ran after women, but he was a fine fellow with a heart of gold." The grave digger also told him that Yorick was Hamlet's half-brother; Hamlet's mother died when he came into the world by the Caesarian operation; Yorick's mother was a handsome gypsy; Hamlet was mad; Laertes was greatly beloved. "You know he is deeply interested in the question of lodgings for workmen. I have always said we were ready for annexation. Prince Fortimbras of Norway is going to do the business one fine morning. I have already infested my little savings in Norwegian stocks."

Hamlet mourned Ophelia, when he saw her body brought to the graveyard. "She's not so heavy; I forget, she ought to be swollen with water like a leather bottle; fished out of the mill-dam; poor young girl; so thin and so heroic. It's the downfall of everything; the conquering Fortimbras would have made her his mistress tomorrow; he's a Turk over there—she would surely have died of shame, and left only the wretched reputation of Belle-Helene. She had a too perishable appearance; so thin that her betrothal ring, which, in better days, I had put on her finger, fell from it constantly. My brother Yorick, I'll take your skull home and give it an honorable place on the shelf of my ex-voto between Ophelia's glove and my first tooth! Ah, how I shall work this winter on all these facts!"

At night he imagined Ophelia weeping. "Yet I cannot kill myself, deprive myself of life. Ophelia, pardon me. Don't cry like that. I cannot see the tears of young girls. Yes, to make a young girl weep seems to me more irreparable than to marry her."

Then comes a scene between Kate, the actress, and Hamlet, marvelous in its irony. She had wept reading his play. "You are unique, not understood, not mad as these persons with tooth-picks and spurs insist. Tomorrow I leave everything; I go back to Calais, and enter a convent to devote myself to the poor wounded of the 100 years' war."

"Hamlet, although well bred, could scarcely contain his joy as an artist."

The play is given. Hamlet runs off with Kate. They pass the graveyard. He dismounts and ties his horse to an indifferent and melancholy tree. "Kate, wait for me a minute. It's for my father's tomb. He was assassinated, the poor man. I'll tell you about it. I'm coming right back; only to pluck

flower, a simple paper flower, which will serve us as a bookmark when we read my drama and are forced to interrupt with kisses the reading." But aertes is there and cheeks and stabs m. Hamlet, dying, speaks the words the murdered Nero—"Oh what an

artist I perish!" Kate mourns him, her little Hamlet.

"But death is death; that's known since life began. . . . They sent to find the body with torches of the first quality. O historic evening, after all!"

"Now Kate was the mistress of William. 'Ah,' said this man, 'that's the way you wish to give Bili the Sack!' Bili is an abbreviation of Billy, diminutive of William). And Kate received a good drubbing, which was not the first, and, alas, would not be the last. Yet she was so beautiful, Kate, that in former times Greece would have raised altars to her."

STILL HARPING ON HAMLET

As Mr. Hampden will open his engagement at the Boston Opera House as Hamlet, the following letter may interest our readers:

To this Editor of The Herald:
An address by a New York lawyer, Alfred B. Cruikshank, recently published by the Knickerbocker Press in pamphlet form, seems to go far toward settling the "Hamlet Question" which has been acrimoniously and even beligerently discussed during these last 300 years by critics, philosophers, actors and the general public.

Mr. Cruikshank, who devotes 60 pages to trying to prove that every authority from Dryden to Hampden, including Coleridge, Goethe, Hazlitt, Edwin Booth and William Winter, were all wrong, not only upon the little question of Hamlet's madness, but as to his character as a whole and about Shakespeare's intention in writing the play.

According to this Manhattan Daniel so lately come to judgment, Hamlet is not an irresolute dreamer, not a moral philosopher with a touch of mysticism, not a gracious young prince of high ideals and noble purpose, he does not even grant him melancholy—save the mark! Think of it—Hamlet not the "melancholy Dane!" On the contrary, Mr. Cruikshank declares Hamlet robust, resolute and practical; crafty, deceitful, suspicious and unscrupulous, revengeful, vain, ambitious and mercenary; hot-headed, bad-tempered and rash; licentious, convivial and coldly calculating!

Mr. Cruikshank goes into great detail of analysis and generalization, some of it quite ingenious, to prove his point. If he makes absurd deductions and falls into the same error which he charges against his critics—that of reading into Shakespeare's what he desires to find there, instead of letting them speak for themselves—it is merely because he is carried away by zeal for his new idea. But the amazing point I wish to bring to your attention in his assertion that Hamlet's attitude toward his uncle and mother is not because of his love for his father and hatred of the man who killed him, married his widow and succeeded to the throne; but because Claudius, by this murder and usurpation, prevented Hamlet himself from becoming king, or at least delays the consummation which he so devoutly wishes. Hamlet's entire course of action, asserts this impassioned disciple of Blackstone, is the result of thwarted ambition, and has in it little of outraged filial sensibility.

In support of this Quixotic theory of the lawyer-commentator brings forward two short passages in the text. One is when Hamlet, in a confidential talk with Horatio, says that the new king has "popped in between the election and my hopes." The other place where he says Hamlet shows that he is brooding upon being cheated out of his inheritance, is in the dialogue between him and Rosencrantz in act 3, scene 2:

Hamlet: Sir, I look advancement.
Ros.: How can that be, when you have the voice of the king himself for your succession in Denmark?

Hamlet: Ay, sir, but while the grass grows—the proverb is something musty.

The entire proverb is "while the grass grows, the silly horse starves." It is difficult to see how a legal mind can consider this slight inferential testimony sufficient to offset all the direct speech of Hamlet, in which he reveals, in the beginning his sorrow and horror that his mother could have married her inferior brother-in-law so quickly after the suspicious death of her noble first husband; and later his determination to avenge the foul and most unnatural murder and bring his mother to a realization of the enormity of her complicity and incest, after he learns the truth from the ghost and has it confirmed by Claudius's and Gertrude's actions when the murder scene is reenacted.

Yet so Mr. Cruikshank reads between the lines and tells how he thinks the

play should be acted without suggestion of melancholy or regret on the part of Hamlet for his father's death and mother's and uncle's crime, except in so far as such feeling would result from himself not succeeding to the throne immediately after the murder.

Mr. Cruikshank does not say whether or not he has seen Walter Hampden's Hamlet. If he has, it is quite certain he did not enjoy it, for although Mr. Hampden's conception of the Dane is quite the most modern scene here, he departs sharply from the routine of his predecessors, yet none of Hamlet's traditional nobility of character, gentleness of nature and loftiness of mind seem to be missing.

Would it not be interesting if some actor would come along and play Mr. Cruikshank's Hamlet? E. YOTAM.

EUROPEAN MUSIC NOTES

A class in Russian opera has been introduced at a conservatory in Berlin. Siegfried Wagner's "Memoirs" is announced for publication.

A new opera by Eugene d'Albert, "Mareike van Nimwegens," will be produced at Munich next month.

The municipality of Berlin has granted the Philharmonic orchestra a subsidy of 700,000 marks.

The last surviving member of the Joachim quartet, Emmanuel Wirth, has celebrated his 80th birthday.

Stanislao Falchi, composer, and the teacher of many contemporary Italian musicians, among them Tommasini and Santoliquido, is dead at Rome. He was born in 1855.

On Nov. 25, a monument presented by the city of Paris to the city of Liege, the birthplace of Cesar Francke, to the memory of that composer, was placed in the foyer of the Royal Conservatory. The Queen of Belgium was present at the exercises and Henri Rabaud made one of the addresses.

A new serenade in three movements by Darius Milhaud, produced at a Colonna concert in Paris on Nov. 26. Some applauded; some protested; the greater part of the audience "remained ironically amused."

On Nov. 19 a ceremony to honor the memory of Saint-Saens took place in Saint Sulpice, Paris. Saint-Saens's "Requiem," for solo voices, chorus, organ and orchestra, was performed, also the offertory for all saints, "Jutorum Animae."

Dr. Vaughan Williams recently wrote this program note: "We can only test the immortality of a work of art when its idiom ceases to surprise us. 'Die Meistersinger' is now a classic. We read with amazement how the older critics, such as Mr. Bernard Shaw, were 'puzzled by its reckless counterpoint!'"

Today we can lean back in our chairs and drink in the lovely tunes."

FUSS ABOUT NATIONALITY

(The London Times)

But it may be questioned whether all this fuss about nationality is reasonable. What the average man asks of concert-givers is that they should provide him with first-rate performances of music which he knows he wants to hear, and also give him a chance of enlarging his experiences by acquaintance with some of the best of the new things. He is naturally pleased when he finds that some of these new things are by his own countrymen, but he is quite ready to take them from wherever they happen to come. However, if the talk is to be of nationality, it may be asked: Are there no musical nations besides the four into which all these programs resolve themselves? What of Italy and Spain, or of Czechoslovakia, Norway, Sweden, Belgium and Finland? All have their composers, with more or less clearly defined national characteristics. On the whole, the complaint might better be that we are too provincial in our musical outlook, and that while we pride ourselves on the possession of an Elgar, a Vaughan Williams and a Holst (as well we may), we

are serenely content to remain in ignorance of modern music elsewhere except when it assumes some peculiarly sensational form and bounces us into admiration by sheer audacity.

MUSIC RECEIVED

The Herald has received from the publishing house of Carl Fischer entertaining piano pieces by Emerson Whithorne, illustrative of life in New York.

"Chimes of St. Patrick," with the use of the plain song, "Dies Irae"; "Times Square," a "riotous mart of pleasure and of folly," and "Pell Street," in which the Chinese air, "15 Bunches of Blossoms," is introduced.

The same house publishes "Hispania," a suite for piano by Albert Strossell; Seguidilla, La Media Noche (South American tune by Aviles), In Old Castile and Jota; five songs of Rachmaninoff, with English words by Geraldine Farrar, and one with English words by

John McCormack and violin part by Fritz Kreisler; also three charming old French songs by Duni, Philidor and Alexandre, edited by Alfred Pochoy of the Flonzaley Quartet.

MARJORIE POSSELT

Marjorie Pierce Posselt, violinist, who was in the state competition for violin playing under the auspices of the Federated Women's Clubs, and appeared as soloist with the People's Symphony orchestra in Boston, has returned from a concert tour in Europe. When she played in Berlin with the Blüthner orchestra last fall the Berliner Tagblatt said of her:

"A very agreeable surprise was the young American violinist, Miss Marjorie Posselt, who played the 'Fantasia Appassionata,' by Viextemps. She is a highly gifted artist, full of passion and feeling, whose instrument sang and rang in the most charming tones of a beauty rarely to be heard. She truly represented what she performed and her name is surely to be mentioned among the very first rank of violinists."

GOOD PLAYS AND BAD AUDIENCES

(London Daily Chronicle)

In business there is one standard, and one possible and practical standard only, for deciding the value of goods; a thing is worth what it will fetch, and that is all there is to be said about it.

In art the standard is not quite the same; what is worth most, often fetches least. This is a factor which has, unfortunately, eternally to be reckoned with.

This applies to the theatre as much

as anywhere else, and more so now than it ever has before. Those who have been keeping an eye on the theatre recently—there is no need to say for the last 20 years, when the four years since the war are quite sufficient—will have noticed that, in general and allowing for isolated exceptions, bad plays run and good plays don't.

Musical comedies that are by no means the best of their kind habitually get runs of six months, a year or two years. A world masterpiece, such as the "Medea" of Euripides, is lucky to be put up at West end theatre for a couple of matinees.

"Seriousness is not wanted," say the managers—and to a certain extent they are right. But they are not altogether right. Serious drama is wanted, and badly; but by those of us who can afford to pay least for it.

A single instance of this will suffice—Mr. St. John Ervine's "Jane Clegg," which was recently revived at the New Theatre. This is not the place for an analysis of the play's merits, but it was a play that every paper in London combined to say was good drama and serious drama; and it ran eight weeks. The pit and the gallery were packed to overflowing for every night of that run. The play was taken off through lack of business in the stalls and dress circle.

What is the use of writing about the drama, of denouncing managers for not producing serious plays? The manager is not in the business for his health, and he has his query put every time, "Will it pay?" The answer is that, if he produces serious plays, he will have his pit full and his gallery full; and that after the first few nights he will not have sixpence in his stalls. A West end theatre, with a rent varying between £400 and £600 a week, is not going to run very profitably on the takings which this form of business amounts to.

B. A. A. CONCERT

The first of the Boston Athletic Association concerts in the gymnasium of the clubhouse this season will take place today at 3:30 o'clock. Miss Marguerite Namara, soprano, of the Chicago Opera Association and the Boston Symphony Ensemble (Messrs. Sauvlet, Gunderson, Kraft, Warner, Van Wynbergen, Langendoen, Ludwig, Amarena, Stanislaus, Mimart, Mager, Wendler, Kenfield, Laus, Ritter, De Voto; Augusto Vannini conductor), will be heard in the following program:

Overture, "Il Segreto di Susanna" Wolf-Ferrari
Serenata Stevens
Poeme Fibich
Orchestra
Ahl fors'e lui from "Traviata" Verdi
Miss Namara and Orchestra
Suite Espagnole "La Feria" Lacome
(a) Los Toros (b), La Reja (c) La Zarzuela
Orchestra
(a) The Danza Chadwick
(b) A Memory (dedicated to Miss Namara) Rudolph Ganz
(c) At the Well Hageman
Miss Namara
Fantasia, "Lohengrin" Wagner
Orchestra
Valse, "Romeo et Juliet" Gounod
Miss Namara and Orchestra

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY—Symphony hall, 8:30 P. M., Handel's "Messiah," performed by the Handel and Haydn Society. See special notice.

Boston Athletic Association, in the gymnasium, 3:30 P. M., concert by Marguerite Namara, soprano, and the Boston Symphony Ensemble. See special notice.

WEDNESDAY—Jordan hall, 8:15 P. M., Constance Medlin, pianist. Bach, Partita, B flat; Scaratti, Tempo di Ballo and Caprice; Gluck, Agamemnon; Melodie; Weber, Moment Perpetuel; Schumann, Sonata, Op. 22; Chopin, Ballade in F minor; Rachmaninov, Melodie and Prelude in B flat; Villumin, Carillons; Liszt, Polonaise, B major.

FRIDAY—Symphony hall, 2:30 P. M., ninth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. See special notice.

SATURDAY—Symphony hall, 8:15 P. M., Repetition of Friday's symphony concert.

HUTCHESON

In his progress through the great composers for pianoforte yesterday afternoon, Ernest Hutcheson reached Chopin. He played this program of the Polish composer's works, in Jordan hall: Fastaisie, op. 49; ballade in F major; preludes, op. 28, Nos. 20, 23, 21, 22, 3, 6, 7, 10, 16; Nocturns in F-sharp minor; Scherzo in B minor; Valse in E minor; Mazurkas, op. 31, No. 1; op. 31, No. 2; op. 68, No. 2; Etudes, op. 10, No. 8; op. 25, No. 5; op. 25, No. 6; op. 25, No. 7; op. 25, No. 11.

Perhaps 30 years ago piano players were sharply divided into two classes, those who could "play Chopin" and those who could not. The latter body was far the larger, since the former contained scarcely more than de Pachmann, beyond all others, Paderewski, and, for those who had heard him, Leschetizky. And then a new view began to spread abroad—what, after all, was Chopin's music that any artist of high degree should be unable to toss off a study of two or to indulge in a waltz? This new view, strong from its very sanity, would seem to be the one that obtains today.

And yet, and yet—perhaps after all the old belief was the right one—not, to be sure, that anybody could lay down in detail what qualities are essential to playing Chopin. Most young women, and some no longer quite so young, appeared to hold lack of time the first requisite, wagging disapproving heads and shrugging their shoulders at any pianist who played two bars in succession in the same time. Others were all for the heroic vein, the Chopin of the polonaises, with the dramatic note pushed till it screamed. And still, their nonsense notwithstanding, perhaps these people were right in their idea that a Chopin manner does exist.

It seems, in any case, a marvel that a pianist today should elect to play much Chopin. His music, so much of it as retains its beauty, and more as well, has been played in public till an artist can hardly approach it unconsciously, free from the memory of what some other artist has done with it. And audiences have a passion, with Chopin, for drawing odious comparisons, a passion which does not obsess them in the case of other composers. A listener may admire even the moonlight sonata without reserve, but it is an unusual concertgoer who can hear a nocturne or scherzo of Chopin without drawing a sigh and saying: "Did you hear it from de Pachmann?"—or Paderewski, or Rachmaninoff, as the listener is old or young.

As for Mr. Hutcheson, admirable artist though he is, yesterday he did not show that he above others today possesses the art of playing Chopin. Nevertheless a large audience went to hear him and expressed much pleasure. Some of his admirers look with warmer anticipation to a repetition, two weeks off, of his splendid performance of the Liszt sonata. R. R. G.

CERCLE IN 'LE COEUR DISPOSE'

Jordan hall, Francis de Croisset's "Le Cœur Dispose," comedy in three acts, presented by the Cercle Français of Harvard University. The cast:

Helene Francesca Braggiotti
Mme. Flory Elizabeth Beal
Mme. Miran-Charville Berthe Braggiotti
Jacqueline Ruth Thayer
Léonard J. J. Randolph Robinson
Houzier Henry Cabot Lodge, Jr.
Parsineaux John M. Begg
Faloize John Davis Lodge
Miran-Charville Chanler Chapman
Prince d'Arlestein Henri de Castellan
Mme. de Valende Rosamond Adie
Marquise d'Erqueline Margaret Amory
Princesse d'Humle Mrs. John E. Bolt
Georgia Houzier Rama Braggiotti
Bourgeot Alfred Merian
Souvetere Alexander Hamilton
De Courvay E. M. Hinkle
De Drossme E. M. Hinkle
Patard Palmer Dixon
De Channy R. Cameron Rogers
Julie Helen Scott
Irma Marianna Lowell
Ducroy Robert Le Guyon

The Cercle Français of Harvard University has made a happy choice in De

Crosset's "Le Coeur Dispose," as their thirty-seventh annual play, produced at Jordan Hall last night, for it is within the power of amateurs. It is interesting entertainment, for the most part, creditably given.

Robert Levaltier, becoming secretary to Miran-Charville, learns that the latter is about to sell some lands in Azil-Zelma to Paraineaux and Baron Houzier. Knowing something of these two, Robert finds out about the contract, learning that the land, supposed by the owner to be nothing more than good hunting land, contains phosphate, and is therefore invaluable.

Robert handles the situation, arranging that his employer shall benefit by the discovery of phosphate, and at the same time manages to break off the engagement that exists between Baron Houzier and Helen Miran-Charville.

Her father, however, misunderstanding his secretary's efforts, discharges Robert, who then explains everything. The title of the piece is taken from the end, when the question of Helene's marriage is decided by her heart instead of her family.

In the role of Helene, Francesca Braggiotti did by far the best work of the company. She played with a freshness of feeling and sincerity. She is, moreover, unusually attractive. Berthe Braggiotti, as Helene's mother, Mme. Miran-Charville, handled her role capably. She was noticeably good in the first act.

Elizabeth Beal deserves credit for her playing of Mme. Flory. She had ease and restraint as well as the confidence the role called for. Little Rama Braggiotti made an excellent Georgie, without any self-consciousness.

John Davis Lodge was capital as Faloize, the old sculptor, while Henry Cabot Lodge, Jr., was good in the role of Baron Houzier. Others whose work deserves mention are J. Randolph Robinson as Robert, John Begg, Alfred Merlan as Bourgeot, and Henri de Castellane, in the comedy role of the Prince. The piece has been coached by Ernest Perrin of the Theatre des Varietes, of Paris.

A second performance will be given at Jordan Hall tomorrow afternoon. The proceeds will be given to the American Committee for Devastated France.

"A Night of Love,"

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—"A Night of Love," operetta in three acts, by Valentinov. First time in Boston. Produced by the Russian Grand Opera Company. The cast:

Smlatka	Piotr Kostoff
Maria	Barbara Losseva
Lisa	Zena Ivanova
Smorjko	Edm Vitta
Karolina	Sophia Ossipova
Sergei	Max Pantelsof
Genadi	Nikolai Bussanowski
Andrei	Leonard Gorienko
A Police Captain	Nikolai Karlash
A Maid	Sophia Fisher

There was rare sport last night at the Opera House, when the Russian company brought forward an operetta by one Valentinov, a composer who is supposed to live in Petrograd today. To a person who has no Russian the plot, to judge from the action, must be of the slenderest, but it serves. The humor of the operetta, for foreigners, lies in the music, and humorous it is, no doubt about it. For the composer, with the gravity becoming a writer as well as a player of burlesque and farce, has drawn on every well-known opera under the sun, from "The Merry Widow" to "Carmen" and "Faust," slipping with never a smile from the garden scene in "Faust" to as lively a "polka schnell" as ever set feet to dancing. It was all funny, with the drollery that results when a clever librettist works hand in hand with an equally clever composer. And it was all the funnier for the apt and vivid performance.

From this performance one might guess that this opera company consists for the most part of singers skilled in operetta who are doing what they can with serious opera, rather than opera singers toying with a trifle. However this may be, last night the singers showed, one and all, a fine sense of comedy. Funny, all of them, and some of them bubbling over with the real comic force, it was a pleasure to watch the seriousness with which

they played the Faust burlesque and other things of the kind. Their unflagging animation, too, proved refreshing, and the music they were called upon to sing lay well within their vocal powers. The stage management, excellent, might teach us here a thing or two. Unless one were to write out again the entire cast, by no means forgetting the neat soubrette of Miss Fisher, there is no praising performers in detail. Still—Miss Losseva's old

woman must not pass without a word. Her dance—when has anything so funny been seen? The pity of it that this diverting performance should have been given only on the last night, too late for a repetition! R. R. G.

Dec 18 1922

Our colleague, Mr. Roy R. Gardner, reviewing the concert of the Harvard Glee Club last Thursday, wrote of Mr. Davison and his choir:

"Since this competence is so entirely the result of his own skill."

The sentence in the review as published Friday morning read: "Since this competence is not so entirely the result of his own skill."

Thus an injustice was done Mr. Gardner and Mr. Davison.

THE RUSSIAN LESSON

The Russian opera company showed plainly by the engagement of two weeks at the Boston Opera House that the great majority of the people in this city, however much they may "clamor" for opera in their talk in street cars or at afternoon teas, have not the slightest desire to hear unfamiliar operas even when they are by celebrated composers. One would think that performances of operas by Rimsky-Korsakov and Tchaikovsky would fill the theatre, especially in this "musical centre."

The Chicago opera company is coming. Let it heed the lesson learned from the Russians. Begin the engagement of course with "Aida" sung by strong-lunged singers. Do not fail to put "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci" on the bill for an evening's entertainment. Be sure to perform "Il Trovatore," so that the critics may have the opportunity of discussing whether Ferrando in the first scene should wear a slouch hat or a tin helmet. Above all, do not dare to bring out an unfamiliar opera. It might be well to include "Lucia di Lammermoor," "Martha" and "The Bohemian Girl" in the repertoire; first of all, "The Bohemian Girl," for then the managers and the subscribers can join with zest in the chorus:

"Happy and light of heart are those
Who in each other faith repose."
Or words to that effect; we quote from memory.

WHY THE "ENGLISH" LANGUAGE

As the World Wags:
I will give 50 cents (.50) to any charity at all, if somebody will prove to me that there is an "English" language. If a descendant of the English like Prof. Lounsbury can say: "It is quite as important to find out what English is not, as well as what it is," what shall we say, we who have other blood in our veins, to the tyranny which compels millions of our kind to talk "English"? I wish to protest. I am indignant.

TERRENCE McSWANE.
Brookline.
P. S.—Apologies to Mr. McSweeney.

AN OPENING WANTED BY A NICE YOUNG MAN

As the World Wags:
Do you know of any opening for a winter bachelor whose wife is a member of the 1922 A. E. F. engaged in forcing American currency on foreign hotel-keepers? There is no hardening of the arteries in my ankles, I specialize in "doubling" at bridge, do not go to sleep at the opera, prepare (conversationally) for dinner parties, have no objection to being telephoned at the last minute to "fill in," no one would suspect that I wear a toupee. I live at the South end but am willing to travel.

LONELY LEW.

O YOU RUBBERNECKS!

(From a poem by the Rev. Percy Stickney Grant recently published)
The old earl lay in his restless bed,
His fair young bride by his side;
The young page gazed from the outer tower.

And all their eyes were wide.

TELL US, MR. HART

As the World Wags:
I notice in "Rough Hewn," these lines referred to as a vulgar ditty:
"Some people dies of drinking whiskey
And some dies of drinking beer."
I wonder if Dorothy Canfield really knows just how vulgar that ditty is.

Reading. BEN HART.

VOICES

The wind about the hill,
The sparrow on the sill,
Chirping, the cricket's chirr
Were voices known to her
Whose beauty buried Troy,
As here, where autumn's leaf.

Flees down the garden ways,
Perchance they hinted joy,
Perchance they hinted grief;
For lo! to these dark days
They seem to tell a strange
Sad tale of Time and Change—
Yet summon up no tears,
Only the ghosts of years
Long dead, that haunt old earth
Like memory of mirth,
And memory of hours
That had more thorns than flowers.

LAURA BLACKBURN.

MORE ABOUT GEORGIE

As the World Wags:

Your reprinting of parts of the George Dean Spaulding circular of 1878-79 (they were handbills in Hyannis, and we got a ticket to the show for passing them) brings up some more memories of that beautiful lady.

Does the picture show her with rosy cheeks and short black hair, a mass of curly ringlets and parted on one side? You remember her after she had just finished the "triple tongued" part of the "Silver Stream Polka," she would toss her head back, shaking the glossy ringlets about and making all those diamonds glitter and sparkle.

Our gang engaged in many heated discussions—we were 8 to 10 years old—as to whether our elders were justified in saying "she painted and dyed her hair." We usually decided she was too pretty to do it.

The good old Swiss Bell Ringers! They gave Cape towns a great deal of real pleasure. I frankly confess I'd buy a 35 cent seat for each one of my family if I could be sure of the old time thrill as they coaxed the music out of the bells and glasses of water and the like.

CLARENCE A. ELDRIDGE.

Boston.

NOT THE HERALD ALONE

As the World Wags:

Having been a patient reader of The Herald's weather reports for the last 49 years, I would suggest that the meteorologist move to another climate, for the weather certainly doesn't agree with him here.

R. THERMOMETER.

Weston.

WHAT IS IT TO THE INFINITE?

(For As the World Wags.)

Princess Cinderella!
Little seekers of dreams,
What if they do come true?
Shadows would again pale their brightness.
Grim reality has strange fascination
When once you laugh with Nirwana.
Pretty, tiny, tempting feet—
Whether they are strutting before footlights,
Or dragging through dingy offices;
All, are fashioned of clay.
Nirwana knows it matters little
Who finds your slipper.
It is such a very brief wandering,
Before you reach her breast.

Princess "Put Her Foot In It!"

'MESSIAH'

Yesterday afternoon, in symphony hall, the Handel and Haydn Society, Emil Mollenhauer, conductor, gave its 145th performance of "The Messiah." The Boston Festival orchestra, John W. Crowley, principal, played. The soloists were Ethel Hayden, soprano; Charlotte Peege, alto; Arthur Hackett, tenor, and Royal Dadmun, bass. The audience was large.

This 145th performance had much to commend it. Why should it not, since Mr. Mollenhauer conducted? For Mr. Mollenhauer knows well how to make the forces under his command, orchestra and chorus alike, do his will. His big chorus he has taught to sing with absolute accuracy, with excellent tone ranging from piano to fortissimo, with a nice attack and finish, also with some degree of skill in the moulding of a phrase. The orchestra, yesterday, he had play with an attention that secured correctness, if not marked tonal beauty. Mr. Mollenhauer, in short, has been able to give his chorus, and in a lesser degree

his orchestra, an exceptionally competent technique; a very considerable feat.

Why, however, he should rest content with his present level of performance—no low level, to be sure, since never once yesterday was it slovenly—is a puzzle. One would think that it must be a pleasure to teach these able singers a pianissimo, how to color their tones, the way to mount a climax, the power of imagination, of sentiment. It well may be that the staunch Handel and Haydn public is amply satisfied with the standard of performance that holds today; better it surely is than that of 20 years ago. A public exists, nevertheless, ignorant, unfortunately, of the possibilities of choral singing, which might well be attracted to Handel and Haydn concerts if this ancient society would gird up its loins and do the fine work it is capable of doing.

The solo singers yesterday were of a high average of excellence. Miss Hayden, possessor of a charming, well-trained voice, sang admirably her recitatives and such music as did not demand the services of a brilliant dramatic soprano. Miss Peege, always free of sentimentality, sang "He Shall Feed His Flock" notably well. Mr. Dadmun sang "Why Do the Nations" smoothly and with fine spirit. Mr. Hackett, as always, pleased by the beauty of his excellently schooled voice.

R. R. G.

Dec 19 1922

We are urged by a circular to purchase "A Book About Myself," so that we will know all about "a gangling, self-confident, self-deprecating, conceited, trembling, bold, fearsome youth all in the person of Theodore Dreiser." We have nothing "agin" Mr. Dreiser; on the contrary, we wish him well in his "emotional reactions" to a world "cruel and wonderful, beautiful and passionate, colorful and romantic, at once depressing and inspiring."

But this is a sadly selfish world, and we must, for the present, decline "to meet the father of the author and his sisters." There are the memorable lines of Walt Whitman:

"I have pried through the strata and analyzed to a hair,
And counselled with doctors and calculated close and found no sweeter fat than sticks to my own bones."

Besides, times are hard, Arabella, times are "drefful hard."

GOING—GONE

As the World Wags:

Coue's formula is to put the han over the ailing spot and repeat: "It i going; it is going. . . ." Not so good if the affliction happens to be falling hair.

BLE.

AS LONG AS YOU DIDN'T GET DOWN FOR THE SHOOTING SEASON, YOU'D BETTER POSTPONE YOUR VISIT UNTIL AFTER THE HOLIDAYS.

(From the Portland (Me.) Press-Herald.)
SHOPLIFTERS
ATTENTION!

Stealing from any stores during the holiday season will not be tolerated. Any person or persons caught will be dealt with to the full extent of the Law.

I. S. WATTS, Chief of Police.

OR THACHER'S ISLAND

As the World Wags:

"So this is Minot—or possibly Gurnet!!" certain Newtonians have been saying to themselves on perceiving the following sign in a local store window:

TWO ROOMS FOR

LIGHT-HOUSE

KEEPING

Inquire within.

ELIZABETH LEWIS OSGOOD.
Newton Centre.

BOOTS AND ANKLES

As the World Wags:

As reported in your column, a "society note" in a London paper says: "English girls in general have very ugly ankles and one of the reasons for this is because they rarely wear boots. The continual wearing of low shoes causes the ankle to lose its shape." This is written by "a French woman who knows" and calls attention to the fact that a continual wearing of low shoes will greatly enlarge the ankles. Medical authorities cite that unless men and women wear high boots at least half of the time the ankles grow large and ugly, and the high button boot gives the neatest and best appearing condition. High button boots are coming into their own by fashion authority.

SHOEMAN.

Boston.

IT AIN'T THE WORLD, IT'S YOU

(From Better Farming, Chicago)

A pessimist got hold o' me, a coughin' up his hash,
An' sez, sez he to me, sez he, "The world's all gone t' smash,
Politics 'r rotten an' religions on the bum,
An' all the pests o' Satan 'r a goin' on the hum.
Things shure ain't what they used t' be.
The doin's don't look good t' me."
Sez I "Gowan! What's your cue?
The world hain't goin' wrong,
It's YOU.

Sez he to me, "Them good old days when I was young," sez he.
An' then sez i to him, sez I, "You've got the wrong idee,
I've got no use fer pessimists who sob for other days.
An' block in wheels of progress by their chant of ancient ways.
It ain't no use to spill yer tears,
An' swear the world is off its gears.
Cut the hash! It ain't true,
The world hain't gone to smash,
It's YOU.

If you've got somethin' up yer sleeves that's better than is known, stop b'ubberin' an' PUT IT UP. We're waitin' to be shown. The world's a wantin' fellers who can show 'em somethin' new, instead of cryin' round about the way they "Used t' do." No use forever callin' Halt! No use forever findin' fault. Get behind! PUSH and DO. The world hain't wastin' time—It's YOU.

WILNA WINTRINGHAM.

NARCISSUS IN NEW BEDFORD
We are indebted to "Mitch Ka Ditch" for a copy of Woodhull & Claflin's Weekly, Nov. 15, 1873, with these mottoes: "Progress! Free Thought! Untrammelled Lives! Breaking the Way for Future Generations! Price 10 cents."

We remember the time when this weekly was classed by staid New Englanders with the Police Gazette. Victoria C. Woodhull and Tenny C. Claflin were names never to be mentioned in respectable households. Yet we found this issue of the Weekly rather full reading. There is an entertaining account, copied from the Evening Standard of New Bedford, of a trial that excited the citizens of that town. A dealer in music and works of art had put a little statue of Narcissus in his shop window. He was taken into court for some thought that the shameless Narcissus should not be seen by men, women and children. The city marshal was a witness. He swore that the art dealer was a man of good character. "I am not prepared to say whether I would keep a Narcissus in my parlor; if I had no family but my wife, perhaps I would; with children, perhaps I would not." Another dealer, who had a family of four children from 2 to 12 years old, said: "While I would not purchase this statuette, if anybody will give me I will place it prominently in my parlor."

It will be remembered that a big, burly fellow in Utica caved in the head of Artemus Ward's wax statue of the false apostle, saying: "I tell you, old man, that Judas Iscariot can't show hisself in Utiky with impunity by a darn site!" No one broke the head of Narcissus, but he was not persona grata in the New Bedford of 1873.

"HYPOCRITES"

By PHILIP HALE

ST. JAMES THEATRE—"The Hypocrites," a play in four acts by Henry Arthur Jones. Produced in New York on Aug. 30, 1906, with Richard Bennett as Linnell and Jessie Millward as Mrs. Wilmore.

Mr. John Plagenet, Bart. Edward Darney
Mrs. Wilmore.....Mark Kent
The Rev. Edgar Linnell.....Houston Richards
Mrs. Viviaash.....William Jeffery
The Rev. Everard Daubney, Ralph M. Remley
Dr. Blaney.....Harold Chase
The Rev. Edgar Linnell.....Walter Gilbert
Goodyer.....Lionel Bevans
Mrs. Wilmore.....Viola Roach
Helen Plagenet.....Lucille Adams
Mrs. Linnell.....Barbara Gray
Mrs. Blaney.....Anna Layne
Rachel Neve.....Evela Nudsen
Patty.....Helen Pitt

When the play was performed in London after the production in New York, there was sharply divided opinion concerning its merits. In 1922 the play seems an old-fashioned melodrama, theatrical after the manner of Scribe, with an old story told at too great length. We have the seduced girl, the seducer about to marry another, the clergyman that is fond of ease and the fleshpots, the other clergyman that has a fanatical sense of duty, the parents that oppose bitterly their son wedding the wronged one. And to gain their end intriguing, lying, hypocritical throughout, until we have the conventional happy ending, the cad of a son seeing a great light and marrying Rachel; even the mother is converted in the last act, a conversion so sudden that a London critic, remarking upon it said: "The play, however, was written for America, where the wonders of the revival meeting are unconsidered trifles!"

Long as the play is, and it was performed last night at a rather slow pace, it holds the attention. Perhaps Mr. Jones intended first of all to write a satire, for he included in the dialogue withering remarks about society and civilization, but it is nothing more or less than melodrama. Mr. Wilmore is extravagantly drawn by the dramatist; Mrs. Wilmore, who would perjure herself or even commit murder for her son and his career, is more true to nature; nor is Linnell by any means an improbable character. We have all known clergymen of Danberry's type, and there are girls like Helen. As for young Leonard he is an offensive cad, lying or telling the truth.

The performance was an agreeable one. Miss Roach gave a convincing portrayal of the mother, a part that it would be easy to render impossible through overacting. The mother was

put squarely before one in her love, her cruelty, her lack of ordinary decency in her devotion to her son and pride. And when she came to her duel with Linnell, she was still a woman as may be seen in daily life, not a tragedy queen.

Mr. Gilbert succeeded in saving Linnell from the reproach of being a prig. He was manly, and even when his lines were only tawdry rhetoric, he delivered them with such sincerity that the spectator was not tempted to smile. The audience evidently regarded the father's part as distinctly comic, nor was this the fault of Mr. Kent. The other parts were taken well enough; Miss Adams saved Helen from being goody-goody, and Miss Nudsen, who, although in one scene she is supposed to have a sprained ankle, or at least an injured foot, sobbed prettily in high-heeled and becoming boots. The large audience was greatly interested; it found many opportunities to laugh when Mr. Jones

was most serious, and it ingeniously applauded the good clergyman whenever he scored a point on the hypocrites.

"ROBIN HOOD"

PARK THEATRE—Douglas Fairbanks in "Robin Hood." First performance in Boston. Story by Elton Thomas. Directed by Allan Dwan. Photography by Arthur Edson. The leading members of the cast were Enid Bennett, Billie Bennett, Wallace Beery, Sam de Grasse, Paul Dickey and Willard Louis. The program printed some interesting facts regarding Mr. Fairbanks's newest production. Above 20,000 souls were busied preparing it, in it appear more than 10,000 people; 22 experts did the research work needful for accuracy in design; the banquet room in the castle is the largest room in the world; the king's castle covers two and a half acres of ground; its exterior is 820 feet long; every weapon carried was made by hand; saddle and horse-trappings were also hand-made, even unto the sewing. The entire stock of three tanneries was used for the players' shoes. And these are not all the remarkable facts the program stated, not by any means.

From this prodigality of Mr. Fairbanks a film results of truly imposing proportions. Vaster crowds, very likely, sweep through more spacious castle halls than probably ever have been photographed before. As for the costumes, including the magnificent caparisons of the horses, they are of a genuine splendor. The settings are indeed of a gorgeousness beyond compare. That they make as vivid an appeal to the fancy, however, as some others less opulent but more imaginative, can not with truth be said.

To come to the play, which after all is just as much the thing, in films, as on the stage, Mr. Thomas has contrived to tell a coherent story clearly, without too much explanatory text, and probably with no more padding than is necessary if a single play is to fill an entire evening's entertainment. If he has not succeeded in suffusing this rather undramatic tale with the romance which lovers of "Ivanhoe" and "Maid Marian" associate with Sherwood forest and King Richard, he has suggested keenly enough the far more plausible, if the truth be admitted, low comedy of those distant rude times. No doubt he did wisely, since Mr. Fairbanks is apter at farce than romance.

In "Robin Hood" the medieval surroundings and his knightly costumes do not bother Mr. Fairbanks. Though he made a brave attempt to lose his personality in the character, he remained sufficiently Douglas Fairbanks, the comedian, to set his audience into peals of laughter—and likewise Douglas Fairbanks the athlete with an amazing ability to scale walls and to jump unhurt from dizzy heights. No admirers of his art should fail to see "Robin Hood," for Mr. Fairbanks remains, in his highly individual way, excellent, and there is much brilliant pageantry to boot. The supporting cast is capable. The audience, very large, laughed heartily at the comic episodes, of which there are luckily many.

R. R. G.

AT B. F. KEITH'S

The bill at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week contains one of the greatest musical acts of the season, besides several other entertaining features. Last evening a large audience was enthusiastic in approval.

Loyal's canine act was the curtain raiser. The comedy element of the dogs was a feature as well as some high jumping. Ted and Betty Healy followed in chatter and song; displaying Mr. Healy's agreeable voice and the pulchritude of Miss Betty, who effected an amazing high kick and much of it.

Emil Boreo, a European singing comedian, offered a new style in song and facial play. In an attempt to imitate Caruso in "The Lament" from "Pagliacchi," he had clearly stepped beyond

his sphere and marred an otherwise entertaining performance. Jane Connelly and company were seen in the single sketch of the bill, a satirical farce on extravagant wives. The piece was convincingly interpreted, and there was a richness of setting that arrested the eye.

George Watts and Belle Hawley made a good impression with the original style of comedy of Mr. Watts, physically endowed to bring forth laughter. He knows how to get all there is out of a comic song. Miss Hawley, a competent foil at the piano, was besides good to look at.

McEnelly's singing orchestra, Edward McEnelly, director, billed as the headliner, justified its position on the bill. More than that, this organization differs from its kind now doing vaudeville time. The program, while providing much in the jazz rhythm, was neatly varied. There was much in the way of fascinating orchestration and arrangement, and there was a precision and snap to the performance. The attacks were brilliant and clean cut, and the ragged edges were absent. Besides there were many phrases rich in nuance, in delicacy of texture. Then, here and there, the orchestra took its turn in singing in ensemble. And wonders of wonders, Mr. McEnelly chooses to conduct as sincere, serious-minded musician, rather than as a gymnast. A musicianly performance that received an ovation at its conclusion, for the curtain had to be raised several times.

Ben Welch, the blind comedian, assisted by Frank P. Murphy, gave the great laugh-provoker of the bill in his sketch of last season. He was never funnier than last night, when he had his audience in an uproar. And yet with all the laughter, what a pathetic sight, as he was led off stage in his uncertain steps. Ray Fern and Marre, an irrepressible pair, gave good comedy, and the bill closed with the posing and balancing of Maggie Clifton and partner.

COPLEY THEATRE—Revival of "Raffles," a detective play in four acts. The cast:

Marle.....May Edles
Crawshaw.....Walter Kingsford
Goldby.....L. Paul Scott
Mrs. Vidal.....Jesamine Newcombe
Gwendoline Conran.....Katherine Standing
Lady Melrose.....Marie Hassell
Lady Ethel.....Catherine Willard
Harry Mandere.....Clifford Turner
Viscount Crowley.....Gerald Rogers
The Earl of Amersteth.....Charles Warburton
A. J. Raffles.....E. E. Clive
Curtis Bedford.....E. Conway Wingfield
Merton.....Warwick Buckland
Barraclough.....W. E. Watts

The story of Raffles, the amateur cracksmen, is too well known to need retelling. And after all there is not much story; the play itself is one of character and as such will probably always be popular. The action of the first two acts was slow last evening, too slow at times to sustain interest in Raffles himself, admirably portrayed by Mr. Clive. The other characters were well taken and there are many interesting bits of by-play.

Mr. Clive gave Raffles a personality that was convincing and extremely human. Miss Newcombe made a charming and attractive adventuress and Mr. Wingfield played a detective that was a real human being. Mr. Rogers came very near to burlesque in his part of the tiresome Viscount, but that did not detract in the least from the entertainment afforded by the play. The audience evidently enjoyed thoroughly the performance, although it is doubtful if many of the lines, spoken with too much attempt at an "English accent," could be heard toward the back of the theatre.

"Main Street Follies" Full of Bright Features

"Main Street Follies," with Fred Ardath, billed as "a stupendous musical revue in 15 scenes," is the attraction at the Majestic Theatre this week. The production is one of the best arranged Shubert vaudeville and musical units presented in Boston this year.

The vaudeville section of the program opens with "The Birth of Jazz," in which Violet McKee and girls appear. Miss McKee possesses a splendid voice and uses it to good advantage.

Leo Burns and Tom Foran, polite entertainers, follow. Next come Fred Ardath and company in "Peacock Alley," a swift moving comedy sketch. Then appear the Three Dolce Sisters, billed as "Queens of Harmony." Joe Morris and Flo Campbell in "The Ate-He," and Rush Ling Toy, Chinese magician, bring the first part of the program to a close.

The musical revue makes up the closing part. Ardath is the star and he is ably assisted by various members of the company. The features of the revue are "Six Blocks from Main Street" and "The Crime Wave and Why It Waves." Another pretty number also is "Colonial Days." A sprightly chorus also does much to make the show what it is.

In our little village of the "B-a-l-l-k-e-t," were taught to spell "B-a-l-l-k-e-t," Baker." Reading writing and arithmetic, geography and a smattering of United States history were then considered the essentials. The system of penmanship was the "penmanship." There was one boy who could write pen and ink draw a magnificent eagle with a scroll in its beak. A great future was prophesied for him, but he became a clerk in the grocery store and died without becoming a junior partner.

Now all sorts of things are taught in the public schools. There is chatter about the necessity of an acquaintance with "psychology." This reminds us that the chairman of the Spilsby branch of the Farmers' Union in England complains that boys are leaving school who do not know how many top teeth a 1-year-old sheep has.

Well, we boys once knew the year when the first block-house was built in New England.

BUT WILL HE?

(From the Clinton, Ia., Herald)
Born to Mr. and Mrs. E. O. Work of Clinton, a son, Ernest Will, last night at Jane Lamb Hospital.

"COOL" BURGESS AND OTHERS As the World Wags:

Mr. Quincy Kilby's rhymed reminiscences of the "Old Howard," published recently in The Sunday Herald, brought to my mind 30 of the old favorites mentioned. My acquaintance with the playhouse began with a first balcony seat on the opening night of Trowbridge and Hart's management.

I missed from Mr. Kilby's list Jennie Engle and "Cool" Burgess, both singers but of widely opposite extremes in tone and range of vocal expression; Jennie's more like the gentle dew which falls from heaven; Cool's more like a roaring blast from the other place.

Alanson Long, old-time proprietor of the Quincy House, used to say that, sitting in his hotel office, he could distinctly hear Burgess singing and dancing "Noodemus Johnson" up in the Old Howard. Deleahanty, who with his partner Hengler, was living at the hotel, thought that Alanson exaggerated a bit. Burgess was a decided novelty in plantation song and dance, and fairly took the Howard rooters off their feet. Nothing like his dance in "Noodemus Johnson" had ever been seen or heard in Boston before—nor has been since, to my knowledge. He was often billed on programs and posters "The Gigantic," which correctly described the man, his manners, his voice, and, above all, his earthquake dance.

We remember "Cool"—his name was Colin—Burgess well, dancing "Noodemus Johnson" with abnormally long shoes. He sported an unusually long and drooping moustache. We remember him also singing "Hildebrandt Montrose." He was born at Toronto and died there in 1905—his 65th year. As for Jennie Engle, her great song was "The Flags of All Nations," which she sang, waving a flag for a nation with each verse, thus arousing applause of varied intensity. When she came to, "And here's the flag of I-er-land" the rafters shook.—Ed.

HIS LOST VOICE

The late Charley Thayer, who could have sat for Mr. Micawber—we believe he once played the part—was once in a New York hotel on the sixth or seventh floor, vainly trying to sleep. There was a preventing roaring that came up from the office, up flights of stairs, elevator well and through corridors. Thayer finally summoned a bellboy. "What on earth's going on in the office?"

Said the bell boy: "O, that's Mr. Louis Aldrich, the eminent tragedian, telling the clerk that his cold is so bad he's lost his voice and can't act."

"Cool" Burgess's voice might also be described as of the menagerie type.

WISE LITTLE CINDIE

I hunger not for polished limousines, Or parties gay in garish cabarets, Or midnight dancing with all things roseate

In the false glow of a shoe gin fizz; Neither do I crave the "privilege" Of bestowing on a mere man All the love and idealism of my heart. Though still a novice in Life's unending school,

I've learned one lesson, fortunately long ere this— That Romance and Adventure are not found

Either in cabarets or in the hearts of selfish men.

CINDERELLA II.

SUNDRY SENSES

As the World Wags:

The various senses are receiving a curious amount of attention in the psychology department of many colleges, etc., but, so far as I know, no investigation has been made as to the im-

pression on the public made by those deprived of the use of any one of the senses. Yet if one cannot hear readily, he excites the emotion of anger, if smell is lacking, of disgust; if touch is dulled, of horror as an "unfeeling wretch"; if blind, however, the universal emotion is that of sympathy. Of this latter, I have daily and touching examples since I have become purblind. For instance, last evening in walking two short blocks, I had a man

offer at each of the intersecting streets, to "set me across."

On the sense of smell (perhaps most ancient of the senses, but which now is in disrepute), a Scottish scholar has issued the first part of an elaborate bibliography, but that sense might be studied as well here as in Europe; yet in investigating the newly-discovered sixth (or chemical) sense, we are here heavily handicapped in that the most efficient agent in research is sthyl alcohol and this cannot be freely handled even academically.

CHARLES-EDWARD AAB.

Boston.

OF THE SENSE OF SMELLING

It was said in Mexico and South America that when the Spaniard first came the native could smell gunpowder at a distance, after the manner of crows. Sir Konelm Digby knew a man who, being of a spare diet, could by smelling discern "the qualities of whatsoever was afterwards to pass the examination of his taste, even to his bread and beer." The case of John of Liege was more remarkable. When he was a little boy, frightened by soldiers, he ran into the woods where he lived, wild, for many years, feeding on roots and wild fruits. He could at a great distance find by his nose what was wholesome to be eaten. The country people, thinking him, naked and overgrown with hair, to be a satyr, snared him. "After that he came to good keeping and full feeding he lost the acuteness of smelling which formerly governed him in his tasting." Jerome Cardan always had some smell in his nose, one while of frankincense, another time of brimstone; he gave as the cause the exquisite subtlety of his sense, the thinness of his skin and the tenacity of his humors.

So Mr. Jewett will revive next Saturday afternoon at the Copley Theatre the farce "The New Clown," by Harry Major Paul, a name unfamiliar to the younger generation of Boston's playgoers, yet Paul, born in 1854, has written a dozen plays.

"The New Clown" was produced at Terry's Theatre, London, in February, 1902, when James Welch took the part of the clown. This clown is really Lord Cyril Garston, who, believing he has murdered his friend, Jack Trent, sees himself tried and condemned, and so without waiting to see whether Trent, who has accidentally fallen from a window into the river, is the worse for his ducking, he runs his way and joins Dixon's circus. There an old and dissipated clown is only too willing to give his position and dress to the distracted man. Garston is already betrothed, but Dixon's niece, of course, does not know it, and she falls in love with him. He finds out that a clown's life is not necessarily a happy one or remunerative, and he welcomes the appearance of Trent.

This farce was very successful in England. It was revived in London for matinees only at the New Theatre on Dec. 29, 1914, when Welch again played the leading part and Nina Boucault was seen again in Molly O'Farrell, Dixon's niece. Her part, however, was changed from that of a bareback rider to a dancing girl, revisiting the scene of her former triumphs. The Pall Mall Gazette then said that the whole play seemed like "a chapter out of Dickens, full of fun and realism and broad human nature."

Charles Frohman brought out "The New Clown" at the Garrick Theatre, New York, on Aug. 25, 1902. Jameson Lee Flinney then took the part of Garston; Jessie Busley that of the niece; Ralph Delmore played Mr. Dixon. The Evening Post praised the play. "Few unconcealed farces contain so little pure horse-play or simply mechanical effects."

"The New Clown" was turned into a musical comedy. As such it was seen in Boston at the Park Theatre, Feb. 16, 1903. Garston, Dan Daly; Dixon, Louis Harrison; the niece, Merri Osborne. As a musical comedy, it was not successful, except for those who liked everything done by Daly. Among them was

William Foster Apthorp. He wrote in the Evening Transcript: "Mr. Daly is peculiarly delightful to those who like him, of whom I am enthusiastically one. His histrionic horizon is not boundless; his stage assets are a 'Roman fall' . . . an individually comic grace in walking and dancing, a voice that sounds as if ground out by a coffee mill, settled gloom of facial expression, and matchless skill in the wearing of stage mustaches; his stage liabilities are null . . . He is one of the most marked personalities on our stage today." As for the musical comedy, "It's one important function is to give Mr. Daly nothing to do, which nothing he does, as usual, to perfection. Ah, what an art of doing nothing he has! He does not even sing his songs—and we like them all the better for not being sung."

The program of the Symphony concerts tomorrow afternoon and Saturday evening is an unusual one. The overture to Spontini's once famous opera, "The Vestal," has not been performed at these concerts. It was first played here at a concert of the Harvard Musical Association in 1869. A suite for small orchestra, "Pulcinella," a ballet based by Stravinsky on music by Pergolesi, will be performed for the first time in America. Albert Spalding will play Dohnanyi's violin concerto, as yet unknown here. For good measure Mr. Monteux adds Smetana's symphonic poem, "The Moldau."

The extra Travel Talks of Mr. Newman, comprising all the remarkable pictures of wild animals in the open, moving pictures taken by him in African jungles, will take place in Symphony Hall tomorrow night and Saturday afternoon.

Roland Hayes, the negro tenor, returning after his triumphs in London and Paris, will give a recital in Symphony Hall Sunday evening, Jan. 7. When he gave his "farewell" recital in London last month the Times said:

"It was not surprising to see a number of young singers at the Aeolian Hall on Friday night before his American tour, for they can surely learn much from him, especially those to whom folk-song interpretation appeals. Yet perhaps the quality which really distinguishes Mr. Hayes's singing of negro melodies is the very thing which cannot be learned, for the obvious art of his method is purely vocal. That he can manage his voice adroitly even without clearly shown in Schubert's 'Du bist die Ruh' and 'Drink to Me Only'—the rest of the effect is not art as much as nature. It is given to few to be at once simple without affectation, solemn without conscious effort, or gay with just that touch of easy nonchalance to create an irresistible sympathy. This is folk-music singing at its very best. Mr. Lawrence Brown accompanied beautifully."

"Bull-Dog Drummond" has been filmed and shown in London. "There is a clever alternation of 'horrors' and humor, and the interest never flags. The story of the book is cleverly condensed." Carlyle Blackwell plays the hero.

Most of us have suffered at one time or another under that peculiarly depressing function, the musical festival, for experience has usually shown that the terms are mutually contradictory.—London Daily Telegraph.

John-Drinkwater's "Abraham Lincoln" is performed in England by the boys of more than one school; as at Guildhall School of Music, Dec. 11, 12.

The ghost of Buckstone, the comedian, is said to haunt the Haymarket

Theatre, London. Two firemen recently saw it staring through a window and one of them fainted.

What are theatregoers to do on Christmas? "Lightnin'" with Percy Pollock; "Abraham Lincoln"; "Good Morning, Dearie"; "In the Spring-Time of Youth"; "The Rear Car"; "Johnny Get Your Gun"; all open here.

And Mr. Walter Hampden will open his engagement at the Boston Opera House on Christmas night. The order of plays for the first week is "Hamlet," Monday, at 8 o'clock; "Macbeth," Tuesday and Saturday nights; "The Merchant of Venice," Wednesday matinee and Friday night; "The Taming of the Shrew," Wednesday night; "A New Way to Pay Old Debts," Thursday, and "Romeo and Juliet," Saturday matinee.

The world breathed freer when it was announced that Mischa Elman had finally met his "ideal" girl. Alas, there has been a disagreement. The sister of the violinist says "they have agreed that they had made a mistake." Mr. Elman is still open to engagements.

Stevenson's "Treasure Island," an adaptation by James Bernard Fagan, is announced for production in London next Saturday. Frederic Corder has composed and arranged incidental music for the play.

Ten of the chief actors including music director and play manager in the Oberammergau Passion Play received 27,000 marks, less than \$5, for 69 performances, and so it went down to 2000 marks for each child. Mrs. Anton Lang wrote to a friend: "At present one can buy only 70 lb. of flour for the sum of my husband."

Mrs. Patrick Campbell in her memoirs quotes a Dublin critic: "Mrs. Campbell played Melisande, Madame Bernhardt, Pelleas. They are both old enough to know better."

"The theatrical profession in Paris is reported to be indignant over the threatened invasion of the French stage by 200 women of the Turkish ex-Sultan's harem." Competition is the soul of trade.

The first German film to be shown in London since 1914 was "Passion" on Nov. 27.

McGlinchee at Jordan

Yesterday afternoon Constance McGlinchee, pianist, played this program in Jordan Hall:

Partita in B-flatBach
Tempo di BalloScarlatti
CapriceScarlatti
MélodieGluck Sgambati
Movement PerpetuelWeber
Sonata, Op. 22Schumann
Ballade in F minorChopin
MélodieRachmaninov
Prelude in B-flatRachmaninov
Carillon dans la nuitVieuxtemps
Polonaise, E majorLiszt

Miss McGlinchee, like most of her young piano-playing colleagues, is neither a Josef Hoffmann, a Zsuzsanna, nor a Faderewski. Unlike too many other young players, however, she knows she is not, and, wise in her generation, instead of ramping, raging and storming after the manner of the great ones of the earth, she seems to have made her aim to play just agreeably. If only more young persons would follow her lead!

Thanks to her same theory that it is always judicious to keep one's place, Miss McGlinchee yesterday indulged not once in that boastfulness which makes one wish it were time to go home. She did, on the other hand, some beautiful playing, notably the Bach prelude, the gigue, the Schumann slow movement, and, above all, the Sgambati arrangement of the Orpheus air, a melody exquisitely sung and cunningly accompanied. The first part of the Chopin ballade Miss McGlinchee played charmingly, with a dreamy tenderness quite in the ballad spirit.

Miss McGlinchee has indeed the right idea of piano playing, except for the few players there may be of genius. To carry out her aims she has developed wrists of remarkable flexibility, good fingers, good taste, a delightful way, indeed, of playing lyrical passages; few young pianists can do so well, for she has imagination at her command as well as musicianliness, and a vein of poetry as well. It is to be hoped, therefore, if she would do the best of which she is capable, that Miss McGlinchee, without attempting to be unduly dramatic, will still try to give important measures, such as the opening of the Schumann sonata, a more fitting emphasis than she did today; that, too, she will try to see a closer coherence in the different sections of the ballad; and that she will learn to continue a climax up to the very end of a piece.

Miss McGlinchee has so fine a talent, already developed it to so high a degree, that it would never do for her to rest on her laurels now. R. R. G.

Mr. David Warfield is playing Shylock.

It is said that he will soon appear on the stage as King Lear. And later, Romeo? He would certainly take a mature view of the family quarrel in Verona.

RATS!

The Women's Municipal League of Boston in its desire to aid the community will give free advice on "rat riddance" to anyone who wishes information. The league announces, and not without commendable pride, that it has engaged the services of a

"RATOLOGIST."

Great is the English language! Why should not the league have for a subtitle "Ratarian"?

"THE LIPS THAT TOUCH LIQUOR SHALL NEVER TOUCH MINE"

CHICAGO, Dec. 19.—A selected group of Chicago's debutantes and young matrons will be enrolled as special prohibition agents during the holidays. They will detect the violators and then signal the regular prohibition force lurking in the offing.—New York World.

Yes, "lurking" is the word. How freakish is the association of ideas! Reading of these Chicago debutantes and matrons sniffing liquor-laden breaths, we are reminded of a scene in

"The Beggar's Opera":

PEACHUM—Dear Mrs. Dye, your servant—One may know by your kiss that your gin is excellent.

TRAPES—I was always very curious in my liquors.

LOCKIT—There is no perfum'd breath like it.

SIKI AND GRIFFO

As the World Wags:

There is something about the ubiquitous Siki that reminds me of that famous character of early Union Square days, Young Griffio, the Australian wonder. It used to be the talk of the town how he could stand with one foot on a handkerchief and allow anyone to take a punch at his head. The point is, no man ever hit that dodging dome. His was the cunning of a crow: aim at him and strike nothing.

The Australian bear-cat had a great head, but not for figures; it was said he could not count up his earnings after a fight. He possessed, withal, a good disposition, but did not take care of his marvellous body, and today, I am told, poor Griffio is begging on the streets of New York.

So passed one of the strangest anomalies of pugilism.

WILLIAM L. ROBINSON.

Boston.

A SOCIETY TO BE ORGANIZED AND VIGILANTLY MAINTAINED

As the World Wags:

May I enlist this column's readers in the propagation of a society for annihilation of that near human squirrel who imagines every revolving door and turnstile to be placed for his particular exercise or amusement?

My orthodox hates of morons who sneeze in my ear, of females who make up in public, of asinine conversationalists loudly braying their opinions in trains and restaurants, of those who "can drink or let it alone," of independent jay-walkers whom traffic officers would be justified in exterminating when they refuse to obey signals, of people whose children say the cutest things, of men who bore me each time I ride with them as they recount the flexibility, power and speed of their automobiles, of vocalists sitting behind me who assist the soprano in her aria, all these and a score of conventional antipathies pale before my detestation of the strong-backed imbecile who, catching me unaware in a turnstile, shoots me into space with the velocity of a comet late for an appointment.

The aim of this proposed society is to secure these menaces to conformable society, nail roller skates to their shoes and to have them sentenced to 30 days inside a perpetually revolving cement mixer.

Boston.

BETTER THAN LATIN

Mr. Herkimer Johnson at The Herald office yesterday complained bitterly because the hot water service in the apartment house where he has rooms is inadequate. "Half the time, there's no hot water for shaving."

Alas, Mr. Johnson, too, is mortal. We had thought his soul soared above earthly annoyances. We are sending him an extract from William Cobbett's "Advice to Young Men":

"I once heard Sir John Sinclair ask Mr. Cochrane Johnstone whether he meant to have a son of his (then a little boy) taught Latin. 'No,' said Mr. Johnstone, 'but I mean to do something a great deal better for him.' 'What is that?' said Sir John. 'Why,' said the other, 'teach him to shave with cold water and without a glass.'"

STRESS DESIRABLE

(For As the World Wags.)

Because the sun's light was too alluring
You covered it with grey clouds;
Unto me, you gave misty dawns, dense
fogs and cruel winds;
Then darkness indescribable, broken
only by the lightning's flash.

Yet, I go scathless, if once more,
You bring me dreams.
(Only Volstead Dreamers can be considered.)

B. B.

ARITHMETIC IN BROCKTON

(From the Brockton Daily Enterprise)

The report of Agent George A. Leach, superintendent of the animal shelter, showed 25 stray dogs received the past month. Of this number 30 were placed in homes, 4 were killed, and there is a total of 21 on hand at the present time. Seventy-five stray cats were received, 67 were chloroformed and 10 were placed in homes.

Program Includes Pieces by Spontini, Stravinsky, Smetana, Wagner

By PHILIP HALE

The ninth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. Mr. Monteux conducted. The program was as follows: Spontini, overture to "The Vestal"; Pergolesi—Stravinsky, Suite No. 1 from the ballet, "Pulcinella"; Smetana, "The Moldau"; Dohnanyi, Violin concerto op. 27 (Albert Spalding, violinist); Wagner, Prelude and Love-Death from "Tristan and Isolde."

Spontini's overture was played for the first time at the Boston Symphony Orchestra's concerts. The Harvard Musical Association performed this overture in 1869. We find no record of a production in this country of the opera itself.

Yet Spontini in his day was a mighty man in the opera house as composer and conductor, and "The Vestal" was for some years regarded as an impressive work. It was even popular. Written for Paris, it pleased Napoleon, who found in Spontini's music the pomp and splendor of the First Empire. The overture is still interesting historically. The slow introduction, which reminds one of Gluck, has a solemn beauty. The main body of the overture is more in the style of the early Rossini, with its crescendos, with its general contour; music of formulas, it seems to us in this year, when absence of form is believed by some to stamp a composition with the mark of genius.

Stravinsky used music by Pergolesi for the ballet "Pulcinella." When he is content with a simple treatment of music by the Italian who died too young, the suite is agreeable, but not very significant. When he Stravinskyizes the airs with curious curlicues and unexpected harmonies, the effect in the theatre may emphasize the pantomimic action, but in a concert hall the result excites only surprise if not consternation. The finale, for example, doubtless accentuates some amusing episode on the stage, but yesterday it seemed only a deliberate and far-fetched excitement to laughter. The suite was played for the first time in this country. We prefer Stravinsky working his will without foreign aid, as we prefer Pergolesi's meddles when they are not tinkered.

How refreshing the simple beauty of Smetana's tone poem! Here is music from the heart, written without thought or fear of an audience, music that was in the soul of this Bohemian lover of his country and would out. Many composers say with Walt Whitman: "I celebrate myself." Smetana set himself at the task of celebrating Bohemia, as Nature there revealed herself. As he wrote he recalled the life of his countrymen, the hunt, the dance. And as Glazounov was inspired by the Volga, so Smetana chanted the praise of the Moldau. Smetana remained to his last days of deafness and insanity honest and unsophisticated. Dvorak, unfortunately for his enduring reputation, forgot Bohemia when he was applauded and flattered in London and New York.

Dohnanyi's concerto, heard here for the first time, if not for the first time in this country, is symphonically constructed and skilfully orchestrated. The themes are of less importance than the handling of them. There is an abundance of florid passages for the solo violin, too great an abundance for those to whom such passages soon sound alike no matter by whom they are written or by whom they are played. While the themes have no salient character they are pleasing and the obviousness of many pages, showing here and there the influence of others, may give the concerto a certain popularity. Mr. Spalding has grown steadily in his art. He gave an excellent performance of the new work, playing skilfully and with breadth and with purity of tone. There was little in the music itself to call forth emotional intensity. The accompaniment by the orchestra was masterly.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of the concerts next week is as follows: Haydn, Symphony, B flat (B. & H. No. 12); D. G. Mason, Prelude and Fugue for piano and orchestra; Lalo, Suite from "Nouman"; Powell, Negro Rhapsody for piano and orchestra. John Powell will be the pianist.

Mr. Hampden is going to revive this week Philip Massinger's "A New Way to Pay Old Debts." This sardonic comedy was published in 1633. The date of its production is uncertain, but it was often noted at the Phoenix, Drury Lane. (Massinger died in 1633. For a long time writers moralized on the "pathetic" entry of his burial: "1633, March 13, Philip Massinger, stranger in the church"; but the word "stranger" meant nothing more than non-parishioner in St. Saviour's, Southwark.)

It is the only Elizabethan or Jacobean play, except Shakespeare's, which has held the stage until the present time, though from time to time there have been a few revivals of old plays by London societies organized especially for that purpose; thus Marlowe's "The Jew of Malta" was played by the Phoenix Society on Nov. 5, 1922; Marlowe's "Edward II" by Birbeck College in December, 1920 (translated into Czech, it was performed at Prague not long ago). Marlowe's "Dr. Faustus" and "Tamburlaine the Great" have been performed in the United States within comparatively recent years. Webster's "Duchess of Malfi" has been revived in London. And there have been other revivals of Elizabethan and Jacobean plays in England, but the plays are not in repertoire.

"A New Way to Pay Old Debts" was performed at the Old Vic, London, on Nov. 20, 1922, with Robert Atkins playing Sir Giles. "He certainly went for it with all the riotous violence that tradition ascribes to Kean and Kemble, who had half of the theatre swooning as they ranted out the terrific climax. If the fire did not quite blaze to the heavens it was not because Mr. Atkins was sparing with the bellows. The play, even with a few dull passages, is rare fun." And the Manchester Guardian, from which we have quoted, described it as "a rattling melodrama." The Guardian's allusion to Kemble was unfortunate, as we shall see.

It is said that Massinger drew Sir Giles from Sir Giles Mompesson, "whose exactions and enormities had rendered him the object of popular detestation. By order of the House, he was in 1620 banished from the King's dominions and degraded from knighthood. His associate and fellow sufferer, Sir Francis Nichel, described by a contemporary chronicler as 'a poor, speaking justice,' is taken to be the original of Justice Greedy."

It is thought by some that 1621 was the year of production. It is known that it was played in 1635 and in 1639. For more than a century it was neglected until Garrick revived it on Oct. 19, 1748. Strange to say, he did not play Sir Giles; he gave the part to one Thomas Bridges. In 1759 Sir Giles was played by one Burton: "One of those unnoticed things, who make good lords or secondary Kings"—but yet possessing "such amazing arts to rise quite perfect in the heaviest parts." In 1781 John Henderson took the part.

J. P. Kemble acted Sir Giles (1783 and later). Hazlitt in 1816 wondered why Kemble was put in the part: "We should suppose he would not put himself there." Hazlitt wrote in bilious mood: "We have hardly ever experienced a more painful feeling than when, after the close of the play, the sanguine plaudits of Mr. Kemble's friends, and the circular discharge of hisses from the back of the pit, that came 'full volley home,' the music struck up, the ropes were fixed, and Madame Sacchi ran up from the stage to the two-shilling gallery, and then ran down again, as fast as her legs could carry her, amidst the shouts of pit, boxes and gallery. . . . He seemed throughout to say to his investigators: 'You have thrust me into this part, help me out of it, if you can, for you see I cannot help myself.' We never saw signs of greater poverty, greater imbecility and decrepitude in Mr. Kemble, or in any other actor; it was Sir Giles in his dotage. It was all, 'Well, well,' and 'If you like it, have it so,' an indifference and disdain of what was to happen, a nicety about his means, a coldness as to his ends, much gentility and little nature. Was this Sir Giles Overreach? He (Kemble) is the very still-life and statuary of the stage: a perfect figure of a man; a petrification of sentiment, that heaves no sigh, and sheds no tear; an icicle upon the bust of Tragedy."

Then came Alexander Pope, tragedian; George Frederick Cooke, who gave a remarkable performance of Sir Giles in England and in the United States. Cooke played for the last time in Providence, R. I., as Sir Giles. He had played the part at the old Boston Theatre in January, 1812 (he died in New York on Sept. 26 of that year).

But Edmund Kean eclipsed all these performances on Jan. 12, 1816, at Drury Lane, when in the end, with the tremendous outburst:

Ha! I am feeble;
Some noddie widow sits upon mine arm,
And takes away the use of it.

"This frightful sufferings struck the ghastliness of dismay through the house." Byron, who was in the audience, had a convulsive fit; women screamed in hysterics. On the stage Mrs. Glover fainted, Mrs. Horn wept aloud and Munden was so transfixed with terror that he had to be dragged off by the arm-pits.

The elder Booth played Sir Giles. Joseph Jefferson said of the performances in this country: "When he acted Sir Giles you never thought of looking at his gestures and motions; it was what was inside of the man that you saw. His face in the last act used to twitch; he was like a caged wild beast."

Charles Kean essayed the part; Samuel Phelps was hardly successful in it; Gustavus Vaughan Brooke almost rivaled Edmund Kean, in the opinion of those who saw both.

No doubt there are readers of The Herald who remember the great portrayal of Sir Giles by E. L. Davenport, of whom some one wrote:

While viewing each remembered scene, before my gaze appeared
Each famed depiction of Sir Giles for almost fifty years;

The elder Kean and mighty Booth have held all hearts in thrall,
But without over-reaching truth, you over-reach them all!

Others followed in London—the Americans, J. Hudson Kirby ("Wake me up when Kirby dies" was the cry of the gallery gods at the Bowery in New York), James Booth Roberts, McKean Buchanan.

The last production of the play in London before the revival this year at the Old Vic was in 1877, when Hermann Vezin gave "a capable and intellectual reading of Sir Giles, but did not rise to any great height of grandeur or intensity."

Edwin Booth played Sir Giles in London at the Haymarket in 1861. "He made a great feature of this part in America, being highly praised by William Winter; but London hardly indorsed this opinion. During a provincial tour which followed he was supported at Liverpool by Henry Irving as Wellborn."

EDWIN BOOTH AS SIR GILES

"A New Way to Pay Old Debts" was played very early in the history of the present Boston Theatre. Forrest was seen there as Sir Giles and there were earlier performances.

On April 20, 1857, Edwin Booth appeared in the play as Sir Giles: his first appearance as a star. The bill, or a reproduction, of which we are indebted to the theatre collection of Harvard University, is an interesting one.

"Mr. Edwin Booth: His First Night."

The manager has the pleasure of announcing an engagement for six nights with the above young American tragedian, who will make his first appearance in his father's celebrated character of Sir Giles Overreach."

Then comes a quotation from "N. O. Paper, March 21." He has gone on increasing in favor—his audiences, consisting of experience and discrimination, and many of them old and well practised dramatic judges, who, we see, go to hear him night after night. The attention paid him from the moment he appears is the most profound—every listener seeming spellbound; and the zealous warmth of the applause so heartily bestowed on him, at last, must be cheering encouragement to his young heart. We hail him as the most promising actor of the day."

The cast was as follows: Lord Lovell, W. A. Donaldson; Wellborn, Mr. Belton; Marrall, John Gilbert; Justice Greedy, John Wood; Allworth, Mr. Cowell; Tapwell, T. E. Morris; Amble, Mr. Forrester; Order, Mr. Price; Furnace, S. D. Johnson; Watchall, Mr. Verney; Welldo, Mr. Daymond; Vintner, Mr. Gouldson; Tallor, Mr. Holmes; Lady Allworth, Lizzie Emmons; Margaret Overreach, Emma Taylor; Froth, Mrs. Marshall.

The comic drama, "An Object of Interest" was also on the bill. The performance began at 7:30 o'clock. Private boxes, \$6; Balcony, \$1; Boxes, \$1.50 and 2d tier, 50c; Parquette, 50c; Amphitheatre, 25c.

"Notice—A box in the Second Tier has been assigned for the use of Colored Persons, who can only be admitted to this part of the House and the Amphitheatre."

The bill stated that "The Apostate" and "Bertram" were in rehearsal.

ROLAND HAYES

(London Daily Telegraph, Nov. 27)
It behooves us to tell Mr. Roland Hayes, before he leaves for his American tour, that he has established himself among us as a singer who counts, that he may be persuaded to return again and sing to us those strange, sweet, melancholy songs. Since he has been in London he has revealed to us more convincingly than any others have done the innate musical sense and the mystical mentality of the negro race. For at first those curiously worded "Spirituals" seem shallow and hysterical, a mere outlet for the self-suppression which slavery enforces. But

after hearing Mr. Hayes sing them, it is clear that they are a living force, and the expression of such conviction as we of more divided mind can hardly hope to experience. For whatever we may say of conviction, we cannot deny that it is the only supernatural force in the universe, the only force that can hurl mountains and quell rebellion. These songs are the living witness of the power of music over darker and baser things.

But Mr. Hayes has not been content merely to make these things known to us; he has also used well his time to apply the idiom of his voice and vocal style to representative examples of European song. He has especially devoted himself to Brahms, Schubert, and contemporary English composers such as Roger Quilter. All this goes to show that his musical outlook is wide and enlightened. His interpretations of European songs are interesting by reason of their originality, and if they have not always conformed to orthodoxy they never lost sight of one important point, which Northern European singers often forget, that the song is in the first place for singing, and the rest must follow therefrom. The individual beauty of this tenor's voice is of such quality that whatever he sings is at least certain to make its appeal as an instance of Nature's rich endowment, and at the most it is a memorable experience. For his recital on Friday night the Wigmore Hall was filled with an audience which was ever intent upon letting him know how highly he was favored. His program was almost entirely devoted to the "originals" which he has made us learn to love, and with Mr. Lawrence Brown as his indispensable accompanist he provided an evening of untold delight, which the audience extended well beyond the limits of his program.

LIGHTNIN'S LONG RUN

Mr. Chester H. Rice contributes this interesting article:

Since "Lightnin'," the comedy which John Golden will send to the Hollis Street Theatre, Boston, on Christmas night, has shattered every record in the history of the American theatre, it will be interesting perhaps, to recall some of the incidents connected with its sensational three-year run on Broadway, as well as some of the other long run plays, every one of which was eclipsed by "Lightnin's" phenomenal popularity. "Lightnin'" was brought out at the Gaiety Theatre, New York, on the night of Aug. 26, 1918, following an out-of-town performance for a week in Washington, D. C., which had been witnessed by Woodrow Wilson, who was then President, and Mrs. Wilson. Just three years and one calendar day from the date of its New York opening, "Lightnin'" ended its run at the Gaiety Theatre, having broken all previous consecutive long-run records with 1291 performances to its credit, a chronological history of its record-breaking run being as follows:

Nov. 20, 1918—Passed the 101-run record of Edwin Booth in "Hamlet."
Dec. 20, 1918—Passed the 138-run of Bronson Howard's "The Banker's Daughter."
Feb. 21, 1919—Passed the 219-run of Kate Claxton in "The Two Orphans."
May 21, 1919—Passed the 334-run of Austin Strong's "Three Wise Fools."
June 20, 1919—Passed the 372-run of Denman Thompson's "The Old Homestead."
Sept. 22, 1919—Passed the 443-run of Winchell Smith's "The Fortune Hunter."
Sept. 29, 1919—Passed the 453-run of Winchell Smith's and John E. Hazzard's "Turn to the Right."
Oct. 18, 1919—Passed the 476-run of "The Black Crook."
Nov. 27, 1919—Passed the 523-run of Winchell Smith's and Victor Mapes's "The Boomerang."
Dec. 13, 1919—Passed the 541-run of David Warfield in "The Music Master."
Jan. 31, 1920—Passed the 604-run of Henry E. Dixey in "Adonis."

Feb. 2, 1920—Passed the 605-run of Laurette Taylor in "Peg o' My Heart."
March 17, 1920—Passed the record of Charles Hoyt's "A Trip to Chinatown" of 658 times, which had stood for a quarter of a century.

Aug. 26, 1920—Began the third calendar year of its New York run.

Dec. 31, 1920—Scored the 1000th consecutive New York performance.

Of the players who opened with "Lightnin'" at the Gaiety Theatre, New York, and will continue to play the roles they created throughout the Boston run, are Paul Stanton, Thomas McLarnie, George Thompson, E. J. Blunkall, William F. Granger, James Lane, Jessie Pringle, Jane Oaker, Minnie Palmer and May Duryea. One member of the cast, William F. Granger, who plays the part of Walter Lennon, holds the record of not having missed a single performance since the play's opening. Minnie Palmer of "My Sweetheart" fame, who plays Mrs. Jordan, has missed only one performance, having asked the management to be relieved so that she might witness the play from the front of the house.

"LINCOLN" AND DRINKWATER

"Abraham Lincoln" by John Drinkwater will be seen again in Boston tomorrow night at the Tremont Theatre.

Frank McGlynn will again take the part of Lincoln. Mr. John L. Peltret tells the history of the play:

"Abraham Lincoln" was produced in Birmingham, Eng., by the Birmingham repertory company, Oct. 12, 1918; was taken to the Lyric Opera House, Hamersmith, London, Feb. 19, 1919; Lyceum Theatre, London, June, 1901. American first performance at Stamford, Ct., Nov. 23, 1919; Garrick Theatre, Washington, D. C., Nov. 28, 1919; Cort Theatre, New York, Dec. 3, 1919, where it stayed for 48 weeks. It since has appeared in practically every important city in the United States and Canada."

John Drinkwater was born at Leytonstone, Essex, Eng., on June 1, 1882. For 12 years he was in the insurance business. In 1907 he was one of the founders of the Pilgrim players, afterwards the Birmingham Repertory Theatre. As an actor he made his first appearance at Birmingham as Charity in "The Interlude of Youth." His first appearance

in London was at the Court Theatre (1909) as Seanchan in "The King's Threshold." Producer and manager at Birmingham, he played over 60 parts there. His own plays are as follows: "Cophetua" (1911); "Rebellion" (1914); "The Storm" (1915); "The God of Quiet" (1916); "X=O: a Night of the Trojan War" (1917); "Abraham Lincoln" (1918); "Mary Stuart"; "Oliver Cromwell." He is at work on a play with Robert E. Lee as hero.

At the Cort Theatre, New York, he appeared in "Abraham Lincoln" on the opening night as the Chronicler. In June, 1921, in Paris, he played Banquo when J. K. Hackett played Macbeth. He is a poet and essayist.

Frank McGlynn, whose impersonation of Lincoln is famous, was born in San Francisco. After graduating from grammar school studied law, was admitted to practice. He followed the profession for two years. He had been on the stage for 26 years when he created the role of Lincoln. He was with Charles Frohman's companies for a long time. He was highly valued by managers and his fellow actors. The only member of his family on the stage, he is married and has six children.

ADA LEWIS

Ada Lewis, born in New York city, is the life of the party in Charles Dillingham's production, "Good Morning, Dearie," the new musical comedy which will open at the Colonial Theatre Christmas night. She began her career in 1883 with the Alcazar Stock Company, San Francisco, in "Siberia." When she came east (1890) she essayed a new role, that of a "tough girl," in one of the famous Harrigan and Hart plays. So popular did she become in the part that she was for several years unable to play any other sort of characters. She did finally emerge, however, to give one of the finest performances in her life as Setsu in "The Darling of the Gods." Her performances in "Very Good Eddie" (1915) were noteworthy; then came "A Very Good Young Man," in which she was the lady undertaker. A few seasons ago Miss Lewis turned back to musical comedy, playing in "Listen Lester" (1918) for two seasons. Next she played the part of the obstreperous mother-in-law in "The Night Boat" (1920). Now she is Mme. Bompard, modiste, with a strong tincture of brogue to her French phrases in "Good Morning, Dearie."

VARIOUS NOTES

The London Times said of "Bed and Breakfast": "Enter the comic clergyman, enter, too, his comic wife. Enter from time to time (into a cottage with too few bedrooms) an eloping couple, a couple in chase, four benighted travelers, a comic chauffeur and, at last, two comic policemen. There were, however, no sausages and, although someone trod humorously on someone else's toe, no one brushed laughter out of anyone's hat."

Eric Thorne, who played the toy-maker in "La Poupée," for over eight years without a break, died at Kensington on Nov. 26. Originally a baritone singer, he was with D'Oyly Carte in the Savoy operas. He toured in America, France, Holland, Belgium and Germany.

When "Sweet Lavender" is revived at the Ambassadors, Sir Arthur Pinero has decided that it shall be presented exactly as it was done at Terry's in 1883. How the younger generation of theatregoers will receive the numerous asides contained in the text should make an interesting study. Probably the artists will, however, be the chief sufferers, for they can hardly be expected to handle these old-fashioned excrescences with any semblance of sincerity. After all, "Sweet Lavender," despite its record of nearly 35 years,

can hardly be ranked among old English comedies, in which the continual use of the aside is easily accepted as quite in keeping with the traditions of the original date of production. However, "Sweet Lavender" will always be welcome in whatever shape it may be played.—London Daily Telegraph.

The Indianapolis News lately published, in the course of a long article about the late Paul Dresser, author of "On the Banks of the Wabash," the news that Indiana was getting ready to bring Dresser's remains back home and give them fitting, even sumptuous interment. As many towns seem to be squabbling over the honor as competed for Homer after he was dead. But in all this discussion of the man who would have been the Hoosier laureate if Riley hadn't been in the way, there was no mention of the fact that he was a brother of Theodore Dresser.—N. Y. Times.

CONCERT NOTES

Today at the Boston Art Club, 3:30 P. M., the 10th concert of the Boston Flute Players' Club, Georges Laurent, conductor, will take place. Haydn, quartet, E flat (the Burgin quartet); Reinecke, undine sonata for flute and piano (Messrs. Laurent and Sanroma); two pieces for violoncello and piano: Bach, Arioso; Schumann, Adagio and Allegro (Messrs. Bedetti and Fiedler); Debussy, quartet (the Burgin quartet).

"By a Lake in Russia," orchestral piece by Edward Ballantine and two songs for baritone and orchestra, "Retrospect" and "To Helen," by Warren Storey Smith, were "broadcasted" from Medford Hillside for the benefit of graduates of the New England Conservatory and others. The concert in Jordan Hall took place last Wednesday evening. The selections of Timothee Adamowski, violinist, Charles Bennett, baritone, and Mary Madden, pianist, who took part in the concert, were "broadcasted."

Richard K. Fox, the editor of the Police Gazette, left the request that he should have for his body a mausoleum costing \$50,000. Did he plan to, did he select the materials, as the Bishop in Browning's poem? Is it to be contract work or by the day? We doubt if Mr. Fox gave his days and nights to reading the works of Sir Thomas Browne; he would have been more interested in Hazlitt's description of a famous prize fight; but, ordering his mausoleum, he would have applauded Sir Thomas saying: "Man is a noble animal, splendid in ashes, and pompous in the grave."

MR. EICHHEIM IN PEKIN

We have received a copy of the Pekin Leader which contains a eulogistic review of a concert given in Pekin by Mr. and Mrs. Henry Eichheim of Boston. To the regret of the many, Mr. Eichheim is so interested in the music of China and Japan that he no longer calls Boston home. It will be remembered that his orchestral suite based on oriental themes made a most pleasing impression at a concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra last March. A musician of indisputable talent, an amateur photographer whose artistic work may well excite the envy of accomplished professionals, a man of winning personality and delightful conversation, Mr. Eichheim is sorely missed here.

THE NEWER CIVILIZATION

It was pleasant to see by the Pekin Leader that American art is appreciated by the old civilization.

At the Pavillon, Marguerite Clark was seen in "Widow by Proxy" late in October.

"A whirly girl widow without the Reno embellishments. A heart-smasher in sombre array."

"She made the family tree of the two maiden aunts look like a piece of moth-eaten shrubbery and she fell in love with a hero."

Art Acord was the hero of the screen in "The Moon Riders," a "Whirlwind Western Serial," at the Chenkwang Theatre. So was that pessimist with an aching heart, Mr. Charles Chaplin.

At Linda Heyman's school for fox trots, one steps and classical rhythmic dancing are taught.

And then we came across an advertisement in the Pekin Leader that brought tears to our eyes, the advertisement of San Ho Yi & Co.

Beer! Beer! Beer!

JUST ARRIVED IN STOCK:

Pilsener—Holsten
Pilsener Lager—Holsten

BEST BEER BREWED
IN GERMANY

We hope that Mr. Herkimer Johnson will not see this advertisement. If he does see it, he may leave at once for Pekin—to obtain more material for his colossal work, as yet, alas! unfinished.

MR. BRYAN TO THE CONTRARY

As the World Wags:

Prof. Conklin has just given a very interesting course of lectures at the Lowell Institute and fully endorses the Darwinian conception of natural selection. De Candolle, the eminent French botanist, at the outset of Darwin's announcement said in regard to it that it was not a theory, nor an hypothesis, but the explanation of a necessary fact to deny which would be to deny that a round stone wouldn't roll down hill farther and faster than a flat one.

Salem.

E. S. M.

FOOLISH TABLE EQUIPAGE

As the World Wags:

While eating dinner this evening I experienced considerable difficulty in attempting to spear the last few remaining peas of a dish that formed part of my enjoyable meal. I chased them round and round the dish until, I suppose, they finally grew exhausted and lost the power of resistance. There was a question for a time as to who would finally emerge victorious, but I, being of undaunted courage, etc., eventually won: a clear case of mind over matter.

The point I am coming to is this: Why are all dishes round or oval in shape? If the container had been square or rectangular, it would have been easy to corner the little spheres, and thus have saved the wear and tear on the nervous system (I know that the pretty waitress stood behind me and enjoyed the sport).

Some persons there are who use a piece of bread in the left hand for trapping purposes. Others, even less dainty, use the little finger of the left hand as a pusher. Personally, I never use more than one hand at a time while eating, except, of course, in cutting meat.

Another advantage of plates with right-angled corners is this: You can arrange everything around the main plate and thereby save the cumbersome long reaching to the side dishes. Also there would be less danger of soiling the table linen, for empty spaces would be eliminated.

Can you tell me why society demands that all dishes be aesthetically shapely, but practically nonsensical?

Portland, Me. ALBERT FRESCO.

"COOL" BURGESS AND OTHERS

As the World Wags:

I am glad you published "H's" note on Jennie Engle and "Cool" Burgess. I saw "Cool" many a time in Toronto around 1863-6, and several times, years later, at the Old Howard in Boston. The late John Ross Robertson, owner of the Toronto Evening Telegram, knew Burgess in his boyhood and was with him when he died. Robertson filled three columns of the Telegram with the story. "Cool" was a typical Torontonian, an around town boy. So, too, was Denman Thompson, for though born in Erie, Pa., he hung out with a gang in Toronto in his youth—especially stage aspirants. Dan was concerned in an express car robbery within the city limits of Toronto, a car on the Great Western railway—and he fled to the United States. In 1866 he played in "The Sea of Ice, or a Thirst for Gold," during the run of the Provincial exhibition, playing with Flora Meyers, daughter of J. C. Meyers, then lessee of the Royal Lyceum on King street.

You referred the other day to Woodhull and Claflin's Weekly printed in New York in 1873. I was a rabid young radical then with Ben Tucker—later on the Globe—and we used to write for "Vic" and Col. Blood, the husband, who years afterwards ran a Greenback weekly at Belfast, Me., which was a hotbed of monetary heresies and rank Copperhead Democracy. Wasn't it at Belfast, or was it at Biddeford, that the Indignant Republicans in war times threw a Copperhead newspaper outfit into the river? Tucker and I read Theodore Tilton's Golden-Age while it was issued. Alexander Young was its Boston correspondent and Louise Chandler Moulton was a contributor.

W. B. W.

Burgess, about the end of the civil war, joined Hooley's Negro Minstrel Co. in Brooklyn. In 1865 he was one of the proprietors of Burgess, Prendergast, Hughes and La Rue's minstrels. Denman Thompson sat on the end with a minstrel show in the early sixties. At the Royal Lyceum, Toronto, on Feb. 6, 1857, he played Uncle Tom in "Uncle Tom's Cabin." "The Sea of Ice" was a good old play, seen in New York as early as 1854 if not before that. Would that we could again follow the adventures of Raoul and Louise de Lascours.

THE NEW CLOWN

COPELEY THEATRE—"The New Clown," comedy by H. M. Paull, in three acts. The Copley Players. First performance in Boston. The cast:

Mr. Lamb.....Warwick Buckland
Winnie Chesterton.....Katherine Standing
Jack Trent.....Gerald Rogers
Naud Chesterton.....Catherine Willard
Lord Cyril Garston.....E. F. Clive
Thomas Baker.....Walter Kingsford
Mr. Dixon.....H. Conway Winfield
"Billy".....Clifford Turner
Rosie Platt.....May Ediss
Mr. Pennyquick.....Charles Warburton
Beris.....L. Paul Scott
Boy.....V. E. Waite
Policeman.....Frank Munrow

Mr. Jewett this year, in search of a holiday week farce to take the place of "Charley's Aunt," "The Private Secretary" or "A Night Off," put his hand on "The New Clown," a play which did very well in London 20 years ago, and less well in New York. Why Mr. Jewett should have believed it would bring him either glory or profit today only he can tell, for surely the piece is but a paltry thing. The theme, to be sure, has possibilities—a silly young nobleman who thinks he has murdered a man and so, to escape arrest, hires an outfit from a clown and in his place joins the circus forces, ought to give rise to funny situations enough. For one whole act the author, an amateur by his results whatever he may have been in fact, worked obvious devices hard to develop his plot. In the second act he gave over trying, and he made slight further effort till he approached the close of the last act. He had, luckily for him, droll situations to fall back on. They make the farce possible, if possible it proves with the help of occasional apt lines.

Though not very good, the play deserves better acting than it got yesterday afternoon. The silly young lord might surely, in his incongruous surroundings, have proved amusing if he had been played like a plausible young man, instead of like a cruel caricature of Mr. Clive in his least happiest moments. Mr. Wingfield played the circus manager with a vociferousness that scarcely supplied the place of humor. Miss Ediss, Miss Standing and Miss Willard, who all can do something tangible with excellent skill, were sorely put to it to nothing effectively. By good fortune Mr. Kingsford was on hand, with a carefully observed and neatly executed sketch of a vulgar drunken fellow, the real clown whose place the lord usurped. There were others, too. Mr. Turner, Mr. Warburton, Mr. Scott and Mr. Watts all contributed little character studies carefully done. If the leading parts were equally intelligently played, the farce might do very well for a week when audiences, in holiday mood, are disposed for fun.

R. R. G.

Who was the author of these inspired lines, to be accompanied by a few but delicious steps with heel and toe?

Apple, brandy, cinnamon, beer,
Christmas comes but once a year.

O muse sing higher strains:

THE LEGEND OF THE GOATHERD

(Translated by C. B. W. of Boston from the French of Jules Aicard for As the World Wags.)

Because the crowded inn held no abiding place,
Mary and Joseph both were 'by the landlord led
To shelter for the night in a poor cattle shed,
And there Jesus was born of Mary full of grace.

No sooner was he born than shepherds far and near
Watching their quiet flocks all through the silent night,
Told of this wondrous thing by shining angels bright.
Started before the dawn and straightway did appear.

Unto the new born babe, whom cradled there they found
Betwixt the ox and ass soft breathing on the straw,
New milk, honey and lambs, fine wheat-en flour they bore,
All these the humble gifts of tillers of the ground.

The youngest said: "Poor me, this reed flute that I wear
Hanging upon my belt, is all my wealth alas!
I play on it at night, while my goats crop the grass,
If Jesus would be pleased I'll offer him an air."

Sweet Mary gave assent, smiling beneath her veil,
When suddenly in came with pomp and kingly pride
The Magi of the East, with but a star for guide
To worship and to pray and bid Jesus all hail.

Their cloaks of blue and red with gold are glittering,
Red, blue, gold brodered, brilliant as the skies at dawn,
Each bowed down to the ground adores the newly born,
Giving gold, myrrh and incense to the infant king.

Dazzled as were they all by such a rich array,
The goatherd stood apart half hid in a dim nook.

But Mary gently said: "Will you not closer look Upon the Babe, good friend, while presently you play?"

Abashed the lad draws near, his pipe in hand indeed, And timidly his lips draw forth a trembling tone, Then as if with his goats he felt himself alone Right lustily he blows into the hollow reed.

The Child, only the Child is present in his sight, His eyes shining with joy he piles his shepherd's art, He plays with all his strength, he plays with all his heart As though all sole alone under the starlit night.

Attentive stand those kings of royal Eastern line, So every ear is ravished by the flute's refrain, And when the goatherd finishes his rustic strain, Jesus, with arms outstretched, gives him a smile divine.

FAITH RENEWED

As the World Wags:

In the spirit of Christmas time is it not proper that we should consider the good cheer of this column? What a boon in these times and all times are men of wit and even men "of a little nonsense now and then." Column contributors, as we know them, range from humble workers to strong men in high places. How merriment eases the strain as a chantey at the capstan!

Wit and fancy may be near to madness but, as the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" pointed out many years ago, most of us are quite safe; we lack intellectual momentum sufficient to upset the machinery of the brain. However, not all good men die young; some go mad.

Each twelfth month's whirligig of fortune leads us to the thought, "Vanity, all is vanity." Then comes Christmas with the faith and renewed hope of children and we do not agree that all is vanity.

Man wants little here below, in the wisdom of God, when there is little enough to go round. We want wholesome food, decent clothing and simple shelter honestly adorned; the chance to develop skill; the chance to play the game of life fairly matched; to practise good sportsmanship and to meet opponents who respect the rules.

What a haven is there in these things for millions of us floundering in this morass of "good intentions" and legalized intolerance in "the greatest show on earth"! Let us be merry. Entertainment! All is entertainment as the world wags.

JOHN QUILL, the Itinerant Artist.

A JOYOUS TRANSFORMATION

As the World Wags:

Niles in his "Christmas in Ritual and Tradition" tells us: "It is a widespread idea that at midnight on Christmas eve all water turns to wine. A Guernsey woman once determined to test this: at midnight she drew a bucket from the well. Then came a voice:

"All water turns to wine, And you are near your end."

She fell down with a mortal disease, and died before the end of the year."

I hope that Mr. Roberts was awake and vigilant when the clock struck 12. East Milton. UNGINTY.

We are glad to know this. Every day brings something new to a receptive and trusting mind. We already knew that all animals speak on Christmas eve, and bread baked on that night will not turn mouldy.—Ed.

A POSTAL PROBLEM

As the World Wags:

If I wish to send to California a Christmas present that is not a book, and it weighs three ounces and ninety-nine hundredths, the postage is four cents; but if it weighs four and one-hundredth ounces, it is 12 cents. Please inform me whether it is legally permissible to get a toy balloon, inflate with gas till it is able to lift a fifth of an ounce, and inclose that in the package with my other present in order to reduce the weight so as to get the lower rate of postage. Also, if the balloon is broken on the way so that the package becomes overweight, and it is therefore charged with eight cents more postage, can I get the eight cents refunded upon presenting evidence that the extra weight resulted from the way the postal officials handled it, just as if I had been mailing a sponge and they had let it get wet and then weighed it?

STEVEN T. BYINGTON, Ballard Vale.

The German gunmen who tried to kill Maximilian Harden got \$3.50 for the job, with a promise of \$10 more if they succeeded. This seems like sweatshop labor, but it must be remembered

that most citizens would be glad of a chance to kill a newspaper man from a pure sense of public duty.—N. Y. Times.

PEOPLE'S SYMPHONY GIVES NINTH CONCERT

The People's Symphony Orchestra gave its ninth concert yesterday afternoon at the St. James Theatre, Emil Mollenhauer conducting, with Stuart Mason as his assistant. Harrison Potter was the pianist.

The first number on the program was Antonio Bazzini's overture to Alfieri's tragedy "Saul." Saint-Saens' concerto for piano in G minor followed, with Mr. Potter as the soloist. After intermission the program closed with Eugene d'Harcourt's symphony, "Neo-Classique."

Eric Thorne, an English actor, not unknown in the United States, died recently at Kensington. As the toymaker in "La Poupee" he had played for eight years without a break. There was a Roman gentleman in the time of the emperors who killed himself because, as he wrote in explanation, he was tired of doing the same things.

THERE'LL BE LIGHT ENOUGH TO READ BY

As the World Wags:

An enterprising real estate agent had just sent me a bill for fire insurance recently placed with him and across the bottom of this, in large type, is printed: "If fire occurs, save all you can and read lines 126 to 153 of your policy." F. H. N.

ENGLISH IS A DIFFICULT LANGUAGE

As the World Wags:

A former boss of mine in telling of his past experiences related the following: "I was working in a foundry where there were a number of Swedes employed. One day I asked an Ole for a chew of tobacco. Ole replied, 'I bane no have some, ask my brother Yohn, he will give you any.'" H. M. M.

LYRIS NO. XXXVI

(From A. B. Housman's "Last Poems")

West and away the wheels of darkness roll, Day's beamy banner up the east is borne; Spectres and fears, the nightmare and her foal, Drown in the golden deluge of the morn.

But over sea and continent from sight Safe to the Indies has the earth conveyed The vast and moon-eclipsing cone of night, Her towering foolscap of eternal shade.

See, in mid heaven the sun is mounted; hark, The belfries tingle to the noonday chime. 'Tis silent, and the subterranean dark Has crossed the nadir, and begins to climb.

BELATED, BUT PERTINENT

As the World Wags:

It has undoubtedly been a matter of retrospective thanksgiving by the 48 Governors of these United States and the Governor of Alaska that the presidential bombshell suggesting a gubernatorial conference for the more sympathetic enforcement of prohibition was not exploded in their midst before the recent festival of feasting. Had the contrary been the case much good meat would have lost its savor in the executive nostrils and some if not all of the 49 bottles which were taken down from the wall for the occasion would have been left in cobwebbed concealment in the 49 executive mansions. As it happened, the past at least is secure.

THE CAROLINAS' GOVERNORS

It is interesting to consider certain of the Governors in their mental reactions to the suggestion of such a meeting for such a purpose, and the Governors of North and South Carolina naturally come first to mind. If history repeats itself and the Governor of North Carolina says again to the Governor of South Carolina that it is a long time between drinks, what will the Governor of South Carolina say to that under a federal prohibitory amendment to the constitution?

IN OTHER STATES

What will be the state of mind of the Governor-elect of New York as to the undiluted joy of such a conference when he thinks of the cocktail which made Manhattan famous and the Bronx euphoric? Governor-elect Brown of New Hampshire, like in color but of darker shade to the Republican eye than his predecessor, is probably thinking at least

twice upon more sympathetic enforcement of prohibition weighed against the more human sympathy for the primitive efforts of the citizens of Manchester and Portsmouth against aridity and those of us his constituents upon the farmer in whose cellars lie barrels of the juice of the forbidden fruit every day in every way getting better and better. As I think upon the Governor of Alaska, that territory once spoken of as inhabited only by skunks and the aurora borealis, I am reminded of an old friend who inherited from a deceased uncle the waterworks of the town or city of Juneau. On his return from taking possession of his inheritance he said that the inhabitants used the water to wash the glasses.

I think that the Old Farmers' Almanac must have something in it that at about the time set for the suggested meeting a serious but not deadly epidemic among Governors may be expected. Those who are not laid low by it and attend will, having labored, bring forth a resolution to the effect that "Wet and the world drinks with you. Dry, and you drink alone." ABEL ADAMS.

Amherst, N. H.

THERE ARE LUCKY HUSBANDS

(From a "Wanted" column)

Domestics and Cooks SITUATION WTD.—SWEDISH MARRIED woman wishes to work for husband's room and board. N. S. Superior 1631 after 10 A. M.

A TIRED SHOPPER

(From Kathleen Norris' "Talks to Women")

Mother Mary sits down upon a seat before the glove counter, eases her arms and pants. She must finish all this up today.

DR. HOLMES AS QUOTED

As the World Wags:

Our elevator man is not exactly satisfied with the way his charge works nowadays. Yesterday he remarked sadly: "This elevator is about as rickety as Deacon Shea's one-horse carriage." Cambridge. C. F. A.

THE LOOK

Howard kissed me in the spring, Bobby in the fall, But Colin only looked at me And never kissed at all.

Howard's kiss was lost in jest, Bobby's lost in play, But the kiss in Colin's eye Haunts me night and day. MARGE.

FROM STILL TO COFFIN

As the World Wags:

On a main street in Haverhill there is a dwelling that houses two doctors' offices. On the right of the main entrance is Dr. Still; on the left is Dr. Coffin. Is it true that if you flirt with the first-named the second will get you? ALBERT FRESCO II.

Bangor, Me.

LEFT-HANDED LONDONERS

Will the Londoner of the next generation be typically left-handed? A correspondent who claims to have had abundant opportunities for observation asserts that there is a definite tendency in this direction, and that the men of Cockaigne are at all events showing noticeable progress towards an ambidexterity of their own. Much of the added London skill of the left hand he attributes to the necessity for boarding busses and the like on the move. It is a point upon which it would be interesting to have the views of the trained physiological observer.—Daily Chronicle.

Charles Reade wrote an amusing and belligerent little book to prove that man was by nature ambidextrous.

EIGHT OPENINGS

Last night was an unusual one in the history of the theatre in Boston on account of the numerous openings—and on Christmas night, when many have household celebrations. There were eight plays to divide the attention of the public, eight including the farce at the Copley Theatre, which was seen last Saturday.

The plays ranged in character from "Hamlet" to "Johnny Get Your Gun." "Abraham Lincoln" was revived; there was the long deferred arrival of "Lightnin'"; there were two musical comedies of a superior nature, also a play of the "thrilling" order.

"THE BAT" STARTS 17TH WEEK

"The Beggar's Opera" began its eighth (and last) week; "The Dover Road" its fourth (and last) week; "The Bat" its 17th week. Then there were the vaudeville houses and the cinema theatres, all with attractive programs. The booking of plays in Boston is curiously planned by the New York managers. For a week or two there

will be only one or two openings in our theatres. Then there will be several rival and distracting first nights. It is true that a "first night" in Boston is seldom what it was in former years, as regards the character of the audience. The late Henry Austin Clapp used to include in his reviews the phrase: "There was a representative audience." "Representative" might be considered a somewhat vague term, but anyone who happened to be in that particular audience was duly flattered. Of late years there has been a falling off in first night curiosity. Theatre-goers have preferred to wait until they have been assured by friends that the play will amuse them or give them food for thought and discussion.

The booking might be more judiciously ordered. As it is at present, theatres and theatre-goers may easily suffer injury. P. H.

'GOOD MORNING DEARIE'

By PHILIP HALE

COLONIAL THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "Good Morning, Dearie," a musical comedy in two acts and six scenes, book and lyrics by Anne Caldwell, music by Jerome Kern. Produced by Charles Dillingham at Atlantic City on Oct. 12, 1921. Irving Schloss, musical director.

Margie Madeline Van George Mason John Price Jones Ruby Manners Primrose Carjill Madame Bompard Ada Lewis Billy Van Cortlandt Oscar Shaw Gimp John Scannell Rose Marie Louise Groody Chesty Costello Harland Dixon Steve Simmons William Kent Outie Marie Callahan Mrs. Greyson Parks Gwendolene Lamb Miss Hetherington Gladys Randall

This was a capital show for Christmas. It is a good show for Ember days, Thanksgiving day, or any ordinary working day. The plot is not involved; it does not wholly disappear to make way for vaudeville acts, as is often the case in musical comedy. The music is agreeably tuneful, rhythmically pleasing, orchestrated discreetly and tastefully; the costumes are handsome; the stage settings are effective—the last one beautiful; the performance moves in a most spirited manner; as if all on the stage from leading woman to butler thoroughly enjoyed their work, in spite of the long run. There was nothing perfunctory in song, dance, or delivery of the dialogue.

Rose Marie with Madame Bompard finally weds Billy, who transfers his affections from his betrothed Ruby to her. Chesty Costello, the crook, with whom Billy fought at the Hell's Bells dance hall, at the end promises to go straight and going picks a pocket. On this simple story, a pleasing libretto has been built.

There are comedians who are funny and not laboriously so. Mr. Dixon gives decided character to Costello the crook, who justly prides himself on his dancing. Mr. Kent is a droll detective, whether he appears in street clothes, evening dress or disguised as a Chinaman. His quips and wheezes, his recitation of a "fable," provoked hearty and honest laughter. Mr. Scannell as Gimp, Costello's pal, had comparatively little to do. What he did, he did well.

Mr. Shaw as Billy the lover, who changed his mind—though with Rose Marie and Ruby as they were portrayed last night, it was a case in the eyes of the spectator of "How happy could I be with either"—sang and played like a man, not like a hardened comic opera singer who does not hate himself, and he endowed Billy with a sense of humor. It may here be said that the men of the chorus are of a much higher grade than is usually seen and heard in plays of this nature, nor did they wear evening dress uneasily, as if it had been hired and they were not sure about the fit.

Miss Groody's good nature was contagious. There is a curious mixture of simplicity and piquancy, modesty and slyness in her acting and dancing that is alluring. Her voice is a little one, but it is in keeping with her nature and her art. Miss Lewis, an imposing Madame Bompard, played with her customary authority, and made breaks in speech and comments on life and manners that cheered the most downhearted. If there were any in the audience. Among the other women Miss Callahan, Miss Wilson, Miss Hurst were prominent. The chorus girls were attractive and their evolutions were graceful. One of the many features of the entertainment was the surprising Radium Dance by Miss Barnette and Miss Callahan. The Sunshine Girls were loudly applauded, but their chief accomplishment was the old Kikafy kick, with variations. Mr. Schloss is to be praised for not forcing repetitions, in spite of the greedy popular demand.

'THE REAR CAR'

SELWYN THEATRE—Taylor Holmes in "The Rear Car," play in 3 acts by Edward E. Rose. First performance.

The cast:
Nora O'Neill.....Marguerite Maxwell
Ruth Carson.....Jane Seymour
Titus Brown.....James Bradbury, Jr.
Alden Murray.....Wright Kramer
Oliver Hanks.....Edwin Walter
Sheridan Scott.....Taylor Holmes
Kirk Allen.....Clyde North
John Blake.....Robert Kenyon
Roxey.....Ann Merrick
Luther Barnes.....Jay Wilson
Luke Carson.....Fred Karr

Even if it were possible to tell lucidly all the details of this new play, such a proceeding would never do, for after all a mystery play depends on mystery for its effect. It will answer very well to report that the plot concerns the adventures of a young woman, Ruth Carson, aboard a train from Los Angeles to New York the machinations against her of what we will call hostile forces, and the foiling thereof by one Sheridan Scott, played, of course, by Mr. Holmes. With a respect for the unties worthy of Racine, Mr. Rose has confined his scene to one, the rear car of this express train, and the time to a few hours of a single night.

Here the resemblance to Racine ends. A wilder plot than Mr. Rose's surely never was conceived. As the curtain goes up Ruth Carson utters a yell; she had adequate cause. She experienced worse before she got through, and all her fellow-passengers with her. Sedition and privy conspiracy, not to mention battle, murder and sudden death, all took a hand in the play, with moments of very light comedy, not to say farce, to relieve the strain. Through it all strolled Sheridan Scott, a variation of Mr. William Hodge and Sherlock Holmes, to put things right. He had a hard job of it, since the forces opposed to him were of a malign power equalled only by their ingenuity. This mad plot seems wasted on a spoken play; with amplification it ought to make a rousing serial for movies.

By continuous rapping on the nerves, nevertheless, what with thunder storms and revolver shots, heroes stalking villains in the dark, engine whistles, hoarse whisperings and awful yells, Mr. Rose did succeed in establishing a definite atmosphere of frightfulness. He stirred interest, too; even old staggers could not go home till they knew what was at the bottom of the bedlam.

Mr. Holmes has a personality which evidently pleases his audiences; he played on it accordingly. The others answered every purpose. Mr. Rose should be content with them all. An audience of fair size seemed pleased, with Mr. Holmes very much so.

R. R. G.

HOLLIS STREET—"Lightnin'" a comedy by Winchell Smith and Frank Bacon. First time in Boston. The cast:

Lightnin' Bill Jones.....Percy Pollock
John Marvin.....Jason Robert
Raymond Thomas.....Paul Stanton
Lemuel Townsend.....Thomas MacIntyre
Rodney Harper.....John Hamilton
Everett Hammond.....E. J. Blunkall
Oscar Redsett.....Sam Reed
Oscar Nelson.....George Spelvin
Tuddy Peters.....George Cooke
Walter Lennon.....William F. Granger
Web Crothers.....George Thompson
L'vayman.....Allen Mathes
Hotel Clerk.....James C. Lane
Mrs. Jones.....Jessie E. Pringle
Mrs. Buckley.....Grace Perkins
Margaret Davis.....Jane Oaker
Mrs. Harper.....Margaret Campbell
Freda.....Edith Monroe
Emily Jarvis.....Alice Quigley
Mrs. Moore.....Julio Brown
Mrs. Jordan.....Minnie Palmer
Mrs. Preston.....May Durea
Mrs. Starr.....Betty Barlow
Mrs. Cogshall.....Mabel Wilson
Mrs. Brewer.....Florence Foster

Boston has waited long for this play, which has enjoyed five successful years in New York and Chicago. It is styled on the program as a live-wire American comedy. It is all of that and more. Last evening's audience were unusually responsive and every line seemed to go over in just the right manner.

The plot concerns the efforts of two men, one a lawyer, and the other a San Francisco business man, to obtain the Callvada Hotel and property in the surrounding country for their own interests. "Lightnin'" Bill Jones is the proprietor of the place. It is a peculiar hostelry. Half of it is in California and the other half in Nevada. But that is not the whole reason for its peculiarity.

Would-he divorcees have heard of the place, and since it is reasonably near Reno, they conceive the idea of stopping there for the necessary six months. At the same time they may

tell their acquaintances that they are stopping in California. But the plot is not the really interesting thing.

The lovable character of "Lightnin'" is what people are going to remember. Of course, the first question that comes to the mind is "how does the new man compare with the beloved Frank Bacon?" The new man is Percy Pollock. We did not see Bacon in the original role, but he chose wisely when he suggested Percy Pollock for his successor, for the part calls for a distinct type. Some critics have compared this character with Joe Jefferson's "Rip Van Winkle." He is a rather modern "Rip," to be sure.

There are some exceedingly fine points to his character that were well interpreted by Mr. Pollock, whose "Lightnin'" debut last evening was most enthusiastically received. The supporting company was excellent in most cases. Jane Oaker as a burlesqued "burlesque actress" drew a great many laughs. But when we laugh at "Lightnin'" there's a bit of sympathy in our enjoyment of him.

At the Opera House last night, Walter Hampden opened his Boston engagement in "Hamlet"—that glossary of familiar quotations compiled by the late William Shakespeare—with the following cast:

Claudius, King of Denmark.....O. Norman Hammond
Hamlet, son to the late.....Walter Hampden
Polonius, Lord Chamberlain.....Allen Thomas
Horatio, friend of Hamlet.....William Sauter
Laertes, son of Polonius.....Ernest Rowan
Courtiers:
Rosencrantz.....Charles Brokaw
Guildenstern.....William H. Stephens
Osric.....Joseph Latham
Player King.....Reynolds Evans
Player Queen.....Elsie Herndon Kearns
Prologue.....Margaret Barnstead
Lucianus.....Cedric Weller

Officers:
Bernardo.....Reynolds Evans
Marcellus.....P. J. Kelly
Francisco, a soldier.....John W. Baker
First Grave-Digger.....P. J. Kelly
Second Grave-Digger.....Le Roi Opetri
Reynaldo, servant to Polonius.....Marcel Dill
A Priest.....R. L. Norton
A Page.....Ruth Chorpennig
Gertrude, Queen of Denmark and mother to Hamlet.....Mary Hall
Ophelia, daughter to Polonius.....Mabel Moore
Ghost of Hamlet's Father.....Edwin Cushman

Of course "Hamlet" is far from being a mere glossary—Mr. Hampden's least of all. But one cannot help noticing how many of the lines have been taken over bodily into our everyday speech; the more honor to Mr. Shakespeare therefore. And Mr. Hampden gives them all due care. They come from him "trippingly on the tongue" with faint, full flavor, especially in his quiet scenes.

There his mobile face, the flexibility of his voice, are most advantageously displayed. In them Shakespeare is speech made music, enthralling, caressing, pleasant to the ear. But his more violent scenes are not so finished. Under the stress of emotion, his voice strains and becomes throaty until the words are so often unintelligible. In his "biggest" moments, we get most of the actor and least of the playwright. And as Hamlet himself remarks, "The plays' the thing."

Without accurate rendition of the lines, even the best acting must leave the audience somewhat at a loss. Following Mr. Hampden's lead, the other members of the company gravitate between loud and incomprehensible vocalizations and passionless, albeit not expressionless, declamation. The ghost lacks, perhaps, any "unearthly" quality, and casts too strong a shadow—though that may be the fault of the lighting staff. And despite cutting, the first gravedigger and "poor Yorick" were still holding the stage at 11 o'clock. But the general movement is good; the settings ample. Yet too often "Hamlet" the play is swallowed up in Hamlet the part. Except in minor points, Mr. Hampden's production cannot be said to be any great exception.

SHUBERT THEATRE—First production in Boston of "In Springtime of Youth," a musical play in three acts,

book by Bernhauser and Schanzer, music by Walter Kollo and Sigmund Romberg, lyrics by Harry B. Smith and Cyrus Wood, additional lyrics by Matthew C. Woodward. Cast:

Mistress Prudence Stokes.....Grace Hamilton
Nat Podmore.....Walter J. Preston
Zella Russell.....Zella Russell
Harry McKee.....Harry McKee
Deacon Stokes.....Harry Kelly
Hopkins.....Larry Wood
Polly Baxter.....Gladys Rogers
Richard Stokes.....Robert K. Morton
Timothy Gookin.....Harry K. Morton
Keriah Hathaway.....Marie Pettes
Priscilla Alden.....Olga Steck
Squire Hathaway.....Tom Williams
Roger Hathaway.....George MacFarlane
The Mayor.....Ben Marlon

Like an inspiring breath of spring in a cold and dreary winter of ordinary musical comedies, comes "In Springtime of Youth." It has none of their usual tricks and familiar manners, is without hallet or broad horse play and, while there are pretty girls in plenty, they wear the decorous gowns of New

England 100 years ago. Yet they can dance and kick a hit, too, and they do both attractively.

But it tells a beautiful and fascinating story of youthful love and romance and has many dramatic moments of real pathos and emotion. The tale is unfolded with direct sincerity and skill by the authors and is embellished with charming music by the composers.

It portrays the love of Roger Hathaway, a middle aged Portsmouth man, for his ward, Priscilla Alden, his sending her from Brazil, where he had become a millionaire, to the States, where her eyesight was given back to her, her seeing a youthful lover before beholding the guardian, for whom she had felt supreme gratitude, but not love, and the inevitable result. She goes to the youth, and Roger, big hearted and wishing only the happiness of his ward, untangles all the complications of a family feud of years standing in old Portsmouth and brings the happy pair together.

There is an abundance of humor in the quaint characters of the two warring families, Baxters and Stokes, and in the rapidly shifting complications due to the supposed death of Roger, his arrival in time to read his own will to expectant relatives, while posing as Roger's friend and executor, and in the comic love affair of Sailor Tim Gookin and Pepita, the tavern-keeper.

The music both of lyrics and orchestration is far above the prevailing character of musical comedy, and is on the best plane of light opera.

The cast could hardly be better and every member can not only act well but sing well, too. Olga Steck is charming as the heroine and her fresh, resonant, tuneful voice adds much to her portrayal of the part. George MacFarlane is Roger Hathaway to the life and he sings the five songs allotted to him splendidly. Robert Halliday as Richard Stokes, the hero, is manly and forceful. Harry Kelly as Deacon Stokes and Harry K. Morton as the comic sailor furnish endless fun with their drollery. Zella Russell as Ropita, Spanish inn-keeper, is full of life and zest and dances superbly. There is not a weak spot in the whole company.

K. P.

LOPEZ ORCHESTRA

The Vincent Lopez orchestra, directed by Dell Lamps, is featured in the unusually well-balanced vaudeville bill at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week. Although Lopez is no stranger to local theatregoers, it is the first Boston appearance in vaudeville of his already famous orchestra.

A new rhythmic brilliance is given to "jazz" music by Lopez and members of his band. The selections are well chosen, the offering is novel in its presentation and the audiences yesterday insisted on many encores.

The bill opened with R. and W. Roberts, equilibristas. Mason and Shaw in songs and dances followed.

Then came the Wirth Family, featuring "Phil" and May Wirth, in a bareback riding act. The act is similar to the one the Wirth Family offers each year with the circus.

Harry Mayo, billed as a "Phenomenal Bartone," was the next to appear. He more than lives up to his place on the program. His rendition of "Just a Kiss" and "A Rose of Picardy" left nothing to be desired in the way of singing. As an encore he sang "Mandalay," and this also was given in a pleasing manner. He easily shared honors with the Lopez orchestra.

Freda and Anthony in "Barcha-Kal-loop" are old friends. They have dressed their act up and the duo put it over well. The two comedians responded to several encores.

"Billy" Chase, Charlotte La Tour, Nell Elsing and Scott Moore in "Around the Corner" present one of the most novel acts of the season. The quartet have taken a cross section of life and give it a new twist. The offering went over big.

Horace Bentley, Helen Higgins and Natalie Bates offer "Singdance." It is an act combining planologues, singing and dancing.

Frances Arms in a series of song types and the Pathe news bring the bill to a satisfactory close.

ST. JAMES—First performance in Boston of "Johnny Get Your Gun," a comedy by Edmund Lawrence Burke, as originally produced by Addison Pitt. The cast:

CHARACTERS IN PROLOGUE
Steve, the property man.....Ralph M. Remley
Assistant Movie Director.....Harry Lowell
Robert Charlton, an old actor.....Harold Chase
Mr. Wilson, the director.....Edward Darney
Johnny Higgins, a cowpuncher.....Walter Gilbert
Bert Whitney, from New York.....Hugh Cairns
Mme. Giblin, of the opera.....Helen Pitt
Mary, her maid.....Mae Gordon
Camera Man.....Lionel Bevana
Miss Fette, the movie leading lady.....Eleanor Hall
Willie Fritz.....Charles Naples

CHARACTERS IN THE PLAY

Jennie, a butler.....William Jeffery
Jordan, a maid.....Evelyn Nudsen
Pohett, a valet.....Ralph M. Remley
Elizabeth Burnham.....Anna Layne
Mrs. Tupper.....Viola Roach
Janet.....Lucille Adame
Duke of No Moor.....Houston Richards
Henry Cotta, an American Lawyer.....Harold Chase

John Milton.....Mark Kent
Bert Whitney.....Hugh Cairns
Johnny Higgins.....Walter Gilbert

"Johnny Get Your Gun," a cowboy romance in three acts, opened yesterday at the St. James Theatre. The play itself is a real holiday treat. The fact that the characters were burlesqued seemed to add greatly to the enjoyment of a genially inclined audience.

Walter Gilbert furnished all the shooting and lassoing necessary to a "red-blooded" part, while Miss Nudsen stepped out of her conventional roles and became a poor little servant girl. The rest of the players added to a real performance of one of the best comedies seen here this season.

TREMONT THEATRE—"Abraham Lincoln," a play by John Drinkwater.

A Chronicle.....J. Colvin Dunn
Susan.....Bertha Wood
Mrs. Lincoln.....Winifred Hanley
Mr. Lincoln.....Frank McGlynn
Tucker.....Forrest Davis
Hind.....Thomas Valden
Price.....Conrad Cantzen
Macintosh.....Penwood Corbett
White.....Frank Ginter
Seward.....John W. Bennett
Hay.....Gerald Corneli
Salmon Chase.....John C. Hickey
Montgomery Blair.....Albert Hickey
Simon Cameron.....Herbert Curtis
Caleb Smith.....Joseph Reed
Burnett Hook.....William Corbett
Gideon Wells.....Carson Davenport
Mrs. Goliath Blow.....Priscilla Knowles
Mrs. Othello.....Jennie A. Eustace
William Custis.....Wallace Clinton
Stanton.....William Brady
General Grant.....William W. Crimans
General Meade.....Warren Ashe
General Sherman.....James S. Barrett
General Lee.....James Durkin
John Wilkes Booth.....Thomas Auding
Doctor.....Charles Brill

"Abraham Lincoln" is here again with the same cast but for a few changes. The same Abraham Lincoln who held his audience of two winters ago motionless, while he portrayed so perfectly, so simply, so unassumingly the soul of this great man.

A daring thing to impersonate. But so great, so idealized! By masterly art of Mr. McGlynn, the portrayal at no time became offensive. From the first to the last act he held the illusion of reality. The audience was not so large as it should have been, but this fact had no apparent effect upon the acting. All the parts were carried off with convincing ease and naturalness—but for Mrs. Goliath Blow—which was slipshodly overdone by Miss Priscilla Knowles, Susan the maid was refreshing each time that she appeared. Her last hit in the end will be hard to forget. The pathos of her voice and her suppressed emotion were so delicately done.

AT THE MAJESTIC

"The Rose Girl," with a cast of musical comedy stars headed by Louis Simon, Shep Camp, Hattie Althoff, Harry Coleman, Irene Wilber, Leila Romer and others, is the offering at the Majestic Theatre this week. The production is one of the most popular on the Shubert vaudeville circuit and is one of the best offered in Boston during the present season.

As is the case with Shubert unit vaudeville productions, "The Rose Girl," consists of a tabloid musical revue and several high class vaudeville acts.

The first part of the program consists of the vaudeville. In this part of the program appears Louis Simon and company, in "Dr. Pipp's Patient." The act is a scream and delighted the audiences at both performances yesterday.

Libby and Sparrow present their "Broadway Dance Track." The female partner, Ida May Sparrow, is a comely young lady who can dance exceedingly well. George Libby is also master of some very intricate dance steps.

Hattie Althoff and sister appear in an act billed, "Songs of the Day." The duo put their little offering over in great shape. They sing the newer written melodies in a haunting manner and they were given several encores.

The Arco brothers offer "Athletic Artistry." The act is better than the usual run of acrobatic offerings seen in vaudeville.

The revue brings the show to a close. Most of those appearing in the revue were players in musical comedies at the Winter Garden. The revue is well staged, the book is well written and the lines are mirth-provoking. "A Bevy of Beauteous Rose Girls" assist the principals in the revue. Members of the chorus are good looking, they dance well and sing better than the average musical comedy chorus.

PLAYS CONTINUING

COPLEY—"The Clown." Produced last Saturday.

FINE ARTS—"The Beggar's Opera." Eighth and last week, matinee tomorrow and Saturday.

PLYMOUTH—"The Dover Road." Fourth and last week.

WILBUR—"The Bat." Seventeenth week.

We mentioned Woodhull and Claflin's Weekly a few days ago, having received a copy of the weekly for Nov. 15, 1873. The advertisements are informative; also entertaining after 50 years.

R. H. Curran & Co., publishers, 23 School street, Boston, advertised "The Dawning Light, a beautiful picture representing the Birthplace of Modern Spiritualism: Home of the Fox Family, in Hydesville, N. Y." Prof. John, "our eminent American artist," visited Hydesville and drew not only the house, yard, orchard and the hillside, but also the angel world. "Angel bands, not deformed with antiquarian wings, lower over the house, and in their descent a spiritual aura falls over the mystic house and yard. . . the lights and shadows have seldom been equalled in ancient or modern painting." It appears that Prof. John painted through "spirit direction."

"The work has been translated on steel by that distinguished engraver, J. W. Watts, in a high style of art. The engraving is an honor to American art." Price two dollars.

Did Sir Arthur Conan Doyle secure this engraving in his wanderings? Who was Prof. John? Whenever the Fox family is mentioned, the question comes up why did not Dr. Ellisha Kent Kane openly take Margaret as his wife? Was he afraid of his wife, or did he, weak man, except when on Arctic ice, dread the comments of the public?

FROM A LONELY SOUL

But there was a man in November, 1873, who knew his own mind and was courageous.

WANTED—A middle-aged gentleman, whose whole life has been spent battling for reforms, earnestly desires a congenial alliance with a noble woman capable of meeting the needs of a nature pre-eminently capacitated to enjoy and profit by the highest female influence.

"The writer strange as it may appear has ever been condemned to loneliness the most pathetic and longing the most intense; now, after years of suffering too great for words to paint, he has almost reached the point of heart-starvation. He feels that there are no powers of intellect, perfections of character, or depths of love in woman that will not be counteracted by him.

"Sympathy of high quality and love the most pure and strong he holds to be independent of selfish ties; hence married ladies are as eligible to the relation he demands and invites as are single ones.

"This, then, is the heart-cry of one who feels that he has got to the end, and throws himself down at your feet. A heart home and rest from intense search is the only salvation. Youthful and buoyant hearts also can be met.

"Responses addressed to box 3791, New York postoffice (care Woodhull & Claflin), will meet with prompt attention from

SINCERITY."

TO CINDERELLA II

Liberated Lipos
Large luxurious limousines, usually ux-
oriously upholstered,
Slip by silently

Bearing diversified burdens, wrinkled
old women,

Pump placid matrons,
Pekinese and pomeranians, pretty paint-
ed prostitutes,

Too fat men,
Sometimes a child; but never, never
The Prince Charming!

He, heaven sent, may possibly appear
Driving Stutz speedster;

Yet most probably, laughing loving
Lochinvar,

True typical American,
Will blow in breezily, blithely tooling
Faithful Lizzie Ford!

LAND CRAB.

Some one quoted in praise of onions a line of George Eliot's: "The waftings of that energetic bulb." Can any one of our readers say in what novel or essay this line occurs? Did not George Meredith speak of a man and his wife defying the world with "mutual onion"?

CHANGING FORMS

As the World Wags:

Shoeman in your column, comment-
ing on a London paper's statement that
English girls have ugly ankles because
they refuse to wear high boots, says

there is medical authority for this dic-
tum. Do we need to look this far?
May we not lay it to the naturally low
viscosity of the human dough? But
then—how to explain large teeth? How-
ever, it is certain that in days before
people knew the earth was round, float-
ing barefoot would have produced flat
feet.

Since the Prince of Wales brought in
the low soft collar, there has been a
fearful slump in men's necks. Not
that I would compare a man's neck
with a girl's ankle, except in the heat
of argument, and as the humble ap-
plication of a principle. But it does
seem to me that as a race we are grow-
ing thicker in the neck. Our politics
prove it. In an old number of the Na-
tional Geographic I saw—but perhaps
after all I dreamed this—certain Afri-
cans—or were they Malays—who were
riveted on their necks six-inch sec-
tions of corrugated stove-pipe. But
they had done nothing about their
ankles at all, those neck-or-nothing
philosophers.

It is certain, furthermore, that unless
we wear properly pointed shoes—those
with a clean entrance and a lean run,
in sailors' parlance—we cannot pos-
sibly achieve the prettily overlapping
toes which are seen everywhere along
our fashionable beaches.

To conclude—is it not possible that a
mushroom tendency in the human head
is even now faintly discernible since
the comparative eclipse of the hard
hat? Let us have further discussion of
these points.

R. M. H.
Boothbay Harbor, Me.

COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON

The editor of a western daily column
who deserves appreciative words at this
time of peace and good will has received
the following letter:

Sir: Not that it means anything or
that I give a damn, but merely because
this expenditure of sentiment and money
is considered apt at this time of year I
wish you a very Merry Christmas, know-
ing that there's little chance of it, and a
Happy New Year, though well aware of
the fact that there has never been one,
and I add, for the sake of originality, my
insincere hope that you will be healthy
and prosperous until Jan. 1, 1924, at
which time you will probably be fired or
dead, but in any event I will mail you
another card wishing you the same thing
for another year.

ALARIC OF TARNELET.

HAMPDEN SEEN IN "MACBETH"

OPERA HOUSE—Walter Hampden in
Macbeth.

Duncan	William Sauter
Malcolm	Charles Brokaw
Donalbain	Cedric Weller
Macbeth	Walter Hampden
Banquo	C. Norman Hammond
Macduff	Ernest Rowan
Lennox	William H. Stephens
Ross	Reynolds Evans
Monteth	Le Roi Operti
Fleance	Ruth Chorpennig
Seward	Allen Thomas
Young Seward	Wm. H. Stephens
Seyton	P. J. Kelly
Boy	Margaret Barnstead
A Doctor	William Sauter
A Sergeant	P. J. Kelly
A Porter	Allen Thomas
First Murderer	Edwin Cushman
Second Murderer	Joseph Latham
Lady Macbeth	Mary Hall
Lady Macduff	Ruth Chorpennig
Gentlewoman	Elsie H. Kearns
First Witch	Le Roi Operti
Second Witch	Elsie Herndon Kearns
Third Witch	Mabel Moore
Lady in Waiting	Josephine van Rossem

If Shakespeare, practical man of the
theatre, takes thought among the celest-
tial spheres of things mundane, he no
doubt is now drawing satisfaction, if
not royalties, from the vogue enjoyed
by the works of his pen and brain.
Not even the popular Mr. Milne can
boast more plays at present and in
prospect upon the scene than the bard
of Avon, with his "Hamlet" the sensa-
tion of Broadway, played by John
Barrymore, his Juliet by Miss Ethel
Barrymore; the "Merchant of Venice"
under the hands of Warfield and
Belasco; "As You Like It," projected
by Miss Marjorie Rambeau, Juliet again
by Miss Jane Cowl, and Mr. Walter
Hampden and Mr. Robert Mantell in
constant repertory. Shakespeare may
break the box-office receipts for any
one author in a single year.

Among all these varied productions
and projections Mr. Hampden's Hamlet
holds prominent place as truly princely
in quality. His Macbeth does not fare
so well. The blame may well be placed
upon the shoulders of those who sent
him to the Opera House. Macbeth is a
play of psychology rather than of ac-
tion. It was written for such a theatre
as Shakespeare's Globe, with "apron"
projecting far into the audience, who
could read at close range the varying
emotions flit across the faces of the
Thane of Cawdor and his queen. The

vast reaches of the Opera House with
its deep stage withdrew the actors far
from the nearest spectators. There re-
sulted, from the first scene, an
overemphasis of voice which left noth-
ing for future climax or nuance. To the
average eye the faces of the actors
must have been as void of expression as
the solid mask of the ancient Greek
Theatre. The spirit of overemphasis was
everywhere, in the witches, re-enforced
by a man's voice, in the overdone
thunder and conventional lightning, in
the too quick and garish lighting. It
was only by a miracle of direction that
the final duel of Macbeth and Macduff
achieved result. The knocking at the
gate and the accompanying scene of
comedy lost all value by overscoring. It
is to be hoped that our masters of the
stage will in the future send our
Shakespearean pieces to an intimate the-
atre. There Mr. Hampden will not be
fighting against the impossible in trying
to lend to his Macbeth something of the
rare distinction which he gives to his
Hamlet.

Miss Mary Hall was miscast as Lady
Macbeth. Her warm and motherly voice
is not made for direct cruelty. Miss
Ruth Chorpennig as Lady Macduff, on
the other hand, was both effective and
a beautiful picture of distress.

The episodic character of Macbeth was

Mr. Hampden will be seen tonight as
Sir Giles Overreach in Philip Massin-
ger's "New Way to Pay Old Debts,"
described recently in London as "A
rattling melodrama." The play has not
been performed here for many years.

The opening line of Massinger's play
is intensely dramatic.

"Wellborn. No booze? Nor no to-
bacco?"

There is the original spelling "bouse,"
for the more modern "booze" is only
a variant.

It is said that Mr. Hampden has made
some changes in the text. Let us hope
that the opening line has been spared.
Here is an appeal that mocks the fleet-
ing years and points a derisive thumb
at the Volstead act.

Is it tomorrow night that Jane Cowl
appears as Juliet in Toledo? Rollo
Peters will lie her Romeo. Rollo Romeo!
"Rollo in Verona" will now be added
to the immortal series.

Miss Bertha Broad, whose friends say
she is "the perfect Juliet," is looking
for a perfect Romeo. "Passion and
youth are requisites for my Romeo,"
she said in a fine burst, "but give me
the actor with a soul that can rise to
the heights of a self-sacrificing love."
This being interpreted may mean a
Romeo that will allow his name to be
printed in smaller type than that pro-
claiming Miss Broad's perfection.

Dame Nellie Melba, speaking of her
recent concert in London, said: "I've got
a wonderful program fixed up." And yet
English purists protest, against the
"American" use of the verb "to fix."
But Mme. Melba is an Australian. Her
program was wonderful indeed: She
sang "Home, Sweet Home" and "Comin'
Thro' the Rye" only as encores.

Esther Howard, who, brought up in
Boston, has made a name for herself by
playing eccentric parts, has been en-
gaged by Arthur Hammerstein for an
important role in "The Wildflower."

The romance of old Japan is fast de-
parting: "a study of the piano is now
considered a necessary part of the edu-
cation of a Japanese girl."

And soon the Koto and the Samisen
will be seen only in museums.

We have never been in Japan, but we
do not relish the idea of a geisha girl
playing the piano, whether she favors
the visitors with a rhapsody by Liszt or
a pot-pourri on airs from "Good Morn-
ing, Dearie."

Guloma Novaes, the Brazilian pianist,
is now Mrs. Pinto, having wedded a
civil engineer, who is also a musician.
This should be good news for all those
conversationally interested in art: Pinto
is easier to pronounce than Novaes—but,
alas, Mrs. Pinto will retain her maiden
name for concert purposes.

Mr. Plunket Greene, who was once
in Boston, a "fashionable" singer, is still
giving song recitals in London, though—
according to the Times—his voice does
not serve him as well as it did. He in-
sists on inviting his audience to smoke.

In other words, singing, he needs a
smoke screen.

As "Lightnin'" is at last seen in Bos-
ton the following verses published a day
or two ago in New York may be of in-
terest:

FRANK BACON

Time after time you played your des-
tined part.

Giving from out your sympathetic heart,
So human, so appealing, your true best,
And fame flashed your loved name from
East to West.

Friends you made by the thousands,
night and day,

Moved them to tears, then your dear
wistful way

Made them rejoice in laughter. Ah,
but we

No longer knew your voice! All silently

Beyond that Outer Curtain, we would
hear

Your new audience. But our listening
ear

Is unattuned. The glad acclaim that
rings

Through that arena no sound to us
brings.

AGNES M. HICKEY.

The reactionaries in the audiences of
the Boston symphony concerts will re-
joice this week in the fact that a sym-
phony by Haydn will be played, and the
younger generation, irreverent toward
"old fogies," may find pleasure in the
honest and refreshing music written by
Haydn for London. A charming suite
from Lalo's ballet "Noumana" will be
played. This has indirectly a local in-
terest. When the ballet was produced in
Paris (1882) the chief dancer was Rita
Sangalli.

Mlle. Sangalli came to the United
States to dance in "The Black Crook"
when it was produced at Niblo's Garden,
New York, Sept. 12, 1866. In 1868 she
danced at the Olympic, New York, when
"Humpty Dumpty" was produced with
George L. Fox, clown. She danced in
Boston (1867-68) in a revival of "The
Black Crook" at the Continental The-
atre, also in "Cinderella" and "A Mid-
summer Night's Dream." Here and in
New York she was thought to be a
"superbly voluptuous" dancer, but in the
late '70's, when she was leading dancer
at the Paris Opera, she was described
as "a vigorous and intrepid ballerina,
accurate and forcible, but somewhat
lacking in charm." She died in 1903.

Two pieces on the program will be
heard here for the first time, although
they have been performed in other
cities: D. G. Mason's Prelude and
Fugue for piano and orchestra and John
Powell's "Negro Rhapsody" for piano
and orchestra. Mr. Powell of Richmond,
Va., who has given recitals in Boston,
will be the pianist.

After the lull, a storm. In the first
fortnight of the new year there will be
many concerts. Let us hope that they
will not be dismissed in the words of
the London Times' reviewer who heard
M. Edouard Garsen lift up his voice
in song. "We hear a song or two and
we say to ourselves: 'Oh! that sort of
thing; I see'—and think we will listen
to one more and then have some tea.
Then we listen to another, and another,
and though they are all 'that sort of
thing,' there is something that makes us
want to stay and see what the next sort
of thing will be." May we all wish to
stay as soon as the first song is sung, or
the first group of pieces played.

The program of E. Robert Schmits,
pianist, in Paris Dec. 7 included four
pieces by "American" composers:
Prelude, Marion Bauer; Mirage, Alex-
ander Stelmert; The White Peacock,
Charles T. Griffes; Times Square (New
York) Emerson Whithorne.

"The Beggar's Opera" leaves Boston
after the performance next Saturday
night. Has any one remembered that
this play with music introduced Peg
Woffington to the public. In 1729 the
play was acted by children, so great
was the rage for it. Mme. Violante or-
ganized a troupe of little ones for Irish
playgoers. Peg, then 10 or 11 years old,
played Polly. Four years later she was
playing Ophelia at the Dublin Royal
Theatre.

They apparently like their tenors old
in Berlin. Robert Philipp recently cele-
brated his 70th birthday by appearing
as Don Jose at the State Opera. He is
said to have chased Carmen about the
stage in a surprisingly lively manner.
It was in 1877 that he first sang in Ber-
lin.

"Taming of the Shrew"

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Walter
Hampden in Shakespeare's "Taming of
the Shrew." The cast:

Baptista	William Sauter
Vincutio	Allen Thomas
Petruchio	Ernest Rowan
Gremio	Walter Hampden
Hortensio	P. J. Kelly
Tranio	Charles Brokaw
Blondello	Reynolds Evans
Gremio	Le Roi Operti
A Tailor	Edwin Cushman
A Pedant	Joseph Latham
Katherine	C. Norman Hammond
	Mary Hall

Bianca.....Elsie Herndon Kearns
A Widow.....Ruth Chorpennin
Curtis.....Mabel Moore

Taste, of course, changes, and nowhere faster than in the theatre, but still can it be possible that this play, which not so many years ago, at the hands of Ada Rehan, Coquelin and far lesser lights, set the world off in laughter, now must join the company of "Love's Labor Lost," "A Comedy of Errors" and a few other Shakespeare plays which no longer will do on the stage?

Either the play has lost its savor or Mr. Hampden's company lacks the knack of bringing it out, for last night's performance roused but the mildest merriment. Blame the play or the acting, as you will.

It's the acting, to be sure, everybody on in years will swear. Of course it is!

For this comedy demands actors who can glide gently, without a jolt, from low comedy to poetic romance. Where are they? If this requirement is too unreasonable, at least one may claim comedians of humorous temperament, and players who can suggest romance. Properly to cast "The Taming of the Shrew" can be no easy task; humor and romance are not so plenty. Nor is an actor to be found at every agency intelligent enough to trust confidently in Shakespeare's skill in word and situation; the most of them supplement over much with uproar of their own.

Mr. Hampden, of course, did what he could. He furnished a tasteful setting, simple to be sure and not very suggestive of Padua, but really opulent for these days when a pair of drab curtains and a three-legged stool is supposed to set out a palace. Although he cracked his whip quite enough and kept his household too long on the run, he did not encourage noisy bustle so extravagantly as some other recent producers.

For himself, he played excellently, in a vein midway between the elegant finesse of Coquelin and the bolsterous-

ness of most Petruchios. An actor of skill and authority, all he lacked was unction.

Miss Hall made a gentle shrew hardly worthy of Katherine's reputation; as Petruchio said to her "Kate, thou canst not frown." Once "tamed," however, she played charmingly. The romantic scenes in general went best, since true comic farce was not strikingly in evidence.

Mr. Thomas, who played Vincentio, and Mr. Sauter, the Baptista, stood out above their fellows, though Miss Kearns and Mr. Rowan did the lesson scene with charm.

R. R. G.

HAMPDEN AS SHYLOCK

Gives Masterly Portrayal of Usurer in "The Merchant of Venice"

OPERA HOUSE—Walter Hampden in the Merchant of Venice.

The Duke of Venice.....Allen Thomas
The Prince of Morocco.....Reynolds Evans
Antonio.....William Sauter
Bassanio.....Ernest Rowan
Salanio.....Edwin Cushman
Gratiano.....William H. Stephens
Lorenzo.....C. Norman Hammond
Shylock.....Charles Brokaw
Tubal.....Walter Hampden
Old Gobbo.....Le Rol Operi
Leonardo.....Allen Thomas
Stephano.....Ruth Chorpennin
Balthazar.....Margaret Barnstead
Pace to Morocco.....Marcel Dill
Portia.....Mary Hall
Nerissa.....Elsie Herndon Kearns
Jessica.....Mabel Moore

To his princely Hamlet Mr. Hampden adds a Shylock of finely drawn character, worthy to be ranked with the greater performances of our time. Fine as was his portrayal of the Jew yesterday afternoon, still finer was the adequate performance of the play as a whole. "Shakespeare is all right!" laughed a happy soul in the audience, seized with sheer delight at the magic of the playwright. Outside of Mr. Hampden, himself, there was, to be sure, no great portrayal, but there was, on the other hand, an unusual evenness that brought rare pleasure and frequent enthusiasm. Perhaps the one thing lacking was the spirit of youth that flits through the lighter scenes of the merchant. A certain maturity was manifest in the important ladies of the play that ill comported with the gay ebullience that Shakespeare loves to shower on the fair dames of his fancy.

Miss Hall as Portia read her lines well, and, if one closed his eyes, he could feel the poetry and playfulness of the part. But, if one looked, he could fancy that Portia's mother had wandered on the scene to take her daughter's part. Portia herself is light of touch and gay

of face, the very essence of youth, and without that gravity of mien and make-up that Miss Hall affects. So, too, Jessica had a maturity and a gravity that not even the pranks and prattle of Launcelot Gobbo could melt. Miss Kearns as Nerissa and Miss Chorpennin in her various parts, however, added the light touch of youth.

The men, as a rule, fared better than the women in the lighter and the gayer passages that constantly flicker through the sombre scenes of Shylock's sordid tale. The over-emphasis that marked Macbeth of Tuesday night were absent. The simple and beautiful setting of the scenes at Belmont, after the fashion of Maxfield Parrish, added to the illusion. But the last scene of all, under the moonlight that spread itself over the magic words of love, should not have been marred by the music competing with the poetry of the spoken word.

Mr. Hampden gave an impressive and thoughtful impersonation of the Jew. He rarely yielded to the temptation to ~~overplay the sordid side of the usurer, as~~ have so many of the great actors who have preceded him in the part. He was the representative of his race, wronged by the injustice and the scorn of Christians. When he returned to the empty house from which Jessica had fled to her Christian lover with her father's treasure, Mr. Hampden wrung keen pity from his audience. By a certain august dignity in the courtroom he moved the spectators both as actor and as Shylock.

An adequate performance of one of the greatest plays of the theatre, both practical and poetic; a performance at times rising to grandeur. Well worth seeing as not likely often to be surpassed. W. F. H.

Dec 29 1922 in "A New Way to Pay Old Debts"

By PHILIP HALE

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—"A New Way to Pay Old Debts," a play in five acts by Philip Massinger; arranged for performance by Mr. Hampden in a prologue and two acts with 10 scenes:

Lord Lovell.....William Sauter
Sir Giles Overreach.....Walter Hampden
Wellborn.....Ernest Rowan
Marrall.....Edwin Cushman
Allworth.....Charles Brokaw
Justice Greedy.....P. J. Kelly
Tapwell.....C. Norman Hammond
Parson Willodeo.....Reynolds Evans
Order.....Le Rol Operi
Furnace.....Allen Thomas
Amble.....Reynolds Evans
Watchall.....Joseph Latham
Vintner.....Cedric Weller
Tailor.....William H. Stephens
Servant to Sir Giles.....Marcel Dill
Lady Allworth.....Mary Hall
Margaret.....Elsie Herndon Kearns
Froth.....Ruth Chorpennin
Tabitha.....Margaret Barnstead
Abigail.....Josephine Van Rossem

It is a question whether Massinger's making Wellborn whisper to Lady Allworth his one suit is not more effective than the spoken scene which has been substituted, written by one not named. Massinger excited the curiosity of the audience. The wonder at Lady Allworth's behavior thereafter was the greater. The substituted open dialogue seems laborious, an underrating of a spectator's intelligence.

The play is a virile melodrama and it should be played in rattling melodramatic spirit. Here is little or no opportunity for subtlety of diction or finesse in action. Sir Giles is a monster, let it be granted, but there were such incarnations of avarice and oppression; there are these monsters now, robbers of the widow and the orphan. Sir Giles is Balzac's Grandet plus brute force and brute courage. His character is not developed; it is exposed at the very start. The only crescendo is the one leading to the final terrific scene of madness. Liberties were taken with the text and the arrangement of the opening scenes, probably to bring Sir Giles the quicker on the stage.

Perhaps Mr. Hampden takes too intellectual a view of the character: puts too much weight on the spoken word and does not let himself go until the end. Sir Giles is not intellectually cynical; his contempt for good men's opinion is not for a play of wit; it is inbred. He thinks as he lives. It is an interesting portrayal of a character that demands a certain animal ferocity, strength of body and of voice, an overmastering authority that is felt the moment Sir Giles comes on the stage. There is need of an irresistible dynamic impact.

No one can be "moved" by an actor playing this part; the spectator must be overpowered, amazed at the exhibition of this cruelty of mind, at the sight of this father commanding his daughter to ape the wanton that she may make a lordly marriage; he must be stunned and at the end terrified.

Mr. Hampden made a brave endeavor. In the less dark and sinister scenes he was often admirable; throughout he played with marked intelligence; but something more than this is needed to set Sir Giles before one in his hideous glory and downfall. And who is there today who can be the Sir Giles known

to the audiences of Massinger and Edmund Kean?

The play should be performed in a more reckless spirit by all. As it was, there was too often an evident restraint. Among the men with Mr. Hampden in spirit. Miss Hal was a dignified and womanly Lady Allworth; Miss Kearns was a charming Margaret.

Mr. Hampden is to be thanked for reviving this old play. Well-contrived for performance, written in sturdy English, a play by a man who deserved better than the study by Mr. Arthur Symonds.

Last Tuesday we printed in this column a little poem entitled "The Look," and signed "Marge." We have received the following letter from G. W. B. H.:

"A thousand of your readers will doubtless call your attention to the fact that 'Marge's' poem, 'The Look,' is none other than Sara Teasdale's lyric of the same name. Surely, your friend 'Marge' is too astute to suppose that this little coincidence in authorship would go unnoticed. There is evidently something deeper here. Howard (says 'Marge') kissed her in the spring; Bobby in the fall. Miss Teasdale originally implicated Robin and Strephon as the culprits in this interesting confession.

"It looks suspiciously like a plot. Having jilted Howard and Bobby, 'Marge' is now notifying Collin—who only looked at her, and never kissed at all—that this is a cold, hard winter, and that she's tired of sitting on her hands.

"If the bashful Collin is a faithful reader of As the World Wags—as he should be—this coy collaboration of un-kissed poetesses ought to start something."

We found "The Look" published in an exchange and thought worth printing. We have not read the estimable Miss Teasdale's poems—from lack of time—for we have not finished the next to the last volume of the Encyclopedia Britannica. Strange to say, the editor of the column from which we took the poem has received many letters, naming Miss Teasdale as the author, but Margaret Cullen writes that Aline Kilmer wrote the verses. Is "The Look" therefore to be classed with "Beautiful Snow," "Monte Cristo" Homer's Iliad and Odyssey—Samuel Butler wrote a book to prove that the latter was written by a woman—and the plays attributed to Shakespeare?

Is it possible that "Marge" is a contraction of "margarine," as that word is usually pronounced? Who knows? Perhaps "Marge" is a pseudonym of Miss Jane Winterbottom of Chestnut Hill.

CHRISTMAS MUSIC

As the World Wags:

Reading the programs of various churches for Christmas Sunday, I came across the following: "Recessional, Hark what means those Holy Noises?" Is it possible that the printer had a grievance against this particular choir? R. H. DEAN.

Waterville, Me., Dec. 24.

WITH MR. DOUGLAS'S CONSENT?

A. M. CHUZAS

Home of W. L. Douglas Shoes
183 Lisbon St. Lewiston.

THERE'S A DECIDED DIFFERENCE

As the World Wags:

Cher Monsieur Editor: Quand il s'agit de Monsieur Arboucle, comme les cures sont ferores! Mais I don't recall beaucoup d'ecclésiastical venom contre Mme. Bernhardt. Place aux dames! C'est difficile to draw the line. Still, certainement, she has never been accused of causing la mortalité de personne. Au contraire. Tout a vous.
Execution Docks. L. JOHN SILVER.

AYE! THAT THEY WEEL

As the World Wags:

The preacher was Scotch, he believed in hell and preached to beat it. This is how he brought a particularly fiery discourse to a triumphant close:

"And on the last day there ye'll be, all ye wicked sinners, up to your necks in the sea of brimstone, and the flames'll be roarin' around ye, and ye'll no have a drop o' water tae wet ye'r parched throats, and there'll be wallin' and gnashin' of teeth and ye'll be cryin' out unto the Lord, 'Oh, Lor'd, we did na' ken—we did na' ken!' And the good Lord, in the infinite malice and compassion of his good and loving heart, will say, 'Weel! ye ken noo a' richt!'"

RAB DHU.

IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE

(Headlines in the Daily American, West Frankfort, Ill.)

UNDERTAKERS TO MEET IN HERRIN

THE ANSWER

(To the King of the Black Isles.)
"Emerald sea; and seas of agate wandering under the sky.
And I would loiter the world around or ever I come to die—
Or ever I come to die, Love, and to say farewell to you—
With only a cook and a cabin boy and a lazy Lascar crew."

The citron trees are laden in the gardens of Samarcand,
And the warm waves curl and murmur over the coral strand.
We two could understand, Love, under the southern sky,
And I would wander the world with you, or ever I come to die.

Oh, I would barter mine goods away, but I would keep mine ease,
I'd follow you, King of the Ebony Isles, through all of the Seven Seas.
Through all of the Seven Seas, Love, with the lazy Lascar crew,
But when the cook gave notice, I would say farewell to you. G. B. H.

"JOHN PALMER GAVIT FINDS COLLEGE GIRLS ARE NOT CIGARETTE SMOKERS"

As the World Wags:

What does it matter if women do smoke tobacco? My grandmother smoked tobacco in an old clay pipe 50 or more years. She lived to be over 90 years of age, in good health till her last few days. She could read The Boston Herald without glasses or other aid to her eyes during her last years.

SEVENTY AND SMOKING TOBACCO.

We have no objection to women smoking pipes or cigars if it becomes them, for thus smoking they do not stain their lily white hands. Perhaps "dipping" and snuff taking may yet come into fashion at afternoon teas as a stimulant to flagging conversation.—Ed.

WESTERN GIRLS ARE SUPPOSED TO BE CORN FED

(From the Lake County Times, Hammond, Ind.)

JUNIOR BLOOMERS AT \$2.95

They are upholstered and overstuffed, covered in mohairs and tapes.

THAT'S THE WAY LOVE IS

(From the Omaha World-Herald.)

OVER—BLIND

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Blind announce the engagement of their daughter, Katherine Elizabeth, to Howard H. Over. The wedding will take place in the early spring.

WELL, MY DEAR, WHAT ELSE WOULD YOU EXPECT?

(From the Springfield Union)

SUFFIELD, Ct., Dec. 15—John Socka of Boston Neck road, was fined \$7 and costs, totaling \$32.11, today in town court by Judge H. D. Sikes, when he was found guilty on a charge of assault and battery on his wife. The court also imposed a 30-day jail sentence, which Socka will serve in addition to working out part of his fine. He paid \$10. Socka has been arrested twice before here on the same charge.

The police took Socka into custody today on complaint of his wife. She alleges that her husband beat her with a heavy strap, inflicting severe bruises on her body.

Dec 30 1922 10TH SYMPHONY

By PHILIP HALE

The tenth concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Monteux, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. The program was as follows: Haydn, Symphony, B flat major (B. & H., No. 12); D. G. Mason, prelude and fugue for piano and orchestra (first time here); Lalo, Suite from the ballet "Numouna"; Powell, Rhapsodie Negre, for orchestra and piano (first time); John Powell was the pianist.

The names of two Americans were on the program. Mr. Mason was born in Brookline; Mr. Powell was born at Richmond, Va. Mr. Mason's prelude and fugue were performed at Chicago on March 4, 1921. Mr. Powell's rhapsody was first played in New York on March 23, 1913. Mr. Mason, composer, writer about music and musicians, is a professor at Columbia University. Mr. Powell, composer, a man of varied interests, leads the life of a wandering virtuoso.

There is no need of a Plutarchian comparison, even if it were possible; as composers, the men of the pieces played yesterday are disparate.

Mr. Mason has said that a fugue treated in a purely academic spirit is deadly, but the fugue, "one of the most moving and beautiful of all forms, since

It is in its very essence melody, all melody, and nothing but melody," this term, richly suggestive to the purely musical imagination, tempted him to try its application to a modern idiom. The success of a praise worth endeavor in this field depends on the presence or lack of imagination in the composer. Mr. Mason says he cares "little for pictorial suggestion in music and much for intensity of subjective emotion and for plastic beauty."

With the best will in the world, found little or no imagination, intensity of subjective emotion or plastic beauty in this prelude and fugue; no objective emotion; no obvious beauty of the sort that makes an appeal for the moment and is quickly forgotten. We have heard music by Mr. Mason in which the qualities he named were much more in evidence. Therefore, the greater the disappointment yesterday. Perhaps this disappointment was only another instance of imperfect sympathy. Mr. Powell evidently enjoyed the music. He applauded Mr. Mason; Mr. Mason applauded him and the orchestra; Mr. Montaux stood by smiling. So everything was for the best in the best of possible worlds.

The program book published a rhapsodic explanation of Mr. Powell's composition. The author, Mr. Brockwell, succeeded in getting "tuskless, clawless man," "mysterious, incomprehensible physical forces," "tragic protest against fate" and "pathetic resignation to the inevitable" all in one sentence. Some years ago, when western statesmen wore leg-hoots, the test of oratory among their constituents was the ability to get "cagle" and "bugle" in the final sentence of the peroration. It would appear from Mr. Brockwell's argument that Mr. Powell has attempted "to synthesize" all the negro characteristics and "present them in a form of organic unity." Mr. Brockwell also says that towards the close the "Sweet Chariot" theme is "overwhelmed in a flood of primal sensuality." An old Frenchman exclaimed: "How many things there are in a minute!" It seems then that Mr. Powell's rhapsody is ethological, chronological, sociological, and all the other "icals." We regret to say we found it only interesting music, now plaintive, now wildly and pleasingly barbaric; music showing no foreign influence, music that has decided individuality.

How beautifully Hadyn's symphony was played! The opening largo, and the adagio were most euphonious, while in the rapid movements there was remarkable delicacy in the lighter measures and in the sturdier a sonority that was never forced. It was a pleasure to hear Lalo's ballet music again, with the famous flute solo played so nimbly and skilfully, always with rich tonal quality, by the admirable Mr. Laurent. And to think that this music was flouted when it was first heard! Yes there were brave Frenchmen before Debussy, Ravel, Florent, Schmitt, and "The Six" (now "The Five").

The concert will be repeated tonight. The orchestra will be away next week. The program for Jan. 12-13 is as follows: Beethoven, Symphony No. 8; Bach, Concerto, D minor, for strings and organ; Wagner, Prelude to "Parsifal"; Franck-Goodrich, organ Choral No. 2, B minor; Liszt, "The Preludes." Marcel Dupre will be the organist.

Let us consider for a moment the question of juries. Many are familiar with Brougham's rhetorical flourish:

"In my mind, he was guilty of no error, he was chargeable with no exaggeration, he was betrayed by his fancy into no metaphor, who once said, that all we see about us, kings, lords, and commons, the whole machinery of the state, all the apparatus of the system and its varied workings, end in simply bringing 12 good men into a box."

Now that interest in the writings of Herman Melville is unabated, a passage from his "Mardi" may be set in contrast to Brougham's pompous declaration, "Mardi" is a strange, fantastical book, very dear to us; to be ranked with "The Piazza Tales" and "Israel Potter," but not with "Moby Dick," which stands alone in literature. When "Mardi" was published—it was in 1849—the Dublin University Magazine said it was "one of the saddest, most melancholy, most deplorable and humiliating perversions of genius of a high order in the English language." Tut-tut! Pish! Likewise, go to! But to the passage about juries.

GOOD KING MEDIA ON JURIES

Media was King of Odo. Melville describes him as receiving a petition that all differences between man and man and all offences against the state should be tried by 12 good men and true; 12 unobnoxious to the parties concerned; their peers; previously unbiased. Unanimity in these 12 should be essential to a verdict, and no dinner be vouchsafed till unanimity came.

King Media laughed long and loud in scorn:

"What! Are twelve wise men more wise than one? Or will twelve fools,

put together, make one sage? Are twelve honest men more honest than one? Or twelve knaves less knavish than one? And if, of twelve men, three be fools, and three wise, three knaves and three upright, how obtain unanimity from such?

"But if twelve judges be better than one, then are twelve hundred better than twelve? But take the whole populace for a judge, and you will long wait for a unanimous verdict."

"If upon a thing dubious, there be little unanimity in the conflicting opinions of one man's mind, how expect it in the uproar of twelve puzzled brains? Though much unanimity be found in twelve hungry stomachs."

"Judges unobnoxious to the accused! Apply it to a criminal case. Ha! ha! If peradventure a Cad be rejected, because he had seen the accused commit the crime for which he is arraigned. Then, his mind would be biased; no impartiality from him! Or your testy accused might object to another, because of his tomahawk nose, or a cruel squint of the eye. Of all follies the most foolish! Know ye from me that true peers render not true verdicts. . . . And this hour I decree that henceforth no gibberish of bulwarks and bulkheads be heard in the land."

A DESERVED HONOR

Mr. Stuart Mason of Boston has received from the French government, through the office of the French consul, the decoration "Palme Academique" in recognition of his attainments as composer of music and in especial as interpreter of old and modern French music.

Mr. Mason richly deserves this honor. Graduated with highest honors from the New England Conservatory, he was not one of those who shout: "What's the use of going abroad to study? I reckon we have in Amurrica just as smart teachers as those uns over thar." He went to Paris, and studied diligently; not merely for a few months. The results of that study are shown in his music. His Rhapsody on a Persian Air played at a concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, in April, 1921, has a quality not common in compositions by Americans; this music has a delicacy, a refinement, as well as a logical clarity that we associate with the works of the best French composers; it is poetic, imaginative; technically in no way experimental.

HUNTING RED

We have never, arrayed in gorgeous coat and irreproachable breeches and boots, mounted on a foaming horse, intrepidly hunted an anise-seed bag, shouting "Yoicks" and "Tally-ho," nor have we when the hounds were about to rend the tired anise-seed bag presented it gallantly to some fair dame crowned with a stove-pipe hat.

We therefore ask in good faith: Is it a custom here as in an English hunting field, to tie a knot of red ribbon to the tail of a horse that kicks, as a warning? We read in a London journal that a town-dweller taken for the first time to a meet asked her host what the red ribbon meant. He told her that the horse thus decorated was liable to kick. "And the ribbon prevents it," she exclaimed, "how wonderful!"

AUTHOR! AUTHOR!

(From The London Daily Chronicle)

Mrs. Asquith, in her latest, "Autobiography," mentions that somebody quoted a parody of Wilhelm I.'s telegram to his consort:

"By Right Divine, my dear Augusta, We've had another jolly buster; Ten thousand Frenchmen sent below! Praise God, from whom all blessings flow!"

Mrs. Asquith does not mention the name of the author. It was Coventry Patmore, who declared that the lines would probably live longer than anything else he had written. The first three words, in his version, were "By Heaven's blessing."

WHAT CANDY WILL DO TO YOU

(From a Confectioner's Circular.)

CLASSIC CREAMS

"Upon opening a box of chocolates, the first choice of many is a cream whip, or frappe cream, or some other soft cream variety. After satisfying this first desire for a soft cream the candy-lover turns to a nut."

THACKERAY'S COUSIN

The sole surviving first cousin of Thackeray, Col. Sir Edward Talbot Thackeray, V.C., K.C.B., celebrated on Dec. 9 the 68th anniversary of his first commission in the Royal (Bengal) Engineers. The Victoria Cross was awarded to him for extinguishing a fire in the Delhi magazine enclosure on Sept. 16, 1857, under the enemy's close and heavy musketry fire. In the world war, a veteran of 83, he was "mentioned" and received the two war medals for his services in Italy.

TO MY WIFE

If husband and wife had to take risks in order to see each other, love's romance would be lifelong, says a novelist. Come into the open, Maud. 'Tis a risky trust I own.

There's a lampness on the snow
And the night has colder grown
And the Joneses are peeping out.
You can see by the dog's-eared blind,
And the Browns will grope with their
periscope.
And the Smiths our haunt may find

Come into the open, Maud.

Pretend it is Gretna Green.

We mustn't be overawed

By the fear of being seen.

Those bright eyes over the wall

Belong but to Sergeant Binks;

'Tis a risk we run, but it's greater fun

Than exchanging wives with Jinks!

—A. W., in the Daily Chronicle.

HE JUMPED RIGHT OUT OF HIS NIGHTIE!

(From the Rochester, Ind., Sentinel)

The surprise on Mr. William Snider, Sr., Sunday night was a great success as Mr. Snider had retired for the night.

Mr. Hampden will play Othello next week. Why is it that to many the tragedy and the opera are disagreeable, yes, repulsive? Certainly not because Desdemona is smothered. Mutton-tallow-voiced gentlemen and delicate ladies find pleasure in the torture scene in "Tosca" and do not protest against the trick by which Floria's lover meets his death. Some frankly say that they cannot endure the sight of a Venetian woman of rank wedded to a blackamoor. Others, finding jealousy the meanest and the stupidest of the passions, have no patience with Othello. Yet the fact remains that the tragedy is one of Shakespeare's greatest works—giving opportunity for powerful acting—and the same may be said of Verdi's opera, far superior to his "Aida" as a work of art, equalled only by his "Falstaff." Yet Verdi's "Othello" is not popular, and the irreverent ask flippantly why the composer made the noble Moor a tenor. They forget that Verdi had Tamagno in mind.

Of course, the old and favorite question comes up: Should Othello be a black man on the stage? Those saying "yes" point to Roderigo's allusions to "the thick lips"; but as Coleridge justly remarks: "It is a common error to mistake the epithets applied by the dramatist personae to each other as truly descriptive of what the audience ought to see or know. No doubt Desdemona saw Othello's visage in his mind; yet, as we are constituted, and most surely as an English audience was disposed in the beginning of the 17th century, it would be something monstrous to conceive this beautiful Venetian girl falling in love with a veritable negro? It would argue a disproportionateness, a want of balance, in Desdemona which Shakespeare does not appear to have in the least contemplated."

Mr. John Jay Chapman, whose little book, "A Glance Toward Shakespeare," is the most valuable contribution in many years to the study of the dramatist, does not hesitate to say that "Othello" in one sense is "The most perfect work of art in literature. There is no excess in it—a thing most rare in Shakespeare. Every facet is true, and casts a ray upward and forward toward the distant focus and burning spot of the climax. . . . Iago seems to be the author's favorite. Shakespeare is perfectly enchanted with Iago; and the character is, I confess, the best stage villain ever intended. Yet Iago is not a human being at all; he is not even a true stage character; he is a demon. . . . Is there in the whole history of cynicism anything comparable to the eloquence and magical perfection of Iago's talk? Real cynicism is sad; Mephistopheles is a dried-up, middle-aged oldbun; Milton's Satan is a rhetorician. But Iago is a black angel, full of leaping, spontaneous, electrical vitality. He is, in truth, the Spirit of Evil, with no passions and no habitations; and he ought to have been shown with horns and a tail. But the world has never noted this circumstance. The world accepts Iago as a man, and shudders, feeling nevertheless a little mystified and prejudiced against the play."

And yet Othello is the great figure in the play, and how greatly he should be portrayed! Hazlitt said of Edmund Kean that he played the part like a gypsy, and not like a Moor, and Hazlitt added that Othello "not only appears to hold commerce with meridian suns, and that its blood is made drunk with the heat of scorching suns; but it indirectly presents to us all the symbols of eastern magnificence. It wears a crown and turban, and stands before us like a tower. . . . Any one, to play Othello properly, ought to look taller and grander than any tower."

Yet years ago we saw at the Leland Opera House in Albany on a holiday afternoon a performance of the tragedy in which the Othello was far from being a tower. Little Johnnie Albaugh was the Moor, and John McCullough, of all men in the world, was cast as Iago. Ada Rehan, then as a member of the stock company playing under her

own name, was the Desdemona, with her own black hair falling down her back. Even thus played, the tragedy was overwhelming.

OLD AND RECENT ENGLISH PLAYS

A comedy produced by the Birmingham Repertory Theatre, "Adventuring April, or the Girl Who Made the Sunshine Jealous," by Herbert Farjeon and Horace Horsnell, is a satire on cinema stars. The story is of a film star whose press agent is her husband. There is a revolt against the incessant campaign of "stunt" advertisement.

When Mr. Skinner of the Village Drama Society at Tunbridge, Eng., played the Duke in "The Merchant of Venice," he played "with a music in his voice and a twinkle in his eye—as if he knew that this law was rather questionable, after all—which will make us think more kindly of the Duke in future." Sir A. Quiller-Couch said in his presidential address it is not for the organizers of the Village Drama League to impose their own taste on the villages. Country people, he told us, greatly prefer melodrama to tragedy, for melodrama, being a tale of virtue rewarded, fulfils before their eyes the weekly promise of the pulpit. And melodrama has a convention of its own. It rewards virtue; not indirectly or by stealth, but to an accompaniment of bands and banners.

Apocryphal of a performance of "Anthony and Cleopatra at the Old Vic." There is no essential reason as there is in the case of Juliet, why we should despair of seeing a completely satisfactory Cleopatra. It is a part of which the opportunities are unequalled and the difficulties not insuperable. Many of the difficulties Miss Esther Whitehouse has overcome, many of the opportunities she has taken.

"Hawley's of the High Street," a comedy by Walter W. Ellis (Apollo, London). The Daily Telegraph called it "quite a jolly little comedy," but said that it needed cutting, and "one grows tired of insisting that in farce rapidity of action is of the first importance. The Times wondered how a play with an unpromising story could yield so good entertainment. "It's a strange play, with its red-silk handkerchiefs and check trousers and diamond shirt studs, and yet with its moments of serious love-making; very nearly it was broad and unoriginal farce, but something lifts it clear."

"Destruction," a new play by Agnese da Llavla (the Royalty, London) attacks the faults in the marriage law; a play "which is neither important as a social argument nor effective as a piece for the theatre."

"The Rumor," by C. K. Munro, produced by the Stage Society, London, is a clever satire swamped by political oratory. "In the prime minister's room there are no fewer than six speeches, dealing conscientiously with the war question, point by point, and with a torrent of platitudinous verbiage, just as though it were real life; and we are as bored as though it were. . . . The author has tried to show too much, bent too intent on not missing a single detail. . . . We note with apprehension the growing influence of the cinema on dramatic technic." The Manchester Guardian says the production is "one of the most hopeful and comforting things that has happened on the London stage of late."

ANTI-FRENCH FILMS

The London Times saw in "Passion," the first German film shown in London since the outbreak of the war, German propaganda.

"As an example of film workmanship

"Passion" is a credit to Germany. When, however, that has been said everything has been said in praise of the film. Otherwise it is only interesting as an example of national feeling. "Passion," which tells the life and loves of Mme. du Barry, is above all an idea of the court of King Louis XV., seen through German dark-colored spectacles. It is frankly anti-French propaganda. All the protagonists are French men and women, and not one of them has a single redeeming feature. Mme. du Barry herself is an incarnation of evil. In spite of the acting of Miss Pola Negri, she has in this film even very little charm. We are shown her rise from a milliner to the King's favorite over the ruined lives of her lovers; as the King's favorite she is merely the ruin of both the King and the country—and she does not even die gracefully. The King, too, according to this German producer, has no virtues, and the common people represented in it have nothing but the French revolution to give them scope. It is difficult to believe that there was no ray of light even in so dark a time as this."

BAX'S NEW SYMPHONY

Arnold Bax's new symphony in E flat was performed for the first time at a concert of the London Symphony Orchestra, London, on Dec. 4. The Times

said of it:

"Though he has been one of the most prolific of modern composers in producing large works for orchestra, this is the first time that Bax has committed himself to the title and form of the symphony. It is a work in three movements, Allegro, Lento, Solenne, and Finale, and no hint is given in words to connect it with any extraneous ideas or program. That, of course, does not imply that it is necessarily more abstract music than 'November Woods' or 'The Garden of Fand.' There is, indeed, in those tone-poems a certain fantastic aloofness which makes them seem more remote than this symphony, which gets a very positive character from its strongly-cut themes, its unyielding rhythms, and their strenuous development. One is almost tempted to construct a program connected with poignant events of recent history as one listens to the trifle of the first movement, with its broken fragments of quasi-Celtic tunes, the reiterated drum rhythm (the use of which reminds one strangely of Holst's 'Mars'), the dirge-like lament of the slow movement and the hectic, uneasy energy of the finale, culminating in the vigorous reassertion of a 'motto' theme, a sort of shibboleth from which the symphony started. The whole impresses itself as quite the most purposeful piece of work Bax has produced, attractive and repellent by turns, scarcely the sort of thing of which to say off-hand, 'Oh, I liked it immensely,' as some said, but a work to be heard again with the certainty that there is more to be got out of it by many hearings.

"Bax has long been known as a master of orchestration and with the large orchestra of this work his hand seems perfectly sure at every point. The dark colors of the first movement, the shimmering tremolando with which the Lento opens on an unanalysable chord, the brilliant scherzlike passages which throw a sort of iridescence over the finale, are all instances of his skill with the orchestra. Mr. Coates's skill with the orchestra, too, was shown in a performance which, apart from a moment of hesitation here and there, was a remarkably clear one, and helped to the decisive success which the symphony secured with the large audience."

VARIOUS MUSIC NOTES

The critic must not lightly regard the task of judging a first recital. It is he, and not so much the performer, who has then been brought to the cross-roads. In writing a criticism of a more experienced artist, should he take the wrong turning, he will in most cases be provided with the opportunity to retrace his steps and contemplate once more at the parting of

the ways. But should he condemn a beginner, the ground has thereby been cut from beneath his feet.—London Daily Telegraph.

Frederick Delius, who has been seriously sick, is now convalescent. He has composed the incidental music to Flecker's "Hassan, or the Golden Journey to Samarkand." A concert in Frankfurt on Jan. 29 will celebrate his 60th birthday.

Arthur Sandford, the present holder of the Mendelssohn (English) scholarship, has had the courage, after Debussy, to turn "The Blessed Damsel" into a cantata for soprano solo, chorus and orchestra.

The string quartet by Louis Durey—once, but no longer, a member of "the Six," in Paris, who are now only "the Five," played in London and has been found to be "rather a peaceably kind of affair; it goes through the motions without making progress."

The London Times said of Peter Warlock's cycle of four songs, "The Curlew" for tenor, flute, English horn and string quartet by Peter Warlock, poems by W. B. Yeats: "The songs fasten on that luxury of melancholy which the pseudo-Celtic poets hold dear. The burden is:

No boughs have withered because of the wintry wind;

The boughs have withered because I have told them my dreams.

The music yearns after a corresponding mood. The instruments weave a skillful scheme of tone, the voice declaims in phrases which studiously avoid being obvious. Mr. Philip Wilson, the singer, steered his way through them with careful seriousness. The only thing he had not made up his mind about was the length of the vowel in "wind. But we wondered whether poet, composer, and singer really felt like that, while we knew that we did not."

People who play four-handed either on one or on two pianos seem usually to miss a great opportunity. They have suddenly the power of reaching a great many notes without exertion and playing them with all they know of touch; "instead of which," as the Judge said, they go about hammering out the rhythm for fear they should fall to synchronize.—London Times.

It was said of Evelyn Jansz, a Ceylon pianist who played in London: "She interests us by a miniature style, which presents the facts of the music without ornaments. Her personality does not come out in the music, and this is at least restful in days of unlimited self-expression."

Plunket Greene sang in London "Vergebliches Staendchen," "twice as fast as Brahms, a slow thinking German, could possibly have intended."

Stravinsky's "Chant du Rossignol" as a symphonic poem in Paris: "It transports us, as it were, like Alice through the Looking-glass," into a world where unreality and a kind of disconcerting matter-of-factness seem to go hand-in-hand. Only in this case it is a Chinese "Through the Looking-glass," with over all a faint flavor of mandarins and mystery, poetry, puckishness, and a kind of melancholy dignity." The score is "a phenomenon unique in the annals of modern music."

Kussevitzy also conducted a fine performance of Albert Roussel's "Pour une Fete de Printemps," which, in the opinion of the writer, must be placed among the very best productions of the modern French post-Debussy school. The work is indeed one of extraordinary beauty, and its qualities of style, imagination and harmonic interest entitle its composer to a very high place in the annals of modern music.

Mme. Pevia Frijs is making her home in Boston for a time, instructing in the art of vocal interpretation.

A FAURE RECITAL

(London Daily Telegraph)

A one-composer recital has many aspects. It is certainly advantageous to some whose idioms are caught with difficulty and understood only through goodwill and long concentration. On the other hand, very few composers can endure the white heat of criticism which a whole program brings to search them thoroughly. Yet again there be some composers whose merit lies chiefly in their versatility, and this can never be fully valued by hearing their works on scattered and widely-separated occasions. Gabriel Faure was a man whose work is too fragile for refining fire. It

has already been so refined by its creator's own keen criticism that it leaves little room for the criticism of others. So that at the recital which was devoted to his works at the Institut Français on Tuesday evening one was not long in realizing that Faure was best enjoyed by yielding completely to his faultless good taste and his charming manner. Beyond this there is little else to be found. Some of the songs, it is true, do touch a little our sub-sensitive selves ("Après un Reve," "Clair de lune," and "Fleur jette," for instance), but for the greater part it is as examples of workmanship, perfect in detail and proportion, that they make their appeal. The song form is undoubtedly his best medium. The Sonata for Violin and Piano may be a "sonata" in the original and literal sense of that word, but it is too fragmentary and too rambling to give the sense of unity which is necessary for the upholding of all works of art conceived on a large scale.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY, Symphony hall, 3:30, Mr. Paderewski, pianist.

St. James Theatre, People's Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Moellenhauer, conductor.

WEDNESDAY, Jordan hall, 8:15 P. M.: Rosing, Russian tenor; Harry Whittemore, pianist; Cui, Romance; Moussorgsky, Ballade, Savichna; Rimsky-Korsakov, Serenade of Leiko; Chopin, Etude (arrangement); Grieg, A Dream; Moussorgsky, Death Lullaby; Schumann, Ich grolle Nicht; Borodin, Cavatina from "Prince Igor"; The Sea; Bantock, Feast of Lanterns; Folk-song, Lord Rendal; Irish, My Father Hae Some Very Fine Sheep; Rachmaninov, Do Not Depart.

THURSDAY, Jordan hall, 8:15 P. M.: Juan Manen, Spanish violinist and composer; Karl Riedel, pianist; Mendelssohn concerto; Nardini-Manen, Sonata; D Major; Paganini, Manen, The Witch's Dance; Sonatie Manen, Introduction and presto; Wieniawsky, Legend; Sarasate, Manen Nightingale's Song; Sarasate, Jota Aragonesa.

FRIDAY, Jordan hall, 8:15 P. M.: Leonidas Coronis, Greek baritone; Giuseppe Adami, violinist; Enrico Barraja, pianist; Stradella, Aria di Chieea; Verdi, Rigoletto's Monologue (Mr. Coronis); Barraja, Chanson Triste; Godard, En Regardant; le Ciel, Cui, Rondinello (Mr. Adami); Chopin, Avant la Bataille; Bizet, Air from "The Fair Maid of Perth"; Tchaikovsky, Again as Before; Rachmaninov, At the New Grave (Mr. Coronis); Miland, Minuetto; Quintana, Ninnanna; Sarasate, Miramar (Mr. Adami); Lambelet, I Believed; Xanopoulos, You Whom I Loved; Laveda, Greek folk song (Mr. Coronis).

SATURDAY, Jordan hall, 8 P. M.: London String Quartet (James Levey, Thomas W. Petro, H. Waldo Warner, C. Warwick-Evans). Debussy, quartet; Warner, Fairy Suite, "The Pixy Ring"; Schubert Quartet D Minor (posth.).

Hark, the cock crows, and yon bright star

Tells us the day himself's not far;
And see where, breaking from the night,
He gilds the western hills with light.
With him old Janus doth appear,
Peeping into the future year,
With such a look as seems to say,
The prospect is not good that way.
Thus do we rise ill sights to see,
And 'gainst ourselves to prophesy:
When the prophetic fear of things
A more tormenting mischief brings,
More full of soul-tormenting gall
Than direst mischiefs can befall.
But stay! But stay! Methinks my sight
Better inform'd by clearer light,
Discerns serenity in that brow,
That all contracted seem'd but now.
His revers'd face may show distaste,
And frown upon the ills are past;
But that which this way looks is clear,
And smiles upon the newborn year.
—Charles Cotton (1630-1687).

CONCENTRATION

Mr. Herkimer Johnson told us yesterday at the Porphyry that he was reading four serial stories. One is about stolen diamonds that passing from hand to hand bring death and destruction to all possessing the sparklers for the moment. The second is about a man on a mysterious island which he thinks he is heir to, but a beautiful maiden is there who claims the island by inheritance, an island haunted by desperate bootleggers. The third tells of a man who sold himself for a home where he could restore his shattered nerves; where he hears strange noises in the upstairs corridor and does a risky errand for a seductive foreign woman. The fourth is a story of dope-purveyors on a gigantic scale, villains who do not hesitate to shoot, stab or poison the air by breaking a bottle containing a lethal chemical preparation.

"By concentrating my attention while I read," said the Sage of Clamport, "I keep the different stories well in mind, though I might not be able to tell you off-hand the titles or the names of the characters. I read this truck as a relaxation after my hours of labor on my book—I may have mentioned it to you, which I hope to complete in 1923, surely in 1924; for the subscribers are becoming impatient."

And so in past years readers of magazines looked forward to the next installment of a novel by Thackeray, Dickens, Collins, Reade, Hardy, Blackmore, and even William Black.

WHY WOMEN SMOKE

Miss Kathleen O'Brien, who does not smoke, says that not more than 30 per cent. of the women who puff tobacco clouds in England really like it. "Since women have adopted a wider mental life, they have found, as men have found, that concentration of the mind is often assisted by some trifling bodily activity, performed mechanically, and, to a certain extent, unconsciously. The act of smoking supplies this activity. In time it becomes a habit, and grows from an assistance into a necessity. . . . Again there is the quite human dislike of appearing rather—rather straight-laced; a kind of Aunt Deborah in a lace cap and a shawl. You do feel, somehow, you're being just a little prim and frumpish when you are the only woman in the room not smoking. And there's no denying that it's a pretty action. It often reveals a charming turn of the wrist, a poised grace of attitude."

One regrets to hear that the Eskimos of the Arctic circle are abandoning their heroic method of prying out an aching tooth with a spike nail or with the point of a file while four to eight sympathizing friends sit on the patient's body. Dr. Millar of Edmonton, Alberta, carried to the Arctic drills, false teeth, gold, platinum, and a complete outfit of dental forceps, dressings, etc. The Eskimos invested eagerly in gold fillings and crowns. The Indians did not look favorably on "the witch doctor with the whirling drill" until it was rumored in the camps that fire-water was used to steady the nerves of the patient.

Prof. Karl Pearson, lecturing in London on "The Relation of Health in Children to Mental and Moral Characters," gave it as his opinion before County council school teachers that red-haired boys and girls today are the most conscientious, athletic and popular. How is it in our own schools?

TRULY MUSICAL

(London Daily Chronicle)

Office hours were supposed to be over, but one girl still sat at her typewriter.

"Hullo," said her friend, "aren't you coming home?"

"No, dear; I must finish these letters before I go. Maisie has asked to go early. She wants to go to a concert at the Queen's Hall."

"Why? Has she had any musical education?"

"Rather! If you tell her what's on one side of a record she can tell you what's on the other!"

"HARK, FROM THE TOMBS A DOLEFUL SOUND!"

As the World Wags:

Your note in regard to Doctors Coffin and Still reminds me that the daily newspaper of Amesbury is published by Coffin and Graves, and to date it has not suffered from lack of circulation.

CHARLES RICHMOND HODGKINS.
Haverhill.

THEM THAT HAS, GITS

The late Lord Marcus Beresford left his race horses to King George.

When Artemus Ward was dying at Southampton, England, he said: "It seems a fashion nowadays for everybody to present the Prince of Wales with something. I think I shall leave him—my panorama."

ALSO TO SELL

What the London Times says, in an editorial article headed "Fact and Fiction," about novels and dramas misrepresenting a nation may well be applied to certain American novelists and dramatists now writing "best sellers" and "record-breaking" plays.

"The fashion in France is, and long has been, to caricature for the sake of a spurious and adventitious excitement. Novelists and playwrights, fearing that if they aimed at truth they would be merely dull, hope to escape dullness by imagining a world in which every one breaks, or hopes to break, the Seventh Commandment. They fail because breaches of the Seventh Commandment are not interesting in themselves; but many of their readers do not know this. The mere expectation of a breach arouses their interest. L'amour is to them the only way of the imagination into poetry, and they never discover that immorality can be, and often is, as dull as inopportune moralizing. . . .

"Those who, after reading French novels or seeing French plays, exclaim against the immorality of French society must do so because they wish to believe in the wickedness of foreigners. So, too, some stupid Frenchmen have exclaimed against the brutality of the English after reading our fiction."

DEDUCT FOR THE WEDDING
PRESENT—A SMALL SUM—AND
DUN HIM FOR THE REST

As the World Wags:

Here is a problem in etiquette and economy. A friend owes me money, a good sized chunk of it. I have received an invitation to his wedding. Should I send him a present or dun him for what he owes me?

ANXIOUS.

HAMPDEN ROMEO

OPERA HOUSE—Walter Hampden in "Romeo and Juliet." Cast:

Escalus	Allen Thomas
Paris	Charles Brokaw
Montague	Edwin Cushman
Capulet	Norman Hammond
An Old Man	Joseph Latham
Romeo	Walter Hampden
Mercutio	Ernest Rowan
Benvolio	P. J. Kelly
Tybalt	Reynolds Evans
Friar Laurence	William Sauter
Friar John	Joseph Latham
Balthasar	William H. Stephens
Sampson	Marcel Dill
An Apothecary	P. J. Kelly
Peter	Le Roi Opeti
Page to Mercutio	Cedric Walter
Page to Paris	Ruth Chorpensing
Juliet	Mabel Moore
Nurse to Juliet	Elsie Herndon Kearns
Lady Capulet	Mary Hall
Lady Montague	Josephine Van Rossem
Chorus	Margaret Barnstead

The performance of Romeo and Juliet of Saturday afternoon, presented a succession of beautiful pictures in settings and in costumes upon which was shed the glamor of the 'supreme poetry of youth and love. Once again Mr. Hampden's company distinguished itself by an all-round competency which raises it above the troupes of other days when stars of pre-eminence surrounded themselves with small twinkling rushlights, perhaps that their own effulgence should shine out the more. The Mercutio of Mr. Rowan and the Tybalt of Mr. Evans were admirable portrayals of those merry swaggering swordsmen. They plied their blades as if their hearts were in the work. The duel of Romeo and Tybalt was one of such strenuous reality that it brought out the real tragedy of the forced encounter. Friar Laurence was one of many worth-while pictures of the play. Miss Kearns was perhaps inclined to press too hard the cackling shrew in the nurse, and at times Mr. Opeti forced the farce of Peter, though doubtless Shakespeare himself pleased the groundlings of the Globe by jest such clowning. The admirable spirit of the company as a whole was nowhere better shown than in the assumption of the very minor part of Lady Capulet by Miss Hare.

who on other occasions is deemed worthy of the roles of Shakespeare's greatest heroines. It is such loyal work of individual subordination to the whole that makes Mr. Hampden's company notable. That and the memory of pictures often reminding of Titian or Paul Veronese linger in the mind. The use of parti-colored curtains and one Maxfield Parrish blue cyclorama gave as much speed as could be expected to so episodic a play.

Miss Moore's Juliet was fair to look upon. If somewhat statuesque and declamatory at times, lacking in affectionate, warm youthful blood. Mr. Hampden on the other hand gave the illusion of youth to Romeo in looks and mien and voice. His Romeo does not rank in distinction with his Hamlet or his Shylock, but it rises far above the average, and he as director is to be thanked for the adequacy of an all-round performance which it was a great pleasure to see. The last scene in the tomb is one that will last in memory.

The management of the Opera House should take counsel on the heating of the theatre. In these days of conservation, company and audience should not be forced to battle against heat that is truly soporific. W. F. H.

Jan 1 1923

New Year's Day is to us the day of the dead. Our hearts are cold and call to the absent ones.—The De Goncourt Brothers.

WEATHER LORE

If January could, he would be a summer month.—(Greek Proverb).

Thunder in January signifies the same year great winds, plentiful of corn and cattle—peradventure.—(The Book of Knowledge.)

A cold January, a feverish February, a dusty March, a weeping April, and a windy May presage a good year and gay.—(French.)

In January should sun appear
March and April pay full dear.

The first three days of January rule the coming three months.

Fog in January brings a wet spring.
When oak trees bend with snow in January, good crops may be expected.

January warm, the Lord have mercy!

EXIT "CHESTNUTS!"

(From the Passing Show, London)
Several of our barefaced comedians have been puzzled lately by being greeted with cries of "Beaver!" The epithet, of course refers to the jokes, most of which have whiskers on them.

THE CITY OF HERE

Across the gray hills of Tomorrow,
And over the wide plains of When;
And through the dark forest of Sometime.

I'll come to the country of Then:
I'll come to the country of Then—

The beautiful country, the far-reaching country,
The long-sought-for Country of Then.

Beyond the bleak desert of Nothing,
And over the mountains of Where;
And down the steep slopes of Someplace,

I'll come to the Valley of There;
I'll come to the Valley of There—

The velvet-floored valley, the star-silent valley,
The long-wished-for Valley of There.

But neither the Country of Then, nor
The long-dreamt-of Valley of There,
Shall ease the queer hurt that my heart has

At leaving the City of Here:
At leaving the City of Here—

The marvelous city, the high-towered city,
The long-lived-in City of Here!

BITTERROOT BILL.

MEREDITH'S ONION

As the World Wags:
These priceless lines of George Meredith's:

"The doubly-wedded man and wife,
Pledged to each other and against the world

With neutral onion."

occurred in the fifth chapter of "One of Our Conquerors." MIRIAM LOWELL.

Winchester.

AT HOME AND ABROAD

As the World Wags:
I have received a circular from Paris

stating that Dr. Pierre Vachet, professor at the School of Psychology, "will speak on "Suggestion and Autosuggestion as applied in Medicine, demonstration of the Coue method. Reserved seats 5 francs; fauteuils, 3 francs."

In the United States we have Coue thrust upon us; abroad they have to pay for the formula. H. B. L.

Worcester.

ONLY A MONKEY

As the World Wags:
A while ago the International machinery was recovering from havoc superinduced by the disconnection of its bal-

ance-wheel (the United States). The lull, in the previous clash and clatter of conflicting cogs, was suddenly broken by a monkey's squeal in a remote corner, where the operator of the machine was seen to fall, and soon his successor and aids were found to be throwing wrenches into various sections of the machinery; thereafter the turmoil and confusion became so widespread that recently the balance wheel and corner ("both as aforesaid") have been connected by a thread, small but stout and continuous, which doubtless will gradually be strengthened into a power-rop, later to become changed into a regulation traction belt. The intervening events might be readily cast into the form of a cumulative story like the age-long House that Jack Built. In less artificial shape, and in reverse order, the sequence might be put thus:

To protect humanity and numerous (sentimental) interests near the head of the Mediterranean it has, the United States is taking an increasing part in straightening out the disorganization caused by the Turk who unexpectedly emerged from his fastnesses in the mountains. This he could do because the Greek army had been fatally weakened by the withdrawal of the Greek King's best troops, in carrying out a "career of glory," initiated by driving the Turks into the mountains. The Greek King embarked upon this career to compensate his people for abandonment by the allies; this last was because the Greeks, "instigated by the devil" (as was the wording of the old indictments) had recalled the King who previously did them and the allies so many bad turns during the world war. The opening for this recall came through the death of the young King, who, with the aid of the allies and through an enlightened ministry, was restoring Greece and that part of the world to tranquillity and prosperity. This monarch, of so much promise, succumbed to the effects of a bite of a pet monkey. Who knows whether this monkey was the devil incarnate (as results seemed to show) was purposely inoculated with rabies (as stated at the time), or was merely a pampered pet.

"His jacket was red and his breeches were blue,
And there was a hole where the tail came through."

CHARLES—EDWARD AAB.

Boston.

AND SHE WAS NOT A BRAZILIAN

As the World Wags:
An elderly woman is waiting with growing impatience in the confectionery department of a large store. Trade is brisk and she is receiving no attention.

Her silent fuming finally overcomes her attempt at patience and she exclaims sharply, to the accompaniment of a rapping silver piece, "Who waits on the nuts?" Sales girls and customers laugh; elderly woman departs hurt and bewildered. Pathetic little bit, isn't it?

BOLERO.

TO JEAN

(For the World Wags.)
Dear love if you should come to me again,

Again that free and friendly greeting give

And let your eyes upon my eyes remain

With those sweet messages that bid me live;

If you again should take me by the hand

In that dear comradeship of other days

When hearts each thrill unspoken understand

And feet tread joyously each other's ways,

Yet should there be some dimming of the glass,

Or check to that free spirit's dauntless flight,

If from your luster one bright ray must pass,

I could not purchase so my soul's delight.

I would not lose you, dearest, as you are

For hopes that soar above the furthest star,

Boston. JOCELYN.

PADEREWSKI

An audience that filled every seat in Symphony Hall and every inch of standing room greeted Mr. Paderewski at his second recital, yesterday afternoon. This was his program: Chromatic Fantasia and Fugue, Bach; Sonata, op. 11, Beethoven; Sonata, op. 11, Schumann; Ballade, F major, op. 36, Chopin; Nocturne, B major, op. 62, Chopin; Etudes, Nos. 12, 7, 3, op. 10, Chopin; Mazurka, No. 3, op. 59, Chopin; Valse, op. 42, Chopin; Nocturne, Paderewski; Hungarian Rhapsody, Liszt.

When Marshal Poch visits Boston, or Clemenceau, we stand on the curb, those of us who can get no nearer, to take off our hats as they pass by. So is it meet and right for us to flock to Symphony Hall to do honor to Paderewski, who, in the war for decency, gave his fortune for the cause and

worked his fingers to the bone, and who as well, the war at an end, struggled in matters of state to build up anew his native Poland. For a man of his rare quality no honor is too great.

In paying our homage, though, to the patriot and statesman, let us not be deceived in our attitude toward the pianist. For the Paderewski who played yesterday is not the Paderewski of 30 years ago, that player who possessed above all his peers the quality of delightfulness and feeling for sheer beauty. How should he be? The sights he saw in Poland, his people's plight, can scarce make for an absorbing interest in the graceful turning of a phrase, in a pretty play of tonal color.

For beauty yesterday, for grace and charm, Mr. Paderewski had faint response. One long hour he played in the heroic vein, with regard, apparently, for only what was big, big tone, big speed, big swelling of sound, violent hurrying and relaxing of time, and even a big, if one may use the term, pianissimo. To such of the audience as found this bigness great, the performance must have proved emotionally overwhelming. To others it seemed hysterical, musically lacking in design, extravagant. It is all a matter of personal reaction.

In the course of the afternoon, of course, Mr. Paderewski did some playing exquisite from every point of view, notably portions of the fantasy, the first part of the fugue and the Schumann aria. The C major Chopin study and the one preceding it he played with the healthy vigor and all the dazzling brilliancy of old. The rousing applause these pieces fetched, as well as the Chopin waltz, suggests that beautiful playing, even today, makes a more potent appeal than emotionalism alone.

R. R. G.

WAGNER PROGRAM

The People's Symphony orchestra, Emil Mollenhauer conductor, gave its 10th concert of the season in the St. James Theatre yesterday afternoon. The assisting artists were H. Wellington Smith, basso cantante; Miss Dorothy Peterson, soprano; Miss Mary Dyer, mezzo soprano, and Miss Jean Macdonald, contralto.

The afternoon was devoted to an all Wagner program as follows: Introduction to act 3, "Die Meistersinger," Wotan's Farewell and Firecharm from "Die Walkyries," Mr. Smith; Rhine-daughter's song from "Die Gotterdammerung," Misses Peterson, Dyer and Macdonald; (a), Vorspiel; (b), Liebestod from "Tristan and Isolde"; "Ride of the Walkyries."

The orchestra is now well into the swing of its season's work, gathering flexibility, tone and assurance with each performance. One sees the same faces at every concert, with a healthy addition of new attendants from time to time.

It is an appreciated audience, applauding generously the orchestra and the assisting artists as well.

Some days ago, re-telling a story about Louis Aldrich, the eminent tragedian, told by the late Charles Thayer, we spoke of Thayer's resemblance to the pictures of Mr. Micawber and of his appearance on the stage in that character.

The Herald has received the following letter from Mr. Howard Gould of Winthrop that should interest the older playgoers:

"I think it one of the most curious cases of coincidences I ever heard of, that this morning I was putting over my old programs and discarding the duplicates, etc.; a quarter of an hour later I read in your column your reference to Charles H. Thayer playing Micawber."

"I take pleasure in sending you the enclosed program of the performance that he gave of that part in Springfield in 1882 and in which I had the part of Steerforth. I had just begun in the profession, having been call-boy at the Boston Museum and having played that fall in the Boston Theatre."

"Mr. Thayer played the part of Micawber many times and this was a case of 'Turkey acting,' i.e., a company was got together and it played in some nearby town for the day only; matinee and night. When you read of the big salaries that actors get nowadays, think of my studying that part, rehearsing for a week and playing twice for the large salary of \$5 and cakes."

"I remember Mr. Thayer as giving a remarkably good performance of the part. As you say, he might have sat for the part."

"In the cast was Frank Carlos (Griffiths) many years the manager of Mrs. Fiske; Susie Cluer, the original Rosa Dartle; John H. Heard, for many years associated with Mr. Thayer at the Parker House news-stand and for years proprietor of the one at the Touraine. In wondering if the Edwin Mayo was a son of Frank Mayo of Davy Crockett

fame and the father of the present movie star, Frank Mayo. I have not seen this program for years and cannot bring to mind all the members of the cast."

Mr. Gould spoke his first line on the stage with Frank Mayo in "Davy Crockett" at the Boston Museum. Last season he took the part of the mayor in "Welcome, Stranger," at the Tremont.

CHRISTMAS GREETINGS OF A CYNIC

The Waitress—
Don't beam on me with glances shifty,
Like you expected something nifty;
Too oft you've brought me chilly chow—
You're lucky I don't kill you now!

Conductor of a Motor Bus—
Ah, fathead, you will get no gift
From me however you are miffed.
You rode me by my corner twice;
The days you picked were bright with
ice.

Were I as rich as fabled Croesus
I'd pass you up for hateful neeces!

The Traffic Cop—
Oh, tyrant Celt, take in your mitt—
I would not grace it with a fit.
Your eager eye, your hollow smile
Grate on my soul worse than a file.
Remember how you'd curse and bristle
Last summer when I scorned your
whistle?

You'll get no pfennig from me now,
I do not like you, anyhow.

The Janitor—
Hymn-singing Swede, phlegmatic blot,
A gift from me?—well, I guess not!
When I was begging for more steam
Your answer was an idle dream.
Come up the stairs, you Nordic clown,
And I'll be pleased to kick you down!

—Gordon Seagrave.

HAS SHE READ TOSTI'S "RESURRECTION"?

(From the London Daily Chronicle.)

She was not very old, but had already contracted the habit of gushing over quite ordinary things. This often led her into strange paths. On one occasion she was introduced to a young man who had just returned from Russia.

"Russia!" she exclaimed, "how perfectly ripping. I adore Russian things. I think Russian dances terrific, and as for Russian novels, I love them!"

"Indeed," said the young traveler, "and what Russian novels have you read?"

"Oh, all of them; they're beautiful, but I think Tolstoy's 'Good-bye' is my favorite!"

FAVORITE LINES

An Englishman, Mr. J. H. Fowler, having said that his favorite line in poetry, the line he would award the prize, is

O, Proserpina,
For the flowers now that, frightened, thou
let'st fall
From Dis's wagon.

But this is not a line. A. N. M. in the Manchester Guardian, thinks better of "Bare, ruined choirs where late the sweet birds sang."

A. N. M. would nail his colors to "In the dark backward and abysm of time," though he derives "a more private and particular satisfaction" from "Bulls that walk the pastures with king-ly-flashing coats."

Was it Swinburne who was enchanted by "The sleepless soul that perished in his pride?"

De Quincey's favorite line was "Lady of the lake

Sole-sitting by the shores of old romance."

It's a harmless game, as harmless as paches. Walt Whitman has many magnificent single lines.

"Splendor of ended day, floating and filling me."

"Old age superbly rising! O, welcome, ineffable grace of dying days!"

"Night of south winds! Night of the large few stars!"

If he had written "the few large stars" the line would have been commonplace.

IMMORTALITY

Is it possible that Hugo Stinnes will be remembered not as the rich captain of industry masquerading as a statesman, but by the "Stinnes cocktail" served in Berlin bar-rooms? It is a combination of beer, champagne and a dash of something else. O valiant fighter of the Demon Rum, do not think that Mr. Stinnes is a malt-worm, a toss-pot, a two-handed drinker. His only beverage is mineral water. Champagne and beer! Bismarck drank huge quantities of champagne and porter, and at a bar in Halifax, N. S., we saw brave and haidy men pouring down draughts of gin and port.

UNFORGETTABLE LINES

(Mina Loy in The Dial on Brancusi's Golden Bird.)

This gong
of polished hyperaesthesia
shrills with brass
as the aggressive light
strikes
its significance.

The immaculate conception of the inaudible bird occurs in gorgeous reticence.

PENNY WISE?

"James Cash Penny has taken insurance policies amounting in all to \$3,000,000." His middle name is auspicious.

AT TABLE

Emily Post, author of "Etiquette," has sound views. "Grape seeds or cherry pits can be dropped from the lips into the cupped hand." Our "best people" no longer throw them on the floor or spit them out on the plate. Be sure your hand is "cupped." Otherwise the seeds may bounce off.

"THE GOLDFISH"

By PHILIP HALE

PLYMOUTH THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "The Goldfish," a comedy in three acts, based by Gladys Unger on a French play by Armont and Gerblond.

Magnolia Gertrude Clemens
Amelia Pugsley Jean Wardley
Jenny Marjorie Rambeau
Jim Wetherby William Lytell
Count Stanislaus Nevski Charles Hampden
Herman Krauss Geo. Barbier
Ellen Gladys Earle
Hamilton J. Power Thurlow Bergen
Wilton Earl Redding
The Duke of Middlesex Dennis Cleugh

This is the story of a young woman, who, married to a song writer and living in West Twenty-fourth street, New York, is urged by Count Nevski, a professor of deportment, to avail herself of her beauty and rise to higher things. Listening to his views of life and his diagnosis of her character, vexed at her husband who is jealous and hot-tempered, she leaves him when a middle-aged business man tempts her with an apartment on Riverside drive and asks her to be his wife.

But what is Riverside drive to Park avenue? So she leaves Krauss for Mr. Power. The latter dies. She is again free. The Duke of Middlesex would win her, even though she insists on steam heat in the hereditary castle. But there's her first husband, Jim, now prosperous and thinking of marrying an heiress.

The French play on which this comedy is based is entitled, "The School for Cocottes." In this play there is no marrying or giving in marriage. To suit American taste or prudery, the lovers in the adaptation are highly honorable men; they all wish to make poor Jenny happy. In the French play there is the rise of a cocotte, as Abel Hermant has described it in two or three ironical novels. In the American play the comedy at times turns to farce with a sentimental ending not without sobbs at the thought of "those happy days" in 24th street, when Jimmy and Jenny found a trip to Coney Island a costly amusement. Even Mr. Krauss at the end moralizes about happiness in the good old-fashioned copybook manner.

A thin story, a thin play stretched to an unreasonable length, especially in the third act, with more or less repetition, but amusing and worth seeing if it were only for the portrayal of Jenny by Miss Rambeau.

This portrayal ranges from farce to polite comedy. (The wishy-washy sentimental passages at the end could not inspire any actress, either of high or of low degree.) Jenny, the reckless girl with her slang—some of her lines in the first act were not audible or intelligible—her irresponsibility, her madcap humors, her gift for quarrelling, her craving for luxury, her sense of humor—she could not take even the foolish middle-aged suitor seriously until he dangled an apartment on Riverside Drive before her—this Jenny, under the guidance of Nevski, becomes a half-baked society woman, not always sure of herself, still unable to refrain from "breaks."

The transition is deftly shown. The scenes with the professor in the second act are especially good in a farcical or burlesque manner. When Jenny meets Hamilton J. Power of Park avenue her turning of his head by flattery, by Scotch whiskey, and by her unmasking the whole battery of face, figure, movements, and cajoling speech, is admirable comedy.

And at last, even when she is to the professor's view a "lady" fit to wed a duke—after him, who knows? a king if there are any left—the Jenny of Twenty-fourth street is seen and heard at times. They say it is hard to shake off the old Adam. It is hard for the Eve of Park avenue to shake off the Eve of the song-writer's flat.

A skilful, an admirable portrayal of a not impossible character. Miss Rambeau is charged in this play with true comic spirit. She is roguish, petulant, humorous, a spit-fire; tempting without amorous impulse; alluring, now consol-

ously, now unconsciously; wishing each husband well—after she has rid herself of each one. But one returns to one's first love.

The supporting company is a good one; the various types are well presented. The stage settings follow appropriately the rise of Jenny.

PLAYS CONTINUING

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Walter Hampden in repertoire.

COLONIAL—"Good Morning Dearie," Musical Comedy. Second week.

SELWYN—"The Rear Car," Melo-drama. Second week.

SHUBERT—"In Springtime of Youth," Musical comedy. Second week.

TREMONT—"Abraham Lincoln," with Frank McGlynn. Second and last week. The play will then be withdrawn for a time.

WILBUR—"The Bat," Mystery play. Eighteenth week.

At the Copley Theatre this week, the Jewett players offer "The Rivals," by Richard Brinsley Sheridan, with old and new faces in the well-remembered parts. The cast:

Fag Clifford Turner
Thomas Warwick Buckland
Lydia Langrish Katherine Standing
Lucy May Ediss
Mrs. Malprop Catherine Willard
Sir Anthony Absolute Walter Kingsford
Sir Lucius O'Trigger E. E. Clive
Captain Jack Absolute Charles Warburton
Faulkland Gerald Rogers
Bob Acres H. Conway Wingfield
David W. E. Watts

A large holiday audience was on hand last evening to do honor to this old-time favorite. Never, in their many annual revivals of this famous old farce, has the company played with greater gusto; and seldom has the piece been better received. Everyone likes an amusing plot and Sheridan spares no pains to furnish one. Imagine a man who poses, under an assumed name, as his own rival in love, and you have a situation which would do credit to Avery Hopwood (some might even be tempted to add a good deal of credit), though there is not a bedroom in it. Add to this a father who forces a man to marry the girl with whom he is secretly in love—the latter (sly dog!) is of course pulling the old man's leg to the huge delight of the audience—and a gallant who corresponds with the aunt thinking it is—oh, well, everybody knows the story—and you have a tale whose humors will never grow old, and while, after these hundred and fifty years, still delights despite the forms and trappings of another day.

"The Rivals" has been played for so long that there has grown up a sort of tradition as to how it should be played—a tradition of buoyant, boisterous fun. In their present production the Jewett Players have struck very close to the old methods and, on the whole, the result justifies the means. If one cannot have it played very quietly, with delicate pointing of the lines, after the modern style of farce, and that would be difficult (imagine Bob Acres asked to deliver "ods swords and pistols" as though it were a request for a second cup of tea) certainly the broad, almost burlesquing treatment, with plenty of physical action, much strutting about and cracking of whips, sets a better tone for the piece than the "half-and-half" methods which have occasionally been employed in the past. The Copley people have also seen when not to strut and in consequence we have two delightful "quiet" scenes, one in Acres' lodgings and the other at King's Mead Fields where the play is brought to an amusing and satisfactory close.

Mr. Warburton, Mr. Kingsford, Miss Standing and Mr. Wingfield took their old parts well (though we wonder if their voices will stand a week of such vocal exertions as they went through last evening) and Mr. Clive and Miss Ediss theirs with perhaps more than usual skill. Miss Willard, likewise, played her new part (Mrs. Malprop) becomingly and with good effect. Surely those who are always looking for "something a little bit different" could not do better than to go to some of these old, ever young plays. For the hardened theatre-goer, as for the younger and less experienced, they will offer a very satisfactory "change."

ST. JAMES THEATRE—"Wedding Bells," a comedy in three acts, by Salisbury Field.

Ruth M. Remley
Fuzkaki Walter Gilbert
Reginald Carter Mark Kent
Jackson Edward Darney
Spencer Wells Houston Richards
Douglas Ordway Lucille Adams
Marcia Hunter Anna Layne
Mrs. Hunter Adelyn Bushnell
Rosalie Viola Roach
Hooper Viola Roach

A very light comedy of entanglements and misunderstandings—leading to strained situations—all foreseen, nevertheless amusing—though the suspense was greatly lessened by the evident "hints" of the playwright.

There was the groom, none too happy

the day before his wedding because of memories of a previously wayward wife that he cannot forget in spite of her dyeing her hair red and divorcing him. There was the romantic little bride-to-be with a frightful temper which the groom was forever ruffling—and her poet friend who was breaking his heart over her in declamatory anguish. There was the long-faced butler of the groom, who "gives notice" since there is to be a wife—and thus a lady's maid. He is susceptible where lady's maids are concerned—being already married to three—but partial to one. He doesn't dare trust himself around another.

Of course the wayward ex-wife—whose hair is now brown—appears at the crucial time with her lady's maid—the one—and quite changes the color of the following situations. The "happy ending" is at once sensed, and a general straightening out predicted.

For the most part the acting was better than the play. The pace was quickened and consistently held through the second and third acts. Walter Gilbert was an amusing groom and Edward Darney a capital best man. His English accent was not altogether convincing. But he was such a thoroughly good fellow that one didn't mind. The butler did an extremely good piece of acting. One was on the stage with him all the time. Viola Roach was fine and of course her dialect perfect. Rosalie was well played by Miss Bushnell. But the acting couldn't make the play. It didn't quite measure to standard.

HITCHCOCK HEADS BILL AT KEITH'S

The bill at B. F. Keith's Theatre is a rattling good entertainment. Besides interest in the vaudeville appearance of Raymond Hitchcock, there was the first Boston appearance of Gus Fowler, "the Watch King," and George Moore appeared with new associates in a new sketch.

The aerial act of Harry La Vail and Sister, sets a smart pace. Van and Tyson followed in a dancing act that pleased. William Newell and Elsa Most made a good impression in a mixture of instrumentalism and song.

One of the best acts on the bill was that of George Moore, assisted by Margaret Quinby and Marion Gould. In "A Little of This and a Little of That," Lynn and Howland offered one of the laughing hits of the bill.

Gus Fowler, manipulator of watches, offers a novel act, to describe which would spoil the pleasure of future audiences. Ruby Norton scored by her types, her singing and her art as a comedienne.

All eyes were on the vaudeville debut of Raymond Hitchcock. He surprised all with his simulated spontaneity, and wit, in a monologue brimful of pertinent comedy. The Four Phillips, in an athletic act, closed the bill.

AT THE MAJESTIC

The Majestic opened the new year with an excellent bill of Shubert vaudeville, embracing a Carnival of Fun in half a dozen scenes. There is plenty of color in the various acts, pleasing dances, plenty of music and a constant change of specialties.

Georgie Price came in for his usual ovation and his several comedy numbers were well received. He took the audience along with him in a new whistling number and his mimicry of well-known singing comedians made a big hit.

The DeWolf girls shone in pleasing numbers, and their supporting chorus was tuneful and sprightly.

One of the big hits of the show was Elsie Vokes and her pup, the animal impersonation which has won Alfred Latell a country-wide reputation.

In the fun-making line were John Reid and his information booth; Roland Picaro, Paul Royal, William Beattie and George Wong. Betty Weber and her girls had a popular lumberland song and Burton Carr, tenor, appeared to advantage.

Eddie Clark and Tony Boots, in Italian dialect comedy, and Billy Cumby in blackface went well. Two of the bigger acts were Clemens Bellings and his two and four-legged pals in interesting animal stunts and the Six Romas in acrobatics and contortions.

Is it true, as some assert, that American sticklers for etiquette demand that Mrs. Smith should introduce her husband as "Mr. Smith," as if he bore no relationship to her? Mr. Herkimer Johnson, who already has received many invitations to "go out" this season, has borrowed our books on etiquette, some of which go back to the time of Erasmus, who laid down rules that are observed today by "our best people."

Perhaps the arbiter elegantiarum, the professor who instructs Jenny in "The Goldfish" could not see where on this subject

question.

In our youth, spent more or less happily in western Massachusetts and Vermont, many wives addressed their husbands as "Mr. Smith," "Mr. Brown," and so on even when there were no strangers in the room. The husbands were not always so formal—should one say respectful? Sons in the thirties and forties of the last century were often expected to address fathers in correspondence as "Respected Sir."

"Let me introduce you to Mrs. Robinson," says Robinson. The inference is that Mrs. Robinson is Robinson's wife—or mother according to her age; but why is Robinson not more definite? Yet we prefer this indefiniteness to the terms "Mother" or "Dearie," by which some designate their spouse in the presence of the indifferent.

COPLEY SQUARE

(For As the World Wags)

Oh, the horns blare out and the wine corks pop,
And the jazz bands play till the dancers drop.

The rioters hoot and the pistols bang;
And a drunk girl offers to kiss the gang.
Happy New Year, Happy New Year,
Next year we'll have light wine and beer.

Oh, the chimes ring out and the organ peals,
The white-robed priest at the chancel kneels:

A year is dying, a year is born,
The faithful pray for a hope forlorn.
Happy New Year, Happy New Year,
Bring back the standards we revere.

Who is right and who is wrong?
To which of the groups does the earth belong?

The meek shall inherit the earth, they say,
Shall we live for tomorrow or live for today?

Happy New Year, Happy New Year,
Which will you ask of it, heaven or beer?
J. P. M.
Cambridge.

*For heaven and beer are not synonymous terms, though some think they are.

ALDOUS HUXLEY IN "LIMBO"

"I can sympathize with people's pains but not with their pleasures. There is something curiously boring about somebody else's happiness."

We have commented on M. Clemenceau's delight in air-baths. There was a craze for this bathing in the early part of the 19th century in England. Trelawney, the friend of Shelley and Byron, a man of the Viking type, practiced it enthusiastically. The word "nakedbathing" went into the dictionary as a result of this hardy practice.

WE HAVE NOT HEARD HER

As the World Wags:

I noticed in the program of music for Christmas Sunday, as published by one of your contemporaries, that the choir of one church would be assisted by "Paul Shirley and Viola D'Amore." Now Mr. Shirley is highly honored here as a skilled performer on comparatively little known instruments, but who is his co-artist? Does she hail from Keokuk, Ia., and is that her real or stage name? If the latter she has chosen well. Whether she be vocalist or player on stringed instruments, or perchance the flute, the mere mention of that name will arouse pleasant anticipations in the breast of the listener. Can you enlighten us as to this new star on the horizon?
A. C. F.

REVENGE IS SWEET

(From the Clinton, Ill., Herald)

Born Sunday, Dec. 17, at Mercy Hospital, a daughter to Mr. and Mrs. John Stork, route 4.

"WROTE SARKASTICUL"

As the World Wags:

The course of your correspondent, Mr. Abel Adams, in slyly poking fun at prohibition—the grandest movement that ever marked this world's progress—is such as to cause surprise and pain to all lovers of truth and morality. He belongs to the oldest and most respected family in the world; it even antedates mine. One would naturally expect better things of him.

Of a very different type is that paragrapher and reformer, Don Marquis, on the staff of the N. Y. Tribune. In a recent issue he gave expression to the following sentiment, which will be indorsed by every true friend of prohibition:

"We look forward to this glorious day when even the drinking of water will be prohibited. For, if it goes on unchecked, it will keep in the minds of the people that it is possible to drink wine and beer as well. But if they are not allowed to drink water, they will gradually forget that it is possible to drink at all. Then, and only then, will the country be safe."

A noble thought, this, aptly expressed and neatly turned. But the human body

requires internal moisture. The superficially thinking person may wonder how this is to be supplied. First, by eating snow in winter and lee cream in summer. Secondly, by inhalation: the patient or victim, as the case may be, speaks a number of hours each day in a room super-saturated with water vapor. Lastly, by absorption, through the pores of the skin as a result of repeated baths. How wonderful is science when one digs deep enough, instead of merely tickling the surface!

I am for prohibition, first, last and all the time, no matter what it is that is prohibited. For it is on the direct path to self-denial, which is always good, no matter what we may deny ourselves. ARETHUSA ARABELLA JAPHETSON, Cambridge, N. B.

"RING THOSE CHARMING BELLS"

As the World Wags:

You spoke recently of Swiss Bell Ringers. Fanny Peak Delano, the prima-donna of the Peak family of bellringers, harpists and singers, married a man named Fitz in New Orleans. Mrs. Fitz was one of the Peak girls. She told us of Sol Smith Russell being their monologuist man and comble singer. He invested money in a wholesale hardware business in Minneapolis, but didn't stick to it. Sol had a winning way of saying to the office force: "Well, I guess I'll run around and collect some bills," and he'd actually make a try at that, though falling to make the hard-billed debtors pay up, for they could stall him off with any hard-luck story.

Mrs. Fitz's son, Albert, worked for Sol in Minneapolis, and then became a roller-skating "professor," finally a song writer and occasional actor. He died in Los Angeles last year. Fan El Fitz, Albert's sister, was a professional roller-skater. She went to the Klondike in the gold rush, edited a newspaper and was justice of the peace. Returning, she married Dr. John S. Sanger of Malden, a brother of Frank Sanger of "Under the Lash" fame, and the couple now own a health resort in Morristown, Ari.

Was the Peak troupe the pioneer bell-ringing company? L. R. R. Boston.

The Peak family made its first appearance in New York on Dec. 23, 1861, at Niblo's Saloon, which was closed as a place of amusement in 1866, and turned into a dining room in the Metropolitan Hotel. This "Saloon" was a small concert hall, where, for a dozen years, famous artists appeared, also negro minstrels, and Paul Julgnet's French company, which gave performances in Boston (1862-3).—Ed.

GIVES 'OTHELLO'

OPERA HOUSE—Walter Hampden in "Othello."

Duke of Venice.....Edwin Cushman
Brabantio.....Allen Thomas
Gratiano.....P. J. Kelly
Lodovico.....C. Norman Hammond
Othello.....Walter Hampden
Cassio.....Ernest Rowan
Iago.....William Sauter
Roderigo.....Le Roi Operti
Montano.....Reynolds Evans
A Messenger.....William H. Stevens
A Herald.....C. Norman Hammond
Gentlemen of Cyprus:

Charles Brokaw, Cedric Weller
Desdemona.....Mabel Moore
Emilia.....Mary Hall
Bianca.....Elsie Herndon Kearns
Not often to our present-day stage comes Othello, once favorite field for the display of giants of the theatre of yester-year. Memory calls to mind performance that included Edwin Booth as Iago, the elder Salvini as the Moor, his son as Cassio, Marie Walnwright as Desdemona, Louis James and other satellites of the resplendent stars, all on one single day.

And other memories throng of Booth playing alternate performances, now as Iago, now as Othello, excelling equally as the demoniac villain or the furiously passionate Moor. But no picture of the mimic stage can ever surpass the scene of Salvini, wild and delirious in hot broll with the cool and wily Booth, with audience scarce able to stick to their seats, agape with wonder whether the contest would be forced across the footlights and into their very midst.

It was no such passionate Othello that Mr. Hampden presented last evening, but it was an impersonation that moved his audience to the highest degree of enthusiasm. It grew in strength as the evening advanced. The scenes in Cyprus showed a Moor of majestic mien and looks so wrought upon by the wiles of Iago's words that he was the veriest slave to the green-eyed monster, though love shone through jealousy when passion did not hold him completely in its power.

The impersonation was the more impressive because it was cast over against an Iago that was but a peeved and disgruntled servant working out shallow anger. No man was ever more

astute as that wily devil who knew all the subtleties of hell than was Mr. Sauter. Or was it, perhaps, a super-subtlety of stagecraft to contrast with Mr. Hampden's Moor an Iago who posed as a plain blunt man whom his words belied? But it's impossible—as Iago said, "There's no such man" as is implied by the words that the stolid and placid Mr. Sauter uttered.

The company in general did not display its usual competency. Brabantio was a poor senile fellow; Cassio was a clumsy drunkard, and the docile Desdemona was too tame. But over against them all stood out an Othello that was memorable, especially in the last two sets of beautiful simplicity. He even held a Boston audience of mid-winter days from its bronchitic chorus. There was a silence during the greater scenes that was in itself a profound tribute to an actor's art. That stride, that voice, that face were all something greater than anything Mr. Hampden has before shown in Boston, making his Othello as a thing apart. Those who have not seen the impersonation should repair the loss if they take joy in a great performance of a great part. W. F. H.

ROISING

By PHILIP HALE

Vladimir Rosing, tenor, gave a recital last night in Jordan hall. Harry Whittemore was the pianist. Mr. Rosing did not follow closely the announced program. As changed, it included Cui's Romance, Moussorgsky's Savitroha and Death's Lullaby, Rimsky-Korsakov's Serenade of Levko, an Etude of Chopin turned into a song, Grieg's A Dream, Bohmann's "Ich Grolle Nicht," Borodin's Sea and Prince Vladimir's Cavatina from "Prince Igor," a song by Cyril Scott, the folksongs Lord Rendal and My Father Has Some Very Fine Sheep, and other songs; substituted, or in answer to the applause of a small but most friendly audience.

The last song on the printed program was Rachmaninov's "Do not depart." The audience heeded the request proclaimed from the stage fortissimo. It was storming outside, and Mr. Rosing sang several songs, which was only fair of him, since he had urged the audience through Rachmaninov to stay.

Singing his Russian songs, Mr. Rosing is first of all dramatic. Feeling intensely the emotions of the poets and the composers he often gives more than the necessary emphasis, so that he runs the risk of being called extravagant. "The emphasis of understatement" is unknown to him. He is fond of violent contrasts—rushing from a tonal force that is almost a shout to a pianissimo head tone, sustained in true prima donna fashion. His use of head tones, effective when he was last here, is now an abuse. The element of surprise is now lacking.

In the Russian songs, especially, those of Moussorgsky's, dramatic extravagance is not necessarily out of place. Mr. Rosing turns Death's Lullaby into a little cantata, changing facial expression to accentuate the speech of the Lean Man with a Scythe. Thus he at times narrowly escapes being grotesque instead of being impressive. He feels the music to such an extent that he would do well to read and reread Diderot's famous Paradox of the Comedian. We have heard singers who, while strictly observing the traditional vocal rules, have by skillful coloring of tones and by a mental and spiritual intensity gained greater effects and quietly exerted greater authority than Mr. Rosing with his raging outbursts and his facial acting.

We cheerfully admit that Mr. Rosing even in his wildest moments is interesting. (Perhaps the better word is "entertaining.") But when his methods and mannerisms are applied to Grieg's "Dream," Schumann's song, or the Cavatina from "Prince Igor," which might be in any Italian opera of the better sort, they war against the music, and the interpretation is radically false.

Mr. Rosing last season, and even last night, showed at times that he could sing, when he had the will, in a straightforward manner, respecting melodic lines and the rhythmic flow, yet giving due expression to the sentiments and the emotions.

Was he afraid that by singing in this manner those enthusiastically applauding him when he was most extravagant would have sat cool and collected wondering why "he wasn't doing something?"

Mr. Whittemore played the accompaniments skilfully and most musically; nor was his task an easy one.

Orchestral pieces by Roussel and Stravinsky were performed recently in Paris. The two composers were at the concert. Recognized and applauded, they felt it their not necessarily painful duty to rise. It was observed that M. Roussel "contented himself with rising

and bowing from his seat in the orchestra while M. Stravinsky found it necessary to leave his 'loge' and make his appearance upon the platform."

Perhaps M. Roussel's trousers bagged at the knee; perhaps, like Brahms's and Cesar Franck's, they were at half-mast. In this case, M. Roussel showed the discretion of the true artist.

When a composer happens to be in Symphony Hall and hears his piece applauded, no doubt he is in a flutter of excitement. Will the conductor point him out, so that he will easily be identified? If the gesture is made, should he bow in three directions? Of course he should applaud the conductor for the performance. He would like to bow from the stage. If his seat is in the first gallery by leaving it before the last measures he can gain the platform in time to answer gratefully, but not obsequiously the call of the public.

John Knowles Paine was careful in these important matters of artistic deportment. The last time he heard a piece of his played in Symphony hall his seat was on the floor. There was the customary tribute to a local composer. Mr. Paine left his seat, walked hurriedly down the aisle until he reached the base of the platform. Then he turned about, faced the audience and bowed profusely.

This pleasing incident took place on Nov. 18, 1905. The piece was the prelude to "The Birds of Aristophanes."

Mr. Juan Manen will fiddle tonight in Jordan hall. He was born at Barcelona in 1883. He first visited Boston as an infant phenomenon, and as a pianist, Juanito Manen, he played in Stelmert hall at Miss Marguerite Hall's concert on March 1, 1897. (He had played in New York in 1894 and 1896). The boy then modestly showed a finer taste and a more superior purpose than are usually associated with the performance of a child wonder.

He abandoned the piano for the fiddle, studied with Alard, wrote a concerto when he was 13, travelled as a virtuoso. He gave a recital in Jordan hall on Dec. 2, 1920 when he displayed a brilliant technic and a musical intelligence and taste often foreign to executants of great reputation.

His compositions are many and held in esteem abroad; four operas, symphonic poems, concertos, smaller violin pieces, songs etc.

Harrison Hunter will be missed. He had played the detective in crook or mystery dramas to the delight of many. His detective was not the one portrayed by Poe, Gaboriau or Wilkie Collins. His sleuth was ready in a moment to work the third degree on any suspected man or woman; forcible, almost to the point of brutality, in his methods; a strongly drawn character, one who would not like Sergt. Cuff of "The Moonstone"; find pleasure in the cultivation of roses; Mr. Hunter's detective would have been more interested in improved handcuffs.

A Greek baritone, Mr. Leonidas Coronis, assisted by Giuseppe Adami, violinist, will give a concert in Jordan Hall tomorrow night. His program will comprise arias by Verdi and Bizet, songs by Stradella, Chopin, Tchaikovsky, Rachmaninov and three songs by Greek composers. Mr. Adami will play music by Barraja, Godard, Cui, Milandre, Quintano and Sarasate.

Sessue Hayakawa, whose business it is to die stoically in many film plays, made his first appearance in spoken drama, as far as this country is concerned, at Wilmington, Del., Dec. 31, in "The Tiger Lady," by Fred de Gresac (Mrs. Victor Maurel). In Japan this excellent actor has taken Shakespearian roles.

Next Sunday afternoon Reinald Werrenrath, baritone, whose Christian name is often misspelled in the newspapers. Next Sunday evening, also in Symphony Hall, Ronald Hayes, tenor, who has returned from his remarkable success in London and Paris. King George and his family were delighted with his voice and act, and in Paris both in salons and at a Colonne concert he was applauded by critics and the public. Will he sing in Boston at a Symphony concert? Far inferior singers have been heard at these concerts. Is it possible that racial prejudice will forbid? Yet there is a monument here to Col. Shaw; also one to William Lloyd Garrison.

Mr. Walter Hampden begins his third week at the Boston Opera House next Monday. He deserves larger audiences than those that have so far applauded him. The weather has often been unfavorable the last two weeks. It is pleasant to think that this is the reason why the theatre has not been filled than to acknowledge that Bostonians deliberately neglect great plays in which this eminent actor figures.

Cleo de Merode is still alive. She has sued a cinema firm in Paris for alleged misrepresentation of her private life in

a screen play picturing the heroine as intoxicated and wearing only half a yard of material. So Diane Cleopatre de Merode (called Cleo de Merode) is a sensitive person. It was in 1897 that she became a full-fledged dancer at the Paris Opera. We note her appearance on May 31 of that year as "La Marlee" in Wormser's ballet, "L'Etrole," but the leading dancers were Mmes. Mauri and Invernizzi. With the pleasing anecdotes about the sculptor and the King of the Belgians, Milo. Cleo became so famous that she was brought to the United States. For the last 10 years she has led the quiet life. The cinema director says that she is mistaken; the heroine is not Cleo at all, at all.

Miss Susan Strong has been singing again in London. She appeared here as Elsa in 1897. Much was expected of her at the beginning. A year or two ago it was stated that she was running a high-toned laundry in London.

Mr. Stephen G. Rich objects to slurs on the teaching profession, as in the captions in moving pictures. Thus in the first reel of "Grandma's Boy" is this caption:

"The Rival—He bullied his way through four grades at school—and licked the teacher as a graduating exercise."

Mr. Rich was moved to tears, but "the audience laughed." "We teachers," he adds, "are getting tired of being whacked around by every comer."

But in novels, Mr. Rich, the delicate-looking young male teacher, adored by the older girls, wallows the bully of the school within an inch of his life. After all there is, what Walt Whitman called, the "divine average."

We are assured that the picture palace habit is altering some of our national characteristics. Where as in pro-cinema days we were a stolid, undemonstrative people, who spoke with a motionless body and a parsimony of gesture we have now become a nation of eyebrow lifters and arm wavers. We have caught the trick of bringing into play every part of our anatomy that will help to tell the story from our dumb friends of the screen. We don't talk nowadays, we just motion.—London Daily Chronicle.

Mr. Harrison Potter, pianist, will give a recital in Jordan Hall on Jan. 19. All wheezes—as the piano is clay in the hands of the potter—are barred.

GIVE 'SERVANT IN THE HOUSE'

At the Opera House last night, Walter Hampden presented "The Servant in the House," by Charles Rann Kennedy, with the following cast:

James Ponsoby Makeshiffte, D. D.
Edwin Cushman
The Rev. William Smythe.....William Sauter
Auntie.....Elsie Herndon Kearns
Mary.....Mabel Moore
Mr. Robert Smith.....Ernest Rowan
Rogers.....Le Roi Operti
Manson.....Walter Hampden

As will be observed, the cast is a slight one; the play is, if anything, slighter. Belonging to the same school of sheer theatricality as "Richelleu" and "The Lady of Lyons" (now happily deceased), its symbolism is tainted with the same conventionality. Though written so many decades later, a similar arbitrary combination of improbable events, a striving for effect of the moment—often, though not always, attained—is substituted for real persons in a real, human situation as the emotional basis of the piece.

Here we have the Vicar—best with remorse for having refused the "helping hand" to his brother 15 years before—his wife—combating this remorse lest it interfere with her plans for her husband's advancement—a rascally bishop, brother to the wife, a niece who forshadowed Pollyanna by several years, and a mildly (as befits the church) comic bellboy.

Oh, yes, and there is something the matter with the drains of the church—odors and that sort of thing. While through it all moves the Servant in the House—calm, comprehending, full of comfort and excellent advice, exercising a strange and powerful influence over those about him. Appearing whenever he is wished for, ever ready to speak with those who desire conversation, he is the epitome of helpfulness and brotherly love. Even the cook sends for him (to ask about lunch)—and he does not scorn to go. Those who mourn the departure of the good old Victorian morality should take comfort in Boston's reception of "The Servant in the House." That it teaches one to "love one's neighbor as oneself" cannot be disputed; that it is Victorian to the core is scarcely less obvious.

In this material, trick and artifice of the theatre, the company moved not in-capably. Mr. Hampden, soft and boy (at times almost inaudible) of voice, expressive of visage, was always com-

manding and dominated the stage whenever he was present. Clad in the long, flowing robe of the bishop of Benares and posed ever and anon against the dark background of the set (a trifle flimsy, by the way), he was an impressive figure—one whose significance could not have escaped even the most hardened golfer in the audience. Mr. Sauter, as the Vicar, sometimes lacked variety, as did also his wife (Miss Kearns), but that was in no small measure due to the repetition contained in their parts. Miss Moore, the niece, was as sweet and sunny as could be, though even then several lumps short of the text. Quiet and effective, likewise, was the Lord Bishop (Mr. Cushman).

For, after all, it is an "actor's play"; for him are the highly-colored speeches, the artificial climaxes. His is the excitement, the "fun." As for the audience—well, it must get what it can as it can. Last night's assembly seemed to find sufficient.

JUAN MANEN

JORDAN HALL—Recitals by Juan Manen, violinist; Dr. Karl Riedel, accompanist. The program:

Concerto, B-Minor Saint-Saens
Sonata, G-Minor Tartini-Manen
Le Streghe Paganini-Manen
Rondo and Badinerie Bach-Manen
Arieta Espanola Laserna-Manen
Legende Wieniawski
Le Coucou Dacquin-Manen
Dance of the Cobolds Bazzini

Granted the dreariness, to most Americans, of those "sonata evenings" which violinists in Germany are fond of arranging, it is a question if they are as dull as the program of the usual violin recital in Boston, with its inevitable concerto which cries out for a full orchestra to accompany it, its group of pieces by Bach or some Italian classic writer, with a parade place to follow, by Paganini or Wieniawski, and then, for the close, a bundle of pretty bagatelles as often as not written for any other instrument than the violin. If a violinist likes this sort of thing himself, and is sure of a public that will relish it, of course there is no harm done; the world is wide. A pity, though, it really seems, that Mr. Manen, to some extent a stranger in our land, who manifestly has no taste for this sort of occasion, should not have been advised to play a program worthy of himself.

For Mr. Manen is not a violinist just like a dozen others. The Saint-Saens concerto he played, his smooth elegance and his authority notwithstanding, no better than lesser artists have played it here; he lacked the brilliancy it demands; and he appeared not to feel the charm it has for many people. That Paganini piece he played in time and very fast, a fine feat of technique, no doubt, but quite without the dash and dazzle which alone can make such music tolerable.

But the Tartini sonata Mr. Manen played superbly, with the splendid breadth that results from a fine regard for proportion, and with a respect for the purity of the melodic line in no wise incompatible with emotional warmth. Here was playing of a high quality not met with every day; and the audience delighted in it. Why did not Mr. Manen give more music of equal worth? There are Handel and Bach to choose from, Beethoven, Spohr, Mozart, Brahms and not a few able moderns, who have written music, for violin with piano or with so small an orchestra that a piano with decency may take its place, that seldom comes to a hearing. When Mr. Manen gives a second recital it is much to be hoped that he will choose a program worth his while. If the American public is as partial to the typical poor program as most violinists seem to believe, let Mr. Manen and other artists of his calibre teach us something better.

R. R. G.

Jan 6 1923.

Mr. John R. Heard writes, to relieve the mind of Mr. Howard Gould, whose letter about the late Charles Thayer's "Micawber" was published in The Herald last Tuesday, that the Edwin Mayo who took part in "Little Em'ly" at Springfield, in 1882, was not the son of Frank Mayo. "The name was a faked name we used for doubles."

AT THE OLD HOWARD

As the World Wags:

"The first three days of January rule the coming three months."

Yes, but after all, "If February cannot March, April May, August." Howard Athenaeum humor in the 80's.

L. R. R.

MARGE TEASDALE

At least a dozen readers have written calling attention to Marge, the plagiarist, H. R. L. of Worcester now writes: "The Look" may be found on page seven of Love Songs (Macmillan—1920). Sophistication sets in early in this volume, and on page 33 appears

THE KISS

I hoped that he would love me,
And he has kissed my mouth,
But I am like a stricken bird
That cannot reach the South.

For though I know he loves me,
Tonight my heart is sad;
His kiss was not so wonderful
As all the dreams I had.

BEAVER TRAPPING

As the World Wags:

I enjoyed rare sport last week. Rambling through the Back Bay I found myself suddenly in a little street called Beaver Place at the entrance of which to my great joy I bagged a beaver. Unfortunately, the specimen was not worth keeping since it was the frowzy, cat-fur type; ordinary alley cat, that is, not Angora. The day's fun seemed poor indeed, but imagine my elation when around the corner came a splendid Polar, glistening in the sun, symmetrical, resplendent, perfect!

WILLIAM L. ROBINSON.

Alston.

FROM OUR OLD FRIEND SPELL-BINDER

As the World Wags:

Well Sir, you'll be amazed when I tell you that I walked into old Lem Hubbard's kitchen, about a week before Christmas, and there stood two original Sherryton chairs! Thinks I, "Lem don't know anything! about Sherryton chairs an' I'll git these. They're good." Well Lem dickered some and I had to pay him 17 dollars and 25 cents for the pair.

On the way home thinks I, "Now I'll give these to the wife for Christmas," but I knew they'd be words about how much I'd put into 'em and mebbe a row and so I says, "No, I won't give 'em to her for Christmas; I won't say anything about 'em."

It want more than a day or two later when along comes a fellow fitted up with gold glasses and fur coat an' he says, "How much for the old chairs?" Well, I told him seel'n as they was family pieces—I didn't say whose family; did I? Hal Hal—seel'n as they was family pieces they want for sale. Finally after dickerin' some we come to terms an' he takes 'em off my hands for fifty dollars! But it turns out he's one them unscrupulous rich and he wont pay me the extra charge for wrappin' paper and twine and now I suppose I'll have to go to law about it. 'Taint much but it's the principle.

Anyhow, "Good stroke," says I and I went and bought me a new hymn book and say, want my wife tickled with it on Christmas morning!

WILLIAM SPELLBINDER.

Framingham.

AN INFANT PHENOMENON

(From the Boston Post)

Grace Marous, 1-year-old Brookline pianist, gave her first recital last night.

A WANDER SONG

Emerald seas and seas of agate wandering under the sky,
And I would loiter the world around or ever I come to die—
Or ever I come to die, Love, and to say farewell to you—
With only a cook and a cabin boy and a lazy Lascar crew.

They've amber sands in the Coral Isles and little or no restraint,
And God has painted the misty hills as only God can paint;
As only God can paint, Love, where the copra-schooners ply
Through emerald seas and seas of agate wandering under the sky.

A bulbul sobs in a citron-tree that blooms in Samaraand,
And the eong of a Sufi haunts the night for those who understand;
For those who understand, Love, and the hidden lutes reply,
And I would loiter the world around or ever I come to die.

Oh, I would barter my goods away and I would leave mine ease
To follow the gull and the albatross in the winds that walk the seas;
In the winds that walk the seas, Love, with a lazy Lascar crew,
Or ever I come to die, Love, and to say farewell to you.

—The King of the Black Isles.

GOOD HOUSEKEEPING

As the World Wags:

The January issue of Good Housekeeping says: "Toss freshly boiled potatoes at an open window to make them

dry, mealy and flaky." Possibly, but wouldn't this make one unpopular with the passers-by?

MARGE (not the stealer).

ADD "JOYS OF TRAVEL"

As the World Wags:

As prize optimist, may I nominate the commuter who offered to don snowshoes and beat the train from South station to Millis?

"Contrariwise," did the conductor of said New Haven train display dyed in the wool pessimism when he countered with the bet of a good cigar against a \$5 bill that the snowshoeing commuter couldn't do it three times out of five on two successive days? C. T. M.

Boston.

INFORMING VALISES

(London Daily Chronicle)

Now that tourists are about once more in considerable numbers, hotels, especially on the continent, are again adorning their parting guests' luggage with gaudy labels. Most people like to have these advertisements on their luggage; they look so well at the end of the trip, at Charing Cross or Victoria. But the seasoned pre-war traveler kept his trunks and portmanteaux clear of such labels, for they had a language. The way in which they were stuck on at one hotel told the next whether the traveler gave good or bad tips or any at all, and a host of other things. But as hotels grew bigger and travelers more numerous it was difficult to keep the secret language going. Finally the war killed it, and there is not likely to be a revival. So it is now quite safe to indulge in this little vanity. And you can buy those gorgeous hotel labels in packets, like postage stamps, and stick on a discreet selection—say, Rome and Tokio, Stockholm and Buenos Ayres—before you go to Brighton for the week-end.

CORONIS SINGS

Last night Leonidas Coronis, a baritone of Greek birth, who has studied singing in Greece, Russia and Italy, gave a recital in Jordan hall, with the help of Giuseppe Adami, violinist, and Enrico Barraja, accompanist. Mr. Coronis sang an air by Stradella, an excerpt from "Rigoletto," an extraordinary song, "Avant la Balaille," by Chopin; the baritone couplets from Bizet's "Jolie Fille de Perth," songs in Russian, by Tchaikovsky and Rachmaninoff, and Greek songs by Lambelet, Xanthopoulos and Lavda. Mr. Adami played a "Chanson Triste" by Barraja, "En Regardant le Ciel," Godard; a Rondinette of Cui, a minuet by Milandre, "Ninna Nanna," by Quintano, and Sarasate's Miramar. There were encore pieces as well.

Mr. Coronis is blessed with an exceptionally large voice of fine natural quality, a voice freely delivered in the middle register, and admirably resonant. His upper tones he will never bring to their full value till he ceases delivering them with the full force of a highly powerful pair of lungs. By the same token, artistically as well as technically, Mr. Coronis will produce a finer effect when he indulges in less extravagance in acting, one may call it, for the concert hall is not the opera house. Since he is possessed of a dramatic temperament and of a beautiful voice, already in some degree well trained, Mr. Coronis ought to accomplish much, if he will study closely the work of quite other models than those that at present seem to appeal to him.

Mr. Adami, too, might to advantage cultivate repose of manner. If last night he showed no skill above the average of violinists who appear in concert, at all events he found some pieces to play, quite as good as those played every day, and, praise be, new.

R. R. G.

PEKING VIEWS

By PHILIP HALE

Burton Holmes gave the first of five travelogues, illustrated with motion and still pictures, last night in Symphony hall. He appeared on the platform in the summer evening dress sported by diplomats in Peking, for his subject was "Present-Day Peking." He wore a white monkey jacket, black trousers and a black cravat. Concerning this costume he had much to say. Thus, after darkness, when a spotlight was flashed upon him, he prepared the audience for the proper atmosphere to view the sights. He explained that he must not be mistaken for a waiter or a bellboy.

The railway train took the traveler

over a very long bridge. There were views of the passing soldiers, some of whom no doubt turned bandits. Plains of plenty and famine were passed until at length the venerable city of Peking was entered.

Mr. Holmes was in Peking soon after the Boxer trouble. The contrasts between the city of 1901 and 1922 were interesting: the transformation in streets and in buildings; the survival of certain primitive methods, as that of watering the streets; the change in the manner of transportation. There were views of the Fourth of July celebration by the members of the American legation and the marines—donkey polo, polo proper, baseball, etc. There were many pictures of street and shop life, views of the great city taken from different points. The first part of the travelogue ended with a description of the Temple of Heaven.

In the second part hideous Tibetan idols were shown (the Tibetan priests have corrupted the religion of Buddha in Peking); also the colossal wooden statue of Buddha. Worshippers had been snapped by the irreverent camera while they were at their devotions. The ramparts of the city were shown. Mr. Holmes told effectively the story of the great bell and the self-sacrifice of the bell-founder's daughter that the bell might be cast in perfection. He referred the audience to Lafcadio Hearn's "Soul of the Great Bell." He might have said that the idea of a maiden sacrificing herself to insure the casting of a bell or the completion of some public work was spread through old Europe; how, on the other hand, the murder of a workman in a fit of rage might bring a flaw in a bell as in Herman Melville's sombre and mysterious tale. The Forbidden City, the summer palace of the old empress, the great wall of which we read in Mitchell's geography—often a dime novel was behind the covers of that much thumbed school book—and the Ming tombs were the concluding subjects.

Much information was pleasantly conveyed, but at times it was not easy to hear clearly the lecturer's remarks.

This travelogue will be repeated this afternoon. The subject next Friday evening and Saturday afternoon will be "Into China Through the Gorges of the Yangtze."

A NEW ENGLISH PLAY

"Wildows Weeds," a comedy by Edgar Wilford, was brought out at the Kingsway Theatre, London, by the Play Actors' Society on Dec. 10. Jemima, maid servant to Tibbett, was made his wife on condition that the marriage should be kept secret. She remained a modest dependent in the house. When he died and the truth came out his relations assembled were dismayed. (See Bulwer Lytton's "Money" and Pinero's "The Thunderbolt"). Tibbett, however, had instructed that his will should not be opened until a month later. Jemima takes possession of the house, and Emma, a cousin of Tibbett, trains her for high-class society. In comes Tina St. Clair, an actress, who brings the proof that she had been married to Tibbett before Jemima became his wife. So Jemima tears Tibbett's portrait from the wall, hacks it to pieces and throws the fragments into the fire. Tina, however, is not a bad lot, nor was Tibbett without a conscience. The will was opened. He had left £40,000 to be divided between the two women. And then an old friend of Jemima's, one William Small, the local plumber, offers her his heart and hand, so she can appear an "honest woman" in the eyes of the neighbors. The play "reveals a serviceable facility for character-drawing, powers of observation, and a pleasant sense of humor, . . . the author is too disposed to rely on conventional means, and to sacrifice naturalness to theatricality."

Covent Garden Theatre, which for a spell is to serve as a home of revue, was the first London theatre to give pettie backs to benches on which they sit. The "Observer" for Aug. 20, 1916, announces, "Among the improvements making at Covent Garden Theatre, preparatory to the opening for the en-

auling season, backs are fixing to the seats in the pit, so that each person will sit at ease as in a chair; this improvement is of French origin, and will give great satisfaction to the persons who frequent that part of the theatre, who, on crowded nights, suffer severely from the pressure of those sitting behind them."—London Daily Chronicle.

Josef Holbrooke found that in certain cities of Scotland where he played music by Scriabin, Debussy and Rachmaninov, the audience was "literally petrified with stupefaction."

The centenary of Cesar Franck was solemnly observed at the Conservatory of Liege, his birthplace.

Mr. Jewett will produce tomorrow at the Copley Theatre, John Galsworthy's play in three acts, "A Family Man." The play was brought out at the Comedy Theatre, London, about June 1, 1921. The performance tomorrow will be the first in the United States. In London the part of John Builder was taken by Norman McKinnel.

In "Strife," "Justice," "The Skin Game," Mr. Galsworthy is as one sitting on the fence, observing his men and women going by for weal or woe, listening patiently to them as they stop to tell him their story, and finally saying, without a smile or a frown: "Well, much can be said on either side."

In "A Family Man" he seems to be intensely amused by the provincial important man who plays Julius Caesar in his house, knowing that his wife, whose spirit he has crushed, is above suspicion. His petty tyranny has driven one daughter out to contract a liaison with an airman, who would gladly marry her, but Athene, having seen marriage at home, is unwilling. Athene—did Mr. Galsworthy ironically so name her, having in mind the Greek goddess of wisdom? The other daughter, Maud, wishes her freedom. There is for her the cinema theatre. Poor Mrs. Builder has her revenge, but she does not storm about or throw bric-a-brac at her husband. She catches him kissing Camille, the French maid. Mrs. Builder leaves home without even rowing Camille. Builder is in a mess.

There is a family quarrel in the street, a policeman is hit, Builder is haled into the mayor's court, the newsboys shout the tidings in the street, rude urchins scream, "Johnny Builder! Beat 'is wife-er!" Camille refuses to be his mistress: "How can I stay when there is no lady in the 'ouse." She is no longer willing to sit on his knee. "Oh! you are a dangerous man! No, no! Not for me! Good-by, sare!" The same Camille who earlier in the play said to Builder: "I love pleasure and I don't get any. Any you 'ave such a duty, you don't get any sport. Well, I am 'ere." And when Builder suddenly revolted, she exclaimed: "The English 'ave no idea of pleasure. They make it all so coarse and virtuous."

Athene marries. Builder is alone. He burns his will, and smokes his pipe. Lo, his wife returns, goes to the table and pours out his usual glass of whiskey toddy. He squeezes her hand. She says nothing, goes to the fire and begins to knit. Builder makes an effort to speak, does not succeed, and sits, drawing at his pipe.

Was Mr. Galsworthy simply amusing himself when he wrote this play? A London critic remembering "Strife," the tragedy and "Foundations," a bit of foolery, thought that the two Galsworthies had been mixed to make "A Family Man." "It was like a fizzing, compound drink, which must be tossed off at once, and not kept to reflect upon or brood over."

Should Builder be regarded as a brute? He stopped the mouth of his complaining daughter Maud by giving her 45 notes. Does Mr. Galsworthy strike the tragic note, or should the play be regarded as intellectually farcical?

Let us all wait until the performance before we attempt to explain the dramatist's attitude. This is certain: the play is good reading, if only for the dialogue and without special thought of character portrayal in action.

CESAR FRANCK

Much has been written about Cesar Frank of late apropos of the centenary of his birth. The Daily Chronicle of London made an astonishing statement: "He is said to have composed his greatest work, an oratorio named 'Meditations,' under peculiar difficulties. Most of it was written at nights after Franck had been teaching music for several hours a day. Some of it was composed in Paris during the siege of Paris in 1870-71, while German shells literally dropped all around his rooms in the boulevard St. Michel. Cesar Franck only complained of the noise."

An oratorio named "Meditations"! This work has hitherto been unknown to Frankites, even to his devoted pupil and biographer, M. Vincent d'Indy.

The Manchester Guardian said that Franck showed not only the influence of the organ on his musical thought, but the influence of the cathedral architecture with its Gothic and romantic grotesque. "Franck by this way belongs to the romantic composers, and shows a closer touch with the mediaeval and Gothic romance than any composer since Bach. His counterpoint is not so completely vocal in its spring as that of Bach, but shows often a strong wave-like motion, massive as the motion of the sea is massive, and romantic in its suggestion of infinitude. His connection with the most modern of French writers is chiefly in the inspiration his great bell-like harmonies have for the experimental modern harmonist. The latest French school is perhaps too far picturesque, extra-musical or unmusical in its critical attitude, and more given to precision than musical fullness in its workmanship. It does not gain its faults from Franck. But his discovery that bell sounds might strike in almost anywhere with profound effect, and that in music as in nature itself distance had an almost infinite harmonizing power, is the great source of their strength. It has a poetic strength which associates it with every experience from the ancient Gothic romance of our cathedrals to the veriest naturalism of yesterday and all the elemental aspects of nature. Through all these things the music of Franck must have an enduring influence."

HAMPDEN AND "OTHELLO"

Mr. Hampden will begin tomorrow the third and last week of his engagement at the Boston Opera House by playing Othello, the Moor of Venice. We quoted last week the shrewd remarks of Mr. John Jay Chapman about the villainy of Iago, "the best stage villain ever invented." Yet we like to think of Iago as a gay and companionable fellow. Many essays have been written in explanation of his nature. Wilson ("Christopher North") wrote a curious article in which he says, of course, that Iago hated Othello for not promoting him, but Cassio, who in Iago's eyes was a book-warrior and a bit of a milkop; but Wilson also advanced this theory: Iago was affected by Othello's color, "no doubt, with more hate and aversion at being commanded and outshone by him. High military rank and command, high favor by the Senate, high fame and esteem in the world, high royalty of spirit, happiness in marriage, all these in Othello are proper subjects of envy, and motives of hate in Iago. The Nigger!" But Othello was a Moor, not a negro. And did not Iago suspect Othello of undue intimacy with Iago's wife Emilia?

The essays by William Maginn and Richard Grant White are especially interesting. Maginn thinks Iago is the sole exemplar of studied personal revenge in Shakespeare's plays. "In the country of Iago, whether from his name we conclude it to be Spain, or from his service, Italy, none of the scruples, or rather principles, which actuate or restrain English gentlemen, existed. Least of all were they to be found in the motley armies of adventurers gathered from all quarters." Iago was "hurried irresistibly" toward by the current of deceit and iniquity in which he has embarked. He could not help committing his crimes.

But Iago must have had personal charm, or he could not have worked so easily with Othello, Cassio, and the others. He was a sociable person. At a club men would have enjoyed his bitter wit and gladly touched glasses with him.

Edwin Booth in his notes on the play constantly gives hints to actors, explaining how they could soften the text by forbearing to do the obvious thing; how to avoid being stacy.

Mr. Chapman says that when the plot once gets started, the race at which it moves is really the pace at which Othello's suspicions develop. "The audience is their king about the inner problems; and I suppose there is nowhere in literature any picture of a passion that is so rapid in its progress as Othello's jealousy. It is like a prairie fire; and the externals of the action keep pace with it. . . . The last act of Othello opens with a typical hurly-burly, which takes place in the dark, with persons entering and leaving at such a rate that no audience can keep track as to just what is happening. Eight characters are involved; one is killed; one is wounded; the whole scene has been devised very cleverly, almost too cleverly, and is generally out down in the acting; but perhaps the best way is to play it; and play it fast. These hurly-burries are a conventional feature in Shakespeare, like the tragic loading of the stage with dead bodies in the finale. They have the

qualities of the charade, and are most difficult to retain in a large modern theatre.

FOREIGN MUSIC

Massenet's "Griseleidis" has been brought out at the Paris Opera. (It was produced at the Opera Comique in 1901 with Lucienne Breval and M. Fugère.) At the Opera, Mlle. Davelli took the part of the heroine; M. Aquilapace was the Devil.

Andre Caplet, not wholly unknown in Boston, recently conducted Beethoven 9th Symphony at a Padeloup concert in Paris.

This reminds us that fragments of Louis Aubert's "Blue Forest," which was performed for the first time at the Boston Opera House, were played not long ago in Paris and pleased.

Raoul Laparra writing about Spanish music says that the Devil must "have invented the Farruca, a dance of spectres and incantations."

At the Festival of French Music at Amsterdam under the direction of Willem Mengelberg, led Sem Dresden to write an article in which he eulogized Gabriel Faure's Requiem, pieces by Florent Schmitt, Dukas, Ravel and Roussel, and especially Darius Milhaud's Second Suite. Darius will soon be in Boston.

The tenor Urtus, once singing at the Boston Opera House, "is engaged for America." North or South?

In Rome there is now a Sala Bach. At the inauguration, Bach's music filled the program.

Two prizes of 50,000 lire each have been awarded to "Gloconda e il suo Re," by Jachino, and "Morenita," by Persio. Fourteen operas were entered in competition. Puccini, Alfano and Cilea were among the jurors. Orefice's "Ugo e Paraisina" was not considered, because he is already celebrated.

The Adiano Theatre at Rome has staged a new opera by Franz Schubert, "Hannerl."

Georges Enesco, violinist and composer, now in this country, made a tour in Roumania before coming here. He has completed the second sketch of his "Oedipus" (libretto by Ed. F. Fleg).

"The Magic Flute" and "The Master-singers" are in rehearsal at the Paris opera.

Joseph Bonnet, organist, gave his last recital in Paris before his departure for this country, on Dec. 20.

MARRIAGE AS A JOKE

(London Daily Chronicle)

Most of the plays now running in London are on this theme; the dramatists combine with the novelist to treat marriage as a jest or a failure, to hoot with scorn or sneer with flippancy; a joke "scoring off" marriage always raises that laughter that is like "the crackling of thorns under a pot"; the inane and the vacant-minded appear to find endless cause for mirth in the vicissitudes of marriage, the disagreements of husbands and wives; they think it "funny" if a woman nags her husband, funnier still if the husband secretly transfers his affections from his wife to some other woman. Haven't we had almost enough of this sort of thing?

Isn't it getting rather dull and flavorless? Marriage is impervious to jests . . . like Life and Death . . . and the rolling of the planets in their orbits.

Despite novels and plays, despite the wits and the reports of the divorce courts, despite psycho-analysis, and all the investigations of all the German professors, and all the quips and jeers of French revue artists, and all music hall jokes, and all the screams of reformers, marriage remains the ideal of the average man and woman.

CUREL'S NEW PLAY

(Manchester Guardian, Dec. 15)

In his latest production at the Comedie Francaise M. Francois de Curel seems to have set out to point the same moral as before, but without the same earnestness. He is making a determined effort to be merry and bright in the theatrical manner that would win approval from Sarcey rather than from Ibsen. He certainly succeeds in providing an entertainment at which even the most intelligent need not be ashamed to be amused, while the Philistine is not only amused but is pleased to believe that for the first time he understands what M. de Curel's philosophy is driving at. All the same,

it may be doubted whether "L'ivresse du Sage" is such a good play as those in which the author not only took himself tremendously seriously but took his characters seriously also. In those plays, as in this, the characters were little more than dummies dressed up to illustrate the opposing views through which the author's considered thought was to be read; but they were a little more. They did have some independent life, and their characters were to some extent played upon and developed by accidental circumstance. In this play the story is entirely invented

to illustrate the theme. That theme, as usual, is that, for all our intelligence, we are as much the slaves of nature as the beasts of the field. It is exposed in the persons of two men in love with the same girl. The girl is the niece of a millionaire, but, believing herself to be poor, she has devoted her life to study, and has come to think that she is in love with the professor of philosophy whose pupil she is. However, when she comes to the country, to her uncle's estate, she finds that her true affinity is for the neighboring landowner, who studies horse-breeding rather than philosophy, who is merry and well set up, and who kisses her boldly upon the mouth. Poor intellect never really has a chance, for the author has loaded the dice very heavily against it, and the actor has vigorously seconded him. The result is that the professor becomes a long-haired and sententious talker, who—without being a charlatan like De Bellac in "Le Monde ou l'on s'ennuie"—is none the less obviously not the sultor for whom the author destines the young lady. The play has, indeed, many dramatic faults. The characters explain themselves, and they always know and say what is the true motive for their actions. Thus the young lady tells the professor—when she thinks she loves him—that if he does not like her essay on philosophy, she is quite ready to make curl papers of it to please him; which is probably quite true to feminine nature, but is not what she would have said, even if she had realized it.

And yet, in spite of all its faults, the play is a delightful and stimulating intellectual recreation, studded with happy and beautifully turned expressions of profound thought. It is acted in the best and most polished tradition of the theatre. Mme. Pierat shows her versatility in being able to play this school-girl as well as the disillusioned wife in "Almer," but it is perhaps rather a tour de force. Alexandre is quite admir-

able as the aristocratic stock-breeder, and succeeds in putting on to the stage a type of French country gentleman which Paris hardly knows yet and the theatre not at all. Baron marks another step in his claim to succeed Coquelin by the finished ease of his performance of the part of the uncle; while Jean Herve, who usually plays serious parts, gives a show of versatility as remarkable as that of Mme. Pierat in adding the comic touch—perhaps even too comic a touch—to the part of the professor.

A word of praise should be given to the scenery. It has a quiet coloring and a suppression of detail which prevents it from being intrusive on the side of realism, while its modernism is not sufficiently insistent to make it disturbing in another way. It is a capital background. PHILIP CARR.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY—Symphony hall, 3:30 P. M. Reinald Werrenrath, baritone. See special notice.

St. James Theatre, 8:30 P. M. People's Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Mollenhauer, conductor. See special notice.

Symphony hall, 8:15 P. M. Roland Hayes, tenor. See special notice.

TUESDAY—Hotel Vendome. Miss Terry's first concert. Clara Larsen, pianist; Rulon Robison, tenor. Songs: Lekeu Sur une Tombe, Ronde and Nocturne; Ferrari, Le Miroir; Clay, I'll sing thee songs of Araby; Schumann, I'll not complain; Lohr, Chorus Gentlemen. Piano pieces: Bach, Gavotte en Rondeau; Chopin, Nocturne, F major; Schubert-Liszt, Soirees de Vienne, Valse Caprice, No. 6; Leschetitzky, La Source; Giouk-Fgambata, Aria; Schumann, Allegro.

Jordan hall, 8:15 P. M. G. Robertz Lunge, baritone. Strauss, the Lover's Pledge; Franz, Love in Spring; Schubert, Aufenthalt; Kobay, Were the pitcher always full, Long ago when I was still free, Mourning in the village dwells. Pretty maid; Duparc, Phyllis; Debussy, Beau Soir and Nuit d'Etioles; G. Faure, Nell; Rosa, Star vicino al bell idolo; Respighi, Nebbia; Atherton, I know that day will come; Mabel Daniels, Beyond; Bantock, Six Jester songs. Frederic Tiltott, pianist.

WEDNESDAY, Jordan hall, 3 P. M. Raymond Havens, pianist. Vivaldi-Bach, Concerto in D minor; Respighi,

Three Preludes on Gregorian Melodies; Bax, A Hill Tune; Beethoven, Sonata Appassionata; Chopin, Berceuse and Etude, G flat major, op. 10, No. 5; Liszt, Hungarian Rhapsody, No. 6.

Jordan hall, 8:15 P. M. Carmine Fabrizio, violinist; Alfred de Voto, pianist. Beethoven, Sonata, op. 12, No. 1, D major; Zandonai, Concerto Romantic; Saint-Saens, Havanalse; Dvorak-Kreisler, Slavonic Dance, No. 3; Repper, Serenade Carnavalesque; Crist, Intermezzo (from "Preguila's Marriage"); Vieuxtemps, Rondino.

THURSDAY—Jordan hall, 8:10 P. M. Concert by Hans Ebell, pianist, and three of his pupils. Bach, Preludes and Fugue from "The Well Tempered Clavichord"—F minor Book 2—(Marguerite Morgan); A flat major, Book 2 (Leon Tumarkin); G major, Book 2 (Frank Ramseyer); Godowsky, Paraphrase on Weber's "Invitation to the Dance" for two pianos, with an optional accompaniment of a third piano—(first time here)—Miss Morgan, Messrs. Tumarkin and Ramseyer; Brahms, Sonata, op. 5, Mr. Ebell. Liszt, Sonetto (23 del Petrarca Debussy, Jardins sous la pluie (Mr. Ramseyer); Chopin, Nocturne, op. 27, No. 2, and Etude, op. 25, No. 2; Scriabin, Etude, op. 8, No. 12 (Mr. Tumarkin); Ravel, Ondine; Chopin, Scherzo, op. 39 (Miss Morgan); Liszt, Etude de Concert, A flat major (Mr. Ebell).

FRIDAY—Symphony hall, 2:30 P. M. Eleventh Boston Symphony Orchestra concert, Mr. Monteux, conductor. See special notice.

SATURDAY—Jordan hall, 3 P. M. John Powell, pianist. Beethoven, Sonata, op. 53; Chopin, Nocturne, C sharp minor, Scherzo, C sharp minor, Polonaise, A flat major; Beethoven—Seiss, Three Country Dances; Powell, The Banjo Picker (from "At the Fair"); Gulon, Turkey in the Straw; Liszt, Slumber song (new, first performance in Boston), and Hungarian Rhapsody, No. 13.

Symphony hall, 8:15 P. M. Repetition of Friday's Symphony concert, Mr. Monteux, conductor.

They are still disputing over the question whether an old picture recently found was painted by Correggio. Let us follow the example of Sir Joshua Reynolds.

When they talk'd of their Raphaels, Correggios and stuff, He shifted his trumpet, and only took snuff.

LET US NOW PRAISE FAMOUS MEN

We spoke recently of Mr. Herkimer Johnson's power of concentration; how he was reading four serial stories of an exciting nature and from week to week had a firm hold on the threads of the narratives. But what is Mr. Johnson in this respect to Mr. C. H. Fowle?

Mr. Fowle writes that he used to carry the banner for concentration. "In the 1870's I, for a long time, read and carried in my head all the continued stories in the New York Ledger, New York Weekly, Saturday Night, Fireside Companion and several other papers (off and on), a total of not less than 15 and often over 20 continued stories, and could tell you the full name of story and author and the plot, and I never referred to back numbers. I can remember the titles and authors to this day. About that time I could tell you every street that led off Washington, both sides, from Roxbury line to Dock square. In 1875 there were over 100 infantry companies in the Massachusetts state militia. I could tell you the letters and the names of every company, as Roxbury City Guard, etc., location and the names of most of the captains. When I was in a bank at work I could tell you where every street but one or two was in Boston. That was concentration, but only a small part of it."

We once knew a man who could tell the tonnage of nearly all the transatlantic steamers; and this without the aid of the springboard or any mechanical appliance. To outward view he looked like a human being.

KWANNON

Symbol of all eternal things and strange, Jade woman-god, you sit quite passively Watching a thousand years of shifting change

With the half-smile of bland infinity. Time's fingers, slowly smoothing out your brow,

Have worn away the furrows of the past And in their stead have set upon it now The mighty blankness of the things that last.

It terrifies me, silent thing of jade, That universe of Nothing in your face; Before it I am helpless and afraid, A child alone in some cold cloistered place,

Who hears the closing of a heavy door, And steps receding on a marble floor. —Deirdre.

MORE ABOUT THE PEAK FAMILY

As the World Wags:

The letter about the Peak family interested me. When the members were not traveling, their home was in Medford. Mr. Irving N. Peak of that city may be a descendant of that family. My mother used to tell me of long visits at the Peak home when they were preparing for their coming season and the days were taken up with constant re-

farsal on the bells and various instruments which they played. My mother, who was a fine pianist, was often urged by them to become one of their company, but she never did. When we moved to Medford to live in 1908 she could not see any house on Main street that looked like the one the Peaks lived in in the 60's. She used to say that there was a big room up in the top of the house with long tables for the bells, at which they stood for hours perfecting their playing.

What has become of all the hand-bell ringers? It was a fine art, and it seems too bad the present generation does not get an opportunity to hear it.

Boston. AUGUSTUS C. KNIGHT.

HUNTING PINK

As the World Wags:

I have never, arrayed in the traditional gay coat of England's time-loved chase upon a horse presumably effervescing as the proverbial Selditz powder, ridden to true-hearted fox hounds running the scent of an anise bag over the sweet earth of New England, but I have enjoyed the comfort of well-mannered riding things and under the heart thrill of sitting upon a well-conditioned hunting horse, of riding on a hillside in a big open paradise of a farming country where one could see 10, 15, perhaps 20, miles over woods, meadow, plough and stubble, and seen the fox come out of the woods, circle leisurely along the hillside and await the first challenging note of the hounds in the distance before making lightly off, probably to his home earth. To quote directly and indirectly W. W. Ogilvie, the English sporting poet:

"Two things stand like stone," we said—

"Courage and kindness," Gallant dead!"

In this age of "flivverdom" it is no harm then to seize fear bravely, when "the walls stand big and bare."

The press of population, industrialism and urban dwelling may see the end of the old world sport in America; but, gentle writer, have tolerance even for what may be petty vanity of some of those hearty lovers of the open who felt the great thrill of riding over a fair country, though it be closed in hills of New England and the scent, not that of the fox, but merely that of anise.

Indeed, yes, as that London journal so humorously relates, a red ribbon in a jumping horse's tail may well warn the careless ones that he is "light behind."

J. MURRAY KAY.

Brookline.

A FRENZIED BARD

As the World Wags:

The inclosed verse, by a Rhode Island poet, is offered for publication in the A. T. W. W. column, in the hope that its torridity may raise, a degree or two, the cold and frigid atmosphere of Massachusetts:

MUSHROOMS

The mushrooms, love, are growing
Down by the river side;
Let's take the car, O sweetest love,
And thither we will ride.

And there beneath the blue, blue sky,
You lovely, lovely thing,
We'll gather mushrooms, you and I,
And hear the birdies sing.

We'll gather mushrooms while we may
Beneath the shady tree,
We'll gather, gather, gather them
While I love you and you love me.

And if you can beat that for "class"
come on and do it. O. K. CLOVER.
Providence.

WHITMAN IN HUNGARY

(From the New York Times.)

"The Hungarian government has put the lid on the works of Walt Whitman, along with those of Karl Marx and Nicolai Lenin, on the ground that they have a 'destructive tendency.' Whitman's poems have indeed destroyed hundreds of young men who might have been pious and respectable citizens if Whitman's odd-length lines hadn't convinced them that it was easy to be a free-verse poet."

O Walt, Walt, how many poetic crimes are committed in thy name!

WATSON, WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF THESE?

("Personals" in the London Times.)

NINEPINS—There is much you can do; any idea as to the "dark fate"?—Little Jim.

MEDUSA—Should you see this I am alive and well, particularly in the digestion, thanks to Mustard.—Perseus.

1, m 8 1923

Some may wonder at the case of Donald Lance Ritter, who, three days old, visited a dentist in Detroit and suffered heroically the extraction of two lower teeth; but this is a little world of great wonders and nothing should surprise the observer sitting, like Mr. John Galsworthy on the fence and seeing the procession of humanity.

Young Ritter is not the only one who came into this bitter-sweet world thus equipped. Pliny noted the fact that "some children are borne into the world with teeth, as M. Curius, who thereupon was surnamed Dentatus, and Cn. Papyrius Cabo, both of them very great men and right honorable personages. In women the same was counted but an unlucky thing, and presaged some misfortune, especially in the dales of the K. K. regiment in Rome; for when Valeria was borne toothed, the wizards and Soothsayers being consulted thereabout, answered out of their learning by way of Prophecie, That look into what citie she was carried to Nounce, she should be the cause of the ruine and subversion thereof." According to tradition, Richard III of England was born with all his teeth, hair on head and nails on his fingers and toes.

And "some children are born with an entire whole bone that taketh up all the gums, instead of a row of distinct teeth, as a son of Prusias King of the Bithynians, who had such a bone in his upper jaw."

AT SIXTY YEARS

Mr. John William Godward, an artist in London, a day or two before he killed himself at the age of 61 by turning on the gas, said to his model: "Sixty years is old enough for a man to live." Piffle! At 60 years a man is just beginning to know how to use life with true enjoyment. He is then free from illusions; he does not expect much; enthusiasm does not hurl him into extravagant judgments and opinions; he begins to think amiably of his fellow mortals; he no longer feels it his duty to serve on committees.

"CURSES ON YOU!"

Lord Marcus Beresford belonged to a family that was under a melodramatic curse. Some one had doomed, so the legend goes, seven Beresfords to a untimely end. Of the seven Marquises of Waterford, three died unnatural deaths; the third was killed while hunting; the fifth, with spine broke, by a fall in the hunting field, shot himself; the father of the present Marquis was drowned. Lord Delaval Beresford was killed in a railway accident; Capt. C. C. de la Poer Beresford was killed when he tried to stop a runaway horse. On two occasions Lord Marcus narrowly escaped an untimely death.

As the World Wags:

From a street car collar advertisement: "Men of affairs are wearing wings." That's probably why you can't keep a good man down.

BRADSHAW BICKNELL.

MY! MY! MR. GALSWORTHY!

(From the story, "Blackmail," by John Galsworthy, in the January Metropolitan.)

Oughtn't one to go to the police? He stood extraordinarily still—a dappled leaf dropped from a plane tree and lodged on his bowler hat; at the other end of him a little dog mistook him for a lamp-post.

RESTLESSNESS

There is a curse upon me—and I cannot settle down—
The town calls from the city—the city from the town:

The joy of things grows brittle, the warmth of love grows cold,
The things I have are faded—the words I hear are old:

And just beyond the cresting hill, or just across the street
There is a newer lover—there is a song more sweet:

My work is play a little while—and then it starts to lark;
My play delights a day or two—and then it's dull as work:

And the mouth that feeds me kisses will annoy me after while,
And I shall want to wander, to find a newer smile.

O, sometimes when the gypsy lure is at its worst in me—
And all I love is hateful, and I'm lonely as can be—

It's nice to think, that, waiting, when the tides of life go by,
Is a still bed, and a smooth bed, to give me peace for aye!

DOROTHY DOW.

SING IT! COUE IT

As the World Wags:

While all the world is talking about the Nancy pharmaclet, M. Coue, some, musically inclined, might like to use a rhythmical rhyme for daily practice; to be repeated, aloud, ad infinitum.

I am better, I am better, I am better, today.
It will pass, it will pass, it will pass, away.

or
I am well, I am well, I am well, today.
It has passed, it has passed, it has passed, away.
or still another variation
I am well, I am well, I am well, today.
It has passed, it has passed, away to stay.
J. C.
Boston.

ADD "JOYS OF TRAVEL"

As the World Wags:

I was in a Maine town a few days ago at the time of the heavy snow. I had reached there after a four hours' journey and only an hour late. This seemed to me a good record for the storm was heavier down East than in Portland. About 5 o'clock I telephoned to see how late the returning train was from down East. It was reported a half-hour late. At the station at 6 it was reported an hour late.

Out of idle curiosity I went out into the train shed and asked an official what chance there was for a train to Boston. He said there was a train all ready and about to start; perhaps it had already gone, from the farthest track. I hurried and got aboard and it started. It was perhaps 6:15. When I said to the conductor that the man in the ticket office had made no mention of this train, he replied cheerfully that no blame attached to him, that he knew nothing about it. In fact, he added, no one knew but himself; he was waiting for an engine and he had just got it and started at once.

I could not but wonder what the rest of the crowd in the waiting room would have thought as they patiently waited for the 6 o'clock train (it was four hours late) if they had known that a train left the station at 6:15.

The departure of the train, one ear nearly empty, was that conductor's secret. He had kept it well. I alone of all the waiting crowd had discovered it. He told me later that it was the 12:15, just an even six hours late, and he was determined to go on his way as quickly and unobtrusively as possible.

What a system, thought I. R. C. S. I was reminded of an early Laocock story, about the painter and his lady love; how he told her that the green things in his picture were cows and she said: "This shall be our secret." I suppose that's the way the conductor felt.

WERRENRATH

Retnald Werrenrath, baritone, gave a song recital yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall, Harry Spear playing his accompaniments. Mr. Werrenrath sang:

Du bist die Ruh', Der Doppelgänger, Schubert; Widmung, Die beiden Grenadiere, Schumann; Lankskab, Hvil du har varme Tanker, Borresen; Irmelin Rose, Neleken; Slide ved Nat him kolds, Lange-Muller; Aria, "Vision Fugitive" (Herodiade), Massenet; Three Salt-water Ballads, Frederik Keel; Port of Many Ships, Trade Winds, Mother Carey; The Blind Ploughman, Robert Coningsby Clarke; The Wreck of the "Julia Plante" Geoffrey O'Hara; Duna, Josephine McGill; On the Road to Mandalay, Oley Speaks.

Was Mr. Werrenrath put about by the stolidity of his audience, or does he feel most at home in modern songs, sturdy or sentimental, of the "ballad" type, or, perhaps, was he suffering from too much frosty air? Whatever the explanation, for an hour yesterday Mr. Werrenrath sang in a way to make one wonder how he had contrived to gain his high repute. Try as he would, he could not make his tones sound smooth and clear. Though he strove stoutly to reproduce the tragic note of "Der Doppelgänger," the patriotic fervor of the grenadier, the passion of Massenet's theatrical Herod, his efforts availed him not; only his fine intelligence made its mark.

The attractive Scandinavian songs, to be sure, went better. It was only nevertheless, with Frederick Keel's excellent settings—genuinely characteristic, and free from an attempt to be knowing—that Mr. Werrenrath came into his own. From then on he sang with a free tone often beautiful, always good, an able mezza voce and plianissimo, enunciation a model of clearness, and with strong powers of characterization, above all when he had an old sailor to suggest or a cockney soldier. The audience, roused to wild enthusiasm, called for more and more, shouting out their wishes for this song or that.

Swamped with written requests, said Mr. Werrenrath, he could not sing all the songs people asked for, surely not those he had never even heard of, nor yet, "Ah fors' e lui!" He would do, though, what he could. And he did, with all generosity.

Would it answer, at another recital, for Mr. Werrenrath to sing the ballads first? Then, his voice once "warmed," and the audience as well, undoubtedly he could do greater justice than he did yesterday to the songs of higher worth.

R. R. G.

Roland Hayes, tenor, gave a recital last night before an audience that filled nearly every seat in Symphony Hall. To the excellent accompaniments of Margaret Kent Hubbard, he sang this program:

Where'er you Walk, Handel; Quando Miro, Mozart; Amarilli, Caccini; Eviva Rosa Bella, Galuppi; L'Invitation au Voyage, Duparc; Le Tre, Koechlin; Clair de Lune, Faure; Choeuache Cosaque, Fourdrain; Botschaft, Brahms; Verborgenhelt, Wolf; A Dream, Grieg; Stal Away, arranged by Lawrence Brown; Sit Down, arranged by Roland Hayes; I've Got a Robe, arranged by Roland Hayes; Go Down, Moses, arranged by H. T. Burleigh.

Home from a series of triumphs in England and France, Mr. Hayes showed himself last night a singer of many excellencies. He has by nature a voice of lovely quality, of particular beauty in the middle register, from the faintest pianissimo to a full strong tone; his high tones at present, when taken with power, have a tendency to hardness, a trait which surely, with further effort, can be overcome. If nature, though, gave this singer a superior voice, to his own hard and intelligent work alone does he owe the neatness of his attack, his admirably smooth legato, and, above all else, his perfect diction, the like of which, even from Mr. McCormack, has not been heard in Boston for many a day. For Mr. Hayes does not pronounce his consonants; he sings them—a distinction too many singers fail to draw (why do they scorn the resonance and color thus so easily infused into their tones?).

To this well developed technique Mr. Hayes adds a fine feeling for style. The Mozart song he sang exquisitely, the "Amarilli" so well that for once it did not sound dull. The unfamiliar Galuppi air might have been sung by Clement himself. The four French songs as well suggested, in their perfection of diction and subtle fineness, the influence of Clement, or at least of some equally able singer of French music, if there is another such. The invitation to "Miss Ellen" to pour the tea into the beautiful Chinese cup, in Koechlin's charming song, is not likely to be forgotten in a hurry.

This exquisite fineness, however, may easily become monotonous if it is not relieved by moments of such rugged strength as a lyric tenor may venture. One such moment came last night, in the wild outburst, highly effective, at the end of Fourdrain's song. At another concert Mr. Hayes would show good judgment if he were to sing a few songs which call for breadth as well as subtlety, thereby securing a contrast which would make the worth of his fine spun pianissimos and his beautiful half-voice tell even more strongly than it did last night. In addition to a program refreshingly free from trash, Mr. Hayes sang many encores, all of them worth singing, but not of a character to lend the touch of vigor needed.

R. R. G.

"A FAMILY MAN"

By PHILIP HALE

COPLEY THEATRE—The Jewett Players. First performance in this country of "A Family Man," a play in three acts by John Galsworthy.

Julia Jessamine Newcombe
John Buller H. Conway Wingfield
Topping E. E. Clive
The Mayor Walter Kingsford
Harris Gerald Rogers
Camille Catherine Willard
Maud Mary Hughes
Guy Harrington May Ediss
Athena Reginald Sheffield
Ralph Buller Katherine Standing
Francis Chantrey (J. P.) H. Mortimer White

Warwick Buckland
Martin L. Paul Scott
Moon Noel Tearle
A Journalist W. E. Watts
Poacher James Jex

A manager putting this comedy in rehearsal might well hesitate about the manner in which it should be played. Was Mr. Galsworthy in wholly serious mood when he wrote it? Did he intend to satirize the head of a household, outwardly respectable, regarded as a safe man, one who would fill the mayor's chair for the good of the community, while at home he was a despot, barely tolerated by his wife, hated by his daughters, a man with eyes for governess and maids, especially the French girl, Camille? Did Mr. Galsworthy conceive the play in farcical mood? Or did he wish to show the revolt of daughters, prating about liberty, impatient of parental authority? Was Buller really the insufferable bully his daughters pictured him? He had given them a liberal education. He was free with five-pound notes when they called for them. Was his wife in reality, a silent nag-

ger, wearing the irritating air of an abused woman?

The performance last night was peculiar in this: The minor parts were the ones most effectively played. First of all was the portrayal of Camille by Miss Willard. This Camille answered in every way the characterization of Cressida by Ulysses in Shakespeare's singular play. Scarcely have we seen on the stage so artful a minx, subtly sensual but without a touch of vulgarity, with a seductive eye and an alluring bearing; a performance that would grace the stage of a Parisian theatre, by its sly and irresistible appeal without undue emphasis.

Then there was the capital Topping of Mr. Clive; the young airman played by Mr. Sheffield; the fuddy-duddy mayor, represented by Mr. Kingsford; Mr. White's quiet and sane Ralph Buller. As for Miss Newcombe, all she had to do was to look resigned, to speak in a resigned tone, and this she did. The character itself is a pale one. And there was Miss Ediss, excellent as the easily shocked but quickly reassured maid-of-all work.

We cannot believe that Mr. Wingfield and Miss Hughes fully put on the stage John Buller and his daughter Maud. Undoubtedly John had a violent temper but we doubt if he shouted and roared all the time. He had his grim and saturnine moments. With all his faults he had a sense of dignity; he was a man of weight. His fellow townsmen may not have known his domestic tyranny, but they respected him, and if ramping and raging were habitual with him at home, he must have broken loose at times outside the house. He was at least no hypocrite. And Mr. Wingfield began to storm and rage too soon. There was no opportunity for a climax of explosion. Mr. Wingfield was the most convincing when he was silent during the taking of testimony in the mayor's office. Here his face and the droop of his body, his internal boiling indignation, his sullen rage, showed the man's true character. Then, as Camille says, when she rejects his offer at the end, he was a dangerous man.

Now do we think that Miss Hughes gave us the dramatist's Maud. Her Maud was a flapper, a silly young woman, given to screaming. In the scene with Topping she played in the spirit of broad burlesque, but Maud was dead in earnest. She should have been played in the serious vein. The Athena of Miss Standing had little character. Was that Mr. Galsworthy's fault? Miss Standing's Athena would never have thrown her bonnet over the windmill simply because Pa was disagreeable.

There was no need of Mr. Buckland shouting as he did. To depict a bluff, sporting Englishman it is not necessary to make the welkin ring.

It's an amusing play, even if the spectator is left in doubt as to Mr. Galsworthy's purpose. Probably his only purpose was to write an entertaining comedy.

Attorney General Coco. We are told that "Coco" is a right honorable Piedmontese surname. How in the world did it make its entrance into French slang with various meanings? To many, especially French troopers, Coco is a horse. Other meanings are head, throat, bad wine or bad brandy; a contemptible fellow, a "poor shrimp"; a pet name in friendship; the name of a refreshing drink compounded of a little liquorice and much water (Delvaux wrote: "It formerly cost only the fourth of a sou a glass and the glasses were big; today it costs two centimes, but the glasses are much smaller. O progress!). Children spoke of hens as cocottes, and an egg as a coco.

"Coco epileptique" — Champagne, "which has the color of coco and froths like an epileptic."

THE RIOTOUS PEEBLES

(The Lake County Times of Hammond, Ind.)

The Peebles family of Windfall, Ind., will spend New Year's holiday with friends in Hammond. They will attend the Bijou Theatre (being the same name of the theatre at Windfall), after which they will have dinner at the Koffee Kup, later visiting the Elk's Temple, the Masonic Temple, the Knights of Pythias Temple, and other sights in the city.

A READY WIT

As the World Wags:

She was a prominent Canadian lady—wife of an M. P. The object of her "quip modest" was a Frenchman on his first trip to America. Admiring our grand old Statue of Liberty he said, "How large the statue—but how small the light she holds!" "Ah!" said la Canadienne, "the less light, the more liberty!"

WORDS, WORDS, WORDS

"The revisers of the Dictionary of the French Academy, who have been at work since the publication of the last edition, 48 years ago, have progressed only as far as the letter 'J.'"

The first volume of the Great Oxford

English Dictionary was published in 1888. The letters "U," "V" and "W" are still incomplete, though part "X-zyxt" is published. ("Zyxt," obsolete, was the Kentish 2nd sing. ind. pres. of "Sle.") The last word under "z" in present use is a joyous one, "zymurgy"—the practice or art of fermentation, as in wine-making, brewing, distilling, etc. We are credibly informed that in spite of the too celebrated constitutional amendment there are "zymurgists" busily at work right here in Boston.

Even if those two great dictionaries are still incomplete, there are words enough in the smaller ones for all practical purposes, and even for writers in what has been characterized as the Asiatic style.

BUT SEE LUDOVIC CELLER'S LITTLE BOOK, "LES VALETS AU THEATRE"

As the World Wags:

In these glorious days when snappy comebacks are supplied to one and all, perhaps it would not be improper should I appeal to you in behalf of one helpless member of society, who has, I think, been overlooked. I refer, sir, to the mute, inglorious valet of the movies and of modern fiction. Picture him, silently and efficiently at his tasks, when his master, who has been reading a reproachful letter from a broken-hearted girl, pauses to generalize, wisely and humorously, in this manner: "There is no more terrible thing, Hawkins, than a woman's memory." And Hawkins, mystified and overawed, can only meekly reply, "Quite so, sir." Surely, sir, there must be one snapper.

LUKE SPIVENS.

MARLOWE'S MIGHTY LINE

As the World Wags:

I was interested in the "favorite lines" of poetry quoted in your column on Jan. 2; but I don't think that any of them can equal one crashing line of Marlowe's:

"And ride in triumph through Persepolis."

The line containing the names of the kings is splendid for rhythm and beauty of sound, but I can't remember it well enough to quote. I think it goes:

"Is it not passing brave to be a King, Usumcasane and Theridamas, Is it not passing brave to be a king."

"And ride in triumph through Persepolis?"

Boston. B.T.H.
The passage is in scene 5, act 2, part 1 of Marlowe's "Tamburlaine the Great."

Meander: Your majesty shall shortly have your wish.

And ride in triumph through Persepolis.

Tamburlaine: "And ride in triumph through Persepolis!"

Is it not brave to be a king, Techelles? Usumcasane and Theridamas.

Is it not passing brave to be a king, "And ride in triumph through Persepolis?"

There are other "great and thundering" speeches in this play. Perhaps the most magnificent lines are these:

"The horse that guide the golden eye of Heaven,

And blow the morning from their nostrils,

Making their fiery gait above the clouds,

Are not so honoured in their governor,

As you, ye slaves, in mighty Tamburlaine."

If we are not mistaken "Tamburlaine" was performed some years ago by Yale students.—Ed.

"RETURN" AND "JET"

As the World Wags:

The fear disclosed by newspaper and magazine discussions concerning the loss of much of the good English of a former day is noted in our household, where the member who in the good old times would have been called the "head" is kept in submission by four of the opposite sex. Occasionally this submerged member seeks to keep his head afloat by nonchalantly using some word or expression which will cause the diplomatically termed "Intellectual" portion of the family to ask for information.

Returning one very cold morning from his early trip for milk to the nearby store, where he gathers such bits of over-night news as may enlighten his waiting family, he informed the only visibly awakened member of the household that a flock of pigeons had spent the night before on the "return" of a house in the neighborhood. Considered by the family and others to be an exponent of pure English, she asked what part of a house is the "return."

In Maine (whence this family and other superior persons have migrated) the word "jet" was used to denote that special part of a structure.

I am wondering if the woman here mentioned is the only one, barring householders, who did not know which part of a building is called the "return."

ABIE ASKER.

Salem.
We never heard "return" in this sense used in Vermont or in western Massachusetts. Yet "return" meaning "a side or part which falls away usually at

right angles, from the front or direct line of any work or structure—in cornices, pilasters, windows; in appendages to or minor parts of, buildings, walls, or other structures; a wing or side of a building" goes back to the middle of the 15th century. Sewall in his diary (1718) spoke of Mr. Franklin sitting in "The return of the gallery." "Return" also meant a side-street. "Jet"—properly "jetty"—is a projecting part of a building, especially an overhanging upper story. Shakespeare preferred "jetty": "No jitty prize, but tress, nor coin of vantage, but this bird bath made his pendent bed."

ST. JAMES—"Enter Madame," a play in three acts by Gilda Varesi and Dolly Byrne. First stock company production; played last season here with Varesi in the title role. The cast:

Gerald Fitzgerald Edward Darney
Mrs. Flora Preston Viola Roach
John Fitzgerald Houston Richards
Alma Chalmers Lucille Adams
Tomamoto Harry Lowell
Bice Ann Layne
The Doctor Harold Chase
Miss Smith Helen Pitt
Archimede Ralph M. Remley
Mme. Lisa Della Robbia Adelyn Bushnell

Some one has nicely described this play as a comedy of temperament. Gilda Varesi, co-author and leading lady, herself descended from a family of opera singers and actresses, has created an extremely interesting "Madame," a character that was familiar to her, for her own mother was a famous opera singer.

The play for the most part is concerned with Madame Lisa Della Robbia, a world-renowned singer. She is married. She has a son. Both husband and son, however, are left in America while she pursues her operatic career amid the life and people that understand her feelings and emotions. Her husband loves, in fact adores, this creature of many moods.

He has grown tired, however, of her retinue of servants, her absurd and imaginative notions, and after taking up his abode in New York, gradually discovers that he sadly misses the presence of a woman in his life. He wishes this time a domestic type, one who will pour his coffee in just such a manner, have his slippers ready for him when he seats himself before the fire in his easy chair, and that sort of thing.

He discovers what he thinks is the lady for his desires, and is about to marry her when Madame arrives with her retinue and all. She enters. From that moment on she dominates the situation. She has an important role to play this time, that of winning her husband from the other woman. And she does.

Miss Bushnell was an entirely satisfying Madame. She lost her foreign accent and mannerisms in one or two instances, but other than that her interpretation of this dazzling, spoiled, petted and sometimes stormy diva was well done. Mr. Darney, as Gerald, her husband, was rather matter-of-fact for the most part, and seemed ill at ease as leading man. Houston Richards made a good impression as Madame's son. And the retinue of servants—all these type characters were exceedingly amusing. Special mention should go to Miss Layne, as Bice, and to Mr. Remley in the role of an operatically inclined cook.

The first act of the piece seemed a bit heavy, but the last two moved at a much better pace.

TREMONT THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "Molly Darling," a musical comedy, with Jack Donahue. Book by Otto Harbach and William Cary Duncan; music by Tom Johnstone; lyrics by Phil Cook; staged by Julian Mitchell. Milton E. Schwarzwald conducted. The cast:

Antonio Ricardo Albert Roccadi
"Chic" Jiggs Jack Donahue
Ted Miller Billy Taylor
Trix Morton Billie Taylor
Molly Ricardo Mary Milburn
Jack Stanton Clarence Nordstrom
Chauncey Chesbro Charles E. Morrison
Mariavane Catherine Mulqueen
Mrs. Redwing Rose Kessner
Archie Ames Jay Gould
Olliver Cecil Summers
Timmy Ben Benny
Tommy Burke Western
"Spirit of the Disco" Nina Penn

The piece would be more appropriately styled a musical farce, for the widest latitude is used, and there are consequent improbabilities. The underlying note is optimism, and there is obvious analogy to the system of Dr. Coue. And let it be said that this spirit of optimism that worked in a steady crescendo on the stage, found its way across the footlights. In a word the piece resolves itself into a swiftly moving festival of fun, a great dancing entertainment—for nearly every member of the cast takes a turn at the dance with skill—and incidentally last night's performance places Jack Donahue, who heretofore has shone principally as a dancer, in the class of leaders on the musical comedy stage.

Mr. Mitchell, too, has plucked with a discriminating eye from the garden of pulchritude, and there is the illusion beside of youth on a lark. The book is not only uproariously funny, it is up to the hour, and clever interpreters are an added advantage. The music commands less enthusiasm; seldom is there musical significance, and yet several of the pieces arrest attention, with here and there a fine melodic phrase or again a pleasing orchestration, the settings are good to look at and phonograph and radio come into service.

The story is a simple one. Ricardo, a fiddle maker, is behind in his rent. His daughter, Mollie, with a quartet of performers, appears at a garden fete in Larchmont. The four others make a hit; but Mollie is a failure; she breaks down, for her audience is icy. Thus she will have no pay for her song that she might give her father to help pay the rent. She meets a young lawyer, Jack Stanton, who falls in love with her. He is "broke" and accepts a case from Mrs. Redwig, who casts eyes in his direction. The case means the ejection of Mollie's father. He serves the papers. There is consternation. Mollie repudiates him as a trickster and she is off. Stanton flabbergasted, tears up the service papers and extends the lease. Meanwhile, Mollie has rewritten her song, in jazz rhythm. It is an astounding success. There is every kind of financial return, and Mollie and Jack come together.

Jack Donahue's success was decided. In a style peculiarly his own he swept the entire expanse of the stage. To use an old expression: "He danced his head off." And all the while there was no evidence of fatigue. And there is a peculiar fascination in his ease of manipulation, in the grace of his every movement. And all the while he was the comedian with a convincing air and with many nice bits of business. As the irrepressible youth exclaimed coming up the aisle: "Me for Jack Donahue and his dancing feet!"

Much might be said favorable to all the members of the cast. There is no overlooking the piquant Mollie of Mary Milburn; the fleetfooted Mariavne of Catherine Mulqueen and the dancing specialties of Billy and Billie Taylor.

T. A. R.

DOLLY SISTERS

The dashing Dolly Sisters, with Harry Richman and their brother, Edward Dolly, yesterday made their first Boston vaudeville appearance at Keith's Theatre, as headliners in this week's bill, following their European successes, and had rousing receptions at both performances. In fact, the audiences appeared loth to let them go, and they were recalled several times. Their dainty dancing and elaborate costumes appeared irresistible.

Their act, however, was but one on a program full of interesting features, not the least of which was the closing number, James Dutton & Co., in an equestrian act that was finely staged and well executed.

The Gerald's, gymny serenaders, playing 34 mandolins at one time, and other instruments, gave a finished performance. Harry Paul and Mary Goss had a delightful little sketch entitled "The Co-Weds"; Sampsel, Leonhard & Co. had a musical and comedy sketch entitled "After the Polo Game" that proved entertaining; Alice Hamilton was excellent in her vaudeville sketch, "A Breath of Lavender and Old Lace"; Schlicht's "royal wonderettes" were unusually interesting and Deacon & Mack's comedy was cordially received. Al Herman, the "black laugh," billed as "the assassin of grief and remorse," had a black-face monologue that caught the fancy of the audience from the start and gave several minutes of unalloyed fun.

The usual motion pictures opened and closed the program.

PLAYS CONTINUING

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Walter Hampden in repertoire.

COLONIAL—"Good Morning, Dearie," musical comedy. Third week.

HOLLIS STREET—"Lightnin'," comedy. Third week.

PLYMOUTH—"The Goldfish," with Marjorie Rambeau. Comedy. Second and last week.

SELWYN—"The Rear Car," with Taylor Holmes. Melodrama. Third and last week.

SHUBERT—"In Springtime of Youth," musical comedy. Third and last week.

WILBUR—"The Bat," mystery play. Nineteenth week.

'OH, WHAT A GIRL'

A galaxy of Shubert musical stars appear in "Oh, What a Girl," the tabloid revue and vaudeville bill at the Majestic Theatre this week. The revue, consisting of a condensed version of the big Broadway success, retains most of its clever lines, tinkling tunes, pretty girls and the flavor that goes with the usual New York "big time" production.

There are five scenes in the revue. The musical numbers are full of the whistling kind of melodies and are generous in number. Honors in the revue went to William Moran, who played the part of Deacon Amos Tiltmouse, who becomes enamored of a cabaret singer in the white-light district, despite the watchfulness of his wife Amanda, played by Marie Stoddard. Others in the cast did excellent work.

In the vaudeville bill are the Manhattan trio and Wilson sisters, fine dancers; Jack Horton and Mile. La Triska, "The Clown and the Famous Doll"; Buddy Doyle, billed as "The Twentieth Century Minstrel"; Marie Stoddard, "Kidding the Actors"; Al and Harry Klein, in "Jest Moments"; and William Moran and Al Wiser, in "The Hat Shop." There are very few juggling tricks that Moran and Wiser do not have in their repertoire of hat juggling. Moran also was the feature in the vaudeville part of the bill.

LUNGER SINGS

By PHILIP HALE

G. Roberts Lunger, baritone, gave a recital last night in Jordan hall. His program read as follows:

Strauss, The Lover's Pledge; Franz, Love in Spring; Schubert, Aupenthalt; Korbay, Were the Pitcher Always Full; Long Ago When I Was Still Free. Mourning in the Village Dwells, Pretty Maid; Duparo, Phydile; Debussy Beau Soir and Nuit d' Etoile; G. Faure, Nell; Rosa, Star vicino al bell' idolo; Respighi, Nebbie; Atherton, I Know That Day Will Come; Mabelle Daniels, Beyond; Bantock, Six Jester Songs. Frederic Tillotson was the accompanist.

The program was a pleasing one. The song of Franz was welcome, for of late years the names of Franz, Jensen and Rubinstein, once compelling names, have seldom appeared on the programs of those feeling a divine urge to burst into song. It was good to hear the songs of the Hungarian Korbay, who for a time lived in New York where he taught singing—in the Hungarian manner. Romantic stories could be told about him. What a pity that the English words of these songs are so poor! Mr. Lunger sang with a peculiar gusto the invitation to quench sorrow in wine, for we shall be dead tomorrow, and the audience applauded wildly, as if in bold defiance of the Volstead act. "Sorrow, tomorrow," what was the other rhyming word? "Borrow?"

The French group included the enchanting song of Duparc's, who is easily the first of French song-writers, possibly because he wrote comparatively few and took infinite pains in writing them; two songs by Debussy, who had not then escaped from Massenet's influence; Gabriel Faure's "Nell," which though popular, is not one of his best hence its popularity—and the impressive "Nebbie" of Respighi. By way of contrast was Salvador Rosa's Canonetta, noble in its simplicity.

Mr. Lunger has a manly voice which does not become effeminate when he has to deal with gentle sentiments. He employs his voice intelligently, with no little skill as an interpreter. In two of Korbay's songs—the one in which "I" and "Me" are introduced in a manner to shock the purist, and "Pretty Maid," he was sufficiently, not aggressively, humorous. He should guard himself in future from throwing emphasis on the last note of every phrase, regardless of its musical or rhetorical significance. This recurring emphasis was especially noticeable in Faure's "Nell."

There was a most friendly audience of good size.

A foreign news editor received a story from the Journal de Mayence that a man on trial for burglary complained of sharp pains in his stomach. It was opened and 16 nightingales were found in it. He had swallowed the birds immediately before his arrest in the hope of bringing them up again and using them to effect his escape.

This was a poser. The newspaper's library was searched for information about nightingales. How could nightingales aid in a prisoner's escape?

It finally occurred to the editor that while "rossignol" means nightingale, it also means "skeleton key."

"Rossignol" has other meanings in French slang. It's a book that does not sell; what Americans call a plug; and Germans know as a crab; it's also a piece of goods shewn or out of fashion.

It means an oboe. An Arcadian "rossignol" is a jackass, also a bad singer. A "rossignol de Hollande" is a frog; a "rossignol a glands," a pig.

In English military slang nightingale is a soldier who sings out under punishment. "It is a point of honor in some regiments, among the grenadiers never to cry out or become nightingales whilst under the discipline of the cat of nine tails; to avoid which they chew a bullet." And so a spit-head-nightingale is a bo'sun's mate. A Cambridgeshire nightingale is a frog.

What in American thieves' slang today is a skeleton-key? Perhaps some of our more adventurous readers can inform us.

WE ARE SORRY FOR HIM

Mr. A. B. Walkley writes: "Ibsen's plays, once my delight, now stare at me from the bookshelf, forlorn, with nothing to say to me. Thackeray I used to adore, and, indeed, to celebrate with libations at the Tiltmarsh Club; today I cannot bear to reopen him. Nothing is so disconcerting as this consciousness of forsaken causes and forgotten beliefs; you seem to have become the sport of circumstance and the whirligig of time."

FIVE O'CLOCK EXTRAVAGANCE

"German officials are condemning five-o'clock tea as an extravagance."

So it was considered by certain Englishmen in the 18th century. A book on matrimonial etiquette, "The Husband, in Answer to the Wife," was published in 1756. This husband is lecturing his wife on household economy. "I look upon afternoon tea as one of the greatest superfluities that custom has introduced among us. I have calculated the expense, and dare affirm that a very moderate tea table with all its equipage cannot be supported on less than \$40 or \$50 a year."

John Wesley gave up tea-drinking and urged his hearers to do the same. William Cobbett advised young men to free themselves from "the slavery of the slop-kettle."

Today even in this city there are men who must have their afternoon tea, and often they insist on the enormity of buttered toast. We are told that in London there is scarcely an office without its kettle, its gas ring, and its collection of china. Some employers, engaging a typist, and their questions as to business ability by asking: "And can you make a good cup of tea?"

Twenty years or more ago an English colonel, a guest at the Porphyry Club, amazed the members, the steward and the waiters by insisting on tea and buttered toast at 5 o'clock. Today strong men may be seen in clubs drinking tea—also with sugar and cream. It's a sad sight; but no sadder than their faces.

IN AID OF BOOKSELLERS

As the World Wags:

In this month of good resolutions, I offer a new version of a familiar slogan. It's as likely to be followed as many another, and, on the whole, to be as effective—if observed with discrimination, as all resolutions, even good ones, should be:

The toils and struggles of this war-worn world,

Phantoms that cheat, while still their prize we seek,

Might quickly be from off their vantage hurled,

If only we might read a book a week.

We need no more complain of blind fate's blows,

Of wounds the harpies give with claw and beak;

But bravely face time's blasts—the winter's snows,

As long as we may read a book a week.

For joy, for love, enchantment or repose,

The thrills of life, the calmness of the week,

And every other, blessing frail man knows,

Let's now resolve to read a book a week.

And toward the fairy land of old romance,

Of poesy and wisdom which we seek; We'll onward fare, and heartfully advance,

Our watchword being: "Read a book a week!"

Boston. HORACE G. WADLIN.

CONCERNING PERSONALITY

As the World Wags:

A remarkable change has been going on during the last few years. Right before our eyes an inanimate object, having first assumed an individuality is now taking on a personality. I refer to the automobile number plate.

The acquisition of its individuality was hastened, if not actually brought about, by the high-number specialists, a cult which gained rapidly in skill and numbers. Five, six, or even seven years ago one might occasionally meet these

specialists, but now they form a well recognized body in our communities. Listen as one specialist meets another on the street. "Whatcharot?" he asks, (a technical question meaning, "What is the highest number you have seen on a number plate?"), or, "Does 330123 beat you?" These men are skilful observers, always on the alert. They hate to be worsted in a number matching contest; they work to win. A number to them is valuable in direct proportion to its size (or height), and it is their energy which has given to the number plate its individuality.

Personality developed more slowly, and that it developed at all is perhaps due to the fact that nowadays automobiles look pretty much alike. At least the small ones do, the common little black ones, "not to put too fine a point on it"—the Fords. Leave the number plate off and they are nonentities; put one on and you have attached a personality. "Whose personality?" you ask I answer, "The owner's." How do we recognize our friends when our cars pass each other? By their number plate. We may not know what their number is, but certain numbers call to mind certain faces, certain persons; the numbers possess a personality. This is why at the beginning of the year, when the numbers change, we are hampered; it is as if we had grown near-sighted; we do not recognize our old friends because we do not recognize their new numbers.

Here as everywhere Romance steps in. Can't you imagine the thrill in a young man's heart should he suddenly and unexpectedly catch sight of her number in traffic?

Last December I overheard a conversation which illustrates well this romance of the road. "Next year," he said, "my number will be 56X81." She looked at him coyly. "I'll remember," she said.

Lexington.

HAVENS, PIANIST,

By PHILIP HALE

Raymond Havens, pianist, played in Jordan Hall yesterday afternoon. Vivaldi — Bach, Concerto D minor; Respighi, Three preludes on Gregorian melodies; Bax, A Hill Tune; Beethoven, Sonata Appassionata; Chopin, Berceuse and Etude, G flat major, op. 10, No. 5; Liszt, Hungarian Rhapsody No. 6.

Fortunately, the concerto was short, and agreeable. Bach's more elaborate compositions for the Clavier, especially the lively movements, suggest that he merely cut off anywhere from 50 to 100 yards from his contrapuntal cloth. Too many of the quick movements are chatter. But this concerto was pleasing throughout, in itself and in the manner it was played. There are pianists that perform Bach's music as if they were priests officiating at a solemn ceremony. They play with their hand, but they are on their knees. Mr. Havens rightly recognized the fact that Bach was, after all, a human being, whose compositions are not necessarily of plenary inspiration; a man who could write as dull music as Beethoven and Wagner at their worst.

Mr. Havens is to be thanked for playing the pieces by Respighi and Bax. The former's preludes are elaborate treatments of Gregorian melodies—especially the first two—but the arabesques and flourishes are so artfully contrived that they do not seem incongruous, much less impertinent. In the middle of the second prelude, the folk song expression brings up the old question that has vexed many: Did plain song come from the people, or were folk tunes borrowed from the church? In these preludes there is a singular blending of ecclesiastical mysticism and dignity with sensuous Italian beauty. Respighi has an idiom of his own; he does not lean too heavily on the

shoulders of the ultra-modern French men. The third prelude, shorter than the others, by its suavity and apparent simplicity, is in strong contrast to the two preceding.

The charming piece of Bax, Gaelic in character, is free from his besetting sin, prolixity.

Probably a pianist giving a recital in order to retain the respect of the conservative must play a sonata in three movements by Ludwig van Beethoven, "The Deaf Man of Bonn." If this must be, the "Appassionata" is as wise a choice as any. Mr. Havens gave the familiar music an impressive reading; the "passion" was there, but it did not boil over, nor was it so subdued that one wondered at the title.

Mr. Havens played in musical as well as virtuosic manner.

In the jargon of the passionate press agent, there are several, if not many, vile words and phrases. One of the

obnoxious of them is "capacity." There is no adjective "capacity."

What is the meaning of the word as they stand? Has the audience mental or intellectual receiving power? Active power or force of mind, mental ability? The power, ability or faculty for anything in particular? The quality or condition of admitting or being open to action or treatment? Position, condition, character, relation? Legal competency or qualification?

These are the meanings of "capacity" now in use as given in the Oxford English dictionary. There are other meanings, some of them obsolete. An old gentleman well versed in theatrical matters, Mr. Phineas Buffington Auger, tells us that the press agent probably meant to say that the playhouse was full. Then why doesn't he say so?

It's bad enough to find the press agent confounding "pretentious" with "sumptuous," or "costly" or "elaborate." We are hardly reconciled to his calling a play a "vehicle" for some "star"—Arcturus in a wheelbarrow; Sirius in a motor truck. Of course in these days a performance is a "presentation."

We are delighted to learn that Mr. Ernest d'Almaine, a tenor of Daly's Theatre, London, although 75 years old, and a great-grandfather, is still singing in "The Maid of the Mountains" and can "still reach top B flat" in a manner to cause the justly celebrated Mary Jane to turn green with envy. Mr. d'Almaine is known in London as "the Cast Iron Tenor." He probably has an iron jaw and great staying power, just the man for Wagnerian opera.

Paul Kester has written for Margaret Anglin a play, "The Great Lady Dedlock," based on "Bleak House." Some of us remember "Chesney Wold" with Mme. Janussek playing Lady Dedlock and Hortense, the French maid suggested to Dickens, it is said, by his attending the trial of Maria Manning for murder. With what a resonant voice the detective kept saying "Sir Leicester Dedlock, Baronet," with a heavy accent on the "net"!

A great actress, this Mme. Janussek; never greater than in "Bruen-hilde."

A male choir of Cleveland, Ohio, will take part in the Royal National Eisteddfod of Wales next August. The report that the members of the choir are already dieting on Welsh rabbits has been contradicted. The leading authorities on vocal art have for many years forbidden singers the enjoyment of cheese, nuts and certain fruits; also tobacco, although some celebrated singers, as Mario, smoked incessantly.

William H. Richardson, baritone, and Maud Cuney Hare, pianist and lecturer, will give a costume recital of songs of the Orient and the tropics at the Copley-Plaza this afternoon at 3:30 o'clock. The program is peculiarly interesting. Mr. Richardson's voice and art have been applauded throughout the land, and Mrs. Hare has made a thorough study of negro and creole songs.

Hans Ebell, pianist, and three of his "artist" pupils will give a concert in Jordan hall tonight.

Marcel Dupre, the celebrated organist, who can play from memory all the organ works of Bach with both hands and two feet, will be the soloist at the Symphony concerts this week. He will play an organ concerto of Bach which was originally a clavier concerto, an adaptation, in turn, of a violin concerto. He will also play Wallace Goodrich's excellent arrangement for orchestra and organ of a Chorale by Cesar Franck. The orchestral pieces will be Beethoven's Symphony No. 8; the prelude to "Parsifal" and Liszt's "Preludes."

Burton Holmes will give his second Travelogue about China tomorrow night and Saturday afternoon in Symphony hall. Last week he talked in a white monkey jacket and black trousers, worn, as he said, by wily diplomats in Peking. The Lord only knows how he will be rigged tomorrow!

John Powell, pianist, will play in Jordan hall Saturday afternoon. The program is an orthodox one—music by Beethoven, Chopin, Liszt—tempered by Mr. Powell's "Banjo Picker" and Guion's "Turkey in the Straw."

During the Christmas holidays veterans of the variety stage sang at the Palladium music hall songs of bygone days. The program included: "What Ho, She Bumps," "Daddy Wouldn't Buy Me a Bow-Wow," "Sister Mary Jane's Top Note," "At Trinity Church I Met My Doom."

The reviewer of the London Times

said that rank Bridge is "in that not numerous class of conductors who prefer line to color and postpone private judgment to the quod omnibus et ubique." No American reviewer, to our knowledge, has ever thought of this Latin phrase. And yet Messrs. Henderson, Aldrich, Liebling and Fluck—to mention only New York critics—are men who have "enjoyed the privilege of a collegiate education."

We regret to say that Mme. Ganna Walska-McCormick, who "divorced two rich men, then married a richer"—this singer who had a row with the excellent conductor, Senor Gina Merinuzzi, for he had the audacity to say she couldn't sing—will not be with the Chicago Opera Company in Boston.

The late John F. Runciman, announcing in London a recital by Vladimir de Pachmann, wrote: "No one should fail to see him." We should all like to see Madame Ganna.

New plays will be in Boston next Monday. Pauline Frederick, who since 1915 has devoted herself to the cinema stage, will be seen in the spoken drama, "The Guilty One." The company is a strong one. Philadelphia liked the play and the performance. For the benefit of those whose first question is, "How old is she?" we hasten to say that the English "Who's Who in the Theatre" states that Miss Frederick was born in Boston on Aug. 12, 1884; that she was educated here; that she made her first appearance on the stage in New York, Sept. 1, 1902, with "The Rogers Brothers in Harvard."

"The Passing Show" will no doubt crowd the theatre. And "Just Married" should prosper, for it tells of an intoxicated gentleman who mistakes his stateroom on an ocean steamer, and of an unmarried lady seen at first in pink silk pyjamas.

Galsworthy's "Family Man" should run another week, if only for the dialogue and the delightful portrayal of the French maid by Miss Catherine Willard. But there's no accounting for the taste of the public. Bennett's "Honey-moon" is announced as in rehearsal.

As we write, the play to follow "Enter Madame" has not been named.

We hear that Mr. Montoux has a little difficulty in arranging programs on account of the sickness of several members of the orchestra. Georges Enesco, the distinguished violinist and composer, will play Brahms's concerto and conduct his own suite next week. Holst's remarkable series of symphonic poems, "The Planets," will probably soon be performed.

FABRIZIO RECITAL

At his recital last night in Jordan hall, at which he had the valuable help of Alfred de Voto at the piano, Carmine Fabrizio, violinist, played this program: Sonata, Op. 12, No. 1, D major, Beethoven; Concerto Romantic, Riccardo Zandonai; Havanalse, Saint-Saens; Slavonic Dance No. 3, Dvorak-Kreisler; Serenade carnavalesque, Charles Repper; Intermezzo (from Pregiwa's Marriage), Bainbridge Crist; Rondino, H. Vieuxtemps.

The audience last night had every air of enjoying the program and Mr. Fabrizio's playing of it. Against the program, in very truth, persons prone to carping could not bring the complaint that it was for all the world precisely like the one they heard last week, and 10 to 1 like the one they will hear again tomorrow. If Beethoven's genius did not shine with its brightest luster when he undertook his sonatas for piano and violin, the least of them is surely a refreshment after too many hearings of the Bach Chaconne, on which all violinists with any pretensions to seriousness inordinately dote. So, once in a way, the Zandonai concerto came gratefully to ears which have heard often enough the Saint-Saens B minor or the Bruch G minor. For his last group, as well, Mr. Fabrizio found something new in Mr. Repper's lively serenade and Mr. Crist's Intermezzo, attractive pieces both, which should find their way into many a coming program.

Only last Sunday did Mr. Fabrizio play the new concerto, with the People's Orchestra, for the first time in Boston. So far as one may judge it from hearing it last night, without orchestra and without any study of the score, it seems mightily characteristic of its composer, which is the same as saying, characteristic of nothing else. For Zandonai, undoubtedly a skilled musician of high intelligence, a gentleman and a scholar, one may guess, so absolutely lacks musical ideas of individuality or expressiveness that his efforts come to naught. His attempt to depict low life in Spain, in "Conchita," his musical setting of d'Annunzio's poetic tragedy, "Francesca," certain songs, they all lack real beauty as markedly as they lack life. And so it is with this "romantic" concerto.

The attempt is there, one feels it, an intelligent attempt, to be romantic. In matters of romance, however, intellect is not so all important; imagination counts for more.

After a second hearing, to be sure, one might feel differently, especially if an orchestra were at hand. For even the able Mr. de Voto cannot take the place of an orchestra. Wonders, though, he did, in securing orchestral color and suggestion of atmosphere. In the sonata, too, Mr. de Voto played delightfully; he knows a thing or two about the principles of ensemble playing which some other pianists might to advantage learn.

This same sonata, once out of the way, where his tone sounded thin, Mr. Fabrizio showed himself possessed of a beautiful technique, one, at all events, that gives him command of warm, sweet tone and a fine, neat fleetness in passages. The evening long Mr. Fabrizio played with musically taste, and in the concerto with some warmth. That his playing, however, last night abounded in vitality, cannot truthfully be said. An audience of good size, however, heartily applauded him.

R. R. G.

Jan 2 1923

Miss Mary Garden says that M. Coue's little book is her Bible. It is on her night stand; she reads it before going to sleep; she reads it when she awakes. We inferred when we saw this important information in a newspaper that Miss Garden was growing better day by day and night by night.

Our disappointment, then, was the keener when we read that she purposes to head her own opera company next season, for in the Chicago company Italian influence prevails and she cannot appear so often as she wishes as Thais and Louise. We had hoped that, thanks to M. Coue, she would no longer be willing to portray naughty characters (we have always wondered whether conversion really "took" in the case of Thais. As for Louise, she was a hopeless case. The gutter clamored for her from the start). We doubt if M. Coue would advise Miss Garden to give realistic portrayals of Manon and Carmen, though he might allow her to shine in "Monna Vanna," because she wears in the second act a conventional evening party dress in spite of Maeterlinck's stage direction.

Are there no Italian operas, besides "Tosca" and "The Love of Three Kings" worthy of Miss Garden's attention? It is true that the best of them demand singers as well as actresses.

WE SHOULD STAY PUT

As the World Wags:

This morning I noticed on my tube of tooth paste the words: "If you prefer the cream softer, keep in a warmer place." This reminds me that last Christmas I received a package on which was the suggestion: "Keep in a cool place."

Of course, I am flattered by all this interest in my whereabouts; but, on account of the contradiction in the advice, I think I shall stay just where I am.

LOC. CIT.

RONDEL

Death is only a long forgetting
After the sundown, hidden away
In a cool, dark bed at the end of day,
While the gods keep watch and the stars are setting.

Why should we fear to have done with fretting
At lust and labor and hate and play?
Death is only a long forgetting
After the sundown, hidden away.

None of us lives without regretting
The toil we gave for a pauper's pay;
And we shall be fain at last to say,
What of the weary years and sweating:
"Death is only a long forgetting."

THE KING OF THE BLACK ISLES.

STRIPPED FOR THE WORK

As the World Wags:

A foreman of a department in a factory near by recently caused the following notice to be posted:

HEREAFTER EMPLOYEES WILL LEAVE ALL OF THEIR CLOTHING IN THE CLOAK ROOM.

PENOCHE.

HOW DO YOU FIGURE THIS, WATSON?

(Mid-Week Pictorial)

The air mail service of the United States has been developed very rapidly, so rapidly, in fact, that plans are already in progress to cross the continent in 24 hours. To do this, of course, it would be necessary to travel part of the time by night.

THE SUPREME LINE

As the World Wags:

This is the line. We read and are stilled:

"And Mary with the Christ of Nazareth held deep in her caress."

L. X. CATALONIA.

HAND-BELL RINGERS

As the World Wags.

"L. R. R." in your column of Jan. 2 asks if the Peak troupe were the pioneer bell-ringing company.

If "L. R. R." means were they the original handbell-ringers, I would suggest that handbell-ringing had been known long before the date you mention, i. e., Dec 23, 1861.

Companies of handbell-ringers made up from the peal ringers—or change ringers attached to the English churches—were not unknown long before. My remembrance of their performances is that they rang changes instead of tunes, and in addition to these changes individuals changed bells. Village celebrations sometimes brought out the ringers, not necessarily for pay, but as a contribution on the part of the performers to the day's amusement. JAMES M. PULLEY. Melrose.

O WHAT A SURPRISE!

(London Daily Chronicle.)

The arrival of a party of Swazi chiefs in England may recall the visit of a deputation in 1894, and its introduction to Queen Victoria, which shook a little even her equanimity. "We come, O great mother," translated the interpreter, "to bring to thee our babe. Take him, O mother, to thy knees; fold him to thy breast." At this stage the Queen was becoming alarmed. "But, where is the child?" she cried, "I don't see him." "Here, O mother," said the Swazi gravely, bringing forward a hefty savage six feet high and weighing about 16 stones. "Here he is."

So "Parsifal" will be performed here by the Chicago opera company. A paragraph once quoted this headline in a newspaper: "Woman sleeps 48 hours," and added: "Absurd! 'Parsifal' doesn't last that long."

WHY HURRY THE PATRONS?

(From a circular of the Weymouth Village Cemetery Association)

Any of the lot owners who want their lot to have a coat of bone dressing, notify the Superintendent before April 1st.

11TH SYMPHONY

By PHILIP HALE

The 11th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Montoux conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. The program was as follows: Beethoven, Symphony No. 8; Bach, Concerto, D minor, for organ and strings (first time at these concerts, if not in Boston); Wagner, Prelude to "Parsifal"; Franck, Organ Chorale No. 2, B minor, arranged for organ and orchestra by Wallace Goodrich; Liszt, Symphonic Poem, "The Preludes." Marcel Dupre of Paris was the organist. He played here for the first time in public.

Bach's "organ" concerto reminds one of a genealogical table in the Old Testament. The concerto is one for clavier and strings. It was in all probability derived from a violin concerto; perhaps a development rather than an arrangement. At the first performance of a cantata by Bach in Leipzig the whole of the concerto was transferred, as an introduction, to the organ of St. Thomas's Church, to display the improvements made on that instrument; but as this cantata is now known to us, there is no introduction. Bach, however, used two movements of the concerto at the beginning of another cantata: the first as an overture for two oboes, oboe d'caccia, strings and organ; to the second movement an Adagio for strings and organ, he added independent voice parts.

The history of this concerto is its one interesting feature. Bach could be as dull as any other great composer; dull, except to those who roll their eyes skyward at the mere mention of his name, and believe in his plenary inspiration. The two Allegros are endless in their insignificant chatter. They might have been continued, each for 10 to 15 minutes, or been out in half, without diminishing or enlarging their musical value. Notes, notes, notes. The Adagio does not redeem the composition. It sounds as if an organist were rambling with one finger, and without purpose, over the keys of a manual, while the strings were wondering in hushed speech what he was about.

It is to be regretted that Mr. Dupre, the most distinguished organist, chose this concerto for his first appearance at a Symphony concert. As he is a famous player of Bach's magnificent preludes and fugues, also Bach's Trios for the organ, the audience would have heard him gladly. A concerto by Handel would have been welcomed.

Mr. Goodrich's skilful transcription of Franck's Chorale was more to the purpose, although it gives little opportunity for virtuoso display. Here the

organ does not quarrel with the orchestra, as is generally the case when the organ is required to take a prominent and independent part. Many organists today, especially those passionately addicted to transcriptions of purely orchestral works, deny the dictum of Berlioz, whose knowledge and use of orchestral instruments still excite amazement and veneration; but this dictum is often proved by venturesome performances.

It is strange that in years past the Eighth Symphony of Beethoven was regarded as a "little," even an inferior work. It is full of musical thoughts that could occur only to Beethoven; there is the revelation of his rough humor; his tenderness, as in the unexpected measures towards the end of the Finale; his amazing flow of spirit; his unquenchable vitality.

The symphony was finely played, as was the prelude to "Parsifal." Wagner, with his theatrical sense, was right: This music is not so impressive when it is performed, no matter how well, outside of the Bayreuth theatre consecrated to the music dramas. We heard "Parsifal" the year it was produced at Bayreuth. No performance of the prelude has since awakened the same emotions. There was the silence of deep devotion; the presence of the worshippers, fanatics in the great majority; the expectation of marvellous scenes to come, as the wailing first phrase came from the unseen orchestra. Put this prelude in the conventional opera house or in a concert hall, and it cannot be ranked with Wagner's master works.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of next week will comprise the overture to "Benvenuto Cellini" by Berlioz; Brahms's violin concerto, Debussy's Rondes de Printemps, and Enesco's suite for orchestra. Georges Enesco, the celebrated violinist and composer, Rumanian by birth, Parisian by education and adoption, will play the concerto and conduct his suite.

Views of Gorges of the Yangtze

The subject of Burton Holmes's copiously illustrated travelogue last night in Symphony hall was "Into China Through the Gorges of the Yangtze." Of course Mr. Holmes began his journey at a hotel—this time at Shanghai—and talked of tea and tennis at a club, but he soon showed glimpses of the great river and the sights of Hangchow and Sooshow, homes of millionaires, tombs, lakes, images.

Not only the scenery; the life and manners of the people were described and pictured. Perhaps the chief feature of the travelogue was the journey through the gorges and the rapids, with the sight of the tolling junks, the dangers and the risks. Later, there were interesting views of the cities little known or even unknown by name to the great majority of the audience, cities of amazing commerce, cities swarming with inhabitants. China is a country in which even Americans who believe in the doctrine of "isolation" should be deeply interested, a country of a venerable civilization, of enormous possibilities. These travelogues treating of China, Japan and Manchuria should therefore attract more than ordinary attention.

Mr. Holmes is a shrewd observer and has an agreeable manner of imparting information. Last night to create the proper atmosphere—with the aid of a spotlight the program said—he was arrayed in two Chinese costumes.

The travelogue will be repeated this afternoon. Next week the subject will be "Unfamiliar Japan."

To be a good patriot, a man must wish that his city is enriched by commerce and is powerful by arms. It is clear that one country cannot gain unless another country loses, and it cannot conquer without making others miserable. Human conditions are such that to wish the grandeur of one's country is to wish evil to one's neighbors. He who would wish his country never to be greater or smaller, richer or poorer would become the citizen of the universe.—Voltaire.

THE HUMOROUS LINOTYPE

(Adv. in the Atlantic Monthly)

Assurance of Immortality. "Death is but an incident in life." This blind sense of immortality will be translated into an abiding faith by the fearless thinking and buoyant optimism of this book.

As the World Wags

Yes, Miss Miriam Lowell (who appears to be my fellow-citizen) is right about the line from Meredith's "One of Our Conquerors," though the linotype's preference, "neutral onion," is a sad and flavorless substitute for Meredith's "mutual onion."

It is a pity Miss Lowell did not quote another bit from the same chapter:

"These Britons wear The driven and perplexed look of men Begotten hastily 'twixt business hours." Winchester. BILL RENDERED.

"Rapito" writes: "I shall be much obliged for any information concerning the career of Majorie Rambeau."

"Born at San Francisco in 1889; child actresses at the Alcazar in that city in 1901, played in stock companies in Los Angeles, Portland, Seattle, Vancouver; in Los Angeles played for 20 weeks with Nat Goodwin; in 1912 acted in Columbus, O.; made her first appearance in New York as Nelly in "Kick-in" on March 10, 1913. She was at Salt Lake City in 1913-14, and in 1914 she played at San Francisco; also in New York. In August, 1917, she played Gina Ashling in "Eyes of Youth." For a more complete account of her doings see "Who's Who in the Theatre" (London, 1922), from which we have taken the above statements. Miss Rambeau's first husband, according to this biographical dictionary, was Willard Mack; her second husband is Hugh Dillman (McGaughey); but it is not easy to keep the run of matrimonial transfer and promotions in the theatrical world.

FORGETFULNESS

I think that I was born for Lethe, Lethe, because it haunts me so; I glimpse its paradise of silence Down all the leafy ways I go.

Within the gleaming halls of morning, And where the sunset flames and coole, I see reflections of the popples That dwell by lonely streams and pools.

And often, often in my dreaming, A spirit whispers, hour by hour: "In Lethe's near and dear dominion Is found the only perfect flower."

And so I love the lore of Lethe, And love to think of times to be When in its changeless purple twilight, A ghost, its popples bloom for me. —LAURA BLACKBURN.

IT SOUNDS LIKE THE FIRST VERSE OF A RUSSIAN LOVE BALLAD

As the World Wags:

Seen on Church street, Hartford, Ct.: "I. Youlovsky Cleaning, pressing, dyeing." Hartford, Ct. W. L. R.

DRIVER OF SEDAN HIT BY TRAIN IN HOSPITAL

(Special Dispatch to The Herald.)

W. K. M. writes apropos of the above headlines: "One can't be safe anywhere."

LEO DITRICHSTEIN ON NEW PLAYS

(Letter to the New York Herald.)

"In the first place the young writers, with several notable exceptions, seem entirely too prone to key their pieces for that 80 per cent. of humanity who have, according to government statistics, the mentality of from 8 to 13 years. Witness the most successful type of play today, the mystery, which gives an audience nothing but a few thrills obtained by artificial tricks, hardly a sufficient dramatic nourishment for an adult mind."

COCOA FIENDS

Was it not in a Winter Garden show that an amusing, not a laborious, comedian, portraying a coffee fiend in a restaurant, shattered mentally and physically, kept shouting: "From the castle to the gutter! Coffee! Coffee!"

It seems that deep draughts of cocoa may be equally injurious. Counsel in a case tried recently in London thought that half a dozen cups daily made a high-level average for a normal person. But Montezuma—presumably "in the halls of the Montezumas"—put down gayly 50 times a day a golden vessel. The cocoa was flavored with spices, for he was more humane or more fastidious than his ancestors who flavored their draughts with the powdered bones of ancestors. The Spanish invaders thought cocoa a poisonous drink, an inflamer of the passions, and once in England it was considered an immoral drink.

It was in this Winter Garden show that Dorsha danced, to the delight of all beholders, What became of her? We heard that she married in New York and dances no more.

An article might be written: "How to Dance, Though Happily Married." Who was William Hughes, the author

of "The American Physician" with Discourse on the Coconut-tree and making of Chocolate," published in 1673? He also wrote "The Complete Vineyard" and the "Flower Garden." Why "American Physician"? His books were published in London.

BOOKWORM

O, sad queens and giddy queens, and knights in armor bright, Old dim conquerors, necklaces, and thrones, May make pictures for you—but they're all black and white,

Elaine is a fair maid—Lancelot is bold; And Guinevere and Helen are mystical and dear . . . But a wide road is sweeter than any tale told,

Read about your battles and your cities crumbling down— This is as chilling as any dark song

An owl in a tree top at the edge of the town.

And a white turkey gobbler with a raw scarlet head In a still green field on a dull blue day . . . Is far more colorful than anything you've read.

—DOROTHY DOW.

ADD "WONDERS OF NATURE"

(From the Fall River News)

The storm gave evidence from the first that it would assume large proportions before evening. During the early hours of the evening the velocity, thickness and size of the flakes were as large as are rarely seen in this part of the country.

We are sorry to find Prof. G. Elliot Smith, F. R. S., looking forward eagerly to the finding of the mummy of Tutankhamen's queen.

"For the physical traits of the heretic king's daughter might reveal some of the interesting series of peculiarities that have been revealed in the mummies of her father and grandfather and her great-grandparents on both sides. Then it would be possible to decide whether the artists of the time had any real justification for representing her in the same fantastic way as they portrayed her father, the heretic king. More than this the anatomical information as to the age and distinctive features, and possibly also the bodily infirmities, is sure to provide numerous facts that will help in the interpretation of the literary evidence. The examination would also provide much valuable information concerning the technique of embalming at a time when the procedure was undergoing significant changes."

Why break the wrappings and the rest of this noble dame, if she is found? Is there not a hideous indelicacy in this violation of the tomb's sanctity; this craving for anatomical information?

Sir Thomas Browne wrote long ago: "Egyptian ingenuity was more unsatisfied, contriving their bodies in sweet consistencies, to attend the return of their souls. But all was vanity, feeding the wind, and folly. The Egyptian mummies, which Cambyyses or time hath spared, avarice now consumeth. Mumby is become merchandise, Mizraim cures wounds, and Pharaoh is sold for balsams."

For "avarice" substitute "science."

PIG'S EYES

By the way, Sir Thomas Browne wrote in his commonplace book to quicken the researches of his son, Dr. Edward: "Why do a pig's eyes drop out in roasting rather than other animals?" But do they?

CREMATION IN VIENNA

The Social Democrats of Vienna and the Christian Socialists, the Conservative rivals, cannot agree as to cremation. The former body built a crematorium. A Christian Socialist has pointed out that cremation is illegal, therefore the building of the crematorium was a waste of money. The imperial decree of 1784, that burial is the only way in which the dead may be disposed of, is believed to hold good, but the Social Democrats maintain that as cremation is not specifically prohibited, it is therefore not illegal.

Marcel Schwob wrote a wild story of two brothers who had strange adventures at the workshop of women embalmers. One of the brothers fell in love with a woman whose face was of the color of the earth, a woman who ate no meat. She loved him. The other brother fled from the house the next morning, for the woman had begun to embalm her lover.

A BURIAL AT SEA

Mr. Christopher Morley recently published in his column in the New York Evening Post verses that may well

stand by Walt Whitman's description of the burial of a New York cab driver. "And one of the missionary women thought

That there wasn't much to be said for the dead man, Since he was a Hindu and a Heathen. Meanwhile, A sailor sewed him up in canvas— Like a Christian or a Turk, or any one else, And we rigged a platform out of dun-

nage From the number two hatch to the rail, And had a plank ready to balance the body on.

At six bells the crew was mustered forward.

The passengers looked on from the bridge deck,

While a Wisconsin missionary, in a blue serge suit, Read the burial service for the dead, And we all bowed stiffly as he led in prayer,

With the hot sun stinging on our bended necks. 'Thine is the Kingdom and the Power—' Repeated here and there in a voice like the rattle

Of a heel block under the winch's fall, 'And the Glory for Ever and Ever, Amen.'

Then we stretched a new British flag Over the canvas on the balanced plank. The skipper called to the officer on the bridge,

'Give them slow bell in the engine room,' The telegraph rattled, And the ship began to roll

Heavily and slow as she looted headway, 'Ashes . . . Dust . . . let him be thrown into the sea'

Chips raised one end of the plank, And the body slid away From under the shelter of the flag, And out of human keeping,

Splashed! The telegraph rattled once more, And the ship began to steady under way,

The passengers all talked, The Bow'n's gang went back to chipping rust, The quartermaster at the wheel

Struck seven bells in pairs, with the odd one Left over for the hour.

A lady went by, wiping her eyes on a handkerchief, And the missionary from Wisconsin paused to bewail

The cheapness of life in the East, While an ape-like Filipino boy Argued that Hindus are a kind of monkey—

Not to be classed as human, A. BINNS."

A LIBERAL EDUCATION

Lord Lonsdale at the "opening luncheon" of an international circus at Olympia last month confessed that he had belonged to a circus in his youth and traveled with it for a year and a half. "Confessed" is hardly the word, though the London reporter used it: Lord Lonsdale probably "boasted."

What did he do in the circus? Was he a rider, a tumbler, daring on the flying trapeze, clown, ringmaster, or only water boy? As he is still living, he probably did not ride the trick mule. Years ago the Burlington Hawkeye published:

IN THE CIRCUS

Here rests his head upon the lap of earth,

The brave young man that rode the brindle mule, He learned when inebriated burst the girth,

Too late the lesson of life's harshest school,

Broad culture, solid judgement, breadth of brain,

Thought that has drank at the Plerian spring, Grand depth and height of culture he must gain

Who safely rides the trick mule round the ring, We fear that the Hawkeye poet made the "I" in "Asinus" long in quantity,

SAID THE REV. S. F. BERNAYS

"The other day I was marrying a couple and the man said: 'I plank thee my troth,' as though it were his last dollar and he hoped he was putting it on a winner."

ENGLISH AT HARVARD

As the World Wags:

We have not only a nouveau art, but a nouveau grammar, and the Harvard Dramatic Club is a disciple. So reactionary are some people, alas! that the wife of one Harvard professor declined to be a patroness for the recent play given by this club because the prospectus stated that "through it all we see the guiding hand of he, the mystic

We publish today an interesting letter from Mr. Sherwin Lawrence Cook, suggested by a list of plays about Abraham Lincoln published recently in *The Herald*.

It is strange that no one has mentioned an extraordinary melodrama in five acts and eight scenes by Albert Delpit, produced at the Theatre Historique, Paris, on Feb. 26, 1876. The title of this play, in which Lincoln figured prominently, is "Les Chevaliers de la Patrie." There were 24 performances in 1876.

A young French officer, Robert Cavalle, is voyaging to the United States, with the intention of joining the southern army in the civil war. He hears that his father and sister, whom he was expecting to meet, had been seized by bandits. The father has been killed; the sister, Lilla, has been borne away. Robert, disembarking, seeks revenge. He learns that the instigator of these crimes is one Bradford, who had been dismissed from the elder Cavalle's house. Robert sacrifices everything to filial love. Abandoning the southern cause he visits Lincoln and demands justice. This Lincoln promises, but as no proof against Bradford is at hand, there's nothing to be done, so Robert takes vengeance into his own hands. Enraged, he threatens Lincoln, who "listens with calm and compassionate dignity." Bradford, surprised and surrounded, sets fire to the house in which he had imprisoned Lilla, who has become insane, and his own wife, who is in love with Robert. There is a duel. Robert thinks he has left Bradford dying on the field. His sister is saved; he can wed the dead man's wife; but the villain is only wounded. Lincoln provides the happy ending: now having proof of Bradford's guilt he orders him to be shot.

"Stomwall (sic) Jackson and Stuart, are in the play. It appears from an account of this melodrama that "Maxwell, otherwise called Booth," reciting in the course of the play spouts lines from Shakespeare's "Julius Caesar," translated by Delpit.

Georges Duval's account, is amusing: "The first act is, indeed, singular. A steamboat is ascending the Potomac. A race between two boats takes place. A passenger asks the captain: 'Which one will get there first?' 'The one that does it blow up?' replies the captain. The race begins. 'Hip! hip! hurrah!' the passengers shout. The red lights on the boat are very effective. The audience roars at the distinctively American joke of a passenger, who going towards another says: 'Good morning, sir.' 'I don't know you!' 'Come off! We met in the air: I was going up, you were coming down.'

"During the wait. 'Have you ever been blown up?' asked one of my colleagues of an American spectator. 'Seventeen times,' was the answer; 'and I no longer think it funny.'

"Let us pass on to the second scene, pretty with its effect of snow, to arrive at Lincoln's. The room is a copy of one in the White House. One exclaims, 'How closely the excellent Latouche resembles Lincoln!' After the act I listen to an American talking about Lincoln. O irony! It appears that the great man was fond of punning.

"The fourth scene is that of the fire; the fifth, the ruin. A good woman in the second gallery shrieked when Bradford set fire to the cottage. The stage trick is a good one, although it was used in 'La Madone des Roses.'

"Bradford has a characteristic line. Before setting fire this practical American takes precautions: he asks, 'Is the house insured?'

The Confederate officers wore a gold-labeled gray cap; a gray pelisse embroidered with gold; blue pantaloons.

There was a ballet, the bamboula, with Creole airs arranged by Artus; Le Banjo, Le Columbia, Le Rille, Le Maryland, Le Bonnie Blue Flag. Negroes and quadroons were dressed: the man in white trousers with red stripes, with red or blue vests; the women wore a yellow Madras cap, and dresses of variegated calico.

Latouche, who took the part of Lincoln, an pere noble accompanied Rachel to this country. He died in 1896, over 80 years of age, an actor with a thin face and large feet, who spoke his lines simply and well.

Celine Montaland, who figured in opera comique and in opera bouffe in New York in 1870, took a part in this melodrama, and so did Hortense Rhea, who visited this country in 1881, also in 1890, remembered here especially as Josephine, Empress of the French.

But to Mr. Cook's letter:

PLAYS ABOUT LINCOLN

To the Editor of *The Herald*:

It is interesting to read of the many plays in which Lincoln has figured, in the brief article in Sunday's *Herald*.

One play comes to mind, not because Lincoln appeared but because he was carefully removed. This play was Mr. Herne's "Rev. Griffith Davenport," a dramatization of Miss Gardner's "An Unofficial Patriot." Miss Gardner's Griffith was sent on his secret quest by Lincoln, who used all his powers to persuade Davenport to take up the ungrateful task. It might have been made a great scene, but Herne felt, I understood at the time, that the American people wanted to keep Lincoln apart from dramatic impersonation, however plausible, and substituted for Lincoln the figure of one of his war governors, Oliver P. Morton of Indiana. If I remember correctly, it took some of the greatest pathos out of the play, which was a very fine one, done the

less. There was a melodrama written, I think, by William Haworth in the early or middle 90s, called "The Ensign," in which Lincoln was a figure, pardoning the hero unjustly condemned to death. In this case I believe he did not speak.

I think Chapin's sketch, which I saw in vaudeville, was a condensation of a longer play. Even in its variety surroundings I was greatly impressed with its close, Lincoln alone, leaving the darkening stage, on his way to Ford's Theatre. It was far more poetic and dignified than the exciting and confused scene in Drinkwater's play. But we must remember that to an English audience, before which Drinkwater's play was first given, the tragic end would not have been so clearly indicated by Chapin's method as it was to us. Chapin's, however, was the great performance of Lincoln. Old men who had known him well, who had served in high office under him, who had stood in front of him at Gettysburg, united in saying that it was remarkable. If Chapin was like Lincoln, certainly Mr. McGlynn could not be.

I saw Dixon's play in New York, a few weeks after I saw Drinkwater's there. I went with a lusty personal prejudice against the author, but I felt in one or two scenes that I had seen certain elements of Lincoln's unselfed shrewdness and recourse, correctly presented for the first time, due in part to Mr. Hall's understanding performance, never booming nor redundant. The play had a central theme and while lacking the poetry and dignity of Mr. Drinkwater's conception was a better piece of stage carpentry. There were a dozen complete dramas in Lincoln's life. Dixon interpreted one very faithfully. Drinkwater conceived an ideal and built scenes to establish it, even in the first act changing the fibre of Lincoln's character.

SHERWIN LAWRENCE COOK.

THE CHICAGO OPERA COMPANY

To the Editor of *The Herald*:

Several of the Boston newspapers, in referring to the coming season of opera, by the Chicago company, have intimated that the season is a "test" and that if Bostonians patronize it liberally, the company will return next season for a long engagement.

Will *The Herald* be fair enough to Boston music lovers to print the real facts concerning this engagement by the Chicago company and to point out that the engagement and the patronage of it can in no sense be considered a "test"?

The Chicago company has been recently reorganized so that only two of the great artists who made it famous now remain on its roster, Miss Garden

and Miss Raisa. The other artists are either decidedly competent or inferior, but they are by no stretch of the imagination the great artists of the operatic world.

Now this inferior company—inferior when compared to its old standards or to the Metropolitan standards—is coming to Boston and plans to charge for its seats from \$150 to \$10 a seat. The better seats in the balcony are to be \$6 and \$5. Such a tariff, excepting when some great artist like Miss Garden sings, is of course an absurdity. If Bostonians fail to pay such hold-up prices for the performances they should not be branded as "unwilling to support opera."

Think of paying \$5, \$6 or \$10 to hear "Die Walkure," which should be sung

by glorious singers, given, as by the Chicago company, with Miss Van Gordon and Mr. Lamont in the leading roles.

The situation might be remedied by charging the full prices when the company gives its star performances and cutting the prices in half when the secondary artists appear.

Probably the writer has wasted his time asking a newspaper to print a single word unfavorable to an advertising theatre. He cannot but hope, however, that the publication of this and similar letters might aid in clearing up Boston's most unfortunate present unmusical situation. H. M. OLIVER.

Mr. Oliver should remember that opera well performed is a luxury and a costly one. He speaks of "old standards" and "Metropolitan standards."

We shall probably never hear again in Boston singers equal to those brought here by the Abbey, Schoeffel and Grai company, when performances with shabby scenery were given in the Mechanics building, a barn of a place, with uncomfortable seats. A company of singers equal to those then assembled could not be brought together today; they do not exist.

Mr. Oliver should remember the great cost of transportation since the world war. To bring the Chicago Opera Company to Boston is a courageous undertaking on the part of the local guarantors. Mr. Oliver makes disparaging remarks about the singers of this company. He excepts Miss Garden and Miss Raisa. Well, opinions differ concerning the vocal ability of the two singers he names; but no one disputes the extraordinary dramatic talent of Miss Garden. Has Mr. Oliver heard all the other singers of this company? He surely would not call Mmes. Muzio, Mao' beth, Mason, Van Gordon, and Messrs. Schipa, Crimi, Lamont, Baklanof, Cotreull inferior singers. There are excellent reports about Mr. Formichi, and Mr. Marshall is said to be a robust tenor for heroic roles. There is no question about Mr. Polacco's ability as a conductor.

The visit of this company should be encouraged, not sneered at in advance. Mr. Oliver should remember that the Metropolitan Opera Company has not always given performances of the highest order in this city, nor did its applauded singers always take their roles seriously. Caruso, too often, skylarked (physically, alas not vocally), and when he was taken to task by the newspapers, he sulked and vowed he would not visit the city again. One of the worst performances of "Martha" we ever saw was given by the Metropolitan Company. On the other hand, many of the performances when that opera house was in its high estate were memorable.

MUSIC IN EUROPE

Richard Strauss's new ballet, "Whipped Cream," will not be performed until next spring. His new opera, "Intermezzo," will be produced at the Salzburg festival next summer.

Four "Chansons nostalgiques," by Grassi, were produced at a Paderloup concert in Paris conducted by Andre Caplet on Dec. 23.

Here is a queer announcement: "At Duisburg a ballet, 'The Green Flute,' composed by Einar Nilsson, after Mozart; scenario by Oscar Ble."

The Bluecher orchestra of Berlin is now called the Berlin Symphony orchestra.

The Music Teachers' Union of Germany has fixed these prices for pupils: Elementary instruction, 100 to 150 marks an hour; middle instruction, 200 to 300 marks; the highest instruction, 400 to 600.

Toscanini will be the conductor at the Orchestral and Dramatic festival in Berlin next August.

Is not this "Hannerl" of Schubert, in Rome, the operetta "Orange Blossoms" known in this country?

I have heard many rather odd comments on the offer of £50 plus royalties for an English opera libretto made by the British National Opera Company. They are mostly to the effect that the sum is too small to attract the great ones of the earth. But who and where are these great ones? I prefer to look at it from the other standpoint, that it may easily discover a genius for the libretto art at present entirely unknown. Further comments are to the effect that none of the judges is an opera composer or even a librettist. Possibly Mr. Arnold Bennett has written a libretto; possibly Mr. Percy Pitt has written an opera; and possibly Mr. Nigel Playfair has staged an opera. But is it really any more necessary now than in Dr. Johnson's time that the driver of fat oxen must himself be fat? March 31 next is the last day for receiving librettos.—London Daily Telegraph.

No award is offered for the correct guesser at the names of the operas which filled the bill during the opening week of the Metropolitan season in New York, but it may amuse some folks at Christmas to say which opera tells (1) a story of attempted violation, followed by murder; (2) of murder and usurpation; (3) of marital infidelity, followed

by murder; (4) of heartlessness defeated on one side by the dawn of a true love and on the other by the plotting of social schemers; (5) of seduction and retribution with the devil in the foreground; (6) of the ruin of a strong man by the wiles of a professional siren. The operas are all known in London.—Yon-don Daily Telegraph.

The witch in "Haensel and Gretel" was sung on Dec. 26 at Covent Garden

by Sydney Russell, the first man to take the role in England. "Hitherto the part has invariably been sung by a mezzo-soprano, although at the premiere, in Germany, with the sanction and approval of the composer, the role was assigned, as in the present instance, to a buffo tenor." Maggie Teyte alternated the role of Haensel with Doris Lemon.

At the ninth symphony concert of his Bournemouth season, Sir Dan Godfrey introduced Thomas Dunhill's "Chiddingfold Suite" and produced for the first time Tivadar Nachez's new (MS.) violin concerto, the composer coming out of his retirement to play the solo part. The concerto is in three movements, and was begun some six years ago. A reference is made to this fact in the second movement (an adagio), the date of which is Christmas eve, 1918. When Tivadar Nachez's second violin concerto was produced, also, of course, by Sir Dan, in 1906, a London performance followed in less than six months, both the Philharmonic and Sir Landon Ronald performing it in the following spring.—London Daily Telegraph.

SUTRO'S NEW PLAY

(Manchester Guardian)

Nothing will prevent Mr. Matheson Lang from being a romantic, and if Mr. Sutro sends him into the oil market instead of into Spanish bull rings or the tilting grounds of mediaeval chivalry, which are his more usual habitat, one can be sure that he will take the city by storm, as strict in honor as he is magnificent in bearing. In "The Great Well," Mr. Sutro has contrived a play of modern finance in terms of purely romantic values.

Conceive three directors of a speculative oil company discussing nice points of honor like a sub-committee of public school masters while their money is vanishing into air. Conceive Mr. Matheson Lang as Peter Stratton, one of the said directors, writhing upon a sofa in a furious effort to gain the self-mastery which will prevent him from strangling the man before him who has made love to his wife and all but wrecked his business. And how to keep his hands from the rat? Why, simply by recounting to himself the story of that night during the war in which the rat was a lion and saved Peter Stratton's life. Conceive a final scene in which Peter Stratton forgives the wife who has played him false in business and all but false in love because she chooses this opportunity to announce that she is to bear him a child, a fact about which she had apparently forgotten to inform her husband previously. That is the sort of thing that has happened many, many times upon the stage, and Mr. Sutro knows how to make these things happen effectively, and Mr. Lang knows how to make them happen bravely and handsomely. But that all this bears any re-

lation to life in the city of the West end one cannot lightly believe. Mr. Sutro may be right in his financial details about the reaction on the city when the rumor came that the great well in the Stratton oilfields had dried up, but the reactions on the minds and wills of his characters are only true to the world which is forever lit by lime-light. But for those who prefer artificial illumination and the warm air of the stage to the dim lights and raw humors of an English climate this play supplies richness indeed.

Mr. Matheson Lang as the manly Peter Stratton and Mr. Reginald Owen, as his false friend, acted the piece for all it was worth, going into the strife like the gallant ex-service men they were. Miss Laura Cowie as Mrs. Peter Stratton remained above or at least outside the battle, playing for naturalism with a most compelling skill—her silences and stillness and extraordinary economy in the use of the players' armory gave us a hard and gem-like outline of a modern woman who concedes nothing to romance. This austere outline hardly blended with the rich emotional coloring of the piece, but it was brilliant and memorable in its way as an example of first-rate intellectual acting in a play whose appeal is mainly to the feelings.

A PUPPET BALLET

(Manchester Guardian, Dec. 15)

I have already mentioned how instant was the success of William Simmonds's puppet show at Prof. Rothenstein's house last Thursday. His *Chloro per-*

formances this week at the hall of the Art Workers' Guild in Queen square were so crowded with the important in art and letters that ordinary mortals there felt quite embarrassed. This afternoon its social success was crowned by the presence of a royal princess. I mention that side of the show to indicate how even the eminent in art and letters and society do often get to hear about beauty when it comes to town.

Mr. Simmonds has done for puppetry what the Russians did for the ballet, and has brought to his feet the same sort of people. He has taken the adept, vigorous, rough-and-ready, well-worn technique, of which that strange survival Crum Lewis is the last master, and developed it along its own lines into a form of a gay, light beauty, and instead of "The Mystery of the Red Barn" he gives you a scene with fauns and satyrs and dryads with a glamor that encompasses you like that of the best Russian ballet.

There is, of course, much to be said for the old puppet masters and their plays, but Mr. Simmonds's achievement is of another kind. It is really puppet

ballet. But he has preserved in it an unexpected pleasure from the old. It has humor of a jolly, appropriate kind. "A Seaport Town" (which has a flying seagull as first character) is full of rich character touches, especially in the dancing sailor and the old woman, and even in "The Woodland" he has smiles in his poetry. In the dance of Little Faun after Big Faun and the kick of the Centaur's hoof.

The figures are all less than a foot high, and are designed and wrought to a fine point of art. An interlude, "Scene-shifters' Shift," where a little door opens high over the proscenium and puppet scene-shifters are revealed greasing the wires and fixing the poles and discussing the audience until they discover the open door and shut it with a bang, reminds one of the "Alice in Wonderland" scene when Bill the Lizard climbs up to the chimney.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY—Symphony Hall, 3:30 P. M., Louise Homer and Louise Homer Stires. See special notice.

St. James Theatre, 3:30 P. M., People's Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Mollenhauer conductor. See special notice.

Boston Athletic Association, 3:30 P. M., Carmela Ponselle, mezzo-soprano, and the Boston Symphony ensemble. See special notice.

Symphony Hall, 7:30 P. M., "Ellijah," performed by the People's Choral Union of Boston, Inc. George Sawyer Dunham, conductor. Marjorie Moody, Gertrude Tingley, Rulon Robinson and Wellington Smith form the quartet. Herman A. Shedd, organist; Mildred Vinton, pianist; players from the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Hoffman, concert master.

TUESDAY—Symphony Hall, 4 P. M., Boston Symphony Orchestra's concert for the young people of Greater Boston, Mr. Monteux conductor. See special notice.

Jordan Hall, 8 P. M., Apollo Club, Mr. Mollenhauer conductor. Part songs, Dinelli, Christmas Log; Spicker, Madrigal; Kremsner, Two Starlets; Palmgren, Margatta's Cradle Song; Handel, Trust in the Lord; Osgood, Sanctus (in memory of George L. Osgood); Parker, Blow, Blow Thou Winter Wind; Randegger, Hark, the Horn; Mosenhalt, Music of the Sea; Abt, Laughing Song; Protheroe, The Nun of Vidaros. Mr. Wendler of the Boston Symphony Orchestra will play Franz Suppe's concerto for Waldhorn, and two melodies by Schubert.

Symphony Hall, 8:15 P. M., Fritz Kreisler, violinist.

THURSDAY—Jordan Hall, 3 P. M., song recital by Eva Gauthier, for the Orphan children of France.

Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M., Flonzaley quartet. Novak, quartet, G major, op. 22; Haydn, quartet, B flat major, op. 76, No. 4; Brahms, quartet, A minor, op. 51, No. 2.

FRIDAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M., 12th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Monteux conductor. See special notice.

Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M., Harrison Potter, pianist. Respighi, dances and aria (16th century); Bach, prelude, B minor; Schumann, sonata, G minor; Scarlatti, sonata D major; Ireland, The Holy Boy; Albeniz, El Puerto; Debussy, Feux d'Artifice; Peterkin, Dreamer's Tale; Infante, Sevillana.

SATURDAY—Symphony Hall, 8:15 P. M., repetition of Friday's symphony concert, Mr. Monteux conductor.

Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M., John Pompeo's orchestra.

CARMELA PONSELLE

Carmela Ponselle, mezzo-soprano, with the Boston Symphony Ensemble, will give the second of the concerts in the gymnasium of the Boston Athletic Association this afternoon at 3:30 o'clock. The program will be as follows:

Overture, "Merry Wives of Windsor" Nicolai
Ballet suite, "Queen of Sheba", Goldmark
(a) Vell dance (b) Processional march
O Mio Fernando from "La Favorita" Donizetti

Miss Ponselle and orchestra
Spanish rhapsody, "A Night in Seville" Albeniz
Largo Miss Ponselle and orchestra Handel

Suite Orientale...
(a) Les Bayaderes (b) By the Ganges
(c) The Almas (d) Fatrol
Elegie...
Miss Ponselle and orchestra

JOHN POWELL

At his recital yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall John Powell, pianist, played this program:

Beethoven... Sonata, Op. 53
Chopin... Nocturne, C sharp minor
Chopin... Scherzo, C sharp minor
Chopin... Polonaise, A flat major
Beethoven-Seiss... Three Country Dances
Powell... The Banjo Picker
David Gulon... Turkey in the Straw
Liszt... Slumber Song
(First performance in Boston)

Liszt... Rhapsodie Hongroise, No. 13
Freely granting that the prime purpose of a concert is not to teach but to please, nevertheless one may make bold to thank Mr. Powell for two object lessons he gave his hearers yesterday through the way in which he dealt with his sonata and his rhapsody. In these days when, to quote Clara Schumann once more, pupils, and some concert players as well, begrudge the time properly to learn a sonata by Beethoven, because, poor deluded souls, they conceive they can play it quite well enough at sight, it was refreshing to note the pains which Mr. Powell, intelligent man that he is, knew very well that he must spend on the Waldstein sonata, to make it attractive today. By a free though subtle use of the long scale of tonal colors at his command and likewise through cleverly accentuating every variation of rhythm, Mr.

Powell made of this sonata, which can indeed sound monstrous dull, much of vitality, with a dazzle to it, a touch of the rhapsodical, that actually suggested Liszt.

And when he came to Liszt himself, once more Mr. Powell did something apart. Pianists for years, the most of them, have looked on Liszt's Hungarian rhapsodies as the grandest kind of parade pieces for the display of whatever they might have in the way of technique—the more the better, of course, but a little would do, since even a scurry and scramble, if noisy enough, is reasonably sure of applause. And so for years many people have raised their eyebrows at these rhapsodies, scornfully dubbing them pieces for show. Mr. Powell evidently views the matter otherwise. From his performance yesterday one may guess that he recognizes Liszt's purpose of reproducing as closely as he could the music of those Hungarian gipsy folk, with its characteristic cadences and rhythms, its melancholy, its wildness, its poetry. True "rhapsodies" these, if ever music deserved the term. But they must be played with imagination, with an understanding of what Liszt had in mind. Harold Bauer knows how. So does Mr. Powell.

Mr. Powell, indeed, played with much beauty all the afternoon, beauty of tone and variety, too; beauty of phrasing, a beauty of rhythm. The wonder is that with so much of beauty at hand, as well as an unusually attractive concert room bearing, Mr. Powell failed to raise the mahifist pleasure he gave to a goodly audience to a riot of enthusiasm; few players, in truth, can give so much. Is it possible that an over-elaboration of details, to which Mr. Powell has a tendency, an art which does not quite conceal art, detracts something from his spontaneity? R. R. G.

PRESENTS "SNOWBIRD"

CHICAGO, Jan. 13—The world premier performance of the American opera, "Snowbird," was given by the Chicago Civic Opera Company here tonight. The opera was sung in English and the leads were taken by Mary McCormick and Charles Marshall, both Americans.

George Hamlin, the tenor, who died in New York, last Thursday, was not especially well favored by nature, for his voice was not sensuous, nor was it at first flexible. Mr. Hamlin knew this. He had brains, perseverance, an indomitable will, so that in the course of years he became an intelligent and interesting singer in concert hall and opera house. To say that he was a "conscientious" singer would be an idle compliment, for many "conscientious" singers distress the ear. Mr. Hamlin had a high regard for his art; his enthusiasm was controlled by taste. He was not afraid of audiences; he did not pander to them for the sake of applause. It took courage in 1902 to give a recital of Richard Strauss's songs in this city and elsewhere; only an artist—how that word is abused!—could sing them as well as Mr. Hamlin sang them. He could talk pleasantly on other subjects than songs, singing and himself, and thus he differed from the great majority of singers. An agreeable companion, he was a gentleman in the various walks of life.

HAI HAI
As the World Wags:
I see that France is inaugurating a new system of Rural Free Delivery.
Hanover, N. H. KIL KARNEY.

IS THERE NO ANTI-TOCSIN?

(From an editorial in the Milford Daily News.)

The recent blast of the United States coal commission to the joint meeting of soft coal operators and miners sounds a toxin of alarm to the whole country.

"ZERO HOUR OF ADVANCE"

Was the phrase "hour of zero" or "zero hour"—the hour at which an attack or operation is timed to begin—in use before the late world war?

"Zero" as the initial point of a process or reckoning, the starting point, the absolute beginning, was used by Hugh Miller in 1849—"the zero of life"; by J. Martineau in 1866—"He makes 1788 his zero of human history"—but the first quotation with reference to military operations in the Oxford English dictionary is from Gibbs's "Battle of Somme" (1916). The quotations in C. Alphonso Smith's "New Words Self-Defined" are dated 1918.

The Baltimore Star of Sept. 17, 1918, said: "Over the top is now 'the jump off' and 'zero hour' has changed to 'H hour'."

The French soldiers apparently did not use the word "zero" with this meaning; at least the word does not appear in the Larousse "Dictionary of Military Terms and Polu Slang." What is the corresponding French phrase?

EARLY PHOTOGRAPHY

(From the Washington, D. C., Evening Star)

On Jan. 15 "the new 2-cent stamp,

showing a photograph of George Washington, will make its appearance."

ANOTHER "QUICK SELLER"

As the World Drags (Honest, I didn't mean this, and I thought my stenographer read The Herald):

I have been looking in vain for a review of the new book—I presume it's a new one—so prominently mentioned on the side of the main news stands in the South station, facing commuters as they go from their trains to the street. Two of the signs advertise familiar books. Are you familiar with the third? These signs, one over each window, read:

Fair Haven, by Jos. C. Lincoln
Flaming Gold, by Rex Beach
Cigars—by The Box. R. T.

CHRISTOPHER, HOW COULD YOU?

(C. Morley's Column in the New York Evening Post)

It is also rather appalling to learn, in the same magazine (International Book Review) that two pages of Miss Amy Lowell's poem in the December issue were transposed by the typesetter; but no one noticed it.

BORN FOR THE FUR TRADE

As the World Wags:

My observant eye caught in succession the following significant signs of furriers doing business in the Back Bay business section of Boston. They are situated within a radius of several hundred feet: Nadel (needle), Schneider (tailor), Plehler and Kakas.

W. A. SKINNER.

WHO WROTE THESE LINES

The horse and mule live thirty years; They never drink light wine and beers. Sheep and goats are dead at twenty; They drink no liquor; water plenty. The dog at fifteen's mostly dead; He looks not on the wine that's red. At ten the cat's lost its nine lives; On milk and water no beast thrives. Most birds at five years pass away; Far, far from alcohol they stay. The bugs but few days stay on earth; They never knew the cocktail's worth. But evil, wicked, rum-soaked men Survive the three-score years and ten.

PLENTY OF ROOM AND A FINE VIEW

(Adv. in Evening Transcript)

CEMETERY LOT

For Sale, Large lot in Cambridge cemetery, with fine outlook over river. Address Mrs. J.

THE OBSERVED OF ALL OBSERVERS

As the World Wags:

I read that observation cars on the Union Pacific railway are equipped with baths. How can the U. P. go to this expense for cars to be used only on Saturday night? or is the scenery to be seen in the daytime by bathers? Or are the bathers to be observed by the other passengers? SAPOLIO JONES.

NEWSPAPER PHOTOGRAPHY

As the World Wags:

When newspaper photographers take a group picture why do they not have some one in the group, perhaps two or three of them, pointing to something? It would make an unusual and attractive picture. I should also like to see one or two "young ladies in society" not displaying all their teeth in their photographs. At present they pose as if they were to advertise a tooth paste. GREEN MOUNTAIN BOY.

A LOGICAL CONCLUSION

(Adv. in Moline, Ill., Daily Ditchpatch)

FISK & LOOSLEY CO.

We've sold an awful lot of Men's Suits, but even at that we bought too many, and have too many now.

CHORAL UNION

Symphony Hall, "Ellijah," by the People's Choral Union, George Sawyer Dunham, conductor. Members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Jacques Hoffmann, principal; Herman A. Shedd, organist; Mildred Vinton, pianist. The soloists: Marjorie Moody, soprano; Gertrude Tingley, contralto; Rulon Robinson, tenor; Herbert Wellington Smith, baritone.

This performance last night gave one sympathy for those misguided persons who some years ago had a fancy for turning "Ellijah" into an opera. The change, of course, cannot be made, but the dramatic force which Mr. Dunham found in Mendelssohn's score set one's mind to working. If Livingstone Platt, let us say, were to devise the settings and a man of similar skill the costumes, if the stage managers of the Russian opera company could be on hand to order the movement of the crowds, who knows?

For this visionary performance no better equipped conductor than Mr. Dunham need be sought. Last night he proved the truth of the late Franzcon-Davies's plain dictum: if people today find oratorio dull, it is the fault of those who perform it. The despair of the early part of the action Mr. Dunham made poignant; to the scene between the widow and Ellijah he gave true dramatic point; in the choruses of the Baal worshippers he found a contrast more striking than one would have believed possible to the sturdy measures of Ellijah; and throughout the scene of the prayer for rain with the final "Thanks Be to God" he built up a steady climax, with never a second of sag, no less than mastery. A man of skill and temperament can indeed do much.

Mr. Dunham, to be sure, had valuable help. The orchestra, if not faultless, played euphoniously and with a readiness to use vigor when Mr. Dunham asked for it. The chorus of young, fresh voices has been at the pains to learn to sing with a fine volume of tone which can be varied from pianissimo through piano to forte and fortissimo, with a neat attack, a finish always good and sometimes of real beauty.

In certain choruses, above all "Lord bow thine ear," with the soprano and alto obligato, they produced some very beautiful choral effects, and always they sang with a refreshingly hearty spirit and a keen feeling for the sentiment of the moment. If Mr. Dunham can contrive next to teach his singers to mould a phrase more delicately, he will have a chorus of which he can feel even prouder than he must feel today.

To return to the imaginary representation of "Ellijah" on the stage. Mr. Smith, if he can act as well as he can sing, should prove an admirable Ellijah. By his keen intelligence last night, his warmth, his fine understanding of dramatic declamation, he infused into the recitatives a dramatic vigor truly amazing. This feat he could not have accomplished if he had not at his disposal a noble voice and an excellent technique. The air, "It Is Enough," Mr. Smith sang fervidly yet without sentimentality, with excellent tone and a pure legato. It is many a day since a singer in oratorio here has equalled Mr. Smith's performance last night.

Miss Moody aided him well in her skilful differentiation between the widow and the boy. "Hear Ye Israel" she sang with lovely unforced tone, tasteful phrasing and a perfect legato. Miss Moody has such fine abilities that it is to be hoped she will devote time presently to cultivating greater clarity of diction. To the measures of the Queen, Miss Tingley gave dramatic value; she is to be thanked for not clouding her lovely voice with the gloom in which most contraltos revel when they sing "Woe Unto Them." Mr. Robinson sang smoothly, with taste.

MME. HOMER DAUGHTER

A large audience that filled Symphony Hall thoroughly enjoyed the effective recital by Louise Homer and her daughter, Louise Homer-Stiles, yesterday afternoon, with the following program: "The fare senza Buridoe" from "Orfeo"; Gluck; "My Heart Ever Faithful," Bach, Louise Homer; "Sull' aria" from "Le Nozze Di Figaro," Mozart.

Le Bohemiennes, Brahms, Louise Homer and Louise Homer-Stiles; "Rejoice Greatly, O Daughter of Zion!" from "The Messiah," Handel; The Eternal Goodness (Whittier), Sidney Homer; Botschaft, Brahms, Louise Homer-Stiles; "Printemps quit commences" from "Sampson and Delilah," Saint-Saens; Ring out, Wild Bella, Gounod, Louise Homer; Time of Parting, Hadley; Don't Care, Carpenter; Voci di Primavera, J. Strauss, Louise Homer-Stiles; Ballad of the Trees and the Master, Chadwick; Come Down to Kew, Carl Delis; Young Night Thought and Sing to Me, Sing, Sidney Homer, Louise Homer; Venetian Boat Song, Tosti; La nuit, Ernest Chausson; Per

valli, per boschi, F. Biagini, Louise Homer and Louise Homer-Stiles.

Those who went to hear Mme. Homer and her daughter were rewarded with an afternoon of delightful music; songs from different sources grouped in interesting fashion that gave an impression of freshness and variety.

Mme. Homer's rich contralto contrasts strikingly with the lilting soprano of her daughter and their duets were well-sung, especially Tosti's "Venetian Boat Song," included in their last group of songs.

Delightful as is Louise Homer-Stiles in songs that give her an opportunity to display her clear, bird-like notes, there is a distinct appeal in her songs that demand a lower, and more melodious range.

The audience was especially enthusiastic over "Ring Out, Wild Bella," sung by Mme. Homer and she responded graciously to the applause. Later both she and her daughter sang a number of encores, singing them with the warmth and charm that has endeared them to Boston audiences in past years.

PEOPLE'S SYMPHONY GIVES 12TH CONCERT

The People's Symphony Orchestra gave its 12th concert of the season in the St. James Theatre yesterday afternoon, Emil Mollenhauer conducting. Miss Eleanor Leutz, violinist, was soloist.

The program was as follows: Overture, "Leonora," No. 2, Op. 72, Beethoven; concerto for violin and piano in A minor, Volkmann; Miss Leutz; "Kammarinskaja," Glinka; symphony No. 8 in A minor (Scott) Op. 58, Mendelssohn. A week ago the orchestra played overture No. 1 to "Leonora," Beethoven's only opera, and next Sunday the program will include overture No. 8.

The People's Symphony is now about half way through its present concert season and sees increasing appreciation of its steadily improving performances and the unflinching excellence of its programs.

Miss Leutz won hearty applause by her playing.

Someone has sent to us Benjamin Franklin's daily schedule in the vain hope that we may be healthy, wealthy and wise. We note that Franklin rose at 5 A. M., washed, and addressed "Powerful Goodness," asking "What good shall I do this day?"

The day we received this encouragement to useful labor we happened to pick up at a bookstore Theodore Winthrop's "Canoe and Saddle." Opening it at random, we read: "To have started with dawn is a proud and exhilarating recollection all the day long. The most godlike impersonality men know is the sun. To him the body should pay its maternal devotions, its ardent, worshipful greetings, when he comes, the joy of the world; then is the soul elated to loftier energies and nerved to sustain its own visions of glories transcending the spheres where the sun reigns sublime."

This is, no doubt, all very true, and we should side with Ben and Theodore, but, on the other hand, there are the lines of Thomas Hood:

"An early riser Mr. Gray has drawn,
Who used to haste the dewy grass among,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn,
Well—he died young."

Winthrop was only in his 32d year when he died, not from rising at dawn, but killed in an attack on Great Bethel in the civil war. Are his books read today? His first novel, "Cecil Dreeme," published a few months after his death reached a third edition in one week. The "villain" in the novel was supposed to be suggested by a brilliant writer who was afterward an editor of the New York World; not Manton Marble, satirized by "The New Gospel of Peace" in 1863 as "Assonkald Eddittah the scribe, who, to gain the World, had lost his own soul." After "Cecil Dreeme" came "John Brent," with its attack on Mormonism and a glorious description of horsemen racing to save the heroine. Winthrop's third novel was "Edwin

Brotherfort." The three were among the "best sellers" in their day, and they are good reading now. Is Winthrop's name ever mentioned in our university courses in literature? We remember his portrait published in the "Rebellion Record" during the civil war; a handsome man; we think he sported side whiskers, but memory is treacherous.

MR. HOLMES NO DOUBT WOULD STRIP TO THE OCCASION

As the World Wags:

In Thursday's "Notes and Lines" you expressed apprehension as to the costume to be worn by Mr. Burton Holmes going through the gorges of the Yangtze in the sight of a Symphony Hall audience. What really should worry us is how he will be dressed, for the sake of "atmosphere" when he "travelocutes" on the natives of New Guinea.

ANTHROPOLOGIST.

"JACKIE COOGAN TO GET \$500,000"

As the World Wags:

Why do the newspapers fall for this bunk? Reduce that half-million to \$250,000 and the sum would be nearer the facts. A pencil and paper and a bit of figuring should convince practical men so much money cannot be paid.

L. R. R.

How does L. R. R. know that John Coogan will not receive \$500,000? We should not be surprised if he were to receive a million or two. Anything is possible in the film world of wonders. L. R. R.'s reduction to \$250,000 reminds us of a little story. Some years ago—it was before the war—a Viennese pianist, having returned from a concert tour, was blowing in a restaurant about his success. Turning to Moritz Rosenthal, he said: "How much do you think I made?" "Half," answered the cynical Rosenthal.—Ed.

MILFORD'S SUPERMAN

(From the Milford Daily News)

ROBERT E. AUSTIN

NOTARY PUBLIC

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OUR NATIVE POETS

Mr. Harry K. Le Baron contributed the following challenge to the Piscataqua. The verses were published in the Portsmouth (N. H.) Herald:

THE NEW BRIDGE

Oh, mighty Piscataqua, you can swish and roar.

For ages past our wooden bridge you have beat and tore.

But now we boast a bridge at last That will not endure your insults of the past.

This bridge we boast is one long span of steel.

Piscataqua, you cannot beat it down with all your zeal.

What skill in constructing this bridge, the labor and the cost,

The number of men that were hurt, some their lives were lost.

This bridge is the connecting link from one state to another.

One is the state of Maine and New Hampshire is the other.

Piscataqua, roll on and beat and pound its cement piers try to sever,

But you will find your efforts are in vain, the bridge will stand forever.

Now, Piscataqua, do your darndest!

THE "DIDN'T THINK" CLUB

As the World Wags:

I do not recall that any of your contributors have as yet paid their respects to the "Didn't Think" Club. Membership in this vast club increases faster than in all other organizations combined. Every day, in every way, the band is growing bigger and bigger. Almost every one has been a member at some stage of his mental development. Some persist in remaining life members. The pass word and sign are an apologetic "I didn't think," with the accompanying "nobody home" vacant stare.

Unlike membership in the night gown and pillow case klandestine outfit now squirming under unwelcome national criticism and ridicule, it is absurdly easy to identify the active members of the "Didn't Think" Club. They are all about you. Do they try to conceal their affiliation? They can't! The ponderous plodder who splashed slush on you yesterday, or will today as he clumps past you on the submerged cross-walk, is a member in good standing. He could think if he would, but he won't.

The gentle-men and gentle-women who daily strive to emulate the sardine at Park street during rush hours are members, with few exceptions; otherwise they would remember that it is much more comfortable to enter even a wide door a few at a time. The talkative woman at the movies who insists upon reading the captions audibly never has her membership questioned. She

has been a well advertised member for years, and does not care a whoop who knows it. A little later we learn that her long-suffering companion can also read the nice large type, and secretly wishes that her nervous friend would control herself and concentrate on the screen.

As a spare-time amusement several brave hearts have undertaken to compute the approximate membership of this popular organization. It is obviously a hopeless task when so patient a student as Edison admits that the chief obstacle to human progress is the fact that people refuse to think.

CHARLES L. GREENE.

'THE GUILTY ONE'

By PHILIP HALE

SELWYN'S THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "The Guilty One," a drama in three acts by Michael Morton and Peter Traill.

Ronald Short.....Charles Waldron
Dick Raston.....Noel Leslie
Mr. Seaton Davies.....Charles Dalton
Dr. Brassey.....Henry Warwick
Irene Short.....Pauline Frederick
Madge Ellis.....Ethel Intropidi
Annie.....Florence Edney

The question is whether an audience enjoys being surprised when it finds the tragedy, or at least melodrama, with murder in a motor car and a roaring stage detective from Scotland Yard turns out to be only the playful joke of a jealous husband on his unappreciative wife.

Mr. Short, a dramatist, married in haste a fascinating young woman when the two were serving in the war. After two years she misses his companionship at balls, theatres, dinners. Mr. Raston becomes her companion, so that there is gossip, as Miss Ellis informs her. The first act, after a scene in which nervous Mr. Short tells the doctor that his marriage was a mistake and the doctor advises drastic treatment, there is a long and bitter quarrel between husband and wife. They certainly are an ill-assorted couple. She seems frivolous; he is by no means an ardent lover, but a man thinking of his name, his honor, his position in the world. Yet, as Miss Frederick plays the wife, if Mr. Short had only said: "Stop your nonsense" and then crushed her against his manly breast and kissed her madly she might have settled down; at any rate she would not have purposed to elope with Mr. Raston. For Miss Frederick after a sour speech would hold out entreating arms, but always behind her husband's back. So Mrs. Short announces her intention of eloping, and Mr. Raston, who drops in to take her to dinner, tells Mr. Short that he will certainly ask her again to fly with him; whereupon Mr. Short assures him he will kill him, and when he is alone, he takes a large knife in his hand and leaves the room with a most sinister expression. Curtain. Audience prepared for the tragedy.

The husband returns and finds his wife at his desk. She has written a letter which she thoughtfully in good old fashion read to the audience. Their marriage is a mess and she will leave him. Mr. Short says, not with Raston, and here we missed the customary harsh, grating laugh. He tells his wife how he murdered her lover. After exclaiming, "How could you do it!" the two set their wits to work. Mr. Short must be saved from the hangman. A "detective" enters and puts husband, wife and the maid through the third degree in most approved melodramatic manner, ending by saying that he would report his investigation to his chief. Despair of the wife, for since she learned of the murder, her love for Mr. Short is kindled till it flames. Yes, they must run away. She happens to look out of the window, lo, there is Mr. Raston's car; there is Mr. Raston himself. Then Mr. Short explains his little joke.

The comedians played this piece with commendably straight faces. The large audience, which welcomed Miss Frederick enthusiastically after her long absence, was amused in the first act by the battlefield and shuttlecock repartees; it was excited in the remaining acts; but at the end was it disappointed or relieved? Who is bold enough to inquire into the psychology of the theatre audiences of 1923?

Miss Frederick was at times artificial in her lightness, at times genuine and captivating. There was a curious superfluity of gesture with occasional awkwardness. There were scenes in which her emotion was sincere, as in her meeting her husband after the "murder," and in her duel with the "detective." That she made as much as she did of the part is to her credit. The other characters were well played, especially that of the husband.

Mr. Dalton's preposterous "detective" was the sleuth of the dramatists; nor should we be inclined to favor Dr. Brassey as our family physician. Mr. Leslie in his quiet and effective manner gave life to the wrecker of households. The small parts of Miss Ellis and the maid were excellently played.

PLAYS CONTINUING

COLONIAL — "Good Morning Dearie." Musical comedy. Fourth and last week.

HOLLIS STREET — "Lightnin'." Comedy. Fourth week.

TREMONT — "Molly Darling." Musical comedy. Second week.

WILBUR — "The Bat." Mystery play with comic episodes. Twentieth week.

'PASSING SHOW'

"The Passing Show of 1922!" Yes, you know it is passing from the moment the curtain rises at the Shubert and you are in the midst of a three-ring circus concentrated on one small stage and everything is popping and whirling and smashing and the walls fall in—you feel it is passing at the rate of those newly-measured nebulae, 170 miles a second.

Then after Lloyd George and the Prince of Wales and Germany, disguised as a soviet Russian, and Uncle Sam, who says and proves he's "the one who gets slapped," join the circus to make it "international," and squadrons of lithe young girls troop in and your world seems a whirling conglomeration of bare legs and bare arms and bare backs and bare—but later on some stockings are put on and you are convinced, after looking back over the 10 years of "Passing Shows," that Fred Allen, drawing announcer, gets it pretty nearly right in quoting Coue, but anyway, leaving aside the better and better question, that year by year one thing is clear, the show keeps getting more and more so.

There is not room enough in this issue of this paper to describe the thing. It's just one string of roaring pokes after another whirl of lively quips, one picture of graceful young beauty little adorned as in the "Futuristic" scene followed swiftly by sumptuous portraits like "Speaking of Kisses," with willowy girls for "kisses," then a slashing travesty on mystery plays, after which you are dazed by the sinewy athletes (F) almost Grecian in lack of attire in Camp's daily dozen.

Through all the swift changes you are made aware every little while of the presence of Willie and Eugene Howard, especially Willie, who seems to labor under the impression that Bostonians are either deaf or dense and won't understand his really funny jokes, unless he roars them, as if he were broadcasting from Medford Hillside to Pittsburgh without transmitter or aerials. This aside, the Howards are versatile and shine in uproariously funny skits that range from a talking machine shop to the planned assassination of a king in old Roman times and they keep the audience in a hurricane of laughter.

A solemn scene is a drop curtain painted full of gravestones, tombs and a hearse. It looks like Fred Allen—and it is his idea. The gravestones and the hearse are lettered over with ancient jokes turned laughably awry and the spectators keep up a running fire of giggles and guffaws, as one group of them after another discovers something funny on a tombstone.

The scenery is gorgeous, sumptuous, and often splendid. The costumes are all that could be desired and you feel that the management can afford much of the rich attire shown, because of what is saved on stockings and tights. The music is just what you would expect.

The personnel? It is a long list and they all do their best, which is what makes the show the best in the 10-years' series. Some of the high spots are hit by Ethel Shutta, Danny Dare, George Anderson, Emily Miles, Alexander Frank, Flo Somerville, Francis Renault, Isabella Fosta, Nellie Breen, Sam Ash and the Lockfords. K. P.

'JUST MARRIED'

At the Plymouth, Vivian Martin and Lynne Overman opened last night in "Just Married," a farce by Adelaide Matthews and Anna Nichols. The cast:

Mrs. Johnnie Walker.....Miss Blanche Benton
Second steward.....Harry A. O'Hara
Victoire Bertin.....Miss Marcelle D'Arville
Ship's officer.....Roy Foster
Mr. U. Makepeace Witter.....Jesse Dandy
Mrs. U. Makepeace Witter.....Miss Isabel O'Madigan
First steward.....Robert P. Davis
Mrs. Jack Stanley.....Miss Dorothy Morimer
Jack Stanley.....John Butler
Percy Jones.....Fred Irving Lewis
Robert Adams.....Lynne Overman
Miss Roberta Adams.....Miss Vivian Martin
Taxi driver.....Anton Ascher

This piece is the product of two fertile brains. On the whole their touch has a commendable lightness. The lines are witty—wit of the parry and thrust, the retort courteous—and occasionally otherwise—lacking in any

remarkable brilliance, but seldom heavy. Once and again Mr. Dandy (he plays the "first walking heavy") was given a shaft or two from the well-tried armory of the farceur, but in general the lines are new, bright, and well-pointed. There is an astonishing number of them, too. The ordinary mortal who finds himself by chance in the wrong room merely apologizes profusely and retires. It takes a playwright with an active mind to "hold" the situation. Amusingly, even along the conventional lines, for two hours and a half, it is to the credit of the authors that they do it, and do it fairly well.

Of course certain innovations have been introduced to keep up the public interest. There is a very good drunk scene (Lynne Overman, of course), or more strictly a succession of them, which is (or are) a capital combination of balanced acting and ingenious dialogue. For this reason—that is, the very considerable amount of by-play—the actual bedroom act is a short one. The possibilities of the situation seemed to be soon exhausted—fortunately sooner than the patience of the audience. One hears much of the folly of trying to do "Hamlet" without the prince; yet "Just Married" comes near to being a bedroom farce without the bedroom. It was in the bedroom scene that wit was at its lowest ebb, and for it was substituted not a few of the "doubtful" lines which make this sort of piece a bane or an attraction according to the point of view. Spicy, sophisticated, and—worst of all—needless. Too often the authors show their genuine ability for clever farce for them to claim necessity when they return to the old, long ago exhausted, humors of the double entendre.

There is just one other innovation of importance (Lynne Overman having already been mentioned) and that is Miss Martin. Diminutive, sweet, playful of voice and action, she ever kept the piece from the commonplace. Never is the play vulgar; through her it occasionally reaches most acceptable heights. A very good evening's entertainment in kind, and one needing but a few changes to be just "very good."

W. R. B.

"HONEYMOON"

COMLEY THEATRE—"The Honeymoon," a comedy in three acts by Arnold Bennett.

Flora Lloyd.....Catherine Willard
Cedric Haslam.....Noel Tearle
Gaston.....Walter Kingsford
Charles Haslam.....Reginald Sheffield
Mr. Reach Haslam.....H. Conway Winfield
Mrs. Reach Haslam.....Jessamine Newcombe
The Bishop of Colchester.....

Cedric Haslam—a famous aviator and son of England's famous authoress—with his bride of three hours dodges the notoriety that their wedding would stir by marrying quietly and slipping off to Ploxton-by-the-Sea—an unpretentious shore resort; there to lay out their "program" for the spending of 30 unbroken days of honeymoon—"life's most important event." Cedric has promised to give up all thoughts of flying until their return.

In the "Gazette" he learns that a reward of £10,000 will be granted the aviator who flies over Snowdon—the highest mountain of Wales.

The attempt is to be made in three weeks by Klopstock, a German aviator. Lest the record be made by a German Cedric determines to make his trial first. When he makes his plans known to his bride, Flora, it is apparent that in his mind it is "Snowdon versus honeymoon."

She holds firmly to her original idea, that nothing should stand in the way of a honeymoon. Feelings become strained when the entire Haslam family arrives unexpectedly and gradually breaks the news that the curate who married them was an imposter. The bishop is to marry them in the morning, but by that time Flora has definitely made up her mind that marriage is not for her.

Her actions and speech throughout the second and third acts revolve about her speech to Mrs. Haslam, when their disagreement is discovered.

"Is our marriage to be the most important thing, or isn't it? If it is, then nothing less than an earthquake could possibly disturb the honeymoon—because I suppose you'll all admit that the honeymoon is the most urgent part of matrimony. If our marriage is not to be the most important thing in our lives, all right. That's a point of view I can quite understand. Only I don't want to get married, and I won't!"

How she holds to her purpose until the final curtain; and how she arouses Cedric to seeing and believing in her point of view—though Bennett is kind

enough to run Klopstock's car into the statue of Bismarck and put him out of commission until "life's most important event" is over, which takes a load off Cedric's mind and obviously makes him more anxious to prove his change of mind to Flora.

However, Flora is an unbelieving witch. Not until Cedric has "smashed the crockery and behaved most miserably" when he feels that all possibility of winning her back has gone—does she "change her mind." His demonstrations of uncontrolled emotions are so far from English that in captivated gurgles and smiles she tells him that "his deeds are far superior to his arguments."

What more need be said, except that in every respect Catherine Willard qualified as Flora. Arnold Bennett called for a "beautiful, elegant, charming Flora. All in the highest degree possible." Miss Willard was the very essence of those adjectives.

Noel Tearle gave a pleasing portrayal of Cedric Haslam, though his interpretation did not quite convey the modesty and mental stature that the playwright intended. One never ceases to admire the finish displayed by the Henry Jewett Players.

Each player placed himself in the correct relation to the leading role. And except for a few altogether forgivable gaps in the last act the delightful comedy was successfully produced.

ST. James Theatre—"The Dawn of a Tomorrow," a play in four acts by Frances Hodgson Burnett, presented by the Boston Stock Company. The cast:

Bedell.....Lionel Bevans
Mary.....Helen Pitt
Powell.....John J. Geary
Mr. Oliver Holt.....Edward Darney
Doctor Satterlee.....Harold Chase
Sir Bowling Burford.....Ralph M. Renley
Doctor Heath.....William Jeffery
Sir Oliver Holt.....Mark Kent
Bill.....Lionel Bevans
Charley.....C. Frankel Abbott
Inspector.....Harold Chase
Mag.....Helen Pitt
The Bat.....Hugh Cairns
The Kid.....Harry Lowell
Feathers.....Adelyn Bushnell
Glad.....Lucille Adams
Barney.....John J. Geary
Jem.....Ralph M. Renley
Bet.....Anna Layne
The Thief.....Houston Richards
Dandy.....Walter Gilbert
Lord Tommy.....Hugh Cairns

"The Dawn of Tomorrow," tells just the sort of story that Mrs. Burnett knows how to tell; an impossible, whimsical tale that brings in a wealth of kindly human incidents and her characters, too good to be true, perhaps, are real all the same.

Sir Oliver having learned that he is suffering from an apparently incurable malady goes into London's East Side to end his life and there in miserable "Apple Blossom Court" finds the greater meaning of life. By giving happiness and hope to "Glad," a child of the gutter, and her pal, "Dandy," he finds hope and happiness for himself.

Mark Kent, as Sir Oliver, played a difficult part well. His characterization of the kindly but discouraged man of wealth was consistent. Adelyn Bushnell was delightful. As the sunny, vivacious little waltz she was decidedly interesting and in no place did she allow herself to overdo the delivery of her bits of humor and good cheer which have been almost too freely introduced by the author. Walter Gilbert was good as the crook who never had a chance.

"Bringing up Father on

Those who know the Jiggs family, particularly the little old man himself, will be delighted with the characters and their antics in "Bringing Up Father on His Vacation," at the Arlington Theatre this week. The actors are carefully cast. If there is any member of the profession more suited by nature to play the part of Jiggs than Johnny Jess, he would be hard to find.

Without a doubt, the most difficult role is that of Maggie, or Mme. Marguerite May-O-Nay, as the "old girl" herself desires to be known. This is played with great success by Beatrice Harlowe. Miss Harlowe makes of herself a very real Maggie. Though she has nice manners, there are times when one could swear that there was the ingrowing chin and peculiar eyebrows.

In the play Jiggs cures his spouse of her society mania and brings her to her knees in tearful declaration of her love for him. To tell how this is done would be to spoil for many the pleasures that await them. Cuba forms the background for the second act. In the role of a society lady, Jeanne Le-Brun shows taste in clothes and wears them well. Ralph E. Poe (no relation to Edgar Allan) plays the part of the sultor of Jiggs's niece, Miss Frances Morton. An excellent chorus completes a company of real merit. The engagement at the Arlington is limited to four weeks, matinees Wednesday and Saturday.

ON KEITH'S BILL

The bill at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week contains two numbers that claim headline importance—Trixie Friganza and Vaughn Comfort. Another act that belongs in the same stratum—Dooley and Morton—disappointed, and as substitutes Murray and Oakland appeared. Last evening a fair-sized audience was evidently pleased.

Rich Hayes, comedy juggler, opened the bill, followed by Dixie Hamilton, a high spirited singer of syncopated songs. The China Blue Plate, a visualized legend, presented in allegorical style, was the novelty of the bill, excellently interpreted. Lewis and Dody were the "nut" contribution to the bill and pleased in songs far removed from the routine of vaudeville. Vaughn Comfort, tenor, offered a group of songs that combined a nice vein of comedy and showed the singer to advantage in his easy and fluent style. Ten Eyck and Weilly were seen in a program of character dances that were interesting dramatically as well as in execution.

Trixie Friganza, one of the hits of the bill, returned in her old act with a few additional offerings. One of her best numbers was the conversational song of the automobile being driven from the rear seat, on gas instead of gasoline. Her act ended in a riot when Max Weilly of the previous act lifted the ponderous comedienne to his shoulders and swung her around for several minutes to the amazement of the audience.

Murray and Oakland followed with bits of burlesque, dancing and comic song, introducing among other things, a duet of 1862. Mr. Murray proved a comedian of no mean calibre, and Miss Oakland, one of the beauties of the stage, made an admirable foil. The concluding act was the Ploetz Brothers and Sister in an act of classic buffoonery.

ON MAJESTIC STAGE

James Barton, late star of "The Rose of Stamboul" and other musical productions, heads an "all-star" vaudeville bill at the Majestic Theatre this week. The stellar comedian appears in a sketch redolent of pre-Volstead days, in which he offers three or four of his inimitable soft-shoe dances.

Barton was easily the hit of the show yesterday. He was recalled over and over again, and had to give a number of encores. His unusual dancing seemed to please everyone.

A close second on the bill was Janet Adair, a popular Winter Garden comedienne. Pleasing in appearance, with a prepossessing voice, she succeeds in getting her songs over to the audience. She, too, had to respond to several encores.

"Nathal," billed as "the Man Monkey," has a way all his own in putting over acrobatic feats. He is just as nimble with his feet as with his hands and he does some skillful rope climbing at the conclusion of his act.

Ray Miller and his band of 10 "jazz hounds" offer the latest in "jazz" music. Miller is generous in his selections and encores, and he could easily have held over twice the time allotted him on the bill.

Others on the program include Townes and Franklin in "Plenty of Pep," Klein Brothers, Jack Gregory and company in "Novelty Land" and the Skating Hamiltons.

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And surely the first business of the novelist is to tell a tale; he must count himself a failure if at the end we say coldly with Queen Victoria, "We are not amused."—Manchester Guardian.

HUMOR IN INDIA

Some of the criminal tribes of India specialize in murder, others in robbery. A knife fastened to the forefinger out the lobes of ears when women are asleep and robs them of their ear-rings. Another tribe see to the murdering of money-lenders. Commander Booth Tucker of the Salvation Army says these tribal criminals are "full of humor and vivacity."

Opinions concerning humor differ. There was Artemus Ward's uncle Willym, "a low cuss." He "filled his coat pockets with pies and billed eggs at his wedding breakfast, given to him by my father, and made the clergyman as united him a present of my father's new overcoat, and when my father, on discovering it, got in a rage and denounced him, Uncle Willym said the old man (meanin my parent) hadn't any idee of first-class humor!"

ADD "SOCIETY NEWS"

When "Prince Mohammed Sald Karkelo Zerdenech" of Kurdistan landed at Cherbourg on his way to Paris, the "descendant of the Prophet" had for baggage—according to prying reporters: a toothbrush, two celluloid collars, and an empty perfume bottle. Yet when he arrived at a hotel in Paris he easily borrowed a 1000 franc note from the porter. Never judge a man unfavorably because he wears a celluloid collar. We remember the time when captains of industry, owners of stocks and bonds, rich from mines and factories, wore paper collars without blushing. They would don a fresh one in a railway car and throw the soiled one with a superb gesture out of the window.

HOME BREW AT THE OPERA HOUSE

Will the enforcers of the Volstead act interfere with one of the dances at the Boston Opera House tonight? There is a home-brew dance on the Ruth St. Denis-Ted Shawn program. (Archaeologists will also be interested in this dance.) A rare and radiant maiden Xochitl lived in Mexico in the Toltec period. Her father brewed a strong but not unpleasant drink from the maguey plant, and then hastened to his Emperor, taking Xochitl with him. The Emperor drank long draughts of the brew, and heated by the drink and the beauty of the dancing girl, he attempted to embrace her. She screamed, father rushed in with a dagger, Xochitl begged him to spare His Royal Nibs. Grateful for the drink and the sparing of his life, the Emperor Tepancaltzin wedded the girl.

Mr. Herkimer Johnson last summer talked of a maguey plant—two or three of them, in fact—for his cottage grounds at Clamport. He had been reading an account of the maguey as given in Anson's Voyages; how natives obtained from it wine, vinegar, honey, thread, needles, stuffs for clothing or sails for canoes and small boats and timber for building. Mr. Johnson rolled this list as a sweet morsel over his tongue. "Infinite riches in a little room," he quoted. He also spoke of planting a pamelia bush which bears the dilson berries on which the killilulu bird feeds.

BUT HAZLITT OFTEN QUOTED IN- ACCURATELY, AND THERE WERE OTHERS

As the World Wags:

Did not some famous editor have "Verify quotations" as a sort of slogan? Under his aegis let me cite two examples recently remarked which might well serve as warnings to all writers.

While I shrink from bringing the blush of shame to any cheek, let me say right out in meeting that it was on no less distinguished an editorial page than that of the Transcript that a leading article began in this way:

AN EXCELLENT ENEMY

"Oh, that mine enemy would write a book!" It was the aspiration of Job.

The King James version has (Job, xxxi, 35) "Oh that one would hear me! behold my desire is . . . that mine adversary had written a book."

But if that is pretty bad, consider this, from Breziano's very bright "Book Chat":

"but righteous John Milton in his smug decision not to play with Amoryllis in the shade nor to twine the tresses of Naerea's hair."

The highly entertaining chatterer not only misquotes in a fine frenzy of error; he diametrically misrepresents the meaning of the passage, in which Milton would seem to be inviting the Shepherd-Poet to make the fourth in a pottle carree as southern and congenial to use one of B. L. T.'s favorite phrases) as the most contemporary of petting-parties.

Here are the lines from "Lycidas":

"Alas! What boots it with incessant care
To tend the homely slighted shepherd's trade,
And strictly meditate the thankless Muse?

Were it not better done as others use

To sport with Amoryllis in the shade,
Or with the tangles of Neaera's hair?"

Mr. Heywood Brown, writing in the same magazine, has a fine line, presumably quoted. But whether it was verified or not, who shall say?

"Because adverse police special pre-ident afternoon mor niga ferquinedro tion less destructive to his own feelings." MIRIAM LOWELL.

Winchester.

SHE SHOULD PERCH THERE

Mrs. Allie Crow, who has been elected president of the Linn County Bird Club at Cedar Rapids, Ia., is proposed for the Great Western Hall of Fame.

AUSPICIOUS NAMES

Strong and Manley own an athletic goods store in Eagle River, Wisconsin; A. C. Swindle runs a fruit and vegetable store in Anderson, Ind., and P. Kill is a genial undertaker in Chicago.

ON BEHOLDING OUR PARLOR THE MORNING AFTER

(From the N. Y. Evening Post)

The Tumult and the Shouting die,
And empty is the Liquid Jug—
While crumbs that broom and brush
defy
Are ground into the Persian rug.

The Captains and their Queens depart—
Deserted now the ruined room.
No fleeting figures dance or dart
Or hide the blushing bride or groom.

No silken ankles swiftly steal
Above the floor, bestrewn with rice,
Which now provides an early meal
For under-nourished hordes of mice.

The wedding guests leave in a bunch,
Replete with rounds of osculation;
The last few drops of sour punch
Commence initial fermentation.

Where Bacchus held these hearts in
paw,
The stark and searching, piercing light
Of chilling and prosaic dawn
Creeps in to censure ribald night.
—ARTHUR L. LIPPMANN.

GIVES CONCERT FOR CHILDREN

Yesterday afternoon Mr. Montoux and the Symphony orchestra gave the first young people's concert of this season. This was the program:

Beethoven Overture to "Fidelio."
Mozart, Minuet and Finale from the
Symphony in E-flat major.
Handel Largo
(Arranged by Hellmesberger)
Solo violin, Richard Burgin; harp,
organ and strings.
Saint-Saens "The Animals' Carnival"
Brahms Two Hungarian Dances
Chabrier Rhapsody, "Espana"

Perhaps middle-aged people who are neither fond parents nor Mr. Angelo Patri are too prone to regard children, before they are old enough to have acquired civilization, as not essentially different from small savages. In one respect they are wrong, for savages, by all accounts, are keenly sensitive to rhythm, whereas children, apparently, are not. At yesterday's concert, at all events, music of sharply defined rhythm, such as the movements from the symphony, made no appeal whatever to the audience at large, and even the Hungarian dances and the "Espana," which set the blood of old stagers present to coursing mighty fast, stirred the young but little. No wonder, then, that teachers have to slave with thumps and stamps to beat time, let rhythm alone, into the heads of their small charges. So, if these concerts have an educational aim, it is much to be hoped that Mr. Montoux will continue to show his audiences what rhythm means, in the hope that in time they will come to recognize and relish it.

Humor in music, yesterday, seemed to please above all else. Saint Saens's clucking hens got warm applause, and so did the donkeys, not to forget the cuckoo, which bird, oddly enough, struck the audience as deliciously funny. Sentiment, however, pleased almost as well. Hellmesberger's bombastic distortion of Handel's lovely tune held the attention closely, and Mr. Bedetti's playing of the Swan movement from the carnival brought the heartiest applause of the afternoon.

The "Fidelio" overture left the company as cold as did the Mozart pieces. If the classics are wise at concerts of this sort, might not music of more real warmth, suit better? Mozart minuets and finales today appeal only to a special public; can young people, presumably inexperienced, be expected to enjoy them? It would be interesting to watch the reaction of an audience like yesterday's to the first three movements of Beethoven's seventh symphony.

In the delightful Saint Saens suite *Ma de Voto* and Mr. Richard E. Stevens, pianists, lent excellent assistance. Mr. Kunze, Mr. Laurent and Mr. Bedetti played the solos charmingly. This concert will be repeated Thursday afternoon. On the afternoons of Feb. 13 and 14, there will be a second pair of young peoples' concerts. The large audience of yesterday shows they are appreciated.
R. R. G.

APOLLO CLUB

The Apollo Club of Boston gave its second concert of the season at Jordan hall last evening, assisted by Georg Wendler, French horn soloist, Frank H. Luker, pianist, and E. Rupert Sircom, organist. Emil Mollenhauer conducted. There was an unusually large

audience and the following program was presented:

"The Christmas Log," Giuseppe Di-nelli; Madrigal, Max Spicker; Concerto for Waldhorn, Strauss, played by Mr. Wendler; Two Starlets, E. Kremsler; Maryatta's Cradle-song, Selim Palmgren; Trust in the Lord (Largo), Handel; Sanctus, George L. Osgood; Blow, Blow, Thou Winter Wind, Horatio W. Parker; Hark! the Horn Awakes the Morn, Randegger; The Music of the Sea, Joseph Mosenthal; Laughing-Song, Franz Abt; Du bist die Ruh and Serenade, Schubert, played by Mr. Wendler; The Nun of Nidaros, Protheroe.

Of the songs, "Sanctus," written for the celebration at Harvard University, Nov. 7, 1886, was in many respects the most effective. It was admirably sung to bring out its beauty of harmony and its swelling volume. "Maryatta's Cradle-song" was unusual and particularly interesting—but the entire program was interesting, for that matter, and well sung. Mr. Wendler's solos were pleasing and appropriate to the rest of the concert.

The concert was relayed to the Shepard Stores radio station WNAC, and there broadcast. Conditions were very favorable last night, and it is believed that stations as far as Texas and the Mississippi could pick it up.

FRITZ KREISLER GIVES PLEASING RECITAL

Violinist Generous with Encores at Symphony Hall

Fritz Kreisler gave a concert at Symphony hall last evening, with the following program:

Beethoven's Kreutzer Sonata Bach's Sonata in G minor (for violin alone), Chanson Louis XIII et Pavane, by Couperin; Lotus Land, by Cyril Scott; Polichinelle (Serenade), by Kreisler; Farewell to Cuchullan, a Londonderry air transcribed by Kreisler; Chanson Arabe and Danse Orientale, transcribed by Kreisler from Rimsky-Korsakoff.

When such a well known and recognized artist as Mr. Kreisler gives a concert, it is hardly necessary to speak once again of his perfect technique. His program was well chosen and pleased a large and enthusiastic audience. His rendition of Bach's Sonata in G minor was unusually effective. Cyril Scott's "Lotus Land," a dainty composition, was so well interpreted that last evening's audience demanded its repetition.

Then "Farewell to Cuchullan," a Londonderry air, very tuneful, was another favorite. Last night's audience was extremely responsive and was insistent in its clamor for encores. Mr. Kreisler was generous, too. His next Boston concert will be given in the Opera House, Sunday afternoon, March 11.

1 an 18 1923 RUTH ST. DENIS

By PHILIP HALE

Ruth St. Denis with Ted Shawn and the Denishawn dancers gave an entertainment last night at the Boston Opera House. The theatre was filled from top to bottom. The music for the dancing and the scenes was furnished by a quartet—Louis Horst, pianist and conductor; J. Froling, violin; Augusto Scialzi, flute; Peter Kleynenberg, violoncello, and by the Ampico. The program also named the vacuum cleaner that was used.

The first part of the program, "Music visualizations," was on the whole disappointing. The music that was "visualized" was as follows: Beethoven, First movement of the Pathetic Sonata; Chopin's "Revolutionary" Etude; Schumann's "Aufschwung"; and pieces by Brahms, Liszt and Mana Zucca. For Schumann's music five young ladies in fleshings that showed completely their pretty bodies gave a "lyric idea of wind, wave and cloud" with the aid of a great veil, which fortunately did not cover them. The posturing, running about and leaping to Beethoven's music "approached a literal visualization of the actual rhythmic and architectural structure of the composition." In this scene the dancers would now and then turn their backs to the audience and examine with intense gaze the back drop; at times they would apparently study the structure of the stage; this seemed to put them in a state of despondency. If their facial expression and gestures were to be regarded as explanatory. Mr. Shawn appeared as a raving revolutionary, but without a red shirt, or even a white one, to Chopin's music. He was evidently a desperate fellow, but when a comely maiden fell dead at his feet, he was overcome with horror and remorse. Why, it was not easy to see. The program here was not a help to the understanding.

The remaining portions of the program were more entertaining. The various stage settings, the costumes and the lighting were very effective. In the Spanish Suite, danced by Miss St. Denis and Mr. Shawn there was vivid realism. Yet one might have regretted that Miss St. Denis in the Malaguna instead of manifesting superb indifference when it was required had recourse to a few tricks of the musical comedy soubrette. "Xochitl" was well minded, and Miss Graham, who took the part of the Mexican maiden was alluring in pace and dance.

The remaining "dances" were those of China, Crete, India, Siam, Japan, Java and Egypt. These were unusual, strikingly staged. Especially worthy of admiration were the Nautch dance of Miss St. Denis, the Japanese lantern dance, and the several Egyptian scenes. Yet after the final curtain fell, the chief impression was of gorgeous costumes—as the marvellous shawl worn by Miss St. Denis in the first Spanish dance—the taste displayed in the stage settings, and the ingenious lighting. Mr. Shawn as the unpleasant revolutionary and the young women who moved nimbly to Schumann's music will be remembered.

And the spectator also remembered the Miss St. Denis of the beautiful East Indian dances when she first visited Boston and would gladly have seen them again.

* The published bill of The Chicago Opera for the first week is in some respects entertaining reading. There is a pleasing return to the old fashion of describing the characters appearing on the stage. Thus Leonora in "Il Trovatore" is "a noble lady at the Court of a Princess of Aragon."

We have read that this noble lady was "Leonora de Guzman," but in Gutierrez's drama "El Trovador," on which the opera libretto is based, she is "Dona Leonor de Sese." The Count de Luna's name is Nuno de Artaio. There is a story that Gutierrez fashioned his gypsy woman after Scott's Meg Merrilies.

Of course Manrico is still "a young chieftain of mysterious birth."

We regret to say that on the Chicago Opera bill "Pagliacci" is erroneously given as "I Pagliacci" and "Die Walkure" is translated "The Valkyrs." No, Gentle Sir, the title is not in The plural, nor is Bruennhilde spelled "Brunhilde" as you have it.

And why should "The Love of Three Kings," "Snow Maiden" and "The Jewels of the Madonna" be announced as "novelties"?

Felix Salmond, the distinguished violoncellist, will give a concert in the Harvard music building, Cambridge, tonight at 8:15.

A man kills his friend on account of a debt of \$10. This recalls the old song: "I owe \$10 to O'Grady, You'd think he had a mortgage on my life."

Darius Milhaud, one of the Parisian group known as "The Six" (now they are "The Five"), will take part in the concert of the Boston Flute Players' Club on Sunday afternoon, the 28th, when his sonata for piano, flute, oboe and clarinet will be performed. He will play the piano part, also these solo pieces of his own composition: Prin-temps, Two Dances from "Saudades do Brazil," Romance and Rag Caprice.

Milhaud's Second Orchestral Suite was played here at a Symphony concert in April, 1921. The Flonzaleys played excerpts from one of his quartets as far back as 1914. Milhaud was born at Aix in 1892. He spent the years 1917 and 1918 at Rio de Janeiro as attache to the French legation.

Survivors from the vanished music halls of London sang old songs at the Palladium last month. "Arthur Roberts, still fresh and lively, swaggered down the footlights once more, a man about town in the eighties. In age he looks like a Roman emperor of the late period, a fine battered ghost from the night life of the London of hansoms, cabs and horse buses, the laureate of the rakish street lyric. Some of his allusions now need annotation. Somebody of disreputable learning might explain the reference to the 'hot potato' which figures in his midnight Strand dialogue. He sang 'I Am Living with Mother Now,' a cynical little London etching which delighted King Edward when Prince of Wales almost as much as the equally renowned 'If I Was Only Long Enough a Soldier I Would Be.'" Roberts is now 70 years old.

Georges Enesco, the Roumanian-Parisian violinist and composer, will play Brahms's concerto and conduct his Orchestral Suite at the Symphony concerts tomorrow afternoon and Saturday evening. He was born in 1881; he studied

at the Vienna Conservatory where he took the first violin prize, also one in harmony, when he was 11 years old. In 1899 at the Paris Conservatory he took a first prize for violin playing. One of his Symphonies, his Suite, Roumanian, Poem, a Roumanian Rhapsody, and a few lesser works have been played in Boston. Music by Berlioz and Debussy will also be performed at these Symphony concerts.

"Dick Turpin's Ride to York" was a feature at the Crystal Palace Circus Christmas week. Turpin never made this ride, the iconoclasts say; nevertheless the legend prevails.

CORDS AND DISCORDS

(Sir James Cantile attributes the scarcity of good tenors to the habit of smoking.)

Tenores robusto
To whom we could list
With infinite gusto
No longer exist—

As a class they're napoo,
And we note with regret
That the shortage is due
To the cheap cigarette.

The heirs of Caruso,
Tamagno, and such
(Oh, why do they do so?)
Are smoking too much!

The ambitions, it seems,
That their promise awoke
Are the idlest of dreams—
They are ending in SMOKE!
—London Daily Chronicle.

Mme. Eva Gauthier will sing in aid of orphan French children this afternoon in Jordan Hall; the Flonzaley Quartet will give its first concert of the season tonight in the same hall—music by Novak, the Bohemian; Haydn, and Brahms; Harrison Potter, pianist, has an interesting program for tomorrow night; Burton Holmes at Symphony hall tomorrow night and Saturday afternoon will talk about Japan as he saw it in company with the son of Lafcadio Hearn.

Henry Miller has acquired the rights of "Pasteur," and will take the part of Pasteur, which Lucien Guilty played in Paris. H-m-m-l we remember poor Mr. Gillette struggling in Bernstein's "Samson"

James Bernard Fagan's play, "Treasure Island," adapted from Stevenson's story, was produced in London in Christmas week. Would that Stevenson had lived to write a review of play and performance! The London Daily Chronicle thinks he would have gloated over the success. "For the book had a disappointing reception when, as 'The Sea Cook' it ran through the pages of a magazine 'openly mocked at by more than one indignant reader.' Stevenson's first smile came with Cassell's offer for the book rights—a hundred pounds, all alive, O! A hundred jingling, tingling, golden, minted quid. Is not this wonderful! Recognition of the work followed. Statesmen and judges became boys again in their study of the wiles of Long John Silver, and a single glimpse of the volume sent Gladstone searching London for a second-hand copy. Within a couple of years of its appearance the book was translated and pirated everywhere."

Walter Kingsley thinks well of the Oriole Terrace Orchestra which he advertises: "From the native haunts of the original jazz-hounds the Orioles have been recruited to give Broadway the authentic thrill, the semi-savage shiver, the crisp tingle of the nerves. With them comes the amazing musical sense that creates outlaw rhythms which stir the world. Here are 13 men, with a repertory of 36 instruments, who can split beats down to 16ths. They are the real thing. They are to other jazz artists what Bat Masterson was to the two-gun man of the movies or Sitting Bull to a painted actor. In other words, they are the originals of jazz, the much imitated forerunners and creators of a musical fashion that is sweeping the world."

The Englishman is supposed to be singularly clean animal, a man of daily bath. In the Canton Vaud, Switzerland, we have seen Englishmen passing through Vers l'Eglise with a tub strapped to a trunk. Did not Haz lit complain of the neglect of Frenchmen and Frenchwomen to scrub themselves? Did not Punch at the time of the Crystal Palace exhibition picture two Frenchmen standing aghast before a washstand with bowl and pitcher, wondering what that "extraordinary machine" could be?

Now comes Mr. Edgar Jepson, who writes that the Londoners have begun to buy less water to wash themselves,

and this parsimony is costing the metropolitan water board £20,000 a year. Mr. Jepson is unmoved: "I have long been awake to the danger of washing in our treacherous climate." He quotes Huelva, "the great Viennese skin specialist," who nearly 30 years ago pointed out that hot water, also soap, robbed the skin of precious natural oils. Kapoc, the successor of Huelva, was still more vehement in warning.

"Washing," says Mr. Jepson, "as it was practised in my youth, was a harmless practice. Every morning you got into a shallow bath with about four inches of cold water in it, sat down and sluiced yourself in the manliest way. In those days it was generally believed that this was a cleansing process. It was, of course, nothing of the kind. But it had the advantage that it did not remove those natural oils from the skin and lower your vitality."

Then came "the foolish fashion" of having a bathroom in the house. Then came the era of the hot bath. The cold bath was said to be a severe shock to the nerves; obsequious doctors agreed to this.

"Consequently for the last 15 or 20 years Londoners have been lowering their vitality by robbing themselves every day of enough natural oil to run hundreds of Diesel engines; and publicists and anthropologists have been lamenting the deperdition of the London stock."

Why then the change? Because hundreds of thousands found in the world war that because they were forced to go without baths for a long time they were extraordinarily vital. After the war, hot water and soap have lowered this vitality. Furthermore, the price of water is high.

WHO'S ZOO IN OUR BALLROOM

(It has been proved that the Camel Walk is useless to the ballroom, and a new dance is required.)

The Camel Walk to dancers give the Dromedary Hump,

The Hippo Hunch demands a wider hall,

But to see Jemima Ann go
Through a Woolly West Mustango,
Puts a new complexion on our local ball.

The Lizard Crawl and Alligator Glide
Appeals to me as figures quaint and new;

But so badly humans bungle
In the gestures of the Jungle,
That I send my invitations to the Zoo.
A. W. in the London Daily Chronicle.

A FAMILY MAN

As the World Wags:

I am the man of the house. Being the man of the house, I do the errands "on the way home." If I could do the man who started the "Do your own shopping!" I should have more strength and pep for my charge of carrying bundles home. The theorist who started this inanity must have been a department store's shipping clerk; possibly a juggler; perhaps a grocer's chauffeur; sick of his job.

The other afternoon, notified by telephone of unexpected company expected for dinner, I was asked to bring home some supplies. This in its extent would imply that had it not been for the expected company I should have drawn a scrub dinner that evening. I was sure of it by the time I had climbed our hill with the "some supplies." As a starter I gathered in a hat at the milliner's, wondering on the way out at the feminine need of a box too large, the need of so much tissue paper and fuss among the women who shop. Thence to a market for some nice salmon to fry and a garnish of good celery. Here again was an implication, for at the prevailing, garnished prices of sliced, juicy salmon and real celery I could but assume that our expected company was of considerable distinction. Thence to a grocer's for some supplies, the list including oatmeal and eggs. I balked at the oatmeal, unable as I was to locate oatmeal on a dinner table and yet able to see the premeditated bulk added to my free delivery. The grocery clerk was benignly itself; he loaded my arms and he would have hung the oatmeal around my neck if I had requested it. He placed the celery for me in one overcoat pocket, exclaiming over his brilliant thought, the fish in the other. Now it happened that, anticipating the salmon-hued company, I had purchased sliced fish in generous quantity, and in my overcoat pocket it was a tight fit despite the clerk's efforts. In fact, it didn't fit. Like the celery, it protruded. Yet I saw the slippery hill, my arms were full; I could but accept the gracious clerk's confidence that it would ride. It did, swabbing itself as I went along to its confines, oozing its cheer and wondering at my agitation and haste. "Agitation" is a comprehensive word. I have read of

a man slowly sinking in the quicksand, but in his predicament he had nothing on me climbing the slippery hill. His direction was downward and mine was upward, the only difference. At that he was the luckier, for help reached him.

I'd like to push that fish into the face of the man who started this "Do your own shopping!" taking a chance on our strength and pep. His punishment would include my overcoat hill at the tailor's, plus damages for the personal articles of that pocket but which are not of it now. He would fumigate my clothes closet, and henceforth he could have my appetite for fried salmon.

Fitchburg.

H. C. P.

BUT WHAT DID THE SELECTMEN DO?

(From the Milton Record)

The selectmen, at their meeting on Friday evening of last week, reappointed local moth superintendent by fire department as forest warden.

AND HE GOT THE ORDER

As the World Wags:

A carpenter in Manchester with an eye to the future, as well as business in hand, recently penned on a postcard the following message to the owner of a Manchester estate which he looks after:

"This is somewhat out of season, but then, that is no reason. Why we can't, now, just as well as June;

Make ready for the skeeters. Sure, we know they are some eaters. And that they will be with us very soon.
K. F. WATSON,
Newton.

LANDOR AND POUND

Mr. Ezra Pound in his letter from Paris to the January number of the Dial says that Landor stayed out of print "for over half a century between the issuing of the original editions and the Dent collection of 1909."

Mr. Ezra Pound is too cocksure of everything. Roberts Brothers of Boston published Landor's "Imaginary Conversations," five volumes, in 1876-77; his "Pericles and Aspasia" in 1876; his "Pentameron" in 1882.

FLONZALEY

Last night in Jordan hall the Flonzaley quartet gave its first concert of the season, playing a new quartet by Novak, the Haydn quartet in E-flat major, op. 76, and the Brahms A-minor, op. 51.

The Bohemian composer, Vitezlaw Novak, though little known here, is no longer so young as he has been, since he was born in 1870. Nor has he passed his life in idleness. As well as music in his younger days, he studied law. He has taught music at the Prague Conservatory, and he has to his credit songs, choruses, piano pieces, chamber music, and at least three ambitious works for orchestra. To his legal training, perhaps, the satisfying clarity of last night's quartet may be due. The first movement, simplicity itself, appears to consist of a single theme of none too striking contour, tossed about from one instrument to another. It has its charm. The middle movement, poco allegro, begins with a melody amazingly like the old Scotch "Will Ye Gang to the Highlands, Leelee Lindsay?"—that Leelee who, after a prudent query or two as to her suitor's walk of life, kilited her coats of green satin, kilited them up to the knee, and went off with Lord Ronald MacDonald, a chieftain of high degree. This lively tune the Bohemian treated in a lively way, providing for contrast quite as sprightly a theme in the rhythm of a Tyrolean ländler. The real contrast came only with the slow introduction to the finale, where the composer definitely established a serious mood. It did not last. The finale is written in good spirits, with unabashed use of dance rhythms, even unto a polka, which, amazing to tell, is not vulgar. Though not a work of great consequence, this Bohemian quartet proved such unusually agreeable music to hear that it should serve as a welcome addition to the repertory of comparatively recent quartets.

If for nothing else, its lack of self-consciousness and strain would make it a relief to listen to after much of the music that is written today. Novak, when he chose, made play with a dance tune; so did Haydn—we heard it only last night, at the close of his quartet; so did Brahms. Nor did one of the three hold it necessary to mark the passage with exclamation points or other devices to show the world they were being playful, or raucous, or national, or anything but plain natural. Young composers of the hour are not likely to

write in the idiom of Haydn or Brahms or even Novak. To their advantage though, they well might strive to emulate their freedom from self-conscious affectation.

The audience last night was large. At the next concert it may well be larger still, for all admirers of the Flonzaley's flawless finish will, of course, assist and such persons as have a fancy for the stouter vigor, warmer vitality, than the Flonzaley Quartet have often chosen to give, may without fear now lend their presence. Last night the quartet played with an astonishing increase of warmth, of color, life. May they continue in this new way! The next concert will be given Wednesday, Feb. 14.

R. R. G.

MME. GAUTIER

A large audience greeted Eva Gautier in Jordan hall yesterday afternoon at the recital she gave in aid of orphaned French children. Frederic Persson, pianist, assisted her, and Paul Milmart, clarinetist.

Though yesterday Mme. Gautier did not grasp so confidently as she has sometimes done at the music of the future, none the less she did not abandon her ambition to sing a program almost entirely of music nobody has ever heard before. Since the best music of every genre has a way of getting itself performed, it follows logically enough that a singer of Mme. Gautier's aims is forced to carry on her researches rather more than is desirable among what is second rate. Now and again, of course, something excellent and rare comes to light, not always, though. Obscurity, after all, is no proof of superiority.

Mme. Gautier sang yesterday an unfamiliar air from Handel's "Admeto," lending it a fresher novelty by singing it in French. This she followed with a charming ariette by Ricci, and this in turn by a coquettish air, "Tableau parlant," by Gretry. The group she closed with Beethoven's setting of the Erl King, rather often sung when it was first discovered some 25 years ago, but since forgotten; a dramatically conceived song it surely is—only Schubert's is better.

Her second group Mme. Gautier began with what she called "Bijoux Indiscrets" of the 18th century, found by Mr. Carl Engel in the library at Washington, and harmonized by him. Not conspicuous for charm, they are not helped much by Mr. Engel's sophisticated, over-fussy accompaniments. They threw into strong relief three "popular" Spanish songs by de Falla, which at least have character.

American songs came next: "I Love the Night," by Marion Bauer; Wintler Watts's "Little Shepherd Song," "With You," by Lois Mills, and Whithorne's "Dalia." Of the four Mr. Watts came off best with a song of the salon type, which is blessed with genuine charm and grace. Miss Mills, a girl of 19, according to Mme. Gautier, in her song showed a note of true individuality, of which she does not yet know how to make the most; it is to be hoped that she will study carefully the principles of accentuation.

Then Mme. Gautier sang three Debussy songs, "Le Tombeau des Nalades," "Eventail" and "Clair de Lune," and de Severac's "Chanson pour le Petit Cheval." They fell on the ear refreshingly, for their composers, though their aims may have been unusual, saw clearly how to attain them, and indulged in no unreasonable queeriness, by the way, for the sake of the queerness alone.

From some hidden corner Mme. Gautier had unearthed a song by Schubert, "Der Hirt auf Den Felsen," for voice, piano and clarinet. Except for a slow middle section, in its essence Schubertian, after the Debussy songs it sounded commonplace enough. And to close her concert she arranged a group of British and Austrian songs: Peterkin's "Beata Solitudo," "The Buckle," By Arthur Bliss; a cradle song from Schreker's opera "Der Schatzgraber," and a Chopin waltz in the arrangement of which various persons had a hand, notably Joseph Marx. There were also repetitions and encores.

Once more Mme. Gautier showed herself a remarkable singer of songs. Though not the mistress of pure song which she is quite capable of becoming if she so should choose, nevertheless she sings well enough to do with marvelous skill precisely what she wants to do, which is to seize with uncanny intuition every shade of meaning in a poem, searchingly to analyze the music thereto for its inherent qualities of line and form, and then to find its illustrative possibilities of tonal color. Mme. Gautier's methods lead to very beautiful singing of its kind. Above all else she sang the Debussy songs enchantingly, the Beethoven, to, and the Gretry air.

R. R. G.

George L. Lansing

The funeral of George L. Lansing, one of the most widely known banjo players in the world, who died at his home in this city, last Monday, was held yesterday afternoon at the home of his son, Richard Lansing, in Lynn. A large floral banjo was sent as a memorial offering by fellow musicians living in various parts of the United States.

Enesco Is Soloist

By PHILIP HALE

The 12th concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Monteux, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. The program was as follows: Berlioz, Overture to "Benvenuto Cellini"; Brahms, Violin concerto; Debussy, Rondes de Printemps; Enesco, Suite for Orchestra. Georges Enesco played the concerto and conducted his Suite. It was his first appearance in Boston.

Mr. Enesco was known in Boston by his music as far back as 1902 when Mr. Longy brought out the "Poeme Roumain" at a concert of the Orchestral Club. The Suite of yesterday was played for the fifth time at the Symphony concert; the Symphony in E flat has been played twice at these concerts; one of the Roumanian Rhapsodies five times; chamber music by Enesco has been heard in this city.

His fame as a violinist had preceded him. Yesterday there was no disappointment. He chose the concerto by Brahms, introducing his own cadenzas, or some reason or other violinists are fond of this concerto, or at least they say they are, though Joachim, the first to play it, was not wholly satisfied with it; he advised Brahms in the composition, and made changes after Johannes had thought it was completed. Perhaps the concerto makes a peculiar technical appeal to violinists. There are conductors who find pleasure in symphonies by Mahler and Bruckner, while the hearers yawn and would fain see the life in the street, the stars looking down, imperturbable, from the sky; or they regret that they are not at home with pipe and novel, or seated comfortably at bridge.

In his early years Mr. Enesco studied in Vienna. Some time ago he said that he was in those days "deeply imbued with Wagner and Brahms," and that his own works show a combination of their influence. Although he pursued his studies in Paris, lived and worked there, held in high honor by colleagues and public as he is today in Bucharest, he thinks he did not escape from this early influence, which, certainly is not strongly shown in the Suite.

The concerto has been played here by violinists of high rank, but never so musically, one might say ingratiatingly, as by Mr. Enesco. What music there is in the concerto, emotional or contemplative, came straight to the hearer, without thought of the violin, the violinist, or even Brahms. This is the triumph of interpretative art. What Walt Whitman in his preface to "Leaves of Grass" put in the mouth of the great poet might have been said yesterday by Mr. Enesco: "What I experience or portray shall go from my composition without a shred of my composition. You shall stand by my side and look in the mirror with me."

There was no thought of technical prowess, of tone; the hearer was conscious only of music, when Brahms was not anxiously concerned with form and formulas, with measures that he thought necessary if he were to be ranked among the orthodox, though many of these measures are only padding.

The Suite has often been discussed in The Herald, but, led by the composer, it assumed a new guise. The Prelude in unison, superbly played by the strings, had a romantic wildness, a strange beauty, an originality in appeal that gave it irresistible eloquence. As led by Mr. Enesco, the Finale was dramatic and exciting. The slow minuet still seemed to us prolix, and the chief theme hardly suffering the elaborate treatment. Mr. Enesco knew what he wished; he knew how to obtain what he wanted; he stood before men who seconded him fully in the fulfillment of his desires.

The man himself at once commanded respect when he came on the platform. A striking apparition; sure of himself, but without arrogance, without the air of a conqueror; not physically swayed by his own emotions; neither courting the favor of the audience, nor disdaining it; a man, as well as a musician.

Mr. Monteux led a remarkably brilliant performance of the overture; a performance that in itself was enough to make the concert noteworthy. The overture is Berlioz at his best; and at his best he is among the immortals. Debussy's Rondo of Spring's "dances, smells April and May"; with its suggestion of an old French song is sportive,

ingeniously orchestrated and all that, but will it reach the age of Berlioz's overture? We doubt it.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of next week's concert will comprise Gustav Holst's series of seven tone poems, "The Planets," and MacDowell's "Indian" Suite.

The London Daily Chronicle, apropos of the centenary of the Rev. Charles Wolfe—he died on Feb. 21, 1823—the author of "The Burial of Sir John Moore," so often spouted by boys in New England schools, said: "Some years after Wolfe's death, a practical 'joker' professed to have found the 'French original' of 'The Burial,' thereby proving Parson Charles to be a plagiarist. But the 'joke' was detected, and exposed—with a sound word of admonition."

This "French original," entitled "Les Funerailles de Beaumanoir," may be found in "Father Prout's Reliques." Mahony wrote gravely as a prefatory note that Col. de Beaumanoir, killed in the defence of Pondicherry, belonged to an old family in Brittany. "One of his retainers must have been the writer of the following lines descriptive of his hasty burial in the north bastion of the fortress where he fell." Mahony's "French original" is a masterpiece of translation. Did not the Daily Chronicle know it?

FAR SEEING ISALAH

As the World Wags:

Isalah does not stand forth as a Pollyanna among prophets and his foretellings in general are those of one who saw into the future as through a glass darkly, but in a moment of uplift of the inner gloom a word of cheer stole into his inspired utterance, variously interpreted in the past, but now about to burgeon into truth and fulfillment. He foretold that at some time, somewhere "the wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose. It shall blossom abundantly and rejoice, even with joy and singing . . . and the parched ground shall become a pool and the thirsty land springs of water." So endeth the first reel.

Under the happy augury of the new year, the Conscript Fathers in the Senate chamber at Washington assembled were considering what new thing might be prohibited. On the appropriation bill for the department of the interior appeared an item for \$25,000 to be expended in prohibiting the use of peyote by the Indians in certain of the western states. Further know, that peyote must add to the joy of living and speed up the pursuit of happiness by the nation's wards, for otherwise why should it be prohibited? The Senate knows as little about peyote as it knows of the foreign policy of the administration.

SMOOT TO THE RESCUE

Senator Smoot of Utah was summoned from the cloak room. "Peyote," said the senator, "is a plant with a blossom resembling a small sunflower which grows on the banks of the Rio Grande. When the Indians in Utah drink the infusion of it or chew it, they are in a stupor for two days. It acts upon the Indians as moonshine whiskey does upon the white man. The Indians say they dream beautiful dreams, but people in my state say they would prefer that the Indians drink liquor rather than use this drug. In justice to the Indians, I want to say that there are some Indians who claim they use it in their religious worship, and, for that reason, object to its prohibition. They say it makes them feel like ministers, and a missionary has been quoted as saying that the flower, even a single faded one, dried and chewed, creates a beautiful state of mind, which sometimes lasts two days."

"Yes," said Senator Ashurst, "my observation leads me to believe that it produces the feeling of possession of great wealth."

According to precedent, consideration of the religious argument as put forward by Senator Smoot prevailed, and the use of peyote, not only by the 100 per cent. Americans of the West but by all the rest of us, red, white or blue, remains the one thing unprohibited.

AND THE NATIONS WILL SING FOR JOY

So let it blossom abundantly and let us rejoice even with joy and singing. Let the parched ground of Arizona, New Mexico and the Bad Land blossom as the rose with their myriad of blossoms. Let two peyote patches grow where one mint bed grew before. Let us, the constituents of our senators and congressmen, demand of them with one voice that seed packets of peyote be franked through the mails this spring, that the

saturny places and the backroads of New England shall be glad, if only for two days running. Let the wizardry of Luther Burdick be directed to the peyote, crossing it, perchance, with the Concord grape, that its juice become more potent within the law. Then with the harvest in the fall let us of our surplus send shipments to those in need beyond the seas. To those in the near east a stupor for two days should be a restful boon. To those who owe us money, the feeling of possession of great wealth might suggest the payment of some of it, some time, somehow. We at home with a cud of fine cut peyote next the oft turned cheek would meet the tax-gatherer and the enforcement agent with a smile. ABEL ADAMS.

Amherst, N. H.

ISN'T THIS PREMATURE?

(Salem Evening News)

The second meeting of leaders for Girl Scouting will be held this evening in the Broad street headquarters, and Miss Gladys Commander will come from Boston to instruct the leaders. Every one who attends is asked to bring a rope five feet long and a piece of twine of the same length.

NO SHRINKING VIOLET

As the World Wags:

I send you the following advertisement I clipped for The Herald:

MATRIMONIAL

If you wish a wealthy young wife, write, enclosing envelope. VIOLET RAY, Dennison, Ohio.

Violet may be related to the young woman who sent through the personal column of a New York newspaper "a thousand kisses flavored with sherry wine" to some unnamed admirer. Chestnut Hill, PETER JOBLING.

"WHAT DO YOU SUPPOSE THE BRIDE WAS DRESSED IN?"—(OLD SONG.)

(From the Decatur, Ill., Herald)

MARCH—DUNN

Miss Ruth March and Raymond Dunn were married Thursday morning at 9 o'clock in St. Patrick's Catholic Church. Mrs. Dunn is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ed March of Decatur. She wore a silver cloth hat and a corsage bouquet.

THEY CAME LATE, BUT THEY CAME

(Salem Evening News)

Rev. Mr. Owen, pastor of the Community Church, preached a very interesting sermon yesterday morning to a steadily increasing audience.

THE MAD HATTER

As the World Wags:

This "special notice" was displayed by a hatter in Boston:

"Since man to man
Done so Unjustice
Each to other I hardly
Know whom to trust
One from another."

Danvers.

A. R. SWEETSER.

POTTER PLAYS

In the making of the program for his recital last night in Jordan hall, Harrison Potter, pianist, showed judgment superior to that of the most of his fellow piano players. Because he rejoiced in too much good sense to weary his audience in advance by the mere list alone of one ponderous work after another, he did not make the mistake of assuming that people are bewitched with an evening of trifles, and because he wisely avoided playing music that from over-work has lost its savor. He did not arrange a program that too obviously suggested delving in foreign music shops for music that nobody has thought worth the pains of learning.

Mr. Potter began with some transcriptions Respighi made of four 16th century dances, a gagliarda by Gallilei, a villanella and a siciliano by unknown composers, and a "balletto" by Molinaro. Though one may not know just what Respighi did to the original dances, they suggest, from certain mannerisms, that they sound the best where he did least. Charming they are at all events, especially the first part of the sombre villanella, and the first part of the siciliano before the ornaments begin, be they of Respighi or of the unknown. These dances Mr. Potter followed by a Bach prelude, in B minor, which the Italian Plok-Mingalalli had transcribed. Whosever the fault, Mr. Potter's, the Italian's, or Bach's, the composition sounded very unimpressive.

For his piece of full length Mr. Potter chose the Schumann G minor sonata,

that work of many lovely and few dull moments which comes to a hearing less often than Schumann's other long works. Then, as a prelude to a group of modern small pieces Mr. Potter played a Scarlatti sonata in D major, charming to hear and rarely if ever played at recitals. The modern music included "The Holy Boy" by Ireland, pretty and not aggressively Gaelic in character; "El Puerto" by Albeniz, Debussy's "Teux d'Artifice" and a Sevillana by one Infanta. The Debussy piece Mr. Potter repeated, and he also added encores.

Although he must gain repose before he can make his full worth felt in concert, and although he must recognize the necessity of what to him may seem like exaggeration if he would make his performance effective in a concert hall, last night Mr. Potter showed himself a sound musician and an accomplished pianist. The most significant parts of the old Italians' music he played admirably, the Scarlatti sonata too, and also the "Holy Boy." The Debussy piece he played brilliantly. In the Schumann andantino, however, Mr. Potter proved himself an artist of quality, for he sang the lovely melody with exquisite tone and notably beautiful phrasing, accompanying it the while with figures most delicately tinted. Mr. Potter well understands the full use of the pedals. Of higher consequence, furthermore, in his best movements he does justice to the poetry that may lie in music, to most people concealed. R. R. G.

Jan 21 1923

Mr. Ted Shawn, who danced in a macabre manner as an unshirtd revolutionary at the Boston Opera House last Wednesday night, told a friend while they were discussing the art of dancing, from the days of Lucian to the appearance of the Swedish ballet in Paris, that he and his wife, Ruth St. Denis, not long ago gave an entertainment at Santiago, Cal. The morning after the hotel clerk, who had hitherto been indifferent, if not haughty, grasped his hand and said: "I seen you dance down to the theatre last night, and believe me, boy! you don't shake no mean hoof."

We are thus reminded of Artemus Ward in the ballroom. It was at the Howard House, Aspinwall, in the Republic of Grenada, that Artemus had his first adventure: "At the Howard House the man of sin rubbeth the hair of the horse to the bowels of the cat, and our girls are waving their illy-white hoofts in the dazzling waltz."

At a Mormon ball at Salt Lake City, Artemus noted that Brigham Young was more industrious than graceful as a dancer. "He exhibits, however, a spryness of legs quite remarkable in a man at his time of life. I didn't see Heber C. Kimball on the floor. I am told he is a loose and reckless dancer, and that many a illy-white toe has felt the crushing weight of his cow-hide monitors. . . . 'Ain't you goin' to dance with some of my wives?' said a Mormon to me." In 1863 only quadrilles were danced at Mormon balls; the mazurka was considered sinful; the old-time round waltz was tabooed.

JUMPING OFF AT "H"

As the World Wags:

The French Pollu jumped off at H—"heure" on J—"jour." (This in answer to an inquiry in your column.) During the fall of 1917 and early spring of 1918 the young and unsophisticated A. E. F. accepted this formula without question. Orders for raids and bar-rages employed the literal translation of these mystic symbols as follows:

H—hour
J—day

When the A. E. F. began to feel its oats it became more independent. Some purist at G. H. Q.—he must have been an English A instructor in early life—passed down an order one fine day that the use of the term J—day would be henceforth and forever discontinued, and that the term D—day must be habitually employed in lieu thereof.

DICK SWIVELLER.

A PUN—A VERY PALPABLE PUN

As the World Wags:

Speaking of Boston's unappreciative reception of Mr. Walter Hampden's interpretation of Shakespeare's play, one might say that New York loves not Hamlet less but Barrymore.

H. W. ABBOTT.

METHINKS SHE HAD HIM

(From the Bloomington, Ill., Pantagraph)
I WILL NOT be responsible for any debts contracted by any one but myself. Len Riddle, 1412 S. East St.

LEN RIDDLE never was responsible for any of my debts as I washed for a living. Mary J. Riddle, 1412 S. East St.

FOR THE TWO PLATOON

As the World Wags:

I read this placard in a vacant shop window:

"TO RENT

Apply to

A. FIREMAN

330 Atlantic Ave."

Why not sign him up for the two-platoon system? His name indicates that he is big league timber. T. P. H.

SPIRITUS FRUMENTI

(From the Gardner News)

"First evidence of a breath is said to have developed at an organization meeting of local physicians and the official outcome as to the election of officers, it is reported, caused a wide split in the organization." DYER NEEDHAM.

CONCERNING THE EPIGRAM

At the World Wags:

As a supplement to Mr. Webster's well known compendium of words, I offer this definition of an epigram:

"A statement of fact or otherwise which sounds most excellent and true when applied to nothing in particular but which opens itself to ridicule and contempt when applied to any definite thing."

A friend (now a former friend) displayed lamentable taste by remarking that the definition itself was epigrammatic. P. M. B.

SAFETY FIRST

As the World Wags:

Yesterday a ragged, blind beggar was sitting on a street corner holding out his empty cup at passers-by when a banker addressed him: "How would you like a big drink of whiskey?" B. B. (in broken tones)—"Oh! Brother!" J. B. (filling cup)—"Toss that off!" B. B. (complying in haste). J. B.—"Well, how does that suit your copperosity?" B. B.—"Brother, that's real whiskey." J. B.—"Thanks. That's what I wanted to know—thought it safer to ask you—you're blind already." HELEN'S LAMB.

DISILLUSIONMENT

Alas, O sere and yellow leaf!
In Denmark all is rotten!
I was in love, until—O grief!
My Romeo said "gotten."

Again I almost lost my heart,
But now I know I won't;
The best that we can do is part,
Because he says, "It don't."

A third entranced me weeks and weeks,
But now—here comes the Jonah—
My dream is over, for he speaks
Of "wanna," "gotta," "gonna."

Another beau attracted me,
Again my soul grew blithe;
But oh, my heart, it cannot be,
He spoke last night of "heights."

So out on joy and gay romance
And fie on thrill and glamour—
At love I will not take a chance
Till it's combined with grammar!

PHOEBE KAY.

THE NOBLE ENGLISH LANGUAGE

As the World Wags:

I read this sentence in an editorial article published in a local journal: "With these facts before him, Judge Brewster rightly waived her illiteracy and ushered her in to 'fair Freedom's open door.'" PAGE M. MENCKEN.

Concord.

Never jeer at the linotype. It will be revenged, and if it misses an opportunity, the proofreader will come to its aid.—ED.

IS NOT THIS CAPTIOUS?

As the World Wags:

We read a good deal lately about "Spiritually minded" men and women. What does it mean? Who minds them spiritually? If they have spiritual minds why not say so? We never talk about clearly-headed men, or thickly-witted men, and we do not say that girls are rosily-cheeked or bluely-eyed. Newton. M. A. W.

TIT FOR TAT

When Pierre Benoit's novel "Atlantide" came out he was accused of having read too carefully Rider Haggard's "She." Now the publishers of Benoit's romance has caused the seizure of Georges Grandjean's "Antinea" on the ground that it is in imitation of "Atlantide"; that the characters and whole pages have been borrowed. M. Grandjean replies that his characters live a different life in a different environment, and instead of flattering feminine pride, he abases it. "Tis a pretty quarrel."

Honegger wrote incidental music for Jean Cocteau's free adaptation of "Antigone," music for harps and woodwind instrument. The play was produced at L'Atelier, Paris, last month. "Blossom Time" has been produced in London as "Lilac Time."

Don Lorenzo Perosi, composer of oratorious and cantatas, has been declared of unsound mind by the Roman tribunal, and is under legal guardianship. His malady began in 1907.

So Julia Arthur will play Hamlet—but only the closet scene—an act for the B. F. Keith vaudeville circuit. She is by no means the first woman to portray the melancholy Dane.

Charlotte Cushman, however, in her manly roles was more successful as Cardinal Wolsey, and even as Romeo. Eliza Shaw, they say, was better in the part, "but still better out of it." William Winter saw several women in the inky cloak. "Charlotte Barnes, with her frail physique and mournful, wandering eyes, languished through it with tolerable effect. Stalwart Miss Marriott stalked about in it and was gloomily comic. Miss Julia Seaman made a jack-knife effort with it on one ghastly night at Booth's Theatre a few years ago. And it was not very long since the Melancholy Dane was more melancholy than usual in the exhibition made of him at Niblo's Garden by Miss Belgarde. Alas, poor Hamlet! It was a bad day for the glass of fashion when the essayists began to call him 'feminine' and the ladies found it out."

Winter said nothing about Charlotte Crampton, who played Hamlet at the Chatham Theatre, New York, in 1859. She was the first female Mazeppa in America, "petite, with an exquisitely modelled form, a brunette, with a handsome face." She is said to have played Hamlet very well "for a woman."

Eliza Shaw played Hamlet at the Bowery Theatre in New York, in 1840. Other women seen in the part were Fanny Wallack, Clara Fisher, Emma Waller, Susan Denin, Mrs. F. B. Conway, Winnetta Montague, Janet Steer, Louise Pomeroy, Anna Dickinson. When Miss Dickinson took the part in Stetson's Fifth Avenue Theatre (March 20, 1882), a critic wrote: "Female Hamlets are novel, if not interesting, though they 'make the judicious grieve' that ladies who may have some personal charms should attempt what Heaven never intended they should do. Miss Dickinson played Hamlet in purple, under the idea, evidently, that when the prince refers to his 'inky cloak,' purple ink was then a fashionable article of stationery."

Asta Nielsen, the Danish actress, was seen at the Lexington Theatre, New York, in multiple reels in November, 1921.

It is said that Fanny Davenport, shortly before her death, was preparing an interpretation of Hamlet for a tour.

Julie Bernat, known on the French stage as Mme. Judith, was the first woman in France to play Hamlet. She had learned English and in 1866, acted in that language at Manchester, England, playing in "Hearts and Hands," which had been written for her, and in certain Shakesperian roles, but her performance of Hamlet in France was first at Lyons, Aug. 8, 1866, then at Nantes, finally at the Gaité, Paris, Nov. 30 of that year. She was described as "svclite, elegant, ironically, giving due emphasis to words and lines, only male force was lacking." In her most amusing memoirs she says that Maurice, one of the authors of the translation used by her, told her that her sex aided in expressing the melancholy and indecision of the character. Sarah Bernhardt said to her that Hamlet should be played only by a woman. After Mme. Bernhardt herself appeared as Hamlet at her theatre in Paris, on May 20, 1899, she said, when taken to task for her darlings: "The things Hamlet says, his impulses, his actions, all indicate to me that he was a woman, and it is recorded that the story from which Shakespeare drew his inspiration made her a woman."

(Mme. Judith, by the way, was an accomplished woman, and not only as an actress. She translated several English novels, among them "Lady Audley's Secret" and "Aurora Floyd." She had a son by Prince Napoleon, "Plon-Plon." This son, who died in 1855, at the age of 32, was legitimized by her husband, Charles Bernard Derosne, good man.)

Mme. Bernhardt used a surprisingly good translation of the tragedy made by Eugene Morand and Marcel Schwab, to which the latter supplied an admirable study of the play. Mme. Judith had used the translation by Dumas, Maurice and Maquet. It was said of Mme. Bernhardt that she was perhaps more nervous than melancholy and contemplative. She was praised especially for the scene with the strolling players, the address to Yorick's skull, and her tragic behavior in the duel.

Charlotte Cushman once asked: "Why should I not play Hamlet? Who is better fitted to enact a part thoroughly feminine, and who no doubt was a woman, if we are to take Shakespeare's words that he puts into Hamlet's mouth in the scene between the Prince and Horatio? Hamlet is not interested in what Horatio says, because Hamlet is a woman, not a man."

Then there was Dr. Edward P. Vining, who in his "Mystery of Hamlet" argued from Shakespeare's own lines that Hamlet was a woman.

As far as we know, no one has yet contended that Othello was a woman, and should be portrayed as one, possibly in Amazonian manner.

GAY'S POLITICAL SATIRE

Gay's "Polly," the sequel to "The Beggar's Opera" was revived in London at the Kingsway Theatre on Dec. 30. Before the performance the Daily Telegraph stated that the satire of the libretto was so bitterly abusive that an "adaptation" for modern requirements was absolutely necessary, which was not the case with "The Beggar's Opera." "A study of the history of the two works gives several clues to Gay's change of tone. In the 'Beggar's Opera' his satire is directed against Walpole

and the corrupt political system of the day, a subject directly concerning the masses; in "Polly," on the other hand, Gay voices a mere personal grievance, and he does it all the more spitefully because he feels the public to be more ready to laugh at him than with him. His shafts this time are not directed so much against the body politic as against the court, and he vents his spleen against a situation in which he himself cuts a sorry figure. No sooner had Mrs. Howard begun to engage the attentions of George II than Gay set himself to pay assiduous court to her in order to secure royal protection. Unlike Walpole, he did not realize that in spite of Mrs. Howard's influence, it was Queen Caroline who really dominated the King, and that to displease the latter was a fatal mistake. Gay promptly paid the price of his misplaced sycophancy, and fell into disgrace at court. His revenge was "Polly," from the opprobrious tone of which it is evident how stung he was by the belated realization of his faux pas. The domestic squabbles of Mr. and Mrs. Ducat over Polly undoubtedly refer to the queen's jealousy of Mrs. Howard, and there are many other allusions which must have made it easy for Walpole to persuade the king to prohibit the performance."

"POLLY" PRODUCED

The Times had this to say of the performance on Dec. 30:

Everything was done for the content of the audience who came to the Kingsway Theatre on Saturday night to find out what happened next to Macheath and Polly and all the other ladies, except Lucy Lockit, who had enjoyed Macheath's favors.

It would have been a churlish audience indeed which failed in contentment on the first night. Mr. Nigel Playfair had gathered round him a cabinet of all the talents. A note of pathos crept into his voice when, at the end, he called Mr. Clifford Bax forward to be complimented on having "largely reconstructed and adapted" Gay's play. His had been the hardest task. Beside it, Mr. Frederic Austin's of "arranging and composing" the music had been comparatively simple. Given such tunes as were originally collected for Polly, a man of Mr. Austin's ability could not fail to work them up effectively into the light operatic manner of ensemble numbers, choruses, and refrains, having the experience of "The Beggar's Opera" as a guide, and the co-operation of Mr. Eugene Goossens and a picked orchestra to make all his points tell. With dances arranged by Espinosa, the scenery of a West Indian island pictured in bamboos and cactus plants by Mr. William Nicholson, and, moreover, a cast as carefully picked as the or-

chestra, this seemed the most conscientious production possible.

That is the trouble, the only one; conscientiousness has fastened on Polly, Macheath, and their associates, and the supreme charm of "The Beggar's Opera" has fled. Mrs. Trapes is conscientiously demoralizing the West Indies with her "Academy of song and dance." The ladies use the same naughty names to each other but they use them conscientiously. Macheath, once the most ingenious of highwaymen, has blacked

his face (probably he has blacked himself all over) for some fell purpose which no one is expected to understand. His gang of pirates do not understand it; they do not like it. He meditates, refuses drink, worst of all he really seems to prefer one lady to another. He is losing his zest for life, and only playing out the game conscientiously. Polly, too, has changed; she prates of her virtue and modesty. She has grown sentimental. She pursues Macheath, but no longer with that determined right of possession with which she confronted Lucy at Newgate. Dressed in his majesty's uniform (and looking very dainty in it), she is simply the distraught and love-sick maiden of comic opera. We learn that Mr. Peachum is dead and Mrs. Trapes drinks to his memory in a glass of rum. His place is taken in the comedy by Mr. Ducat, his Majesty's representative on the island, who allows himself to be goaded by Mrs. Trapes into making, conscientiously, amorous advances to every woman he meets when his wife's broad back is turned.

So the mechanism of the play creaks, while the dialogue has lost most of Gay's rapier-like wit in its adoption of a more modern humor. And the music, too, has become more sophisticated. When "The Beggar's Opera" made its reappearance at Hammersmith some said: "What a lot Sullivan must have learnt from it." In Polly's case one thinks what a lot Mr. Austin has learnt from Sullivan. Too much indeed; the songs do not just slip in, say their say, and go. They work up to operatic climaxes, often with that annoying long pause on the penultimate note of the cadence which we know so well. And Gilbert comes in, too; after the battle of Red Indians and pirates we almost expected the latter to remark:

We yield at once with humble mien
Because, with all our faults, we love
our Queen.

They did not do that, but every one was properly sorted into pairs; Macheath and Polly posed under a large sun umbrella, Jenny Diver, Macheath's former companion in exile, was handed over to his lieutenant, Mr. Ducat was properly returned to his wife, the other ladies found suitable pirates and Indians, while song and dance brought down the curtain, all in the best manner of the Savoy.

VARIOUS NOTES

Paul Shirley of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, who has made a life-long study of the viola d'amore, planned a musical church service, an instrumental concert by a group of virtuosos, a concert of semi-religious character, to be incorporated in the evening service of the churches. These services have been a feature in the musical life of Boston. The 500th will be held this evening at 7 o'clock at the Epworth Church, Cambridge, Massachusetts avenue at Waterhouse street. Sixty members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra and 30 other musicians in Boston have taken part in these concerts.

Emile Moreau, a collaborator of Sardou's, died last month at the age of 70. He wrote a drama about Mme. Sans-Gene and submitted it to Sardou, who suggested its treatment as a comedy. Moreau wrote other plays and some opera librettos. When, at the beginning of the world war, his son was killed at the front, Moreau, notwithstanding his age, obtained a post as war correspondent.

Drinkwater's "Oliver Cromwell" will be produced at Brighton, Eng., on Feb. 19.

From Berlin comes the report that the Cathedral choir and the choir of the Teachers' Association of that city will visit this country.

For the centenary of Euryanthe, Rolf Lauckner and Donald Francis Topey have furnished a "revised" libretto. "Oberon" was tinkered some years ago. Will "Der Freischuetz" escape?

Ruhlmann, conductor at the opera-Comique, Paris, has been appointed a second conductor of the Colonne Orchestra.

"Amadis," the last opera of Massenet was produced at Bordeaux last month for the first time in France.

Lucien Nepoty and Edmond Guiraud made a play out of Bernardin de Saint Pierre's story, "Paul and Virginia." It was produced with slight success at the Sarah Bernhardt Theatre last month, but Rabaud's music, more than incidental, was warmly praised, although the orchestra was not large enough to do the score full justice.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY—Symphony hall, 3:30 P. M., Joseph Hofmann, pianist. See special notice.

St. James Theatre, 3:30 P. M., People's Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Mollenhauer, conductor. See special notice.

Symphony hall, 8:15 P. M., Paullist Choir, Rev. William J. Flinn, director. See special notice.

TUESDAY—Hotel Vendôme, 8 P. M., second of Miss Terry's concerts. Gustav Ferrar's "Chansons de France." Songs from the 12th to the 18th century; Soldiers' Marching Songs; Rahn, D'une Prison; Debussy, Mandoline; Ferrar,

Le Miroir, Bruneau, L'heureux Vagabond; Poldowski, Fantoches and Impression Fausse. Six folk songs. Mr. Ferrar will comment in English on the songs.

WEDNESDAY—Copley Theatre, 8:30 P. M., Pierian Sodality of Harvard University. Walter Piston, conductor; Frank Ramseyer, pianist. "Fair Harward," Boieldieu, Overture to "The Caliph of Bagdad"; Lullini, Egyptian ballet; Dvorak, Romanza and Polka; Cul, Orientale (cello solo by E. T. Payson); Gounod, Cortege from "The Queen of Sheba." Piano solos: Rachmaninov, Melody in E; Chopin, Impromptu, F sharp major; Liszt, Sonetto 123 del Petrarca; Debussy, Jardins sous la Pluie.

Jordan hall, 8:15 P. M., Mieczyslaw Munz, pianist: Bach-Busoni, Toccata, Adagio, Fugue C major; Brahms, Sonata F minor; Franck, Prelude, Aria, Finale; Liszt, "The Sermon to the Birds" and St. Francis Walking on the Waves.

THURSDAY—Jordan hall, 8 P. M., music for two pianos played by Guy Maler and Lee Pattison. Mozart, Sonata D major; Brahms, Andante from Sonata op. 34 bis; Rabb, Gavotte and Musette; Weber-Godowsky, Invitation to the Dance; Bax, Moy Meil (The Happy Plajn); Casella, fox trot; Hill, A Jazz Study; Rachmaninov, Barcarolle; Glere, folk dance; Saint-Saens, Dance Macabre.

FRIDAY—Symphony hall, 2:30 P. M., concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Monteux, conductor. See special notice.

SATURDAY—Jordan hall, 8 P. M., Fifth and last recital of Ernest Hutcheson, pianist. Music by Liszt, Sonata, B minor, Sonetto 123 di Petrarca, Fugues, Etude de Concert in F minor; Legend, "The Sermon to the Birds"; Hungarian Rhapsody, No. 13. Symphony hall, 8:15 P. M., Repetition of Friday's Symphony concert, Mr. Monteux, conductor.

Jan 22 1923

So Kate Santley is dead. She died at Brighton, England, last week. To the younger generation of theatre-goers, her name means nothing, but for many years she was famous in operettas, burlesques and pantomimes.

The theatrical dictionaries say she was born "in America," but they neglect to say where, when, or why. As a child she played in pantomime; at Edinburgh she played Jessica in "The Merchant of Venice" (with Charles Kean), also Ophelia and other Shakesperian roles. Then she was wildly applauded at the Oxford Musio hall for singing "The Bell Goes a-Ringing for Sarah"—a good old song—did the Lingers bring it to Boston? In November, 1868, she made her first appearance on the London stage as Peter in a burlesque, "The Stranger, Stranger Than Ever." She took many parts as singer and actress until 1894, in which year she ceased to play professionally. She managed theatres, wrote the libretto and some of the music of "Vetah," a comic opera, and wrote the play "Mixed Relations," an adaptation of Sardou's "Divorçons." This adaptation was produced at the Royalty, London, in 1902.

Bostonians saw her leading the March of the Amazons in "The Black Crook" and rejoiced at the sight. She was a stately, handsome creature in her glittering armor. We hear her now: "I am Stalacta," etc. It was at the Boston Theatre in March, 1872, Louis Aldrich played Hertzog. The Majltons were in the show.

THE SAD CASE OF PEROSI

Father Prout in his whimsical inquiry into Dean Swift's madness refers to the old belief that there is something sacred about insanity: "The traditions of every country agree in flinging a halo of mysterious distinction around the unhappy mortal stricken with so sad and so lonely a visitation."

Into this tragedy enters, alas, the grotesque; the tragically comic. A madman in Elizabethan and Jacobean plays was not infrequently introduced to awaken laughter; to relieve the horror of the plot. Within recent years a play in this country was successful chiefly on account of the amiable lunatic who believed that he was Napoleon Bonaparte. But insanity when it is grotesque is the more terrible.

When Don Lorenzo Perosi 25 or more years ago came forward as the composer of certain oratorios he was hailed as a modern Bach, who wrote as Bach would have written in the '90's of the last century, if he had heard Wagner's music. Perosi was extolled to the skies; yet when his "Transfiguration of Christ" was produced here in 1899, it seemed a feeble and tiresome work. Where was the mixture of Bach and Wagner of which we had heard so much? His fluency was prodigious. He was made choir-master of the Sistine Chapel.

In 1917 insanity began to manifest itself. He passed through a crisis of religious scruples and the mania of persecution, from atheism to Calvinism, from feverish composition to a hatred of all music. He studied oriental languages, admired Plato, suddenly declared himself a Calvinist, devoted himself to Kant and Hegel, then went to the Jesuit library, where he sur-

rounded himself with books, and wore the ribbon of the Legion of Honor, which to him was a symbol of Protestantism, an indication that he had a divine mission to reform the Catholic church, for its clergy, he said, had all become Freemasons. He kept his manuscript compositions nailed up in boxes in his room. His last mania was a wild prodigality.

The Roman tribunal last month declared him to be of unsound mind and placed him under legal guardianship. He gave the officials of the tribunal an appointment for 1922, stating that 1922 was inconvenient for him.

"HIYU"

As the World Wags:

I can't let the Los Angeles Times take a good Indian word and turn it into an imprecation.

I have talked with many of the Pacific coast tribes, and know the Chinook lingo well. "Hiyu" simply means "great," "much," "many." I took down my Chinook Testament just now, and on the page where it opened I read these words of Jesus about the mustard plant: "Hiyu yakka lemah"—"great its branches"; "farspreading" would be still better. On the same page, about Jesus—"Hiyu kakwa yiem"—"many such words."

I can imagine a hurt Indian yelling "HI-YU ni-ka cockshutt" with an emphasis which would mean "Terribly I am hurt." But I cannot think of any way in which the word could be manipulated to serve as a curse, or as a substitute for "damn."

REV. ERNEST J. BOWDEN.
Lawrence.

THE PROLOGUE TO THE STORY IN THE MAGAZINE FROM THE SEAMAN'S INSTITUTE

(From the New York Evening Post.)
"Alexandria," said the old-timer, "Alexandria, Odessa, Antwerp and Barcelona—I've been in them all. But I never took notice of any of them. I went for what I got to eat, not what I saw in port. 'Seeing the world,' which, for the most, is not worth seeing. Ports are all alike, and none of them any good. Once we went to Rome, (I didn't go ashore.) Lying in my bunk, during the watch below, I read magazines from the Seaman's Institute. One of them had such a curious story in it. It was so curious I saved the magazine. And any that wants can read it. If he puts it under my pillow again."

A. BURNS

HOFMANN

Josef Hoffmann, pianist, played this program at his recital yesterday afternoon, in Symphony hall: Sonata in B-flat, Opus 106 Beethoven; Etudes, Chopin, E major, C-sharp minor, A-flat major, C-sharp minor, G-flat major, C minor; "Mignonnets," "Lonesome," "Wooden Soldiers," "Complaint," "Sister's Dolly," Etude in C major (for the left hand alone), Josef Hoffmann; Consolation in D-flat major, Spanish Rhapsody, Liszt.

It has been possible to read in the papers lately the views of eminent New York critics in regard to Mr. Hoffmann's recent recital in Carnegie hall; the like of it, apparently, for grandeur, has seldom been heard. Though their enthusiasm is unfortunately no assurance of similar playing at a later concert, since a pianist is not a machine but a man subject to indispositions and moods, publishing it in the papers at least serves the useful purpose of putting an audience into the proper receptive attitude. Mr. Hoffmann's audience yesterday, for instance, all disposed to be pleased, did not let it bother them one atom because the player thumped the piano brutally. Nor did they seem disturbed at the want of musical beauty, poetry or nobleness.

Mr. Hoffmann's coarse energy, blustering in evidence all the afternoon, the people must have felt to be true greatness. If they were right (perhaps they were) they did well to applaud. Applaud they did, heartily, and not only in the desire for extra pieces, because the adagio in the sonata, after which, of course, there was nothing to be got, they acclaimed with true enthusiasm. In the course of the afternoon Mr. Hoffmann had to play countless encore pieces. Whatever his musical abilities may be today, his is still the power to hold an audience in the hollow of his hand.

R. R. G.

13TH CONCERT BY PEOPLE'S SYMPHONY

The People's Symphony Orchestra, Emil Mollenhauer, conductor, gave its 13th concert of the season in the St. James theatre yesterday afternoon. The assisting artist was Maria Conde, soprano.

The program was as follows: Schubert, unfinished Symphony in B Minor, I Allegro moderato, Andante can moto; David, aria, Charmant Oiseau from "La Perle Breill," Miss Conde, flute obligato by P. Di Modena; Komzak, waltz, "The Maids of Baden"; Debussy, Prelude "L'Après Midi d'un Faune"; Beethoven, Overture "Leonore, No. III, Op. 72.

By PHILIP HALE

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Verdi's "Aida," performed by the Chicago Civic Opera Company:

The King of Egypt.....Edouard Coteau
Amneris.....Pyrena Van Gordon
Radames.....Charles Marshall
Aida.....Claudia Muzio
Ramfis.....Virgilio Lazzeri
Amonasro.....Oreste Formichi
Priestess.....Melvena Passmore
A Messenger.....Lodovico Oliviero
Incidental dances by Anna Ludmilla, Amata Grassi, Franklin Crawford, Jean d'Evelyn and Corps de Ballet.

Conductor, Giorgio Polacco

There was a time when "Aida" was not a popular opera in this country. Managers did not regard it as a drawing card. Today it is high in the favor of audiences, although musically it is inferior to "Othello" and "Falstaff"; consequently managers call it a masterpiece. The reasons for its popularity at present are not far to seek: "Aida" admits of gorgeous scenery, picturesque costumes; it demands at least three singers of heroic stature; then there are the ensembles, especially the scene of Radames returning victorious, the beautiful music at the beginning of the Nile scene, the final double scene. Not that any one is especially interested in what becomes of the lovers. Amonasro is the commanding character, even if at times he is made up to look like the wild man of Borneo.

With good reason, then, did the Chicago Company choose "Aida" for the opening night of its engagement. The theatre was filled with an audience in holiday mood. There was natural curiosity about the American tenor. There was pleasant anticipation of the other singers.

Not within 20 years has there been in Boston so sumptuous a production of the opera. The stage settings were impressive, especially the Temple scene. The colors were tasteful; the lighting was admirably managed. The costumes were rich; whether they were always appropriate is a question for the archaeologist. There has been a dispute as to whether the priests should be bearded or close shaven. (Certainly Miss Van Gordon's coiffure suggested that of the portrait of a lady in "The Token" or "The Keepsake" rather than that of an Egyptian princess.) The chorus was well drilled. The ballet was adequate though not remarkable. Fortunately, we were spared the clumsy gambols of the traditional negro boys while Amneris prinked; the substituted dancers were a welcome relief.

The outstanding feature of the performance musically was the eloquent conducting of Mr. Polacco. Seldom if

ever have we heard in any country so sympathetic and so authoritative a reading of Verdi's score. Appreciative of the many exquisite details, Mr. Polacco was not fustian. In broad and massive effects he never confounded sound with noise. Nor was he so enamored of the excellent orchestra that he was unmindful of the singers. There was always a keen sense of values, a support that was helpful but not obsequious.

Mme. Muzio took the part of Aida in place of Mme. Raisa who had been announced. Mme. Muzio is not a stranger here. It was good to hear her again. Verdi's music calls for a dramatic singer who is also a mistress of lyric song. There are massive women who can shout and howl through the acts and thus awaken enthusiasm; there are comparatively few who can be heard in the great ensembles and also give full expression to the pathetic measures, and charm in the tender moments. Mme. Muzio is of these few.

The portrayal of Amneris, vocally and dramatically, by Miss Van Gordon, was

of the highest quality. Not only did she sing the music expressively—her voice is rich and sonorous—but she gave a carefully considered dramatic subtlety and intensity to the part. Last night Amneris was not merely a handsome lay figure in which a gramophone had been inserted; she was a royal, loving, jealous, passionate woman, who in spare moments had mastered the art of singing.

Mrs. Marshall, who sang here, for the first time, has the natural advantages of a commanding figure and a heroic voice. He is vocally best when he is in "Ercles" vein. Give him an opportunity to sing fortissimo a high note and he is sure of applause. His vocal limitations were shown in "Celeste Aida," which he sang in a short-breathed manner and without careful attention to phrasing. Nor could he resist the temptation to fly in the face of Verdi's directions and shout the final measures. "Celeste Aida," dear sir, is a romance, not a call to battle.

Mr. Formichi, who also sang here for the first time, has a resonant voice which he uses, not abuses, dramatically. He was spirited in action.

The other parts were well taken. All in all, an unusually good performance.

The opera tonight will be "Tosca" with Miss Garden, Mr. Crimi and Mr. Baklanoff. Mr. Panizza will conduct.

A correspondent asks if we remember the time when flowered suspenders were worn. We do, we do. He asks if men then sat or walked in their shirt sleeves at parties or other festal occasions. If the gorgeous suspenders did not dazzle the eyes of beholders, why were they gorgeous? Were they made to blush unseen?

The wearer rejoiced in the fact that he wore them. His own pride was satisfied. Mr. Burton Holmes on the platform of Symphony Hall last week told us how the more costly and sumptuous articles of dress worn by a Japanese gentleman were undergarments not to be seen by the passer in the streets, and Mr. Holmes then and there gave us the ocular proof. We are credibly informed that the undergarments of noble dames today are of an expensive material, design and ornamentation. Illustrated advertisements in magazines and rotogravure sections of newspapers corroborate the statement. It is well known that Mr. Rudyard Kipling in this country threw away the pages of stories and essays in our magazines and kept only the pages of advertisements for his thoughtful consideration.

At the time flowered suspenders were sported, shirts adorned with pictured ballet dancers were not uncommon. Some of the male leaders in society carried metallic or bone toothpicks set in a gold or silver case like blades in a pocket knife. If a man wore a white plug hat with a weed around it, he was suspected of being a gambler. If, in addition, his mustache was dyed black, there was no doubt about his calling.

PAPER AND CELLULOID

Mr. Lansing R. Robinson, commenting on a reference in this column to collars other than linen or those known today as "soft," writes: "Those priced at 10 and 15 cents a box (dozen) were thin and buckled inward after a few hours' wear. We thought it sloppy, but stood for them on week-days. On Sundays we wore collars costing 25 cents a box! The bottom edge was turned inward; thus crumpling was prevented; we were proud of the rigidity. There was deception occasionally, but on a pinch a dicky and a 25 paper collar had a nobby effect, granting one's ability to control the dicky."

FRANCE GOES ALONE?

"FRANCE GOES ALONE INTO THE RUHR."—Newspaper Headline.
France goes alone?—what mockery in the thought,
When every mist that floats above the thorn
Is murky with the ghosts of men who fought
And died in this same struggle yesterday.

How can France go alone when every breeze
Brings echoes from the fields so dearly won—
From Flanders, Rhelms, St. Mihiel . . .
memories
Of other days—and crosses, one by one.

France goes alone? Not while the countless dead
Still challenge, "Was our sacrifice in vain?"
Not while the souls of those who fought
and bled
Form phantom ranks to fight for France
again.—Louis of the Lafayette.

ENGLISH AS SHE IS WROTE

M. F. P. of Saco, Me., has sent to The Herald a note left in a store of that

town:

1 pair cheap line Stockin for Ladys also 9 Stout also."

SARGENT AND THE WERTHEIMERS

The London Times of Jan. 6 commented on the removal of Mr. Sargent's portraits of the Wertheimer family to the National Gallery:

"Mr. Sargent's portrait of Mr. Asher Wertheimer (painted in 1893) proclaims itself anew one of the great portraits of the world. All the character is there, in the shrewd, twinkling, suave townsman, cigar in hand, and behind the smile one knows not what of brain-power and even of rather terrible will-power. And the brilliance of the painting breaks through the quiet, simple dignity of statement which was the painter's ostensible aim . . . These are more than a group of family portraits, and something besides a little set of great masterpieces of painting. They illustrate an epoch and a set in that epoch. The beauty of most of the subjects, the character of all, their obvious wealth, their abounding ability and life, the exquisite works of art, pets and accessories in general with which they are surrounded, make documents which the historian will prize, and perhaps the satirist will not disdain to pick at. And the set is an acquisition of almost incalculable value to the national collections and a great monument to the genius who painted it."

JAN. 28TH

As the World Wags:

Many burning questions long wait their answers:

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said
'This is my own, my native land?'"

He do. Seven million of him, for we are advised that 50 patriotic organizations with that aggregate of membership have assigned, transferred and set over their individual emotional content and powers of expression thereof to a soulless corporation doing business under the name and style of the Allied Patriotic Societies, Inc. I understand that under the by-laws all the 7,000,000 de-souled stockholders of this typically 100 per cent. American organization bind themselves to maintain neutrality in thought and act on all subjects until the supreme council has spoken.

It has already spoken to the much harassed Governors of these United States, who, hardly removed from the providential searching of their souls on prohibition, are now requested by the A. P. S., Inc., to designate Jan. 28 as Law and Order Sunday, schools, courts and churches also having been called on to co-operate by urging respect for the nation's laws.

The fair implication of this call seems to be that the supreme council is of opinion that the nation's laws are not being respected, but why designate but a single day, and that a legal holiday, in a single week for showing them respect? It is the function of Governors of states to execute the laws passed by the Legislatures of their own states, not to plead for the ill-advised enactments of the present Congress or its predecessors. If they cannot stand on their own merit, let them fall, even as the unchangeable laws of the Medes and Persians fell. It is for the congressmen and the senators to urge respect for the nation's laws, their handiwork, not only on a single Sunday but for the full seven days.

If the bedevilled Governors do acquiesce in the demand made upon them by the A. P. S., Inc., it will be a valid precedent for the designation of a later Sabbath day to be dedicated to respect for the laws of gravitation. Sunday, the first day of April, is already set apart for the consideration of the follies of mankind.

ABEL ADAMS.

Amherst, N. H.

MY DARLING, WHAT WOULDST THOU HAVE MORE?

"The Mary Pickford cocktail served in Havana is thus compounded: Fresh pineapple juice, granadine, Bacardi rum. That's all."

About Blayds

At the Copley, the Jewett Playere present "The Truth About Blayds," a play in three acts by A. A. Milne.

The cast:

Oliver Blayds Conway . . . Reginald Sheffield
A. L. Royce . . . Noel Tearle
Septima Blayds Conway . . . Katherine Standing
Marion Blayds Conway . . . Daisy Belmont
William Blayds Conway . . . E. E. Clive
Parsons . . . Jessie Bell Robertson
Isobel . . . Jessamine Newcombe
Oliver Blayds . . . H. Conway Wingfield

The chief thing about "The Truth About Blayds" is that there isn't any truth—at least none worth mention-

ing. Anyway that is the conclusion at which the characters arrive after two hours (one wishes it were more) of bother, bustle, and debate. Nor is the process by which they arrive an uninteresting one. Already the American public has come to expect much of Milne. And to date he has never disappointed it. His is an ease, a polish, a sophistication which we have yet to find in our native authors. In gracefully brilliant dialogue he has no equal—at least on this continent.

It may perhaps be inferred that "The Truth About Blayds" is a light, finely strung comedy such as "Mr. Plim" and "The Dover Road." On the contrary, it strikes a deeper note, graver than the pure fun of the latter two; in it there is less dependence on complicated situation than on human character, finely observed. Yet, as always, his mind is fertile and original. Ever the new, the unexpected twist—so unforeseen, yet so consistent. Every device of the theatre, every trick of the stage, are his in well-nigh perfect command, and with them he portrays the minor characteristics, the less important sides of his people with subtlety, power, and, above all, delicately. There are no "great moments" in the lives of his characters; only the succession of little individual reactions which go to make them up. His emotions are not telescoped together into one great generalized mass of "jealousy," "revenge," or "mother-love"; every shade of complicated feeling gets its proper share of attention; at times his powers of analysis approach the super-human.

All of which indicates that "The Truth About Blayds" is not lacking in variety. And by their acting, the company does much to add interest to the progress of the piece. Smooth, well-balanced, sympathetic, understanding; not a weak spot in it. Again Mr. Clive showed his uncommon versatility; Miss Newcombe and Mr. Wingfield fill their roles most excellently. As for the younger and newer members of the cast, they have made rapid progress in the last few weeks. Yet it seems too bad not to find some fault with the show; ah! we have it—the happy ending. But again we are forestalled; if there is any man who always writes a happy ending and justifies it with baffling consistency, that man is A. A. Milne. And when confronted with the problem in justice, which appears in the middle of the second act, not even "Solomon in all his glory" could have offered a better solution. No, we shall have to leave

"The Truth About Blayds" is a play no one should miss.
W. R. B.

BUNCH AND JUDY

COLONIAL THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "The Bunch and Judy," a musical comedy in two acts. Music by Jerome Kern; lyrics by Ann Caldwell; book by Anne Caldwell and Hugh Ford; staged by Fred G. Latham. Victor Baravalle conducted. The cast:

Mrs. Shean.....Lydia Scott
Kelly.....Edward Martin
Messenger.....Roger Davis
Hazel Kirkwood.....Patrice Clark
Marguerite De Belmont.....Lillian White
Augustus De Forrest.....Augustus Minton
Foxhall Davidson.....T. Wigney Percyval
Lady Janet.....Roberta Beatty
Lord Kinlock.....Philip Tonge
Ollie Roy.....Al Watson, Jr.
Erle Dallas.....Johnny Dooley
Jack Jesson.....Ray Dooley
Judy Jordan.....Adele Astaire
Gerald Lane.....Fred Astaire
Georgia McNamara.....Helyn Eby Rock
Estelle.....Ruth White
Robin.....George Tawde
Earl of Torwood.....T. Wigney Percyval

The piece has more body than many of its kind of the contemporaneous musical comedy stage, for aside from the delightful dancing and specialties that pleasingly interrupt the continuity of the story, it could stand on its own legs and afford a delightful evening's entertainment. The book is not only funny, but often uproariously so; there are stage pictures that are not easily erased from memory. Nor should the opulence of the scene in which the play within the play is enacted go by unmentioned, when the minuet is danced by the ensemble dressed in the manner of Mme. Pompadour.

Judy is an actress and she has promised to marry the Scot, Lord Kinlock, after the performance of the operetta, "Love Finds a Way." Her "bunch" of stage colleagues banquet her back stage after the performance, and the manner in which they farewell her will not be easily forgotten by the audience last night. She sails for Scotland with his lordship, only to receive an icy reception from her titled father-in-law. The "bunch" visit her and in the vernacular of the day "get

the gate." Among them is Gerald Lane, an old sweetheart. They depart and Judy rejoins them, for her only happiness is with the "bunch." Adele Astaire, who played Judy, was the outstanding feature of the evening.

Johnny and Ray Dooley were the great laugh providers in their original and rugged style of comedy. Fred Astaire danced untiringly and with rhythmic charm. And special mention could be made of all the cast would space permit. The engagement is for two weeks only. Can all Greater Boston crowd into the Colonial in that short space of time? The hint must be obvious.

T. A. R.

MAJESTIC OFFERS

Herman Timberg is the particular bright star on the Majestic bill this week. "The Frolics of 1922," written around his own particular abilities as a comedian, set him off to advantage and he makes the most of this situation.

The show is a sort of haphazard musical comedy-vaudeville revue with plenty of spice, gaiety and color. There are half a dozen distinctive musical hits, but throughout the bill there is a swing that is tuneful and creates a musical background for a score of clever departures from the run of ordinary vaudeville.

The star's brother Sammy almost outshines him at times, particularly during his new jazz melody, which won him recognition on Broadway. Hattie Darling, his singing and dancing partner, always well received by Boston audiences, was given a warm welcome last night and pleased.

Though the show is distinctly a review, it is full of novelties and the surrounding vaudeville specialties are of better than average type. It is rather a jumble of good things out of the late season's best offerings, with a musical background, a pretty and graceful coterie of girls and numerous features, including Nat Nazarro, Eddie Heffernan, Ray King and the Else and Paulsen Revue.

PLAYS CONTINUING

ARLINGTON—"Bringing Up Father." Cartoon comedy. Second week.

HOLLIS STREET—"Lightnin'." Fifth week.

PLYMOUTH—"Just Married." Farce. Second week.

SELWYN—"The Guilty One," with Pauline Frederick. Melodrama. Comedy.

SHUBERT—"The Passing Show." Second week.

TREMONT—"Molly Darling." Musical comedy. Third and next to last week.

WILBUR—"The Bat." Mystery play, with comic episodes. Twenty-first week.

"THE BAD MAN" AT

ST. JAMES—"The Bad Man," a play in three acts by Porter Emerson Browne. Played in Boston last season with Holbrook Blinn in the original role. The cast:

Gilbert Jones.....Houston Richards
Henry Smith.....Ralph M. Remley
Lucia Pell.....Adelyn Bushnell
Morgan Pell.....Edward Darney
Red Giddings.....Harold Chase
Jasper Hardy.....Mark Kent
Angela Hardy.....Lucille Adams
Pancho Lopez.....Walter Gilbert
Pedro.....Hugh Cairns
Venustiano.....Harry Lowell
Alverada.....Anna Layng
Bradley.....William Jeffery

This play proved immensely popular here last season and the audience at the St. James last evening seemed to enjoy the presentation of the Boston Stock Company.

Pancho Lopez, the most desperate of Mexican bandits imaginable, arrives at an opportune moment at the ranch of Gilbert Jones, a young American former service man. Jones has as guests Lucia Pell and her husband. Mrs. Pell, a former sweetheart of his, discovers that she still loves him, and he in turn finds that the charming married lady is the girl that he desires. Complications to be sure. Then there is the mortgage that is to be foreclosed that night at 8 o'clock.

In the midst of this exceedingly trying situation, the famous gentleman just across the border drops in. Pancho Lopez. Lopez is a man of action, he also has a great deal to say. The playwright has given him some interesting lines, full of startling philosophy. Some of them shock, and people who enjoy this sensation were highly pleased last evening.

Lopez, on being informed that Jones, the man who once saved his life, loves Mrs. Pell, decides in his deliberate manner that the best thing for all con-

cerned is the death of Mr. Pell. This is accomplished after some difficulty. By means of revolvers, and quick thinking, the mortgage is also paid off. Lopez, the bad man, departs, leaving the happy couple to begin life anew in the great outdoor country, and so forth.

Walter Gilbert has the Lopez role. It is decidedly different from anything else he has attempted. His dialogue was faulty at times, his mannerisms a bit trite. He has been seen in better roles, although the audience last night seemed to thoroughly enjoy his interpretation. Houston Richards as Gilbert Jones did some excellent work. Ralph Remley, cast as his uncle, kept the audience in uproars of laughter by his dry witticisms and most of all by the dextrous fashion in which he wheeled himself in his chair, for he was an invalid.

Miss Bushnell was entirely satisfactory as the young married lady over whom there was so much shooting. The rest of the players were well cast.

"Two Noble Nuts" Keep House in Gales of Laughter

The bill at Keith's Theatre this week includes a number of real novelties. Beegee and Qupee open the performance with a whirlwind roller skating act and introduce several new stunts. Then Frank Kellam and Patricia O'Dare do their best to arouse the interest of the audience with an assortment of not too new jokes and mediocre songs. The best feature of Billy Sharp's "20th Century Revue" is Billy Sharp's own clever dancing. His jazz band is also good and the girls in the company do their parts in effective costumes.

B. C. Hilliam has a "piano" act that is a hit. Jim Kilpatrick sings with him. Bob Anderson and his well-trained polo pony are decidedly interesting. Yvette Rugel sings, in a pleasing manner, the trite and overworked parodies and imitations that are a part of all too many vaudeville bills. "Seminary Mary," a playlet, with Gladys Clark and Henry Bergman is a bright piece that moves along gaily with songs and dances. George Rockwell and Al Fox, "Two Noble Nuts," kept last night's audience in gales of laughter with one of the "nuttiest" acts that can be imagined. Rupert Inglese is an unusually good juggler and has an unusually good act. He is assisted by Angela Grey, pianist. In addition to this bill there are the usual screen novelties.

PUCCINI'S 'TOSCA'

By PHILIP HALE

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Puccini's "Tosca" performed by the Chicago Civic Opera Company:

Florida Tosca.....Mary Garden
Mario Cavaradossi.....Giulio Crimi
Baron Scarpia.....Georges Baklanoff
Cesare Angelotti.....Desire Defrere
The Sacristan.....Vittorio Trevisan
Spoleto.....Lodovico Oliviero
Scarrone.....Salustio Cival
A Shepherd.....Kathryn Browne
A Jailer.....Milo Luka
Conductor, Ettore Panizza.

"Tosca," a raw-bones-and-bloody-head melodrama with music, is a popular opera. For writing the play Sardou was dubbed by Jules Lemaitre, "The Caligula of the drama." No one, to our knowledge, has characterized in a similar manner Puccini for his music in the torture scene. This scene, in which the spectator is expected by librettists and composer to be thrilled by the thought of physical cruelty; to be excited by curiosity concerning the look and carriage of the painter when he finally comes out of Scarpia's little question-chamber; this scene, no doubt, draws many to the opera house. If it were announced in The Herald today that on next Saturday at high noon a bootlegger would be burned alive on Boston Common—no postponement on account of the weather—good, orthodox dwellers in the remotest parts of New England would prepare at once to visit this city. The firing squad in the last act and the agony of the deceived Florida are looked forward to with pleasure after Scarpia has been neatly stuck by her. We say "neatly," for she must have been nearly exhausted by her game of hide-and-seek with the wicked baron among the costly articles of furniture. (Her song that delays the sticking gives her no opportunity to catch her breath.)

And when Miss Garden plays Florida curiously is at its height; not merely to see her in a part which she has already enacted in the Boston Opera House at least three times, but in the hope that by some incredibly extravagant action she will outstrip the fondest anticipation of her rapt admirers. Voltaire said of the prophet Habbakuk that a man with a name like that was capable of anything. Miss Garden, with her fame, is equally capable.

Many in the audience last night re-

membered her surprising scene in Scarpia's room when, on Dec. 2, 1912, she was aided and abetted by Mr. Vanni Marcoux. Strange to say, this occurrence was not included in the list of the year's memorable events published in the World Almanac. On that night Mr. Martinelli, as the ill-fated painter, sang here for the first time. Fortunately for him the librettists did not allow him to be on the stage at the time, otherwise, through stupefaction, he might have lost his voice. At the next performance the fervor of this scene was chastened, much to the disappointment of those clamoring for realism in art and those who, having heard of the precise details, had at once secured seats as near the stage as possible.

Miss Garden might have sung last night to the audience: "Remember not past years," by way of an entrance recitative. For in the second act there was nothing to bring a blush to even the sensitive cheek of a city censor. Miss Garden, whose voice was in favorable condition, played the amorous and jealous Florida in the first act with commendable lightness. In the second act she was too often convulsive and hysterical, seldom convincing; more effective in subdued passages than in piteous appeals and stormy outbursts. Her singing of the air in which she bewails the futility of art was lacking in dignity and nobility. How could it be otherwise when she began it sprawling on the floor and later squirming about until she was on her knees? Her attempts to escape Scarpia's embraces were hampered by a close-fitting costume, probably unknown in Rome at the time of this little episode in the history of the police. Mme. Ternina, too serious, perhaps, in the first act, in the second raised sensational melodrama to the height of tragedy. Miss Garden was content with leaving action and song sheer melodrama.

Mr. Crimi with an agreeable voice did not inspire confidence in his fervor as a lover or a revolutionary.

After all, the commanding character in the melodrama is the Baron Scarpia. It is not necessary to inquire whether in the libretto he is only a bogey; Mr. Baklanoff made him real, an Italian scoundrel of high degree, exulting in his office chiefly because he could thus satisfy his hatreds and his passions. His portrayal of this strong but despicable character was remarkable for its thinly disguised animalism, its remorselessness, its deliberate cruelty, its cynical hypocrisy. From his first appearance in the church to his sealing the letter there was a constant revelation of a profoundly evil nature. There were many little touches in the achievement of this portrayal—as the facial play in the scene with Florida in the church, the examination of Cavaradossi before torture scene—that showed the consummate actor. Henceforth, in spite of excellent impersonations of Scarpia, we must associate the Baron with the name of Georges Baklanoff.

Mr. Trevisan was an uncommonly good Sacristan, playing and singing in a spirit of dry humor not without malice. Commendable too were Mr. Defrere as Angelotti and Mr. Oliviero as Spoleto.

Mr. Panizza gave a careful rather than an eloquent reading of the score, and was inclined to favor a slower pace than the situations and the music demanded. The audience, which called the singers before the curtain several times, was of good size but not so large as on Monday night.

The operas this afternoon will be "Cavalleria Rusticana" (Mmes. Muzio, Pavoska; Messrs. Lamont and Defrere) and "Pagliacci" (Mme. Muzio; Messrs. Marshall and Rimini). This evening "Rigoletto" (Mmes. Macbeth and Pavloska; Messrs. Schipa, Formichi and Lazzari).

Mme. Ralsa, it is expected, will be able to sing in "Il Trovatore" on Saturday night.

Mr. Carl Laemmle, president of the Universal Pictures Corporation, has written a letter to us, addressing us as "Motion Picture Editor"—an honor which in our wildest dreams we had not hoped to attain—in which he says: "I am going to take liberties with Victor Hugo." No doubt all of our colleagues have received the same startling information.

"My! ain't it terrible? Wat shall we do?"

It seems that when Hugo wrote "Notre Dame," it was for "an age which licked up red meat." Today "the public still likes dripping red meat in its literature and even on its stage, but not on its screen." Furthermore, Hugo's novel "contains much that is offensive"; that is to the fastidious taste of the great film public.

Hugo's story will "still be there, but some of the drippiest morsels of his red meat will be parboiled or even discarded entirely."

Mr. Laemmle will not be the first to take liberties with good old Robert Louis Stevenson found fault with the manner of Gillette's suicide in "The Tollers of the Sea," and with the sinking of the boat in "The Man Who Laughs." The irreverent do not take Javert in "Les Misérables" seriously, and there are disrespectful Frenchmen who no longer are impressed by Hugo's thunderous poetic lines. Nevertheless, Victor Hugo remains a colossal figure in the literature of the ages.

What will be done to "Notre Dame?" Will Phoebus's courting be omitted? Will Quasimodo be portrayed as a handsome youth? Surely the priest will be permitted to slide off the roof of Notre Dame to the pavement below? We wait impatiently, if only for the captions.

OLD SHIPS

(Upon Viewing One of Whistler's Etchings)
The merchandise of all the earth
Was theirs to bear: the merchandise
Of autumn-scented wine for mirth
In man's eyes and in woman's eyes,
And gold and silver and soft silk,
And ousious amber flecked with mist,
And all wrought ivory, white like milk,
And oil and wool and amethyst.

The ships of Carthage and the ships
Of Tyre about the windy seas,
From isles of Ind where honey drips
To the far Cimbric Chersonese;
And Rome's tithemes of saffron sails,
With girls to grace an emperor's feast;
And Spanish galleons big with bale;
And junk of all the lecherous East.

Their bones are bleached on shimmering
coasts;

At broken wharves they reek and rot;
They walk the seas like grimly gnosts
Of dead men out of days forgot.
Old ships, old ships! The merchandise
Of all the earth was theirs to bear
When they were flown with enterprise
And their dark hulls were fair.

The King of the Black Isles.

IVORY, APES AND PEACOCKS

Had not "The King of the Black Isles"
Mr. Masfield's "Cargoes" in mind when
he wrote the first two verses? They all
go back to the first Book of the Kings:
"For the King had at sea a navy of
Tarshish, with the navy of Hiram; once
in three years came the navy of Tar-
shish, bringing gold and silver, ivory,
and apes, and peacocks."

"Ivory, Apes and Peacocks." These
words furnished the title of a book of
essays by James Huncker; and before
him, for a book of still more brilliant
essays by "Israfel."

PET POETS

As the World Wags:

In every well-balanced household there
should be at least one pet poet. They
are not only diverting as company, but,
at times, may be used for utilitarian
purposes. As I write, one of my poets
is out in the hall reciting a sonnet to
my landlady's eyebrow. The sensitive
soul is quite touched and, unless I
greatly overestimate my bard's ability,
she will go away quietly and postpone
the collection of her rent until some
more opportune moment.

Contrary to the opinions of many
prominent poet-keepers, I find the ani-
mals surprisingly easy to manage and
very unassuming in the matter of food.
They will eat almost anything, but are
particularly fond of ambrosia tea,
steeped mildly and flavored with nectar.
In selecting a pet of this sort for your
library or den it is well to keep in mind
the two principal breeds of pet poets.
These are the old school and the new
school.

The old school are the least expensive
of the two and are generally distin-
guished by their picturesque markings—
long, flowing manes, wide collars and
black Windsor ties. Their bark, while
it is apt to be very long-winded, has a
lyrical quality that is extremely sooth-
ing. I have known an uncle of mine—a
butcher by trade but an excellent fellow
—to be put to sleep in an incredibly
short time by the gentle, recurrent bark
of an old school poet. While poets of
this particular breed are susceptible to
flattery, they care little about monetary
values. I have repeatedly left bills of
large denominations lying about my
study and they have not so much as
nibbled at them.

The new school presents an appear-
ance that is quite modern—close-
cropped, smart, aggressive. They have
taken many blue ribbons at the annual
metropolitan poet shows. I may say in
passing that one of my own pet poets,
Valentine V. Vegas, Jr., won the cham-
pion's cup in the professional free verse
class last year. He is really quite a
handsome specimen of the new school
and his capacity for turning out mean-
ingless verse is astounding.

The new school does not share the
old school's aversion for the debasing
dollar. On the contrary, the sight of a
cheque book fascinates them and they
will follow you about for hours at a
time if you chance to be carrying one

on your person. Their devotion, in this
respect, is very touching.

While the domesticated poet is dis-
posed to be amiable and friendly toward
visitors there is one person he ad-
mires above all others. This is the
editor. If you are expecting a visit from
an Editor, then by all means see to it
that your pets are securely fastened to
the leg of the table or some other
convenient mooring. Otherwise they
will probably paw and lap the poor
man to death!

Now and then your pet poets may de-
velop poet's cramp. In this case, try
the following procedure. Stand firmly
in front of the patient, fix him sternly
with your eye and exclaim in a loud,
challenging voice: "Hurrah for Amy
Lowell! Long live Amy Lowell!" He
will immediately spring to his feet, eyes
flashing, fingers twitching. In a short
time he will be heard barking in his
best hexameters or vers libre. If the
above method fails to bring the desired
results, get out your cheque book im-
mediately.

Brookline.

"TWINS," NOT "TWINE"

As the World Wags:

What becomes of the points of jokes
when they are lost in the composing
room? Are they ever found? Your readers
must have wondered what was "prema-
ture" in one contribution to your column
of Jan. 20.

All who attended the meeting for
leaders of girl scouting were asked to
bring a rope five feet long "and a
piece of twine the same length."

MUENZ, PIANIST,

By PHILIP HALE

Mieczyslaw Muenz, pianist, played
last night in Jordan Hall for the first
time in Boston. His program was as fol-
lows: Bach—Busoni, Toccata, Adagio,
Fugue, C major; Brahms, Sonata, F
minor, op. 5; Franck prelude, Aria,
Finale; Liszt, St. Francis of Assisi
Preaching to the Birds, and St. Francis
of Paula, Walking on the Waves.

As the story goes, Mr. Muenz is a
Pole. He was born in 1900. His later
studies were with Ferruccio Busoni. Mr.
Muenz played in this country for the
first time in New York on Oct. 20, 1922,
when he gave a recital. He played at
a concert of the Symphony Society in
New York a fortnight or so ago.

He is already a pianist who com-
mands respect; a virtuoso who is also
musical. He knows, young as he is, the
value of repose and restraint. He can
thunder and lighten when the music
calls for tempestuous performance; he
is also master of tonal gradations and
nuances. Respectful towards composers,
respecting his art, he makes no delib-
erate appeal to an audience. This last
was shown before he played by his
choice of a program.

When he is older, he will probably be
more considerate to his hearers. If cu-
riosity had not been excited by the un-
commonly favorable reports of his play-
ing coming from New York, this pro-
gram would have deferred the stoutest
soul, the most hardened concert-goer
from entering the hall.

Mr. Ferruccio Busoni is implacable,
ferocious as an arranger and disar-
ranger of music written for other in-
struments than the piano. For instance,
he cannot let poor Bach alone. Fortu-
nately Mr. Muenz spared us Busoni's
version of the Chaconne.

But to follow Busoni with Brahms,
and of all Brahmsian compositions, the
sonata! Mr. Muenz has an amiable face;
no doubt as a man he has a gentle dis-
position. Why, then, the program o
last night?

Mr. Muenz has yet to learn that com-
paratively simple pieces by Bach for
the piano; music by the old French
Clavecinists; music by a Pole named
Chopin; music by modern Frenchmen
and contemporary Englishmen of the
younger school, will give pleasure. He
may be constantly a Boanerges of the
piano and yet impress an audience. To
charm his hearers, he should remem-
ber that there are other names than
those of Busoni, Brahms and the Liszt
of the Legends.

When the opera season began in
Chicago, the Tribune of that city gave
advice to those not accustomed to sit
in the boxes:

"YOU DEBUTANTES really should
not smoke cigarettes in your box at the
opera. However, dearies, there really
isn't the slightest objection to your
chewing plug tobacco, but please, dar-
lings, don't spit over the railing. The
common people below—well, they're
funny about things—like that. Maybe
they wouldn't like it."

We miss this week the "explanatory
lectures" with musical "illustrations"
that in former years were a first aid
to subscribers. Apparently no psycho-
analyst is at work. We should like to
hear one examining into the character
of—well—Radames. Is Radames really
a "mut"? He is usually so represented
on the stage, a "mut" with a stento-
rian voice standing between two fair
women like the ass between two bales
of hay. The late John F. Runciman
pictured a master of drama holding an
audience breathless while it waited to
see whether Radames would yield to
social pressure and marry Amneris. We
have seen performances of "Aida"
when we could not be persuaded by the
librettist that Radames had overcome
Amonasro, who was by far more of a
man.

Too often Aida is so hideously made
up that the passion of Radames is in-
explicable. The Ethiopians were a
blameless lot. Homer says so, and he
tells us that the great and mighty Zeus
used to visit them and for more than
a week end. Now Zeus was an amateur
of the fair sex and he would not have
tarried in Ethiopia for the sake of dis-
cussing politics with the men.

Of course, Radames must be of heroic
stature, yet once at Mechanics build-
ing we saw little Signor Russitano,
with a parlor voice, take the part. It
was in 1895 or 1896. The tenor for the
evening had succumbed to the Boston
climate, and poor Russitano "kindly
consented" to replace him. He did his
best, but he was as miscast as William
Gillette in Bernstein's "Samson."

"Celeste Aida" is seldom well sung
on the operatic stage. In the last 30
years, Albert Saleza was the only one
we remember who sang the air as Verdi
conceived it. Why did Verdi put the
air at the beginning of the opera? The
tenor has had no time to "warm up";
the audience is seldom seated.

"BOBBED" OPERAS

(Performances of "Cavalleria Rusti-
cana" and "Pagliacci" were recently ad-
vertised as "Cav" and "Pag"—an
economy which shocked opera-goers
hope won't occur in every case.)
Don't "bob" the names of operas

We humbly beg of you,
We deprecate a title like
A Robeyesque Revue:
How could we shed a tear for "Butt."
Enthuse at thought of "Boh."
Appreciate the chivalry
Of knight described as "Loh."?
How sympathize with "Tris. and Is."
Because they loved too well?
Experience romantic thrills
When hearing "Sam. and Del."?
Impossible to feel the charm
Of heroine named "Mig."
The passionate appeal of "Tann."
—We might just swallow "Fig."—
The "Bar. of Sev." would bring to mind
Not aria, but beer;
"Mag. Flu." would certainly suggest
Quinine, and bed, we fear.
And though "Salome" is a minx,
"Elektra," hot stuff—well,
We hope you'll never advertise
The pair as "Sal." and "El."!
—G. D., in London Daily Chronicle.

Dr. Edward Bunnett, city organist of
Norwich, Eng., who died on Jan. 5,
sang at the age of 14 the second soprano
part of "Lift Thine Eyes" with Jenny
Lind and Sainton Dolby at a concert
at Norwich. And so he had the pleas-
ure of saying until he died, whenever
anyone praised and applauded, famous
soprano: "Ah, my dear sir, you should
have heard Jenny Lind!"

Dr. Kimmins is a member of the cine-
ma commission organized in England
by the national council of public morals.
He, therefore, is a regular cinema-goer,
for better or for worse. "There they sat,"
he says, "and saw improper film after
improper film, or rather films reported
to be improper. It was a very lurid ex-
perience."

This led a writer for the Daily Tele-
graph to say: "His tone reminds me
of that evil man who on hearing that
Wordsworth once in his wild undergrad-
uate days got drunk, complained that
Wordsworth's idea of intoxication was
probably deplorably inadequate."

Dr. Kimmins found in some cases that
"the evidence of witnesses grossly over-
estimated the injurious elements in the
films." He obtained from school chil-
dren descriptions of some 7000 films,
which were chosen as favorites; he
classified them according to subject:

	Percent
Domestic and fairy stories.....	25
Adventure films.....	15
Comic films.....	15
War films.....	11
"Crock" films.....	5
Educational films.....	2

"The adventures of the Wild West
and the custard pie may not be the
highest form of art, but it is plain that
they will not impair the moral fibre of
the feeblest child."

Apparently all the poorer children in
London go to the "movies." In one
district out of 2000 children, only 22
boys and 50 girls had not been inside a
picture house. A girl of 13 gave these
reasons for not going (1) I save money
by stopping at home, (2) it don't do
your eyes any good, (3) it is not healthy
to be stuck inside a hot place taking
other people's breath.

Will it always be necessary to yoke
"Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci"
together? One might ask: Why is it
necessary to hear either one? To which
the answer is: "There's no law compell-
ing you to go." Occasionally, some en-
lightened manager follows either Mas-
cagni's or Leoncavallo's opera with "The
Secret of Suzanna" or a ballet.

Miss Louise Owen, a diver at the Hip-
podrome, New York, who is in charge
of all the water girls, has established
a library for her aquatic sisters. While
they have little time to visit bookshops,
or to read during a performance, Miss
Owen assures us that they have a few
minutes as they hang to a strap in a
street car or after they are in bed at
night. And so she believes the num-
ber of Hippodrome girls with "good
educations" will be increased. Miss
Owen is not a high-brow; she purposes
to gratify all literary tastes. Do the 17
divers who are "natives of Boston" con-
fine themselves to Emerson, Miss Amy
Lowell, and the Atlantic Monthly?

Messrs. Maier and Pattison will play
music for two pianos in Jordan Hall
this afternoon; Burton Holmes will talk
about Korea and Manchuria and show
pictures in Symphony Hall tomorrow
evening and Saturday afternoon; Mr.
Hutcheson will play piano music by
Liszt in Jordan Hall Saturday afternoon
—the last of his recitals.

Sunday afternoon in Symphony Hall
Mme. Aida of the Metropolitan Opera
Company and Mr. Siliti, pianist, will
give the fourth Stelner concert. The
People's Symphony Orchestra will play
in the St. James Theatre.

PIERIAN GIVE

The Pierian Sodality of Harvard Uni-
versity, Walter Piston, conductor, gave
its annual concert of its 116th season
at the Copley Theatre yesterday after-
noon. The concert opened with "Fair
Harvard." During the performance the
audience rose and stood in solemn
silence. The program read as follows:
Boieldieu, overture to "The Calliph of
Baghdad;" Luigini, Egyptian ballet;
Dvorak, Romanza and Polka; Ori-
entale (solo cello, E. T. Payson, '26);
Gounod, cortege from "The Queen of
Sheba;" piano pieces: Rachmaninov's
Melody in E; Chopin's Impromptu, F-
sharp major; Liszt's Sonetto 123 del Pe-
trarca; Debussy's Jardins sous la pluie.

A program not too ambitious for
young musical students; a performance
that showed the careful drilling by
the conductor, who, more than a mar-
tinet, endeavored, and not in vain, to
bring expressive results from his will-
ing men. It was good to hear the old
overture of Boieldieu, which 50 years
ago did not sound so simple, naive, as
it does today. There was a time when
amateur flute players tooted it with
a piano, when at school exhibitions an
arrangement for four hands was ap-
plauded.

The piano solos and the cello playing
gave agreeable variety. An audience
of good size showed pleasure and ap-
probation.

"RIGOLETTO"

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—"Rigo-
letto," opera by Verdi. Chicago Civic
Opera Company. The cast:

Duke.....	Tito Schipa
Rigoletto.....	Cesare Formigli
Gilda.....	Florence Macbeth
Sparafucile.....	Virgilio Lazzari
Maddalena.....	Irene Pavloska
Count Monterone.....	William Beck
Giovanna.....	Anna Correnti
Count Ceprano.....	Milo Luka
Countess Ceprano.....	Kathryn Browne
Marullo, courtier.....	Salustio Cival
Borsa, courtier.....	Lodovico Oliviero
Conductor.....	Ettore Panizza

It is not unusual to hear people say
that the chief enjoyment they find in a
Wagner performance is listening to the
orchestra. More rarely is such com-
ment heard in the case of an early
Verdi opera. Last night, though, with
Mr. Panizza at the helm, it was the
orchestra that furnished the best of the
entertainment. To those persons who
are disposed to shudder at the "crude-
ness," the blatancy of Verdi's orches-
tration in his early and middle years,
the playing last night must have proved
a revelation—if only they had open ears
and minds. Even in the period of
"Rigoletto" and "Il Trovatore," Verdi
did not write for a brass band, though
many conductors seem to labor under
that delusion.

Not so Mr. Panizza. Last night he brought out beauties in the score not heard at every performance of "Rigoletto." By his keen rhythm, too, and his fine, light touch, he lent unusual charm to all the ballroom scenes. To Verdi's accentuation of every dramatic moment, through masterly orchestral strokes, Mr. Panizza also gave full force. An excellent conductor, in truth!

The singers stood on not so high a plane. Mr. Formichi showed himself a performer of competent routine. Though Mr. Schipa sang some parts of the duke's music well, in his desire to increase the volume of his naturally beautiful voice he has succeeded only in injuring its quality. Miss Macbeth, oddly enough, sang "Caro Nome" less successfully than she sang her part in duets and ensembles, where she found exquisite tone for the coloratura passages, as well as very precise execution. To her portion of the quartet Miss Macbeth was able to give a dramatic value—no small feat! The lesser parts were well taken, and the chorus sang well. It was the orchestra, however, with Mr. Panizza, that made the success of the evening. R. R. G.

DOUBLE OPERA BILL IN THE AFTERNOON

"Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci" the Entertainment

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Mascagni's "Cavalleria Rusticana" and Leoncavallo's "Pagliacci," by the Chicago Civic Opera Company.

"CAVALLERIA RUSTICANA"
Santuzza Claudia Muzio
Turiddu Forrest Lamont
Lucia Anna Correnti
Alfio Desire Defrere
Iola Irene Pavloska
Conductor Pietro Cimini

"PAGLIACCI"
Canio Charles Marshall
Nedda Claudia Muzio
Tonio Giacomo Rimini
Beppe Lodovico Oliviero
Silvio Desire Defrere
Conductor Pietro Cimini

Fashions change, in operas as well as in ways of dressing hair. Something more than 30 years ago all Italy was ablaze with enthusiasm over the newly discovered genius, Mascagni. In Florence, the story went that Verdi had declared himself ready to die, a worthy successor having been found to carry on his work. At the San Carlo in Naples Mascagni conducted some performances of "Cavalleria" in person, amid scenes of wild acclaim, the like of which many an American has never seen before or since. The furore spread to Germany, where every opera house, great or small, made a rush to produce "Sigillanische Bauernchore," as they called the opera in those days; little open-air theatres in the parks, usually content with a farce, got together a company as good as they could, to satisfy the public taste for "Cavalleria." Great sopranos fought and intrigued for the opportunity to sing Santuzza, while discussion ran high over the respective merits of Rosa Sucher's impersonation or Therese Malten's. And here in Boston, somewhat later, while waiting for a performance of the opera, or at least an adequate one, at a Symphony concert they played the prelude, and William Winch (unless memory fails) sang the serenade.

And then the reaction. There was soon nobody left to do poor "Cavalleria" reverence. "Coarse," folk found it, when they had suffered a surfeit. No wonder they did. For conductors, of the third rate mostly, conducted it coarsely, and mediocre singers worked their will with it, a boon to incompetency, this opera, since, like "Trovatore," it has a vitality of its own that makes it march even when crudely done.

Now comes the Chicago company. Has the fashion changed once more? Instead of the usual rag-tags of scenery it sets the stage exquisitely. An admirable conductor, Mr. Cimini, directs the performance, as good artists as the company boasts sing it. With this respectful treatment the drama made yesterday once more its old-time moving appeal, and the music exerted its charm and emotional force as it may scarcely have done since the performances Mascagni conducted here perhaps 20 years ago, when he showed other conductors, even those of repute, how the opera should sound.

Yesterday's performance, under Mr. Cimini's skilful leading, had indeed fine features. The orchestra played sonorously and with vigor, but yet with delicacy. The chorus sang excellently. Miss Muzio, in place of Mme. Raisa, down with a cold, used her lovely voice for the most part well. Though prone to undue restlessness and over-elaboration of detail, she gave a well studied, vivid and moving characterization of the distressed peasant girl. The other members of the cast, singing well in varying degrees, were all able to bring to their impersonations life. Thus the story made its way; it stirred. What more can one ask?

By its dramatic sincerity the performance of "Pagliacci" likewise won applause. Mr. Rimini, since one must admit his right to make Tonio an unusually revolting creature, if so he sees him, did it cleverly. Though Miss Muzio seemed better able to suggest the tragedy of Santuzza than the lightness of Nedda, nevertheless she played in "Pagliacci" intelligently and sang brilliantly. Mr. Marshall sang lustily, tearfully, and to the taste of the audience. The small parts were neatly done. The audience applauded all the singers warmly. R. R. G.

MARY GARDEN STARS AS FLORA

By PHILIP HALE
BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Montemuzzi's opera in three acts, "L'Amore del Tre Re," performed by the Chicago Civic Opera Company.

Flora Miss Garden
Archibaldo Mr. Lazzari
Manfredo Mr. Baklanoff
Avito Mr. Crimi
Flaminio Mr. Oliviero
A Youth Mr. Mojica
A Handmaiden Miss Browne
A Young Girl Miss Passmore
An Old Woman Miss Claessens
A Voice Miss Correnti
Conductor, Mr. Polacco.

The opera and the performance deserved a much larger audience. The opera was not wholly unfamiliar; one not to be viewed with suspicion. It was brought out in Boston by the old Boston Opera Company—how long ago it seems!—and the excited admiration. The performance last night was engrossing.

There are different opinions as to the manner in which Flora should be portrayed. Lucrezia Flori represented her as a simple, trusting child, a pathetic character; distressed by her coolness towards Manfredo, but not showing outwardly great aversion; wondering why the fates had jested with her. Mme. Villani, who had created the part in Italy, entertained a more dramatic conception, making Flora a stronger woman, stronger in will and in passion.

Miss Garden's performance was somewhat in accordance with the latter view. Her Flora was not wholly unsophisticated. Her aversion towards Manfredo was dangerously near loathing. There was no sadness in her voice when she could not respond to his amorous pleading. She had a will of her own, and snapped her fingers at the fates. It is true she had a sense of duty; she did not easily succumb to her love for Avito; when she did give way,

her passion flamed. Nor did Archibaldo, the terrible old man, find her yielding, as if submissively, to death.

Now who can say which view of Flora's character is the right, the only one? The three portrayals we have seen were all plausible. How did Benelli wish his tragedy to be played? The part suits Miss Garden much better than that of Flora Tosca. Grant her view of Flora's nature, that she was not a wistful creature, easily perplexed, almost afraid of the resolute, manly warrior, and Miss Garden's impersonation was admirable. Even if it was in apparent contradiction with tradition, it was consistently dramatic. We have never heard her sing more effectively and her voice seemed to have gained in volume and quality.

On the other hand, Flora might have been a gentler soul, less given to sullen answers to her Manfredo and, in the very ecstasy of passion, more restrained.

And here is a proof of the sincerity and force of this libretto and this music: that inquiries are made concerning Flora's character, as if she had been a woman of history, not of legend or romance.

So, too, one might question the motive of Archibaldo. Did he strangle Flora because his suspicions, his instinct, blind as he was, urged him to maintain the honor of his house? Or was he, too, in love with her? His years had nothing to do with it. Jealousy is not merely the privilege of youth or middle age.

Mr. Lazzari was an impressive Archibaldo; not represented so old as he was by his predecessors in the part. He sang intelligently and with a force that was not extravagant. Especially worthy of note was his delivery of the superb measures early in the first act; also the scene with Manfredo after the murder of Flora. Nor did he hesitate to carry the dead body off the stage. "Who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him?"

And again Mr. Baklanoff revealed himself a great artist; a dramatic singer who gives emphasis to the text; an accomplished actor who knows the value of repose, the force of understatement; an actor of indisputable authority.

Mr. Crimi sang well enough, but he is not a romantic person in appearance or in song, and he has not yet learned that in these days a singer, even though he be a tenor, is expected to face the person whom he is addressing, not the audience; nor has he yet learned the significance of gesture.

Mr. Oliviero gave distinction to the small part of Flaminio; the chorus in the last act sang with due effect; the stage settings were well designed, massive in the first two acts, beautiful in the third. And there was Mr. Polacco, who gave such an eloquent reading of

the score that, even if there had been no singers on the stage, a story of tenderness, passion, woe, and tragedy, would have been clearly told.

The opera tonight will be "Die Walkure" with Mmes. Holst and Van Gordon, and Messrs. Lamont, Baklanoff and Cotreuil. Mr. Polacco will conduct.

We read that a play, "Zeno," with Effie Shannon and George Nash in the cast, has made an "instantaneous hit" in Chicago. Is this Zeno, the philosopher who reasoned concerning the unity, the incomprehensibility and the immutability of all things, yet once lost his temper when some one insulted him? Zeno said by way of an excuse: "If I were insensible to injuries, I should also be insensible to praise," an answer unworthy of a philosopher. This Zeno, naturally of a harsh disposition and ready to get into a passion with his friends, became sweet-tempered and gentle when he had taken a good deal of wine. He added a 12th part of coriander to lentils. He had lived a long time with an epicure in fish. One day when a very large one was served, and there was no other food provided, Zeno took the whole fish from the platter, and made out as if he would eat it all himself. When his friend looked at him in anger or amazement, Zeno said: "What do you think, then, that those who live with you must suffer every day, if you cannot endure my being a glutton for a single day?" This was considered at the time an amusing "come back."

But from the scanty report of the play, we fear that it is a "mystery drama" and that the hero was not an uplifter among the ancient Greeks.

"THE BRUENNHILDE OF THE BOWERY"

So Jim Hunker nicknamed Maggie Cline, who has been dangerously sick with erysipelas at her home in Red Bank. In her day—and it was of long duration—she contributed largely to the gaiety of the nation by her songs, by her exuberant spirits. It was she that told of McGinty; how Mr. McCann bet him that he could carry him to the top of a high sea wall; how, when they were near the top, McGinty, not willing to lose the bet, let go of Mr. McCann's shoulders:

"Down went McGinty to the bottom of the sea.

Dressed in his best suit of clothes." But it was "Throw him down, McCloskey," that gave Maggie Cline enduring fame. This song, said to have been written, words and music, by John W. Kelley, was copyrighted in 1890. We found a copy of it yesterday between songs by Duparo and Richard Straygas. As the younger generation knows it not, we give the words in full to show what gave delight in the heroic days of vaudeville:

"Twas down at Dan McDevitt's at the corner of this street,
There was to be a prize fight and both parties were to meet;
To make all the arrangements and see everything was right,
McCloskey and a Nagur were to have a finish fight;
The rules were London Prize Ring and McCloskey said he'd try
To bate the nagur wild one punch or in the ring he'd die;
The odds were on McCloskey, tho' the betting it was small,
'Twas on McCloskey ten to one, on the nagur none at all.

CHORUS.
"Throw him down McCloskey," was to be the battle cry,
"Throw him down McCloskey, you can lick him if you try.
And future generations, with wonder and delight,
Will read on history's pages of the great McCloskey fight.
The fighters were to start in at a quarter after eight,
But the nagur did not show up and the hour was getting late;
He sent around a messenger who then went on to say,
That the Irish crowd would jump him and he couldn't get fair play;
Then up steps Pete McCracken, and said that he would fight,
Stand up or rough and tumble, if McCloskey didn't bite.

McCloskey says I'll go you, then the seconds got in place,
And the fighters started in to decorate each other's face.

Chorus:
They fought like two hyenas 'til the forty-seventh round,
They scattered blood enough by gosh to paint the town,
McCloskey got a mouthful of poor McCracken's jaw,
McCracken hollered "Murthur!" and his seconds hollered "Foul!"
The friends of both the fighters that instant did begin
To fight and ate each other, the party started in.
You couldn't tell the difference of the fighters if you'd try,
McCracken lost his upper lip, McCloskey lost an eye.

Chorus.
A rude ballad, but one charged with the Homeric spirit. Hazlitt, Meredith, Shaw, Bulwer Lytton, Conan Doyle, and others that wrote nobly of the prize-ring would have delighted in it.

CREDIT TO WHOM CREDIT IS DUE (From the Illinois Teacher)

Mr. Lewton has been prominently identified with the public school system of Illinois since 1898. For the last 15 years he has been superintendent of schools at Cicero, Ill., a suburb of Chicago. During this period Cicero has increased in population from 15,000 to 50,000.

WE DON'T THINK As the World Wags:

The Boston Post bulletin of Jan. 19 said:

"FIRE
IN WHITE HOUSE
STARTS IN
HARDING'S ROOM
HAS DETECTIVES
FOLLOW WIFE."

What do you think of that?
WM. PREBLE JONES.

LEACOCK AND LARDNER As the World Wags:

"Before setting down my impressions of the great English metropolis—a phrase which I have thought out as a designation for London. . . . We writers all act and react on one another; and when I see a good thing in another man's book I react on it at once."—Stephen Leacock.
You bet you do, Steve. You copped that line about London from Ring Lardner.
L. R. R.

WHITHER ARE WE DRIFTING? As the World Wags:

I read that Mr. James Harvey Robinson, addressing a woman's club in Chicago, gave this startling information: "Naked and unshamed, they formed a club in Topeka to show their truth and honesty."
HAROLD B. GUNNISON.

THE COMPLETE UNDERTAKER (From the Old Town Enterprise through the courtesy of Grace W. Jones)

The four bungalows at Kell-Home-Land a promotion by our well known and energetic real estate man E. J. Kelly are fast nearing completion even to the very last one, Frank Spencer has bought one has moved in. Instructor Evans occupies one the remaining two will soon be occupied. Next year the road will soon be graveled and walks built thus making Kell-Home-Land a very desirable residential section. Mr. Kelly understands how to make people comfortable both on and under the sod.

Maier and Pattison Delight

Yesterday afternoon at their concert in Jordan hall of music for two pianos. Guy Maier and Lee Pattison played this program:

Sonata in D Major Mozart
Andante from Sonata, Op. 84, B-flat Brahms
Gavotte and Musette Raff
Contrapuntal Paraphrase on the "Invitation to the Dance" Weber-Godowsky
Barcarolle Rachmaninoff
Danse Macabre Saint-Saens
Variations on a theme by Beethoven, Saint-Saens.

Mr. Maier and Mr. Pattison accomplished a high artistic feat; though they played together with the precision of one, not for one moment did they fail to give the impression that two individuals were making themselves heard and felt. Too often the aim appears to be, when pianists play on two instruments, to make the music sound as though one single brain controlled two pairs of hands. Such players err; though their precision may win them praise, their performances are musically dull. Mr. Pattison and Mr. Maier made no such fond mistake. Recognizing, apparently, that each has found in the other the complement to his musical temperament both players take full advantage of this, their good fortune, thereby giving performances of an absorbing interest far above the powers

of most other players in pairs. But these artists, furthermore, are blessed in high degree with the two great qualities most needful for players who would make music for two pianos a delight—rhythm and a command of color in tones. Lacking the amazing sense of rhythm that two of them possess, they could merely play in time; feeling rhythm alike, and right, they can let themselves go; hence their stirring vitality. And with their appreciation of tonal color, they make the second instrument worth while for the varied tints it brings into play; two often it only doubles the noise.

Of their attractive program there is not space to speak. A compliment one must pay the players, though, for their respectfully spirited treatment of the Mozart sonata, and for the skill with which they saved the Rachmaninoff barcarolle from its cloying sweetness. The audience of good size would have many encores. One was a "Study in Jazz" by Edward B. Hill, a pleasant piece and amusing; only so soon over one scarce had time to grasp it. Everybody wanted it again, but Mr. Males and Mr. Pattison elected otherwise.

R. R. G.

Holst, "The Planets,"

By PHILIP HALE

The 13th concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Montoux, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. The program included "The Planets," a set of seven tone-poems, by Gustav Holst, and MacDowell's "Indian" Suite.

Some, reading the announcement of this concert, may have thought that the composer of "The Planets" purposed to give his hearers a fair idea of the music of the spheres. This music, by the way, has never been heard by mortal man except by Pythagoras. We do not hear it, he said, because we are accustomed to it from our birth and cannot distinguish any sound save by the silence opposed to it. According to the great philosopher, so cruelly mocked by Lullian, Saturn sounds the lowest tone; the moon, the highest. Those who wish to inquire curiously into this celestial music should read the treatise by the learned Prof. Piper, "Von der Harmonie der Sphaeren," published in 1849.

Holst, an Englishman of Swedish descent, born in 1874, and now reckoned a leader in the more advanced body of English musicians, was not so ambitious. He contented himself by composing in 1915 and 1916 seven tone-poems which should illustrate musically the astrological significance and influence of Mars, the Bringer of War; Venus, the Bringer of Peace; Mercury, the Winged Messenger; Jupiter, the Bringer of Jollity; Saturn, the Bringer of Old Age; Uranus, the Magician, and Neptune, the Mystic.

The composer has said that these tone-poems are without a program; they have no connection with the deities bearing the same names; the subtitles are a sufficient guide.

It will astonish some to find Venus described as the Bringer of Peace. The common opinion is that she has stirred up foreign and domestic strife; invaded households; a goddess smiling on battle, murder and sudden death. A famous but unquotable line of Horace tells how she brought on the Trojan war. In astrology Uranus is a transformer, hence a magician, while Neptune represents the state of union with the infinite, the seeking after the ideal. We fear that those now consulting the astrologers are more concerned with fortunate days for doing business or marrying than with the sublime attributes ascribed to the planets.

Holst has certainly written uncommon music. He has fancy, if not imagination, and the two are not always easily distinguished in spite of Coleridge's long-winded definitions. He has learned thoroughly harmonic and orchestral technique, and, as his invention is fertile and he has a pronounced sense of color, this cycle contains in turn ravishing, impressive, surprising pages. Take "Mars" for example. There is the suggestion of iron and brass; defiant inexorable militarism. And here the tremendous effect is gained by comparatively simple means. In "Venus," charming as much of the music is, Holst is more sophisticated, more audacious in his harmonic scheme. "Mercury" is, appropriately, a nimble Scherzo, lightly scored for the most part. The "Jollity" in "Jupiter" is inspired by ale rather than wine; it is heavy-footed and the tunes are not free from vulgarity. The composer's imagination is at its height in "Saturn" and in "Neptune." The former is music that should not accompany old age as Walt Whitman knew it: "Old age superbly rising! Ineffable grace of dying days." Here is sullen, complaining, dismal old age, but how graphic the expression! "Neptune," on the contrary, is, indeed, mystical, beautifully so, not vaguely, not gropingly.

There are drawbacks to the full enjoyment of this cycle. There is the besetting sin of many modern English composers—prolixity. Endless repetitions of unimportant themes or fragments of themes fret the nerves, no matter how ingeniously they are tossed from one group of instruments to another or proclaimed by the full orchestra. Mr. Carpenter of Chicago puts his trust in the xylophone; Mr. Holst puts his in the celesta, which is worked overtime. Mr. Holst once told a friend that he loved to write a tune. Unfortunately, some of his tunes, as in "Jupiter," are common. Strange to say, in this cycle there are few, if any, truly sensuous strains. Mercury in mythology was the god of thieves as well as the heavenly messenger. Mr. Holst did not take advantage of this fact in his "Mercury," but when the bassoons began their business early in "Uranus" we thought for a moment that Mr. Montoux was interpolating "The Sorcerer's Apprentice" by one Paul Dukas.

"The Planets" is in many ways a remarkable work, one that should be heard again, and soon. The performance was brilliant.

Mr. Montoux gave a sympathetic reading of MacDowell's Suite. The noble and affecting "Dirge" is, truly, the orchestral masterpiece of the lamented composer. The concert will be repeated tonight. The orchestra will be away next week. The program of Feb. 9, 10 will be as follows: Chausson, Symphony in B flat major; Ballantine, "From the Garden of Hellas," orchestral suite (first time at these concerts); Mendelssohn, Concerto for violin; Turina, Danzas Fantasticas (first time in America). Toscha Seidel will be the solo violinist.

TO MANCHURIA

Burton Holmes's illustrated travelogue in Symphony hall last night had for its subject "Modernizing Chosen (Korea) and Manchuria." As there is a great difference of opinion concerning the policy of Japan in Korea, this travelogue has a peculiar interest. The Korean objects to being "modernized." Some outsiders say that he does not appreciate the benevolent interest of the Japanese in his condition.

Mr. Holmes—in costume, of course—took his audience to Dairen, the great port of Manchuria, showing such evidences of high civilization as Pullman cars, country clubs, golf, baseball and metropolitan hotels; dwelling on nature's gift, the Soya bean. Views of Port Arthur, Mukden, Chang-Chun and Harbin were seen, with descriptions of iron mines, coal mines, and coke ovens. Then Korea was invaded, the Japanese schools, the timber industry were seen, then the Buddhist strongholds. Mr. Holmes has always much to say about hotels, and as was to be expected, he found a "magnificent" one at the Korean capital, Seoul, now called Keijo. The city itself is uncommonly interesting. There were interesting descriptions of life, labor and amusements (including dancing girls). Mr. Holmes is a staunch admirer of the Japanese. But were not the Koreans happier and freer in their own way before Japan felt it her duty to uplift them?

The Travelogue will be repeated this afternoon, the last one of the series "Great Sights East of Suez" will be given Feb. 8.

An extra travelogue, "Three Decades of the Passion Play of Oberammergau," will be given in Symphony hall on Saturday afternoon, Feb. 10, for disabled ex-service men now in hospital. This travelogue will be under the auspices of Hospital Department Community Service of Boston, Inc.

The many friends of Mrs. Edward MacDowell were distressed when they heard that she was severely injured by a taxicab accident in New York. Three of her ribs were broken and she suffered a nervous shock.

The Musical Courier received the following letter:

"To the Musical Courier:
"I have just heard of the unfortunate accident to Mrs. Edward MacDowell, on the eve of her departure for a recital tour. Mrs. MacDowell is likely to be incapacitated for some time under the most favorable conditions.

"Since the income from these recitals is one of the great mainstays of the Peterborough Colony, it would be a nice compliment, and at the same act as a balm during her days of convalescence. If a fund were raised to partly take the place at least of the income lost through her indisposition.

"To further such a plan, I beg to subscribe \$100 (one hundred dollars) with the understanding that 25 of my colleagues, or those interested in the Edward MacDowell Association, will subscribe a like amount.

"May I ask you to give publicity in your valued paper and also act as recipient of this fund?

"Faithfully yours,
(Signed.) "JOSEPH REGNEAS."

The Musical Courier heartily approved Mr. Regneas's proposition and stated that contributions to the fund, which will be acknowledged in its columns, should be addressed to the Mrs. MacDowell Colony Fund, care of the Musical Courier, 437 Fifth avenue, New York.

THE SKILLED ARITHMETICIAN

(From the Marlboro Enterprise)

Henry J. Ball, 31 years of age, and Mrs. Ball, 77 years of age, celebrate the 56th anniversary of their marriage Monday at their home, 68 Elm street.

WHAT NEXT? WHAT NEXT?

(From the Kewanee, Ill., Star Courier.)
Children's Box Purses, combination patent leather with grained leather covers, fitted with powder, rouge and lipstick cases.

CHAOS IN THE RUHR

As the World Wags:

For the sake of students of foreign affairs who may have failed to read it, I beg that you reprint the following masterful exposition of Ruhr valley demoralization from the Transcript:

"The Ruhr valley normally imports approximately 75 per cent of all the food it needs. The small agricultural production is expected here to be retained so far as possible by those who tilled along until the husband and father part of the farmers to save the food for themselves has in fact already reached official circles here."

One thing only is lacking; the numerous tribe of North American House Hunters ought to be told how German efficiency (or was it French?) located those hundreds of thousands of rooms. Boston.

A BUSY "BEST MAN"

(From the Fall River News.)

Mrs. Arthur K. Pope was matron-of-honor and the best man was matron of honor and the best man the bridegroom.

FROM HOUSMAN'S "LAST POEMS"

Could man be drunk for ever
With liquor, love, or fights,
Lief should I rouse at morning
And lief lie down at nights.

But men at whies are sober
And think by fits and starts,
And if they think, they fasten
Their hands upon their hearts.

YOU SHOULD SEE THEM AT FUNERALS

(From Brunswick, Me., Locals)

The lady was plainly but tastefully dressed, and the groom appeared in a suit of black, with white vest, necktie and gloves, and the bearing of the young couple was modest and yet self-possessed enough to enlist the hearty sympathies of all who saw them pass down the aisle.

TIME EXCHANGED FOR ETERNITY

Franz Ludwig Loebner, a famous clock and watchmaker, has died. He made the first chronometer that split a second of time into 1000 parts. The "Eternal Calendar" in the reading room of the Reichstag in Berlin is his invention. This calendar will tell the day and date, the seasons and the phases of the moon until the year 1999.

WHOLLY INADEQUATE

As the World Wags:

The American Indians used the stone-hatchet;
France, the precipitate blade;
China, the room of diminishing dimensions;
Ancient Rome, the non-plat;
The Middle Ages, the centrifugal bone-cracker;

Texas, the tightening lariat;
Old England, the chopping-block;
But none of these seem a fitting conclusion for the ossified victim of stunted thyroid who sagely intones, with a conscious air of Adam's originality, "Them days is gone forever." O. MORGAN.

THE BARRIER

He was brilliant—more than thirty,
And he loved me—as profs do.
I was eighteen; slightly flirty,
And I liked his "entrez nous."
So I wore his "decorations"
For a full three months—or four—
But midst wedding preparations
I decided "Nevermore!"
The breaking made the poor prof cry,
But he would wear that black bow tie!
HOPE DEFERRED.

THE BEAVER EDITOR IS OUT OF TOWN

As the World Wags:

Will you be so good as to settle a dispute as to whether or not a department store "Santa Claus" constitutes a 12-point-plus "Beaver"?
I spotted one today for a clean ace, but my worthy opponent claims ex-

ception on technical grounds. My understanding of the game is that "Beaver" is called when one sees a gentleman with a beard, the scoring points to be graded according to the degree of the growth. My opponent makes the point that in this instance the beard was undoubtedly false. I claim that when I see a beard, I see a beard, and that "Santa" had a gloriously perfect specimen of a 12-point-plus (very rare) appendage. The protesting party offers a compromise of one half the usual score for a false beard. However, that is not my way. Either I am right, or wrong. If necessary I will withdraw my claim with "what grace I may, but I will never lower myself with a makeshift compromise."

Obviously this is a matter for the rule committee, but if this protest is allowed, I see no end of complications ahead. It is well known that a beard is a most natural and usual form of disguise. It is also well known that a disguise can be executed with consummate skill. If false beards are to be excepted what, then, is the ultimate test? I can see nothing certain short of a sharp twitch with the fingers. In view of the unpopularity of the game of Beaver among the bearded gentry, I question the advisability of such methods. It would not be for the good of the sport. I claim, therefore, that all beards, as long as they are worn properly in place, should remain unchallenged. I can see no alternative.

Brookline.

SANTA.

"DIE WALKUERE"

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Wagner's "Die Walkure." The Chicago Clio Opera Company. The cast:

Wotan Georges Baklanoff
Fricka Marie Claessens
Hunding Edouard Cotreuil
Sieglinde Grace Holst
Siegfried Forrest Lamont
Brunnhilde Cyrena Jan Gordon
Helmwig Melvina Passmore
Gerhilde Irene Parlova
Ortlinde Hazel Eden
Waltraute Marie Claessens
Siegmar Ruth Lewis
Rossweisse Kathryn Browne
Gringelde Esther Walker
Schwertleite Alice d'Hermanoy
Conductor, Giorgio Polacco.

After, perhaps 10 years of banishment from the Boston stage, "Die Walkure" last night came once more to performance. To see it before us again was good, the romantic story of great gods, goddesses and mortals who had their being, loved, hated, suffered and feared, even as puny humans today, amid dense and unbroken forests and high among the crags of jagged mountain peaks. Was ever tale of so wild romance set on the stage? Or, who but Wagner—Wagner himself only in his highest estate—could imagine music of the nobleness fit to portray the loftiest attributes of these beings who were erringly human, and yet half divine, music of thrilling emotional force, commensurate with the deepness of their human passions, music that must suggest things natural, fire and light, the dark, wind and storm? In "Die Walkure" Wagner achieved this all. Living beings he set before us, living today in their eternal vitality, coming though they did from out the sagas of old time; and to illuminate for us the workings of their very souls he found music fitting.

What sort of people can impersonate these gods and mortal heroes? Men and women, first of all, who are kindled by romance, men and women whom poetry stirs, who can at least imagine deep emotions, who are sensitive to the beauty and expressiveness of motion and of sculptural repose, men and women too of beautiful voices, able to sing as Wagner meant his music to be sung. Since sufficient artists who possess all these qualities are scarcely to be found, we must do with less, if "Die Walkure" is to be given at all.

Of last night's cast, Mr. Lamont presented the best conceived impersonation, and, in what is frequently called the "German" way, he sang well. Miss Holst showed an understanding of Sieglinde. Mr. Cotreuil, better than his colleagues, governed his action by the music. A beautiful Brunnhilde to look upon, Miss Van Gordon, with her mezzo soprano voice, could do no justice to music written for a soprano. Both vocally and dramatically Mr. Baklanoff seemed ill at ease.

So did Mr. Polacco. The orchestra, of course, he made sound beautiful, though, to be sure, not so remarkably beautiful as on other occasions. But the eloquence of this marvellous score he could not express; his climaxes did not reach their height. Most effectively of all went the prelude to the second act. The want of sweep and surge in hard to explain, for each individual passage seemed conceived with care. The conception may have been too episodic. A very large audience, nevertheless, applauded Mr. Polacco heartily, and the singers as well.

R. R. G.

Jan 28, 1923

The British National Opera Company offers a prize in competition for a libretto, which should be English in sentiment, but not necessarily based on some episode in English history. The author must be English. The jury will be composed of three: one to judge the literary merit of the libretto; the second to decide as to the dramatic worth; the third to say how each libretto lends itself to the requirements of music. When the libretto is chosen the composer will be English. No other need apply.

Annotated Catalogues of librettos have been published, witness the huge "Catalogue of Opera Librettos Printed Before 1800," prepared by the erudite and indefatigable Mr. Sonneck and issued by the Library of Congress, but we know of no critical history of them, from the early days when Grecian and Roman mythology furnished the subjects.

If the composer's music fails he and his friends put the blame on the librettist, who in turn regrets that he did not give his book to a more experienced composer. Musicians as a rule have not been exacting in their requirements, whether they wrote an opera or a song. In the old days the same libretto served a dozen or more composers. Even in recent years, an Italian did not hesitate to write music for the old libretto of "The Barber of Seville."

Consider the librettos of the operas performed last week at the Boston Opera House. Great pains were taken in the preparation of the book for "Aida." It satisfied Verdi who was particular in his choice of subjects as far as dramatic force was concerned; it has pleased thousands of spectators; yet we find the late John F. Runciman—one of whose savage articles moved Ernest Newman to quote a line from Blake's "The Tiger": "Did He who made the lamb make thee?"—attacking "Aida" furiously. "The misfortune is that the book is a very excerebrose affair. The drama does not begin until the third act; the two first are yawning abysses of sheer dulness. Who wants to see that Radames loves Aida, that Amneris, the king's daughter, loves Radames, that Aida, a slave, is the daughter of the 'King of the Ethiopians,' that Radames goes on a war expedition against the king, beats him and fetches him back a prisoner, that the other king gives Radames his daughter in marriage, that Radames highly honored, yet wishes to goodness he could get out of it somehow? * * * All this shows the bad influence of Scribe, who usually spent half his books in explaining matters as simple and obvious as the reason for eating one's breakfast. Verdi knew this as well as anyone, and used the two first acts as opportunities for stage display."

An "excerebrose" affair. We were obliged to consult the dictionary. We found "excerebrose" an obsolete word meaning "brain-sick, wanting brains"; but we found no author quoted in the great Oxford English Dictionary; only the dictionary makers, Bailey and Ash of the 18th century. And so Mr. Runciman damned "Aida" with an obsolete word.

Puccini Gained an Advantage

"Tosca" is based on Sardou's play. Thus Puccini at once gained an advantage, for, whether one likes the play or not, it had been performed throughout the civilized world, and the majority of those seeing the opera do not feel obliged to consult a libretto with a pocket flashlight. So with Puccini's "Madama Butterfly" and "Girl of the Golden West."

Mascagni gained half the battle by the libretto based on Verga's play and story. The same may be said of "Pagliacci," for the subject is dramatically intense, a subject used by Catulle Mendes in his "Femme de Tabarin," produced at the Theatre-Libre, Paris, before "Pagliacci" saw the footlights. Chabrier, by the way, wrote some music for Mendes's play, although the fact is not mentioned by his biographers. As Verdi won great success with Hugo's "Hernani," so Hugo's "Roi s'amuse" served him for his "Rigoleto," as it served Tom Taylor for "The Fool's Revenge" in which Edwin Booth gave a powerful performance as Bertuccio.

The libretto of "The Love of Three Kings" is an excellent one, a play which without music would hold the attention of any audience. The interest in "The Valkyrie" is in the music, not in the libretto, which as a play would be insupportable. The stage circle of fire at the end would not redeem it.

The librettists of Puccini's "Boheme" have been reproached for culling out episodes from Murger's romance and taking liberties with them. It is said that Leoncavallo's libretto for his "Boheme" is better constructed. Whatever is said, Puccini's "Boheme" has vivacity, charm and pathos. It is the most spontaneous, the most sincere of all his operas, and, though the male characters may be a shabby lot, the opera makes an emotional appeal.

Nor do we find the libretto of "Il Trovatore" deserving the ridicule that has been heaped upon it. The libretto is founded on a Spanish play that in its time was popular. The librettist brings on at once the tale of the revengeful gypsy woman, the mystery of Manrico's birth, the fight of two men over a woman. The action is swift; the ending intensely dramatic. The fourth act is one of the great masterpieces in opera. When "Il Trovatore"

is sung with supreme Italian vocal art, acted with Italian fury, and led by a conductor whose blood is fire, the effect is overwhelming.

VARIOUS NOTES

It is said that in Berlin the Folk Opera of that city can give performances in Kroll's Theatre "thanks to the generosity of an American."

Giuseppe Orefice is dead. Born at Vicoenza in 1865, he became teacher of composition at the Milan Conservatory, and music critic of Secolo. He wrote nearly a dozen operas, of which "Chopin" (1901) with music derived from the works of that composer, has been performed on the Pacific coast (San Francisco, 1907). His "Mose" was frequently performed in Italy. "Ugo e Parisina" is not yet published, and Orefice died before the production of his "Castello del Sogno." Orefice also wrote orchestral and chamber works.

At a recent revival of "Carmen" at Stockholm the role of Carmen was given to a dancer with a feeble voice and little vocal skill. This excited strong opposition against the director of the opera house.

A ballet by Gabriel Pierné was announced for production at the Paris Opera Jan. 15.

Poland has demanded that the remains of Chopin should be taken from Pare-Lachaise in Paris to the land of his birth. "It appears to us," says the Menestrel, "that it is fitting that the body of Chopin should rest in France, where he lived, loved, and was held in great affection."

"Le Bateau Lyre," for piano and orchestra, by Marc Delmas, was performed for the first time at a Lamoureux concert in Paris on Dec. 31. The piece was suggested by the remarkable poem of Arthur Rimbaud. It seems that the piano represents the vessel; the orchestra, the sea. "The vessel voyages without forgetting the arts of the classic overture, until, having known far-off isles and luxuriant lands it is sunk in a tempest." M. Lapommeraye writes that the music is more dramatic than symphonic, its effects are direct; the contrasts, brutal. "It shows vigor and a thorough technical knowledge, but one would wish a little more originality."

Evidently there are opera-goers whose tastes incline toward the simple melodies of William Wallace, just as there are others—or are they, perhaps, the same—who can appreciate wholeheartedly the classic beauties of Mozart.

It is a far cry, certainly, from "Don Giovanni" to "Maritana." Yet, at the Old Vic there is to be found a public that can enjoy and applaud both operas heartily. No doubt the high-brows will tell you that "Maritana" is dead as any mutton, and that on its artistic merits it should have been buried long years ago. But our high-brows do not rule the operatic box office, and the truth is that Wallate's long-lived opera still possesses the power of appealing

to simple-hearted music-lovers. And really, if you go to hear it in not too critical a spirit, and are willing to be amused by its unsophisticated humors, it makes a capital entertainment in its cult—what more can one ask?—London Daily Chronicle.

"Madam Butterfly," with Miss Teyte as Butterfly, is a very special thing. She comes very nearly up to one's ideal of operatic singing, or, if the ideal may be fixed at what is reasonably possible for imperfect human beings, quite. To modulate the phrases so as to extract the last ounce of feeling they contain, not to force the voice or try to pretend it is greater than it is, not to move limb or feature without reason, and then to do the right thing with the one or the other, in addition to this to be blessed with a good octave and a half of voice with a reasonable margin of another half-octave upon occasion, and to have the luck to look the part exactly, and besides all this to think of things beforehand so that they have time to produce their effect, and so make the task of other actors, and even of the conductor, easy instead of difficult—what more can one ask?—London Times.

LINCOLN AND THE STAGE

To the Editor of The Herald:

Since Abraham Lincoln made his final exit from the stage of life a "counter-felt presentment" of his remarkable personality has gradually been entering upon the mimic stage. Your correspondent, Mr. Sherwin Lawrence Cook, in his letter to The Herald, very clearly testifies to this Lincoln evolution.

At first but the name of Abraham Lincoln, connected with some great and good action, was all that was desired by the auditor. Then, as time passed on, a scene upon the stage became acceptable, wherein Lincoln momentarily appeared to speak a few words and solve a serious situation. Finally, as history healed the wounds of a by-gone hour, a complete dramatization was endurable and desirable in which Lincoln should dominate the theme and hold the centre of the stage.

But the psychological season for such a successful play did not arrive until after the world's war. Mr. Cook refers to Chapin's Lincoln in vaudeville, which he saw and highly commends, but is not positive as to its condensation from a longer play. If I am not mistaken (as to the exact date), Mr. Chapin produced his version of Lincoln, as a play, at the Liberty Theatre, New York city, in 1906—financially backing the production himself. It did not prove a success for it was not produced at the psychological moment. I did not see the play myself, but among my associates who did, was Mr. Bangs, an old and sterling actor that had supported Booth and Barrett, and while he spoke highly of Chapin and his production prophesied that it would not go, as the public did not want the theme.

Then, why did Drinkwater's tableau of Lincoln succeed, while Chapin's work, which was more of a play, failed? The answer may be found in the paradoxical records of play production. A poor product, brought forth at the psychological moment may be heralded as a masterpiece—while a true work of dramatic art, exploited at an inopportune time, is booked for the storehouse and oblivion!

The "world's war" had brought America and her ideals to the front. The foreign press was literally teeming with phrases of Washington, Lincoln and Wilson. Woodrow Wilson, the American president, had sailed abroad to free the world from future wars. Lincoln, another American president, had freed a race in bondage. The psychological moment was at hand! Drinkwater's poetical panorama of the American martyr was produced and proclaimed a "great play."

Alas, poor Chapin! His death was chronicled but a short time ago, and, while he was yet polishing his beloved play of Lincoln, and endeavoring to make its theme immortal upon the screen. Did he succeed?

WALTER SCOTT HOWARD.
Buzzards Bay.

IN THE FILM WORLD.

Murders are much commoner in fiction than in fact; and think of all the villainies of the films. If anyone took his idea of the United States from them, what a world of wickedness and lunacy he would believe in. But, of course, no one believes in it. We know that even the Wild West is not nearly so wild in fact as on the films. We accept their convention, if we care for them at all, as a necessary condition of our enjoyment. We are able, as

Doctor Johnson pointed out in discussing the unities, to distinguish between make-believe and fact, and the world of moving pictures, of detective stories, of melodrama, is for us all make-believe. —London Times.

Two new films have been shown in London, showing achievements of the League of Nations. One, "World Peace," begins with battle scenes in France and leads up to the signature of the covenant of the league, the work of which is explained in diagrams. The second film, "Preventing a War," demonstrates how the intervention of the league stopped threatened hostilities between Sweden and Finland in connection with the Aaland Island controversy.

A systematic use of the screen, under

some sort of supervision to be devised, would hasten the solution of half our burning imperial problems and smooth the way of the statesman in a manner never before dreamed of. Misunderstandings, both national and international, would be brushed aside in a moment by showing the actual facts of the case. Had the cinema been invented in the eighteenth century Oliver Goldsmith could hardly have written as he did about Canada, then the subject of dispute between England and France. He obviously knew nothing about Canada, except by hearsay. "A country cold, desolate and hideous; a country belonging to a people of savages in possession from time immemorial, savages who knew no enemies but the prowling bear or the insidious tiger, who might have continued to live till all eternity in their desert solitudes had not the English and French been both informed that that country produced furs in great abundance." Voltaire, one of the keenest intellects of all time, described the future granary of the world in still more contemptuous terms. The cinematograph camera, while familiarizing us with the true topographical features of other countries and thus removing misconceptions and prejudice founded exclusively on ignorance of material conditions, teaches, or should teach, producers of fictitious moving picture plays how important it is that they should not broadcast throughout the world erroneous or unsympathetic moral aspects of national life and character. This is a trait of film production which, apparently, enters but rarely into the calculations of our British producers. If it did, British films might enjoy greater popularity than they do outside these islands. Practically every people has certain characteristics which have come to be recognized as a sort of headmark of identity. The British race is especially rich in this respect. We pride ourselves, for instance, on the possession of numerous time-honored institutions, which we are quite justified in regarding as superior to their analogues elsewhere, since attempts have so frequently been made to imitate them. If an effort were put forth to give more relief or prominence in moving picture plays to some of these national assets which have extorted universal admiration or envy, not only would such plays tend to increase our national prestige, but they would also probably be more acceptable to the picture-goers of the world as a truer presentation of facts than many of the inferior travesties of real life that have attempted in vain to storm the portals of the cosmopolitan picture houses. —London Daily Telegraph.

A "cinematograph lecture" describing the climbing of Mount Everest during the recent expedition is given in London with music recorded, collected and partly composed by T. Howard Somervell, a member of the expedition: also from Nepal and Sikkim, Tibetan tunes, airs based on religious dances which accompany the reels showing the lama dances at the Rongbuk Monastery. Captain Noel had difficulties in taking the films: dust, electric sparking as the result of a dry climate, and the development of films at a height of 28,000 feet.

Londoners find "The Letters" a "gripping" film. A married woman asks a novelist to return some incriminating letters and, despite his passion, he does so. Later he has his revenge by describing to the lady's husband a work of fiction he had hoped to write which had been spoiled by the selfishness of a lady asking for the return of letters from her lover. The wife's annoyance gives way to pleasure at his constancy, but as he leaves he casually mentions that it was not her letters of which he was speaking.

We understand that the Actors' Association will soon take action with regard to the introduction of German films into this country. For the first time since the outbreak of war a German film is now being shown over here, and it is believed that this will soon be followed by many others. The Actors' Association are desirous of checking this influx, and it is probable that the proposals that they are to put forward in pursuit of their object will include a suggestion that a heavy import duty should be imposed on all such films,

and that this should be based not on the cost of production in marks in Germany, but at the estimated cost if the same production had been made over here.—London Times.

"DEBORAH AND JAEI"

(London Times)

The first production of "Deborah and Jael," by Maestro Uldebrando Pizzetti, took place last night (Dec. 16) at La Scala Theatre. The high expectations of this new opera by the author of "Fedra" were not disappointed.

The idea of "Deborah and Jael" came to Maestro Pizzetti in 1916, but the libretto and music were only written later, and were not finished till the end of 1917. The theme is a biblical one, inspired by the Book of Judges; but apart from the inspiration of the biblical background and some of the characters and episodes, the development of the plot is mostly imaginary.

The scene of act 1 is in the square of Kedesh, where are assembled the shepherds who have flocked from the country in order to hear the prophetic word of Deborah. The people of Israel, bent and humiliated by the Canaanites, are cursing their oppressors, and now turn their fury against Hever, a shepherd of the tribe of the Kenites, whom they accuse of treachery, and against his wife, the innocent and beautiful Jael, suspected with being in love with Sisera, King of the Canaanites. She is saved only by the prompt intervention

of Deborah, who appears and announces that the suffering and humiliation of the Children of Israel are now near an end, as God, moved by pity, will turn henceforth His anger against the oppressors. "A woman," says Deborah, looking at Jael, "will liberate us from Sisera." Jael offers to sacrifice herself for the safety of her people.

At the second act the scene is transferred to a terrace in front of the palace of Sisera in Hiroset. The King is banqueting, surrounded by his prince and warriors, when the traitor Hever comes in and reveals to Sisera the locality where the rebels are gathered and preparing to fight. The King and his followers rejoice at the idea of the imminent battle, and drink to the victory. But then the visit of a mysterious woman is announced. It is Jael, who has come to deceive Sisera as to the intentions of the movements of the rebels. Sisera, however, discovers her plan, but pardons her. Sisera had once loved Jael, and still loves her, and the woman departs, deeply impressed by the generosity of the King and fascinated by his strength and moral greatness.

In the third act the battle has been fought and the Canaanites have been defeated. Sisera in his flight finds in a wood the tent of Jael, and is hidden by her. They love one another and propose to take flight from the country in order to reconstruct their happiness far away, but Deborah watches and discovers the love of Jael, and, with terrible words, recalls to her her promise of sacrifice, so Jael becomes the instrument of justice, and in the final scene kills the King, making for the sake of God and her people the greatest sacrifice that love and woman can make.

The music in which this story finds its highly poetical expression confirms all the appreciation of the qualities of Maestro Pizzetti, his perfect knowledge and command of instrumentation, his aristocratic taste, his scrupulous accuracy of detail, and his delicate asceticism. Perhaps it lacks here and there the wealth of inspired and organic conception, but its lofty intentions and its noble forms make of "Deborah and Jael" in the opinion of the best critics, one of the finest operas of recent times. It has a suggestive prelude full of oriental color, and all through, the choruses, which play a most important part, are admirably conceived and expressed. "Deborah and Jael" was enthusiastically received, and Maestro Pizzetti had a dozen calls, together with the conductor, Signor Toscanini. The orchestra, the interpretation of the single parts, and the staging were above praise.

And so in Bernstein's new play, "Judith," the heroine is infatuated with Holofernes, and slays him after a night of love, and at the end addresses passionately the head of Holofernes, exposed on high in a lonely place and to birds of prey.—Ed.

CHILDREN AND THE CINEMA

(London Times)

The London county council is discussing the recommendation, by which the theatre and music halls committee is seeking to prohibit children under the age of 16 from attending any cinema in the London area at which films are being shown which have received from the British board of film censors a certificate recommending that they should be shown to "adults" only.

A similar proposal was brought forward a year ago and postponed for 12 months so that exhibitions could put their houses in order. Then it was

made less stringent by the addition of a clause excepting from the ruling

children who were accompanied by parents or bona fide guardians. But now it is proposed to abolish that concession, although Lt.-Col. Levita has put down an amendment for discussion at today's meeting asking for its reinstatement. If the proposal is carried it will mean that after Jan. 1 children under 15 will only be allowed to enter those cinemas in London at which a program is shown which entirely consists of films passed for universal exhibition. The change would, therefore, be a very sweeping one.

Although the board of censors has lately given many more films "universal" certificates there are still a great number of "adult" films ready for exhibition, and if the proposal takes effect, exhibitors will either have to eschew these or prohibit children from entering their cinemas. Among films passed by the censor since May which would come under such a ban are a number based on stories from Sherlock Holmes, film versions of such novels as Peter Ibbetson, Diana of the Crossways, It's Never Too Late to Mend, Jane Eyre, The Scarlet Letter and the Bride of Lammermoor, others based on such operas as Carmen, Rigoletto and Il Trovatore, and films founded on such plays as the Second Mrs. Tanqueray, Blood and Sand and John Chrichton, M. P. The film version of Bleak House also obtained an "adult" certificate.

MILHAUD WILL LECTURE

The ultra-modern French composer, Darius Milhaud, will give a lecture on Modern Musical Tendencies in Paris and Vienna tomorrow evening at 8:15 in Paine Hall of the Harvard Music Building. The lecture will be illustrated with piano illustrations by Mr. Milhaud and it is free and open to the public.

DARIUS MILHAUD

Darius Milhaud, a leading member of "The Six" (now five) of Paris, will assist

at the concert of the Boston Flute Players' Club this afternoon at the Boston Art Club. The following program has been arranged by Georges Laurent, the musical director of the club.

Quartet, D major.....Mozart
For flute, violin, viola and cello.
Messrs. Laurent, Thillies, Artieres, Miquelle.
Sonata.....Milhaud
For piano, flute, oboe and clarinet.
The composer and Messrs. Laurent, Speyer and Mimart.
For the Piano.....Milhaud
Deux Printemps; Two Dances from "Saudades do Brazil"; Romance and Rag Caprice.
Mr. Milhaud.

Fifth Quintet, Op. 13.....Bocherini
For two violins, viola and two cellos.
Messrs. Thillies, Kuntz, Artieres, Miquelle and Landenois.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY—Symphony hall, 3:30 P. M.—fourth Steinmetz concert. Frances Alda, soprano, and Alexander Siloti, pianist. See special notice.

St. James Theatre, 8:30 P. M.—People's Symphony Orchestra. Mr. Mollenhauer, conductor. See special notice.
Boston Art Club, 3:30 P. M.—Concert by the Boston Flute Players' Club, assisted by Darius Milhaud, composer and pianist. See special notice.

MONDAY—Symphony hall, 8:15 P. M.—Second extra concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Mr. Monteux, conductor. See special notice.
Jordan hall, 8:15 P. M., Marguerite Sylva.

TUESDAY—Hotel Vendome, 8 P. M.—Third and last of Miss Terry's concert. Anne Roberts Barker, Georges Miquelle, violinist.

Steinert hall, 8:15 P. M.—Beatrice Griffin, violinist. Vitali, Chaconne; Bruch, concerto, D minor; Balakirev-Auer, The Lark; Schubert-Wilhelm, Ave Maria; Popera-Kreisler, minuet; Wieniawski, polonaise. Samuel L. Goldberg, pianist. Miss Griffin comes from Brockton and has studied with Richard Burgin.

WEDNESDAY—Jordan hall, 8:15 P. M.—Ethyl Hayden, soprano. Young Phillips has such charming graces; Mozart, Der Vogl, from "Nozze de Figaro"; Handel-Bibb, Bel piacere; Schumann, Widmung; Brahms, In Waldesamkeit and Ständchen; Strauss, Seitdem dein Aug und Ständchen; Liszt, O quand je dors; Mares, Impression d'amour and Grieg's de roses; Leforge, stranger-La Gelondrina and En Cuba; Curran, Dawn, Terry, The Answer; Cyril Scott, Unforeseen; Edward Harris, It was a Lover and His Lass. Edward Harris, accompanist.

SATURDAY—Jordan hall, 8 P. M.—Fredrick Tillotson, pianist. Bach, Prelude and Fugue; Schumann, Symphonic Studies; Cyril Scott, Lotus Land; Ravel, Une Barque sur l'océan; Debussy, Minstrels and Danseuses de Delph; Albeniz, Triana; Chopin, Valse, G har and Etude; Glinka-Balakirev; Paganini-Liszt, Campanella.

The surprising statement is made that as Tutenkahmen was married, he had a mother-in-law. A few years ago Sir Rider Haggard wrote a story entitled "Smith and the Pharaohs." It told of a ring once belonging to this mother-in-law. "The ring, which is actually in the possession of Sir Rider Haggard, is inscribed

with the words 'Bes Ank, Ank Bes.' (Bes the living, the living Bes)" from which our friend, Mr. Ferguson, argues that the front name of the mother-in-law was Elizabeth, but they do not reason in this manner at the Royal Academy. Haggard's story was a good one, especially the scene where Smith is arraigned before the Egyptian kings and queens as a shameless robber of tombs.

THE CENTURIES AND LOVE

(The gray tresses of Tutenkahmen's Queen are found in a tomb at Luxor.—News Item.)

A thousand years and a thousand years and a thousand years pass by. And the desert sirocco has drifted the sand over a tomb unseen.

Ivory and ebony, gold and gems in the dark of the tomb unseen. And (not least of the treasures the years have hid) the hair of the Pharaoh's Queen.

King Tutenkahmen that lived and loved and died in Egypt's prime, And laid him down in a tomb of state with all his treasures there—

Ivory and ebony, gold and gems, sealed from the tooth of time, And (safe from the years that made it gray), a lock of his loved Queen's hair.

A thousand years and a thousand years and a thousand years again And the desert sirocco has drifted the sand over a tomb unseen.

Ivory and ebony, gold and gems in the dark of the crypt have lain, And the drab gray tresses (that once were bright) of Tutenkahmen's Queen.

HORACE TOWNER.

L. J. S. quotes from a dispatch concerning Maggie Cline: "She was understood to be single until she became dangerously ill from a complication of diseases several days ago." L. J. S. asks, and not without reason: "What and why?"

CASTLES AND FLOOR SPACE

As the World Wags:

Since a number of people are worried as to "What's wrong with the 'movies'?" won't you ask Mr. Fairbanks and his playmates in what history book they found the dimensions for the royal palace in "Robin Hood." The program proclaims proudly that the kingly bungalow used therein is larger than the Pennsylvania station in New York. Of course a cinema sovereign needs space in which to leap from curtain to curtain and from pillar to post, but wherefrom comes his precedent in English history? Mary of Scots' audience chamber in Edinburgh's Holywood contains enough square footage in which to swing a cat, providing it might be an orderly cat; the banquetting hall in Edinburgh Castle at the other end of the Royal Mile would give elbow space for a kindergarten's setting-up exercises; the tower of London has a few rooms where one could go through the "Daily Half Dozen" evolutions without disturbing the bric-a-brac—but that Pennsylvania station stuff! Incidentally, James V. of Scotland and I. of England came into the world in a room so small that it stretches the imagination to say he saw the light of day in it; for what with a crib, a pair of scales, a bottle and some princely nappies, there couldn't have been room for light.

Wellesley. GEORGE L. MOORE.

FOR STUDENTS IN EUGENICS

"Lester Tompkins of Lowell road was one of the 'veteran fanciers' at the recent poultry show in Boston. Mr. Tompkins was the first man in Concord to sell a Rhode Island Red hen rooster for \$500."

GOOD SUNDAY READING

The French government, so E. S. S. informs us, wishing to obtain some vital statistics in regard to certain Turkish provinces, sent the usual blank to provincial governors with the request that the questions be answered. The following is a copy of the return from the pasha of Damascus:

Q.—What is the death rate in your province?

A.—It is the law of Allah that all should die; some die young and some die old.

Q.—What is the annual number of births?

A.—God alone can say; I do not know and hesitate to inquire.

Q.—Are the supplies of water sufficient and of good quality?

A.—From the remotest period, no one in Damascus has died of thirst.

Q.—Give general remarks as to the character of local sanitation.

A.—A man should not bother himself of his brother with questions that concern only God.

THE PEAK FAMILY

As the World Wags:

A newspaper clipping has been handed to me. It is signed by Mr. Augustus C. Knight, who gives a meagre description of the original Peak Family Swale Bell Ringers of former days and inquires what has become of the members.

As far as I know I am the only one living of the Peaks who knows all about the family. William Peak was the proprietor of the troop. My father, Horatio N. Peak, was a brother, traveling with the troop at the time of my birth just 75 years ago this month. Uncle William started out in 1839 and gave concerts throughout Massachusetts with his wife, Mehtable, a son William Henry, two daughters—Julia and Fannie M. Peak, and one or two outsiders. As they progressed in years two more children, Eddie S. and Lizzette M. were added to the number. Their program consisted of (the then time) song, duets, two harps, violin music in connection with the hand bell ringing and the music was very beautiful to listen to. Many of those songs and melodies are heard today, and their entertainments were considered first class. Later on the staff bells were introduced and played by Fannie and Master Eddie, while Lizzette, who had a wonderful contralto voice contributed in the duets with the others. Uncle William presided as accompanist on his little melodeon—pianos were then scarce.

They traveled all over the United States and part of Canada. During July and August they used to make their home with my father on High street, Medford, up to about 1862, when uncle purchased the old Baker homestead on Main, opposite Summer street, and as the writer of the clipping stated, they had a large upper room for rehearsals. Their tickets were always redeemable by all the leading playhouses of Boston and vicinity.

At the time of my birth my father was with the troop in Northfield, Vt., blocked in with four feet of snow on the ground. As I have said, both families have passed away but myself. Horatio N. Peak was a talented musician, a leader of church choirs and glee clubs. I should be pleased to meet Mr. Knight and have a talk with him.

FREDERICK W. PEAK.

Temple of Honor Hall, 597 Massachusetts avenue, Cambridge.

Boston Opera House: "Il Trovatore," opera by Verdi. The Chicago civic Opera Company.

Leonora.....Rosa Raisa
Inez.....Hazel Eden
Count Di Luna.....Cesare Formich
Manrico.....Giulio Crimi
Azucena.....Louise Homer
Ferrando.....Virgilio Lazzari
Ruiz.....Jose Mojica
Conductor.....Giorgio Polacco

Although "Il Trovatore," thanks to its vitality, will do very well with half an orchestra, no scenery worth the name and with singers who cannot sing, nevertheless one hates to see a manager work a free horse too hard. So it was a pleasure to find the Chicago opera doing by this masterpiece of its time as generously as though it were some feeble work in need of all the help it can get to make it go the season through. The singers were as good as the company can provide, the scenery and costumes were opulent and tasteful, and there was Mr. Polacco in person to direct.

He did it nobly. Like many a famous conductor before him, he may have a fancy for the piece, or he may be of a conscientiousness that will not allow him to do slovenly whatever he undertakes to do at all. Whichever his motive, Mr. Polacco brought pains to the conducting of this opera as did Mr. Weingartner here in Boston years ago, pains that resulted in a performance, the orchestra and chorus alone considered, that must have made people stare who never heard "Il Trevatore" decently given in their lives. He kept the brass in its place; he found orchestral tints and itallofing touches that elude commonplace conductors. Above all else, by his exquisite rhythmic sense, he brought back the pulse of life to accompaniments that too often are made to seem mere vulgar strumming. As Mr. Polacco led "Trovatore," even the youngest "high-brow" in the house could scarcely shudder at even the anvil chorus of the soldiers, far less at anything else in the score. All praise to Mr. Polacco for his evermore!

The chorus sang as well as the orchestra played. Of the singers, Mme. Homer carried off the honors. In fine voice after the first few moments, she sang with inspiring warmth. Her impersonation of the gypsy, one of the most vividly-drawn characters in the

operatic repertory, has to its credit picturesqueness, dignity when called for, a frenzy of desperate rage in the stirring scene with the count. Though not once fussy in detail, she let not a single dramatic stroke escape her. And this exhaustive characterization Mme. Homer presented with skilled technique truly admirable. Her fine effort was warmly applauded.

Mr. Lazari too did excellent work, singing the narrative of the first scene with a rugged strength and a significance that for once made the scene effective. The others were less satisfactory, though Mr. Crimi, rising to the occasion, sang well in the third act, and Mr. Formigli, a sturdy figure of a man, acted with a vigor that made its mark. Miss Ralsa, though blessed with a voice of great natural beauty, shone last night neither as singer nor actress. The audience was very large. R. R. G.

"LA BOHEME" PLEASURES LARGE AUDIENCE

Excellent Features Mark Performance of Chicago Company

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—"La Boheme," by Puccini. The Chicago Civic Opera Company. The cast:

Mimi	Edith Mason
Rodolfo	Angelo Minghetti
Marcello	Giacomo Rimini
Colline	Edouard Cotreuil
Schaunard	Desire Defere
Musetta	Irene Pavloska
Alejandro	Vittorio Trevisan
Benoit	Vittorio Trevisan
Parpignol	Lodovico Oliviero
Conductor	Ettore Panizza

Has the experiment ever been tried of clothing the persons of "Boheme" like normal human beings? Hermann Jadowler once, in the days of the Boston Opera Company, dressed Rodolfo like a man instead of a freak, and his impersonation gained illusion through the process. By the force of its well told pathetic story and Puccini's moving music, the opera can always make its appeal. The players, nevertheless, would have an easier task of it if they were allowed to make of themselves as attractive figures as conditions may permit. Instead of being forced to garb themselves like clowns, Ibsen's plays gain illusion when they are set out with costumes and furnishings of today. Might not a similar proceeding with "Boheme" work to the opera's good?

The performance yesterday afternoon rejoiced in excellent features. If Mr. Panizza had a fancy for a sluggishness of tempo that did not tend to help the lively scenes, the essential beauty of the orchestral score he showed forth lovingly, and the curiously gripping power of Puccini's music he felt to its full degree; it holds its own, this music, the sincerest, the most spontaneous that Puccini ever wrote.

Of the performers, Mr. Rimini stood out conspicuous among his fellows for his vivid characterization of Marcello; other actors ought to learn from him the art of listening. Mr. Rimini sang well too. Mr. Minghetti, a tenor new to Boston, displayed a light voice of pretty quality which he stood quite ready to sacrifice to big tone; otherwise he sang tastefully and smoothly.

Mme. Mason as well sometimes forced her lovely voice, a voice of delightfully individual color, beyond its natural limits—a pity, for she is a singer of real skill. Not quite happy in the light touch she tried for in the first two acts. Mme. Mason was more convincing when poor Mimi's troubles came upon her; to the death scene she brought true pathos. Though Mme. Pavloska, a mezzo-soprano, could not give a soprano's music its full value, she played excellently in the scene out in the snow, and in the last act, where her vivacity must rest perforce, she showed repth of feeling. The smaller parts were adequately done. The audience was very large. R. R. G.

LISZT PIECES

By PHILIP HALE

Ernest Hutcheson, pianist, gave the fifth and last recital of his series in Jordan Hall yesterday afternoon. Music by Liszt was played: Sonata in B Minor, Sonetto 123 di Petrarca, Funerailles, Etude de Concert in F Minor; Legend "The Sermon to the Birds," Hungarian Rhapsody No. 13.

Of these pieces the "Funerailles," composed in 1850, the year of the symphonic poems "Mazeppa" and "Prometheus" is the least familiar. It has been said that this piano piece was Liszt's tribute to Chopin. As a matter of fact the music was inspired by the sad condition of Hungary in 1849-50 and the fate of the patriots Prince Lichnowsky, Count Batthyanyi and Count Teleki. The Sonata was composed in 1853; the Etude in 1848; the Sonetto in 1853; the Rhapsody, in its present state, between 1851 and 1853.

Whatever may be thought of Liszt's music—and opinions differ widely though not so bitterly as in former years—there's no denying his influence on the form of orchestral compositions and the technique demanded for piano playing. Few composers, however, stand the test of a recital devoted to the music of an individual, and Liszt in this respect fares no better than Beethoven or Brahms.

The chief musical interest in the recital yesterday was necessarily in the performance of the Sonata in B Minor, the most important work announced, the one that tests the mechanism of a pianist and gives an insight into his intelligence and taste. Many pianists of high rank, playing this sonata, turn the massive and fiery pages into bombast, and sentiment into mushy sentimentalism. They pound and they gush. It needs a clear head to keep from the exaggeration in performance that has led some critics, not unfriendly toward Liszt, to condemn the sonata as pretentious, blatant and at times sugary.

Mr. Hutcheson gave an admirable reading of this music. The characteristically stormy and defiant measures were for once without circus pomp. The more tender lyrical moments were sung expressively, with beauty of tone, with an intimacy of personal confession that one seldom associates with Liszt, so that this lyricism yesterday had the charm of the wonderfully beautiful "Gretchen" movement in the "Faust" symphony. And there were a hundred and one details, not too much emphasized but clearly and lovingly brought out, that often are slighted by pianists thinking only of "grand effects" and startling contrasts.

It was a pity that there were not more to hear him play this sonata. Their admiration for the music itself and the pianist would have been increased.

By PHILIP HALE

The Chicago Civic Opera Company will open tonight the second and last week of its engagement at the Boston Opera House. The performances of last week should convince all doubting Thomases, if there are any, that the visiting company is prepared to carry out its promises. The operas were staged with the greatest care. The stage settings were in some instances sumptuous, in all cases satisfactory, pleasing to the eye and appealing to the intelligence. "Aida," for example, had never before been produced here so lavishly as regards scenic effects. The stage settings of "The Love of Three Kings" were also uncommonly effective. The costumes have been fresh and tasteful. The skilful management of lights added greatly to the worth of the productions.

The large orchestra, composed of excellent musicians, admirably drilled, gave eloquent readings of the scores, led as these men were by men of experience and authority; conductors with a spirit controlled by artistic feeling. The chorus, well balanced, has been trained to sing with due regard for contrasts; a euphonious, sonorous body.

It is hardly necessary to speak of the leading singers, whose names have been familiar either through previous acquaintance or by reputation gained in other cities. It must be said, however, that the minor parts in the operas have been allotted to fully capable men and women, and thus there has been an ensemble not always to be found in the leading opera houses of this country and of Europe.

The question naturally arises, Do the people of Boston wish the visit of the Chicago company to be repeated, to be an annual event? Or is Boston careless of its former fame as a patron of opera? Will Boston favor only musical comedies and bed room farces? In Chicago one may see in the windows of even humble shops—at least one might have seen last spring—a placard to this effect: We are supporters of the Chicago opera. Not without reason does the visiting organization call itself a "Civic" company. It would be a pity if at the end of this week the Chicago

company, about to leave Boston, should be able to say: "We have piped into you and you have not danced."

Let alone the question of art: from a business standpoint, an arrangement

with the Chicago company or any opera company equal in rank and reputation should be encouraged by every one in trade. The presence of an opera company attracts outsiders. It reminds them that Boston, after all, is not a city of the living dead.

But an opera company of high rank will not come to Boston unless it is sure that Bostonians will go to the Boston Opera House during the engagement.

The program of this week is so varied that it should tempt those who have hitherto neglected the performances either through a doubt which has been removed, or by reason of indifference.

Tonight "The Love of Three Kings" will be repeated. The Herald has already spoken of the engrossing performance last week. The opera itself is a noble work with a poetic story, with music of such pathetic and tragic force that it puts Montezuma high in the list of contemporary operatic composers. It is interesting to compare Miss Garden's portrayal of Flora with that of Miss Bori. Mr. Baklanoff's Manfredo is a superb figure in the operatic gallery.

Not often does one have an opportunity to hear "Parsifal," which will be given tomorrow evening. Even when it was performed here in concert form under Mr. Lang's direction it crowded the hall; performed here as an opera in English and in German it has drawn great audiences.

One learned from the necessarily inadequate performance of Rimsky-Korsakov's "Snow Maiden" by the Russians this season, that the story was entertaining and the music charming. The opera will be performed next Wednesday afternoon. It will enlist the services of many leading singers in the company, while the ballet will be led by accomplished Mr. Bolm and Miss Ludmilla.

On Wednesday evening there will be a chance to compare the performances of Mme. Muzio and Miss Garden in "Tosca." The character of Floria admits of different interpretations. Mr. Baklanoff's remarkable portrayal of Scarpia will again be a feature, one that bears repeated study and analysis.

The other repetition in the week will be that of "The Valkyrie" on Thursday evening. The performance last Friday evidently gave great pleasure to a large audience.

Edith Mason on Friday night will take the part of Cho-Cho-Sam in that popular representation of Japanese trustfulness and American caddish behavior, viz., "Mme. Butterfly." Mr. Lamont will play the naval officer that sings lustily "The Star Spangled Banner" and deserts his little wife.

Saturday afternoon, "Carmen," with the always surprising Miss Garden as the Gypsy that cut short the military career of Don Jose (Crimi). Miss McCormick will be the Micaela, tripping through mountain passes in thin slippers to sing her always applauded song. The part of Escamillo will be taken by the excellent Mr. Baklanoff.

On Saturday night "The Jewels of the Madonna," with its color, dash, street scenes, and tragic intensity will bring the end of the engagement. The chief singers will be Mmes. Ralsa and Claessens; Messrs. Crimi and Rimini. Truly, a varied repertoire.

PEOPLE'S SYMPHONY GIVES 14TH CONCERT

The People's Symphony Orchestra, Emil Mollenhauer conductor, gave its 14th program for the season in the St. James Theatre yesterday afternoon. Miss Edith Thompson of Boston, pianist, was soloist.

The orchestra opened its program with "The Bartered Bride," by Smetana. It also played Beethoven's Symphony No. 7 in A major, op. 92. There was generous applause, for the performances were capable and pleasing.

Miss Thompson gave genuine delight in her playing of Tschalkowsky's Concerto for Pianoforte No. 1 in B flat minor, op. 23. The appreciation accorded Miss Thompson was a remarkable demonstration, lasting some minutes.

Tearing the wrapper off, we found a copy of the Macbethian. Aha! we exclaimed, here is a little newspaper devoted to the study of Shakespeare's tragedy, the play that was Abraham Lincoln's favorite. Here perplexing questions will be answered, we said. Mr. John Jay Chapman has declared that the hypersensitiveness of Macbeth and Lady Macbeth is one of Shakespeare's greatest strokes of genius. Was Macbeth a nervous coward? Should Lady Macbeth be portrayed as a muscular virago after the manner of Charlotte

Cushman, or as a little, enticing, wheedling, sensuous creature—hence her hold on Macbeth? Was Lady Macbeth a victim of hysteria?

Bitter our disappointment. This little newspaper, Vol 1 No. 4, merely trumpeted the vocal abilities of Miss Florence Macbeth, who, according to Miss A. Smith of the Journal in Kansas City, Mo., has "an individual manner of presenting her material whether it be songs or eclairsissement."

Now singers who present "eclairsissement" are not common in this material, sordid world.

We learn from the Daily Evening Record—published in Stockton, Cal.—that Miss Macbeth's "ringing resonance seemed to envelope one, a resonance that didn't seem to strike one, but that one could absorb." There are singers who seem hard-hearted on the stage. Here is one whose resonance is merciful.

SHE PROBABLY NEEDS IT

"Lotta Cheek, the Boston girl who was declared the most beautiful girl in that city in a contest held last summer, has been engaged for 'The Dancing Girl.'"

A GOOD PIECE OF LEAD SPOILED

(From the Cincinnati Times-Star. Sent to us by Albert Fresco.)

A negro, who gives his name as Earl Bryan, 21, 547 West Sixth street, was shot in the head and slightly wounded early Sunday by Patrolman Elbert, after he had attempted to escape from the officer. The bullet which struck Bryan bounced off his skull. He is held on suspicion.

OTHER BONEHEADS

But Nicolaus Ricardus, an Italian, had a head of an unreasonable bigness, and his skull was of that solidity and hardness that he oftentimes broke nuts or the stone of a peach with one blow of his head (Janl Nicoll Pinacothec prima p. 43). It is always best to quote authorities.

And the diligent Bartholinus knew of a religious person, 40 years old, who had the hinder part of his skull so firm and compact that he was able to endure a coach wheel to pass over it without any sensible damage to him. (Barth. Hist. Anat., Cent. 5. Hist. 44. p. 97)

CONCERNING BORAH

As the World Wags:

I notice on page 760 of the Classified Telephone Directory the advertisement of the "Commonsense Externalizing Company." I wonder, in view of Borah's speech yesterday in the United States Senate, if he took a course of treatment there during his recent visit to Boston.

GLEN B. WARREN.

THEY SHOULD HAVE BEEN

As the World Wags:

On the front page of The Herald this morning "Government orders 3000 coast guards to patrol Gulf and Atlantic seacoast to wipe out rum running." Also "Mr. Applejack, prohibition chief at New York, has warned bootleggers to make returns of taxable income or be prosecuted."

These items should have been in your column. Now boys, all together, "Ha Ha Ha!"

C. H. FELLOWS,

ENGLISH SCHOOLBOY HOWLERS

(from the University Correspondent)

De mortuis nil nisi bonum—There's nothing but bones in the dead.

Ne plus ultra—There's nothing beyond Ulster.

A grass widow is the wife of a dead vegetarian.

Britain has a temporary climate. Ambiguity is telling the truth when you don't mean to.

Things which are equal to the same thing are equal to anything else.

One of the chief uses of water is to save people from drowning in.

A circle is a rounded figure made up of a crooked straight line bent so as the ends meet.

The plural of forget-me-not is forget-us-not.

TWO MUSIC LOVERS

As the World Wags:

Who was the cruel lady in a jabot who, in the first balcony of Symphony hall Friday afternoon, jabbed her elbow against the crest of her husband's fleum after he emitted a too vibrant snore, thus bringing him back to cold realization . . . and Brahms's concerto? I had always been under the impression that freedom in manner of individual appreciation held sway in America.

JERRY LORENZ.

JEAN

for—

Most fortunate of all the world are those
Who know the dear despair of loving you,
For only such sweet anguish may disclose
How much of Heaven's beauty may be true.

For beauty's height is not in field or flower,
Not in the radiance of summer skies
Nor in the mystery of twilight hour
Nor anything that in dumb nature lies.
Her inmost messages are in the face
Of those who still obey her secret law,
Sweet symbols these that only love
may trace.
Far past dull reason's power to explore,
Dear love, thou art the blossom of the world
In whom her dearest secrets are unfurled.
JOCELYN.

ALDA, SILOTI

Yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall, Frances Alda, soprano, and Alexander Siloti, pianist, gave the fourth of the Steinert series of five concerts. Mme. Alda sang the Bax arrangement of a fifteenth-century Christmas carol, the old Scotch "My Love She's But a Lassie Yet," Hugo Wolf's lovely "Auf dem Gruenen Balkon," "Hab Dich die Liebe Beruehrt," by Marx; "Mandoline," by Dupont; Lanormand's "Quelle Souffrance," a song of charm in Russian, by Rachmaninoff; "Soldato-Kala Nivlota," and another of lesser appeal, "Kakole stachastie." To close, she sang in English MacDowell's "Thy Beaming Eyes," "The Singer," by Maxwell; "Cloud Pictures," by Laforge, and "Ward Stephens's" "Phantom Legions." There were encore pieces as well. Lester Hodges played the accompaniments excellently.

Mr. Siloti chose a curious program. Beginning with a Tausig arrangement of a Schubert andante and variations, he played the Chopin C-sharp minor study and the ballad in a flat. Next came Liszt's "St. Francis Walking on the Waves," and "God's Benediction in Solitude," both "revised" by the pianist himself. Insufficient familiarity with the compositions makes impossible an opinion as to the extent or the value of the revisions—except that the second piece was wisely shortened by omitting the repeat of the first pages with its more brilliant figurations. Another revised piece which Mr. Siloti played, was a Caucasian dance "Les-plinka," by Rubinstein, and also four insignificant little Russian folk songs from an orchestral work by Lladoff, arranged by Mr. Siloti himself.

This is an age of noise. Much of it cannot be helped—for instance the horn of the useful automobile and the crashing of trucks over icy streets, and the grinding of trolley cars when they stop and start. The harsh, high tones of tasteless singers, though, and the jangling din some pianists make, could be put an end to easily enough, if listeners would only rise in their wrath. But listeners, if one may judge from the hearty applause they offer, thumps and

yells, have a taste for noise. As Jeremiah, the prophet laments, the people love to have it so. "They have ears and yet they hear not."

Is the production of agreeable tones throughout the whole range of a voice an impossibility? Mme. Alda yesterday proved the contrary. Because she is content to abide by the voice God (and her masterly training) gave her, instead of trying to force tones suitable for a dramatic soprano or a cornet-a-piston, she sang yesterday with a voice always good to hear and often of a beauty truly appealing. The program gave her slight opportunity to show her interpretive abilities. Exquisite taste she showed, though, and a vocal technique squalled by few; a fine gift, and a fine accomplishment.

In his turn Mr. Siloti proved that a pianist, even one of the kind called "big," is under no necessity of treating the keys with thumps. Not one harsh sound came from his piano yesterday—and no pianist who has played here this winter, it is safe to say, has produced a bigger, fuller tone. If space allowed, it would be a pleasure to rehearse the beauties of Mr. Siloti's playing, for, at his best, they are unsurpassed. For varied play of color and for a certain noble simplicity, the simplicity of greatness, he is scarcely to be rivalled. To many a disheartened soul the work of these two artists yesterday must have brought refreshment. The fifth Steinert concert will be given Sunday afternoon, Feb. 13, by Alfred Cortot, pianist, and Jacques Thibaud, violinist.
R. R. G.

MILHAUD HEARD

BY OLIN DOWNES

It was owing to the initiative and enterprise of the Flute Players' Club, which gave its 11th concert yesterday afternoon in the Art Club that Boston musicians had an opportunity of hearing the young modern Frenchman, the lonoclast, if that is what you think, the ring-leader of the group known as

"The Six" in Paris, in performances of his own works.

Mr. Milhaud, young, distinguished in appearance, an unostentatious but authoritative pianist in the interpretation of his music, played with Messrs. Laurent, Thillies, Artieres and Miquelle his sonata for piano, flute, oboe, clarinet and cello. He also played piano solos, "Deux Printemps." Two dances from "Dauides de Brazil" and a Romance and "Rag Caprice."

We heard two movements of the sonata—the two last, and regretted keenly we didn't hear more. The third movement is vigorously and clearly written. Whether one likes it may be left to better acquaintance with the work, and the finale "douloureux" has shadowy beauty and a melancholy that is neither weak nor sentimental. The piano pieces we did not personally like so much, although the treatment of "Brazilian" dance rhythms gives them a glitter, a grotesquerie that is in the patter of the Paris musical out "amusing." Likewise the "Rag Caprice." The "Deux Printemps" seemed to us lacking in any kind of form and without particular cause for being.

Mr. Milhaud performed his music with concentration, with conviction, and perhaps not without a certain pleasure in startling the respectables. We wish we might have heard more of his chamber music and it is going to be a great pity if we cannot hear him conduct some such composition as that amazing and intriguing "And symphonic suite" of his with the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The other two numbers on the programme were Mozart's Quartet in D major and, at the last, Boccherini's Quintet, op. 13—an ingratiating work, no doubt intended, with Mozart, to palliate the dire dissonance of Mr. Milhaud. For the writer it was a bore. Mr. Milhaud might congratulate himself that for one hearer, at least, if he had not convinced him wholly of the value of his music, he had spoiled his ears for innocent amiabilities of Boccherini!

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The Biddeford (Me.) Daily Journal, commenting on Mr. remarks about flowered suspenders, says that one does not have to be so very old to hark back to those good old days. "But was it before or after that era that the manufacturers of ready-made clothing, discounting a prevailing custom, lined the outside upper pockets of coats with vari-colored silk or near-silk which could be pulled up so that it would appear over the edge and simulate a pocket handkerchief?"

IN BAPTISM

The writer of the preface to the last edition of Debreth thinks that nine Christian names are too many for a child.

In the family of Tollemache-Tollemache, Lyonel is the traditional name for the eldest son. The Rev. R. W. L. Tollemache-Tollemache had one son Lyonel by his first wife. Disregarding the saying of the Man in the Iron Mask—it was published in Figaro—"He that marries the second time does not deserve to have lost his first wife"—he wedded again and had another son, who should be Lyonel the Second. The poor boy was named Lyulph Ydwalla Odda Nestor Egbert Lyonel Taedmag Hugh Erehenwyne Saxon Esa Cromwell Orma Nevill Dyssart.

THE ASBESTOS BANDIT

As the World Wags:

I read in the account of the strange adventure that befell Roselle Garrison of Laporte, Ind.: "The stranger knocked at the door. She answered and he grasped her arm, pulled a heated branding iron from his pocket and applied it to her flesh." Great Heavings! Suppose he had pulled out a half dozen red-hot coals from another pocket! The police should arrest the tailor who lined this demon's pocket with asbestos. Life gets more hazardous every day.

HOT DOG.

YES. BUT HOW ABOUT "FELISE"? As the World Wags:

A letter from Andover, Mass., was recently published in your column, relating to Swinburne's reference to a certain "Maenad of Massachusetts," and asking what dame he intended to thus characterize. The lady was probably Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe. Many years ago she expressed her belief in certain charges, then attracting general attention, against the poet Byron. Swinburne took up the ougels in behalf of Byron's memory, and, as I recall it, alluded to Mrs. Stowe as a "Mendacious Maenad of Massachusetts." Probably some of the older residents of Andover will remember this controversy and Mrs. Stowe's participation therein. Reading. CHARLES F. BROWN.

A LAYMAN'S OPINION

As the World Wags:

After a while, they're going to be sorry that they didn't let Dr. Percy Stickney Grant marry Mrs. Lydig. Then he wouldn't have to make all this fuss.
H. R. L.

ATTENTION OF HARVARD MED.

As the World Wags:

Inside one of our local emporiums may be seen the following sign promiscuously displayed:

TUNNEL TO APPENDIX

C. S. P.

ADVICE TO PARENTS

Justice Ford of New York gives it as his opinion: "When a girl gets to be 15 or 16, she ought to be put in a cage and shut up until she reaches her 25th birthday."

There is a sour character in Thomas Hardy's "Two on a Tower" who took practically the same view. He believed that children until they reached a certain age should be cooped securely in barrels and fed through the bungholes.

What a fuss was made about this novel of Hardy's when it appeared as a serial in the Atlantic Monthly! Some good souls condemned the story as "immoral." And that it should be published in the highly respectable Atlantic! This gave Mr. Aldrich opportunity for an amusing quip.

"IT DEPENDS" IS RIGHT

As the World Wags:

A controversy has been raging in our office as to whether it is correct to say "I saw" or "I heard" in speaking of an opera. A certain person, whose name I withhold, said that it depended upon the opera and the performers; for example, "I saw Mary Garland in 'Salome'" and "I heard John Smith in 'Parsifal.'" Needless to say, I immediately set him down as a low fellow of the baser sort and changed the subject.
P. M. B.

"THE LOOK" AGAIN

R. R. R. of Georgetown writes about the verses signed "Marge," who lifted them with slight alterations from the estimable Sara Teasdale.

"Substituting for the unpoetical 'Strephon' and 'Robin' the delightfully imaginative 'Howard' and 'Bobby,' 'Marge' further enhances the excellence of the thought (the next to last line in the original reads, 'But the kiss in Colin's eyes') by making Colin a one-eyed monster of self-control. Far be it for me to seem to help Marge help Sara Teasdale or other poets make their work acceptable; but I cannot refrain from suggesting Bliss Carman as a suitable field; for instance, how lovely 'Marge' could make a little four-line verse from 'Songs of the Sea Children' by simply changing the last word, 'Yvonne,' as follows:

"Over the sea is a scarlet cloud,
And over the cloud the sun.
And over my heart is a shining hope,
And over that,
Henrietta."

THE IDEAL CANDIDATE: NO RECOUNT FOR HIM

(From the Worker's Chronicle, Pittsburg, Kan.)

I hereby express my sincere thanks to my friends who supported me and all others for opposing me no more than they did in my recent race for Congress. I am neither sick, sore, sour, sorry nor sad.
CHARLES STEPHENS.

"THACKENS AND DICKERY"

An influential journal in Rome is publishing "Domby e figlio," by "Carlo Dickens" as a serial. It is said that in Barcelona the novels of Dickens in Spanish are in greater demand than those of any other foreign author; that even in the Russia of today, he is the "best seller." (His influence is seen in the novels of Dostolevsky and Alphonse Daudet, to mention only foreigners.)

In the sixties in our little village we heard the ministers of the Old Church—alas, that it was burned to the ground—preach on novels; Bulwer was immoral; Thackeray had no heart—there was no religion in Thackeray; as for Dickens he should be shunned, for he ridiculed clergymen. This minister himself looked like "Phiz's" pictures of the Rev. Mr. Chadband.

And in those days the question was often put: "Do you prefer Dackens to Thackery?" Sometimes it was "Thickens to Dackery."

Would that the two had lived long enough—the one to complete "Dennis Duval"; the other, "The Mystery of Edwin Drood." We know a lecturer on Thackeray who confesses that he has never read "Dennis Duval" or "Barry Lyndon." The latter—Thackeray had evidently read the memoirs of Casanova, the Venetian adventurer and blackguard—rivals Fielding's "Jonathan Wild." How many who talk knowingly of Thackeray are familiar with his "Catherine" and "Shabby Genteel Story?"

"Irene Wycherley" in

By PHILIP HALE

COPLEY THEATRE—"Irene Wycherley," a play in three acts, by Anthony P. Wharton.

Irene Wycherley.....Catherine Willard
Carrie Harding.....Stephanie Day
Hilda Preston.....Robert Scott
Mildred.....Helene Higgins
Linda Hetheridge.....May Ediss
Lady Wycherley.....Daisy Belmore
Sir Peter Wycherley, Bart.....
H. Conway Wingfield
Harry Chesterton.....Gerald Rogers
Manservant.....La Paul Scott
Muriel Wycherley.....Katherine Standing
Philip Wycherley.....Noel Tearle
Lily Summers.....Jessamine Newcombe
Charles Summers.....E. E. Clive

We have been unable to find any record of the performance of this play in Boston, although it was produced in London as far back as 1907. In New York the next year, the play called forth from William Winter two columns or more of indignation that this picture of English society should be brought before the public, but Mr. Winter was easily shocked.

"Irene Wycherley" is not a "pleasant" play; it has not the happy ending so valued by managers and longed for by the "pe-pul." It might justly be called morbid; but the more important question is whether it is true to life. Sir Peter, proud of his family name, disappointed in his children, afraid of his domineering wife, one can easily accept. One can see why he wished Irene to go back to her husband, from whom she had been separated for some years, that the family might not be extinct. No doubt there are plenty of brazen trollops like Mrs. Summers, as there are affectionate, blundering little women like Mrs. Hetheridge, introduced in the first act to assist in the dramatist's exposition. The two female gossips are of a familiar type.

But how about Philip Wycherley, a man of a brutal nature, a libertine, thoroughly unwholesome and bad in every way? Irene left him after a few years in hell, as she put it, and after he had struck her across the face with his riding whip. She had lived with him, although she knew his infidelities. A Roman Catholic, she could not divorce him. He is severely hurt, blinded when hunting, Irene feels it her duty to go to him. He is more vicious than ever; he invites Mrs. Summers, his latest mistress, to the house. Summers, an Australian, having had his suspicions, shoots and kills Philip after Irene, finding out who Mrs. Summers is, orders her out of the house. Irene will probably marry Chesterton, who has been devoted to her in a blameless way.

Is Philip an impossible character? Read the divorce cases in high life reported at length in the otherwise chaste columns of the Daily Telegraph and the London Times.

One may ask: Why put such a character on the stage? The answer is, here is an engrossing play, with dialogue that is often incisive and revealing, with at least one highly dramatic scene—the one in which Irene orders Mrs. Summers to leave. If it were not for the play, a remarkable one for a dramatist's first attempt, we should not have Irene Wycherley, a woman that should tempt any well equipped and emotional actress. Not that the parts of Philip and Sir Peter are negligible. As for Chesterton, he is a commonplace, uninteresting person.

Miss Willard had a taxing role, one that demanded the ability to convince the spectator that she was swayed by various emotions that shook her soul. She loathed Philip; she snapped her fingers at those who frowned on her friendship for Chesterton; then duty, as explained to her by Sir Peter, called her to her husband. Also she was moved by the fact that her friendship for Chesterton was turning into love. She would be safe by her husband's side.

When Philip would have her renew relations with him, after he had stormed at her and insulted her, her body as well as her soul cried out in horror. (And here the scene was softened; not played with the sensual brutality that amazed the London audience.) And then there were the series of incidents that followed.

It is enough to say that Miss Willard gave a remarkable performance, from the scenes in which she greeted the blundering school friend and defied with dignity Lady Wycherley, to the dismissal of the mistress.

Mr. Wingfield gave a capital portrayal of Sir Peter, and Miss Ediss as the country friend, Miss Newcombe as the insolent mistress, Mr. Tearle as the brute and Mr. Clive as the Australian avenger of his honor, were fortunate in their conception and carrying out of the respective parts.

On account of many requests, this play next week will be "The Truth About Blayds," which met with so much favor last week.

MISS CHEMET IS VIOLIN SOLOIST

For the second Symphony concert of the supplementary series, Mr. Montoux arranged this program:

Tchaikovsky, Symphony No. 4 in F minor; Mendelssohn, Overture, "Ruy

Bas"; Lalo, Spanish Symphony for violin and orchestra (soloist, Renee Chemet); Sibellus, symphonic poem, "Finlandia."

If orchestras, as we conceive orchestras, still exist 100 years from now, and if in 2023 the conductor of one of them should take a fancy to perform Tchaikovsky's F minor symphony, only what beauty it might still retain could please that audience of the future; all its emotion would long be dead. Mr. Montoux last night read the symphony something as though he had a 2023 audience behind him—with a nice regard for light and shade and sound which would have delighted the Tchaikovsky who wrote frankly to "Dame" Ethel Smyth of his superior powers of making an orchestra sound well, but with an absence of emotion not so pleasing to the Tchaikovsky who analyzed the symphony in letters to Frau von Meck. If Mr. Montoux, not so very long ago, had not played this symphony far more tellingly than he did last night, one might collect that he feels scant sympathy for music of a man in mood to sit on the ground and tell sad stories of the death of kings, with sudden bursts of hopeless despair, walling and gnashing of teeth. To interpret music of desperation, one cannot always be in the vein.

Better suited to Mr. Montoux's humor last night were the placid measures of Mendelssohn's overture, with its touch of dramatic fervor at the close. It sounded exceedingly well. So did the orchestral part of Lalo's Spanish Symphony, so well indeed that a listener could only wonder at the confidence violinists must feel in their abilities who venture it with piano accompaniment. Miss Chemet played the solo part with the composure that proceeds from competence. She has a small tone, sweet enough in the lower register, but sounding to the ear of a person not expert in violin technique, in the upper reaches pinched. Playing with a clear understanding of how it should be done, Miss Chemet, nevertheless, failed to bring from this delightful music the charm that in it lies.

The audience was very large. The next symphony concert of the extra series will take place Monday evening, Feb. 19. The soloist will be Magdeleine Brard, pianist.

MME. SYLVA

Marguerita Sylva, mezzo-soprano, formerly of the Opera and Opera Comique, Paris, and the Chicago Grand Opera Association, was heard at Jordan hall last evening in an "at home" recital of carefully chosen songs from many sources.

Mme. Sylva brings far more than her rich voice to her recitals; she fairly radiates individuality and charm. Her audience last evening, while not so large as she could have wished, responded enthusiastically. Starting with "Air d'Orpheus," Monteverdi and "Danza Panchulla," Durante, she followed with a group of French songs; "Aux Portes de Seville," "L'Isba en Flamme," "Fourdrain," "Djelai," Lenormand; "La Flanée du Timbaler," Lord Berners; and "Adieu, Petite-Table," Massenet. Of these, "Djelai," the plaintive Hindoo love song, was particularly effective, while Lord Berners's very modern effusion was interesting, to say the least. German songs included the following: "Sonst," Pfützer; "Sommermittag," Sonneck; "Hilaria," Weingartner; "Auf dem grünen Balkon," Wolf.

After an intermission Mme. Sylva appeared in a gorgeous Spanish costume and sang a group of three Spanish songs by Osma: "Songs of My Spanish Soil," "La Ansencia" and "Cuando la Penita." In these she was accompanied by Osma, by means of duo-art reproductions. "Nana," a crooning Spanish folk song, which followed, was especially delightful. As an encore Mme. Sylva sang a bit of "Carmen." Boston people will remember that she gave a very remarkable performance of this role here some years ago as a guest of the Boston Opera Company.

Songs in English completed the program. They were: "The Salutation of the Dawn," Stevenson; "All from Thee," Blott; "Transformation," Watts, and "Call Me No More," Cadman.

Mme. Sylva was generous with encores which were for the most part bright, tuneful selections that contrasted well with her more serious numbers. Corinne Wolersen was an able and sympathetic accompanist.

ST. JAMES THEATRE—"Stop Thief."

A farce in three acts by Carlyle Moore.

The cast:
Joan Carr.....Lucille Adams
Mrs. Carr.....Ada Loring
Caroline Carr.....Viola Roach
Madge Carr.....Helen Pitt
Nell.....Adelya Bushnell
William Carr.....Mark Kent
James Chisney.....Houston Richards
Mr. Jamison.....Harold Chase
Dr. Willoughby.....Hugh Cairns
Rev. Mr. Spelvin.....William Jeffery
Jack Doogan.....Walter Gilbert
Joe Thompson.....Ralph M. Remley
Sergeant of Police.....Edward Darney

"Stop Thief" was a well-written farce of "situations" and "double meanings."

A wedding at the house of the wealthy Mr. Carr attracts two clever thieves—Jack Doogan and his accomplice Nell, a lady's maid, who is to work for the bride and take an inventory of the gifts. By "planting" stolen articles in the pockets of the groom and of Mr. Carr, who is exceedingly absent-minded, the maid makes them feel that they are kleptomaniacs. From this issue a wealth of fun.

Jack Doogan assumes the role of a detective. The groom has hired him to see that he does not take anything while under the insane hereditary spell of "lifting." In the process there is a colossal mixup in which everybody suspects everyone else.

The piece is a first-rate farce comedy with a little touch of melodrama and mystery at the end.

The Boston Stock Company Players were at their best. Mark Kent made an interesting character of William Carr. The rest went through their parts with the proper snap and speed—according to the laws of farce comedy.

B. F. KEITH'S GIVES

The California Ramblers, consisting of a number of remarkably well trained musicians who play "jazz" and classical airs equally well, is the chief act in an unusually interesting bill at Keith's Theatre this week. Not only did yesterday's audiences applaud the regular scheduled numbers given by the Ramblers, but they insisted on many encores, which the young players gave. The act is one of the best of its kind.

Closely following in excellence is the act of Harry Holmes and Florrie La Vere, a novelty comedy skit entitled "Themselves." Holmes and La Vere are no strangers to Keith patrons. The act has been added to and improved. It is not only pleasing but very clever.

Mollie Fuller in "Twilight," in which Harriet Marlot and Bert Savoy appear also, proved a hit at both performances yesterday. Savoy is of the old team of Savoy and Brennen, and until very recently appeared in musical comedy.

The Four Camerons in "Like Father—Like Son," have a prominent place on the bill. Louis Cameron is a clever dancer, acrobat and bicycle rider and delivers himself of some clever lines.

Jack Cahill and Don Romaine, old favorites, present "A Comedy Mix-Up." The act consists of 10 or 12 minutes of clever patter and songs.

The bill also includes Barbetta in a wire and trapeze specialty. The Wilton Sisters, Tim and Kitty O'Meara, Alleen Stanley and moving pictures.

FRANCES WHITE AT

Frances White, diminutive comedienne heads the bill at the Majestic Theatre this week which includes the famous cameo revue, "The Midnight Rounders," with its large beauty chorus and cast of Broadway principals.

Miss White is well known to local theatregoers. She has appeared here before in musical comedy as well as on the vaudeville stage. In her offering at the Majestic this week she succeeds in "putting over" her songs in her own inimitable way, presenting a new repertoire of character studies and stories.

Other stellar acts on the vaudeville part of the program include Jane Green and Jimmy Blyler, Jose Smith and Charles Dale, Jack Stouse, Jean Carroll, the Vee sisters, Lillian Washburn, Davey White and Frank J. Corbett.

The second section of the bill consists of the tabloid revue, "The Midnight Rounders." Most of those appearing in the vaudeville acts have parts in the revue.

The revue music is snappy, the tunes being the kind one whistles after leaving the theatre. There is plenty of dancing by the principals as well as by the chorus. The comedy is clean and the lines are well written and delivered. The show is well worth seeing.

PLAYS CONTINUING

ARLINGTON—"Bringing up Father on His Vacation." Cartoon comedy. Third week.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Chicago Civic Opera Company. Second and last week.

COLONIAL—"The Bunch and Judy." Musical comedy. Second and last week.

HOLLIS STREET—"Lightnin'."

Comedy. Sixth week.

PLYMOUTH—"Just Married."

Farce. Third week.

SELWYN—"The Guilty One," with Pauline Frederick. Third and next to the last week.

SHUBERT—"The Passing Show."

Third and last week.

TREMONT—"Molly Darling." Musical comedy. Fourth and last week.

WILBUR—"The Bat." Mystery play. Twenty-second week.

Final performance on Saturday evening, Feb. 17.

Jan 31 1923

Let us speak for a moment about books.

A prominent book-seller in Boston writes to us that since the references to Herman Melville's "Moby Dick" in The Herald he has sold over 2000 copies in various editions, and also many copies of Melville's other books.

It would be interesting to know how much Melville received for "Moby Dick." The published price in 1851 was \$1.50; the London edition (3 vols., 1851), in which 35 passages of the New York edition were omitted, sold for 31 shillings and 6 pence. The London publisher, Richard Bentley, agreed to pay £150 for the first 1000 copies, and half profits thereafter. How much did Harper & Bros. pay Melville? When the establishment of Harper Bros. was destroyed by fire in 1853, 297 copies of "Moby Dick" were burned; 60 were saved.

Is there great interest in Melville's "Israel Potter" and "The Piazza Tales"? There should be, if only for the description in the former of the fight between the Scarpis and the Bon Homme Richard; if only for "Benito Cereno" in the latter. How did Melville describe the rising of the moon on the sea-fight?

"Not long after an invisible hand came and set down a great yellow lamp in the east. The hand reached up unseen from below the horizon, and set the lamp down right on the rim of the horizon, as on a threshold; as much as to say, Gentlemen warriors, permit me a little to light up this rather gloomy looking subject. The lamp was the round harvest moon; the one solitary footlight of the scene. . . . Through this sardonic mist, the face of the Man-in-the-Moon—looking right toward the combatants, as if he were standing in a trap-door of the sea, leaning forward leisurely with his arms complacently folded over upon the edge of the horizon—this queer face wore a serious, apishly self-satisfied leer, as if the Man-in-the-Moon had somehow secretly put up the ships to their contest, and in the depths of his malignant old soul was not displeased to see how well his charms worked. There stood the grinning Man-in-the-Moon, his head just nodding into view over the rim of the sea—Mephistophiles prompter of the stage."

Note the opening sentences of "Benito Cereno":

"In the year 1799, Captain Amasa Delano, of Duxbury, in Massachusetts, commanding a large sealer and general trader, lay at anchor with a valuable cargo in the harbor of St. Maria—a small, desert, uninhabited island toward the southern extremity of the long coast of Chili. There he had touched for water."

How this plain Defoe-like matter-of-fact statement prepares one to put our implicit belief in the wild, almost incredible tale of horror that follows.

But all the stories in "The Piazza Tales" are well worth while, even the grotesque "Lightning-Rod Man."

Mr. Weaver, Melville's biographer, says that during most of Melville's life his account with Harpers was overdrawn: "a fact that speaks more for the generosity of his publisher than for the appreciation of his public."

The death of Elihu Vedder last Monday reminds us that Melville's "Timoleon," privately printed in 1891, was dedicated to the painter. Vedder's acknowledgment came only after Melville's death.

Joseph Farrington entered this note in his diary recently published:

"Sept. 27, 1796. Dr. Jenner showed us some lines which the Rev. Dr. Steevens gave him as having been written by Gray as part of his Elegy in a Country Churchyard, but were omitted:

Some rural Lais with all conquering charms,

Perhaps now moulders in the grassy bourne,

Some Helen, vain to set the fields in arms,

Some Emma dead of gentle love forlorn."

A copy of the 1751 first edition of Gray's "Elegy" was sold last month in London for £700.

FOR HOMESEEEKERS

(From the Palo Alto (Cal.) Daily Times.)

MATRIMONIAL

Who will offer a home to a widow lady with means and six high-grade helpers coming fresh? Highest references given. Address Homeseeker, box 1848, Times.

ADD "HUMORS OF THE LAW"

(From the Salem Evening News.)

A claim for damages was received from Martin Doyle on account of the backflow of sewage on to his property, through his attorney, Daniel L. Tumulty.

DROPPING INTO FRENCH

As the World Wags:

The author of "The Barrier" in today's Herald says of a gentleman that she liked his *entre nous*. Does she really mean it, or does she mean to say, like a distinguished Mrs. Malaprop, late of Washington, that "all this is strictly *entre nous*?" Was she the lady, also, who said that she thought of taking an apartment in Paris for the year? "I don't mean one of those great big apartments, but just a little *ventre a terre*." Boston, Jan. 27. W. S. B.

WONDERS OF NATURE IN INDIANA

(Headline in the Chicago Tribune)

INDIANA GOAT IS GRAND CHAMPION AT POULTRY SHOW

PROGRESS IN OUR TOWN

As the World Wags:

There is in Boston an important club for women which posts in its clubhouse a list of current publications, with the attractive "jackets" of descriptive matter supplied by the publishers. An excellent idea. Supplemented by Mr. Milnot's page in The Herald, his course of morning talks, the illuminating reviews of Miss Hersey, and other brilliant lights shining on the way, no one here need go astray in the dark forest of new books.

Now, in this club they so approved my verses about reading a book a week (printed here some days ago) that they

had a typewritten copy prepared for their bulletin. The work was well done, the slogan itself brought out in red letters, and it brightened up its corner. The typist deserves praise. Only, swept away, no doubt, in the floor of emotion aroused by the poem, they forgot to give this column credit—even neglecting to append the name of the author, an omission less remarkable. By such a slender thread hangs fame! Something similar happened to the author of "Beautiful Snow," and after a few years more persons claimed to have written it than there were Grecian cities claiming the honor conferred by the dead Homer.

But I think no woman's club will abstract the following verse, with credit, or without. It is not uplifting, nor claims nor transmits the "divine afflatus." It is written somewhat in the manner of the modern, and its title is "Progress in Our Town."

St Perkins speaks:

Wilder Jones has bought a silver. My word!

She's sold her hay,
An' cashed in the money for a Ford
With a self-starter on it—
So they say.

Some oalls that progress,
It'll pass for that, I guess;
But for real fun you'd oughter seen the Wilder

Try to self-start her balky old mare.
Believe me, there was somethin' doin' there!
Boston. HORACE G. WADLIN.

ZACK, THE FOUNDER OF THE REPUBLICAN PARTY

As the World Wags:

I heard on Sunday evening a clergyman in a Cambridge church expounding the virtues of Zaccheus (Luke xix, 5): "There were two features in the makeup of this Republican common to our own."

UNGUITY.
The rich Zaccheus has been our friend ever since the New England Primer was put into our hands for Sunday reading in our little village.

Zaccheus, he
Did climb a tree
His Lord to see.

RUTH DRAPER GIVES PLEASING PROGRAM

Ruth Draper, entertainer, presented an unusually interesting program last evening at Jordan hall. Miss Draper is, without question, an artist in her line, and the audience last evening was in a most appreciative mood. It is a difficult task to present living characters, as she does in her sketches, on an empty stage. No scenery, no illusions, but simply the artist's personality alone.

Her presentations included "At an Art Exhibition," "A Children's Party in Philadelphia," "Three Breakfasts," "At a Telephone Switchboard" and "At the Court of Philip IV of Spain." As an encore Miss Draper gave her "Class in Greek Poise."

BEATRICE GRIFFIN IN VIOLIN RECITAL

Miss Beatrice Griffin, a young violinist of Brockton, and a pupil of Richard Burgin, the concert-master of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, gave a recital in Steinert hall last night. Samuel L. Goldberg was the pianist. The program comprised Vitali's Chaconne, Bruch's Concerto in D minor, Wieniawski's Polonaise and these pieces: The Lark, Balakirev-Auer; Ave Maria, Schubert-Wilhelm; and Minuet, Porpora-Kreisler. These selections were played carefully and well. Moreover, Miss Griffin achieves considerable warmth of tone and brilliancy. The Concerto by Bruch was particularly interesting.

"SNOW MAIDEN"

By PHILIP HALE

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—"The Snow Maiden," an opera in four acts and a prologue by Rimsky-Korsakov, performed by the Chicago Civic Opera Company. Text from A. N. Ostrovsky, produced at Petrograd in 1882. Produced in Boston by the Russian Opera Company on Dec. 7, 1922.

Mlegurotchka.....Mme. Mason
Shepherd Lel.....Miss d'Hermanoy
Xoupava.....Miss Pavloska
Spring Fay.....Mme. Van Gordon
Far Bendey.....Mr. Minghetti
Mizgur.....Mr. Baklanoff
King Frost.....Mr. Cotreuil
Bobyl.....Mr. Defrere
Bobylka.....Mme. Claessens
Bernlata.....Mr. Beck
Carnival.....Mr. Luka
Page.....Miss Hazel Eden
Spirit of the Woods.....Mr. Oliviero
First Herald.....Mr. Mojica
Second Herald.....Mr. Luku
Conductor, Richard Hageman.

Ostrovsky's charming legend of springtime pleased Tchaikovsky as well as Rimsky-Korsakov. The former wrote incidental music for it in 1873 and it was heard at the Opera House, Moscow, on May 23 of that year, but the opera of Rimsky's is the one now associated with the story.

The Opera House was completely filled yesterday afternoon. The great audience was evidently delighted with the music and the performance, the striking stage settings designed by Mr. Roerich, the brilliant costumes, the dances and the generally excellent stage management. Mr. Hageman conducted with full appreciation of the many beauties of the score and with regard for the singers.

It is a pity that this opera was not chosen for repetition in the short engagement, instead of "Tosca" or "The Valkyrie." Possibly it was thought that the public would be suspicious of an unfamiliar opera; unfamiliar, for the performance by the Russian company drew a very small audience.

Mme. Mason took the part of the Snow Maiden. She sang the music pleasingly; otherwise her performance was uninteresting. It was a sophisticated maiden that found her way to the village. There was no suggestion of an unearthly being, simple, ignorant of love, pitiful in her loneliness. She was

especially disappointing in the first act. Miss Pavloska acted the part of Coudpava (or Koupava) with marked understanding and she sang intelligently, not merely as one that had committed the notes to memory. She gave a veritable portrayal of character. To Miss d'Hermanoy were allotted airs that have made their way into the concert hall, but she sang them as music of the shepherd on the stage; effectively, if only by the skillful simplicity of her art. Then there was our friend Mme. Claessens of the old Boston Opera Company, frolicking about, dancing gaily with the villagers, hardly abashed in the presence of the Tsar.

Mr. Minghetti sang the beautiful air of the Tsar in the second act expressively. It was a pity he "spilled the lot" by his falsetto high note at the end, not too well taken, wholly out of keeping with the nature of the song. He has an agreeable voice. Let him beware of becoming a victim to the "high-note-at-the-end" complaint. His Tsar was appropriately a kindly old ruler, a bon homme in high station, and the singer wisely abstained from endeavoring to assume imperial dignity. He reminded one of good old King Pausole who judged his subjects under a tree in Pierre Louy's scandalous tale.

Mr. Cotreuil's diction in the prologue was a lesson for all young singers, and for many that are older and have excited applause. Mr. Oliviero made much of a little part (there was dispute as to the identity of the Spring Fay in the prologue). The singer did not look like the Mme. Van Gordon seen in other operas; nor did her voice sound like hers; but we are assured, that Mme. Van Gordon took that part

as announced. Mr. Baklanoff, who is sufficiently amusing as a clown, is expected to be funny.

But again the dominating figure among the men was Mr. Baklanoff as the merchant. Again he excited admiration by his subtlety and authority. How many noticed his facial expression while he stood silent in the Tsar's palace, fixing his gaze on the Snow Maiden? How tenderly he sang his appeal to her in the forest scene; tenderly, yet with subdued passion!

Not the least excellent feature of the performance was the admirable singing of the chorus, for which Rimsky-Korsakov wrote many pages of music. Music of a folk nature; music that was characteristic of old Russia, as the opening chorus in the second act.

A repetition of "Tosca" with Mme. Nuzlo as the heroine was announced for last night.

This evening there will be a repetition of "The Valkyrie" with Mmes. Van Gordon, Holst and Claessens, and Messrs. Lamont, Baklanoff and Cotreuil. Mr. Polacco will conduct.

"Girls who apply for places in next season's production at the Hippodrome may be asked to bring along their school report cards in addition to their practice clothes. Girls who have lost the records of their ability in algebra and English may be asked to submit to brief written tests, and in all probability to more extensive psychological tests before they gain entrance to the Hippodrome."

Here, indeed, is an "uplifting" of the drama that should delight the Drama League and Prof. George Pierce Baker. Thus will the Society for Psychological Research instead of the Society for Physical Research be deeply interested in the Hippodrome shows.

A piano only three feet wide made in England can be taken into the smallest of parlors. Only three feet wide, and yet an indefatigable, pitiless pianist, mauling it, may strike terror to the stoutest soul.

The "Merry Widow," which is to be revived at the Shaftesbury, was first introduced to Londoners some years before the war at Daly's Theatre, and in this connection it is interesting to recall that Franz Lehar, its composer, on that occasion added two numbers to the score under quite remarkable circumstances. After one of its rehearsals at Daly's, Mr. Edwards suggested the addition of the two numbers to Lehar, who promised to return to his hotel and compose them ready for the next day. But on his way back a heavy rain storm compelled him to seek refuge in the Haymarket cab-shelter, and while waiting there for the rain to cease an inspiration seized him, and, borrowing some odd bits of paper from the cabmen present, he there and then jotted down the melodies which were afterward incorporated in the opera, the phenomenal success of which brought over £200,000 to its lucky composer.—London Daily Chronicle.

Lines on reading Mr. Belasco's letter to "My Dear Morris":

(From the New York Times)
Said David Belasco to Morris Gest,
"Of all producers you're the best."
"You're as good a critic as Burton Rascoe."
Said Morris Gest to David Belasco.

Notes and Lines:
I manipulate Moskowsky
With the ease of Paderewski,
I can bank along with Beethoven or
Rimsky-Korsakov.
As for Mr. Cherubini,
He's as easy as Puccini,
And I rattle off the classics like our
friend Rachmaninov.
And good old Claude Debussy
Is superlatively easy;
And my technic's quite as good as that
which Josef Hofmann has;
I can shiver along with Schumann
In a manner superhuman,
But I'm damned if I can do a thing with
this confounded jazz. DIX

Notes and Lines:
I observe that some of the young lions of the local press say that the performance of "Die Walkure" by the Chicago Opera Company has never been equalled in this city. I admit that it pleased many in the audience, especially those who never had heard the opera. May I respectfully inquire when and where these young lions had heard the music drama?
OLD FOGY.

Yes, there have been excellent performances of "Die Walkure" in Boston by German singers since it was first performed here at the Boston Theatre in 1877, with Mmes. Pappenheim and Blischoff, Lilli Lehmann, Emil Fischer, not to mention many others, were reckoned as the best singers in their day. But one

should applaud the courage and catholicity of the Chicago company in adding "Die Walkure" and "Parifal" to its repertoire.

When Satie's "Gymnopédie" was played in New York not long ago some of the critics were perplexed by the title. What in the world was a "gymnopédie"? Did it belong to the animal, vegetable or mineral kingdom? Apparently neither Anthon's nor Smith's "Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities"—staunch friends of our school days—was in the newspaper offices. Fortunately for the honor of New York, the erudite Mr. Krehbiel came to the rescue. He tossed off gayly the definition, as one saying, "Ask me a harder question." As Mr. Milhaud this week played the first "Gymnopédie" privately in Boston, and as the same question was then asked, it may not be impertinent to say that the "Gymnopédie" was the festival of naked youths, celebrated at Sparta every year in honor of the Pythian Apollo, Artemis and Leto. Spartan youths performed their choruses and dances in a part of the market place around the statues of these deities. Strange to say, old bachelors were the only ones excluded from the festivities which lasted for several, perhaps 10, days.

Erik Satie wrote three piano pieces thus entitled, and Debussy orchestrated two of them, which were played in Boston at a concert of the Orchestral Club, led by Mr. Longy on Jan. 4, 1905.

Who will boldly say that there is no longer any interest in music in this city? A few days ago we heard an acrimonious dispute over the question whether Maggie Cline ever sang in Boston "Down Went McGinty to the Bottom of the Sea."

A letter published in the New York Herald of Jan. 30 stated that Maggie Cline jumped into fame by singing "Mary Ann Kehoe." The writer said: "No song that Maggie sang in later years ever made the hit with us that 'Mary Ann Kehoe' had made."

But, to the best of our knowledge, no one has mentioned "Miko McCarty's Wake," by Safford Waters, "sung with great success by Maggie Cline." There is a long chorus for each of the three verses. We have room only for the latter.

Mike McCarty died last week, of course we had a wake,
We all went down to see him off on the trip he meant to take.
Ev'ry one of us, Jerry Flynn and Tom Maginn, Pete and Pat O'Hare,
All of us were friends of Mike's and so of course were there.

Dignified and punctual, we all arrived at eight.
Mike was looking elegant as he rested there in state,
And so natural, so we bowed respectfully and drank the corpse's health.
For to leave the wake, you see, he'd kindly left his wealth.

When the fun was at its height, McCarty eat up straight.
Sure it was a fearful sight and the effect was great.
Holy Moses, he nearly scared us all to death, I leaned against the wall,
And when again I got my breath, he wasn't dead at all.

Ah, the songs of Maggie Cline! As Burns said of certain hymn tunes: "Compar'd with these, Italian trills are tame."

There are no symphony concerts this week. Ruth Draper will give the second and last of her monologues in Jordan Hall tonight. Burton Holmes tomorrow night and on Saturday afternoon will give in Symphony Hall his travelogue, "Great Sights East of Suez." Frederick Tillotson, pianist, will play music by Bach, Schumann, Scott, Ravel, Debussy, Albenez, Chopin and others in Jordan Hall, Saturday afternoon. The Handel and Haydn Society will perform Elgar's "Dream of Gerontius" in Symphony Hall next Sunday afternoon, and John Charles Thomas, baritone, will give a recital on that afternoon, at the Boston Opera House.

Mr. A. B. Wakly, discussing the effects upon stage-art of the desire for sympathy, wrote in the London Times: "It is this general, immediate, spoken verdict that settles the fate of a play. If opinion is divided, that of the majority prevails. The intimidated minority is brought over by its desire for sympathy. We do not like to confess unflattering opinions, and if our loud-voiced, positive neighbors in the stalls are heard declaring that the play is 'rotten,' we, who had, perhaps, in our heart found some extenuating circumstances, keep them to ourselves and declare the play to be 'rotten,' too. Reservations, distinctions, fine shades, cannot live in this atmosphere. They are extinguished in the general verdict. That is why most plays are either dire failures or overwhelming successes."

ETHYL HAYDEN

Ethyl Hayden, soprano, gave a song recital last night in Jordan hall. With the valuable help of Edward Harris, an exceptionally able accompanist, she sang this program:

Phillis Has Such Charming Graces,
Anthony Young; Deh Vieni Non Tardar, Mozart; Bel Placere, Handel-Bibb; Wldmung, Schumann; In Waldensamkeit and Standchen, Brahms, Seltdem dein Aug in meines schaute, Strauss; Standchen, Strauss; O quand je dors, Liezt; Imploration d'amour, Moret; Griserle de roses, Moret; La Golondrina and En Cuba, arranged by Frank LaForge; I Heard a Call, Fish-er; The Answer, Terry; Unforseen, Cyril Scott; It Was a Lover and His Lass, Edward Harris.

By her exquisite singing Miss Hayden brought rest to the weary. An unusual person she must be to have troubled herself with long and serious study, since, no doubt, with the beautiful voice at her command (one of the loveliest lyric sopranos heard here in many a day) she could have found a teacher standing ready to make her a dramatic soprano and huetle her into opera, with gratifying dispatch. Instead of yielding to so alluring a prospect, Miss Hayden chose instead to learn to sing. Well indeed has she learned the art; few young singers, or old ones either today, can boast a technique equal to hers.

She sustains her tone and keeps their quality, be they low or high; she turns a phrase with taste, she knows what legato means; in English, German, Italian, Spanish, she enunciates with unusual distinctness, her French alone sounding not too clear. Last night Miss Hayden was suffering from a heavy cold; except in one or two uncomfortable positions, and perhaps sometimes in a not quite neat attack, it hindered her but little—behold the value of technique!

Now, however, that she has acquired so competent a technique, it is to be hoped that Miss Hayden will put her mind to the task of adding to her beautiful tones a wider variety of color. Closer study, furthermore, of the act of differentiation of songs would not come amiss, for though Miss Hayden last night sang all her songs intelligently, she sang them something too nearly alike to give them their full effect. Why not try, once in a way, even to exaggerate "Wldmung's" passion, the lightness Brahms's Serenade calls out for? Blessed with great gifts, by further effort well directed, Miss Hayden ought soon to become an even more beautiful singer than she showed herself last night. An audience of good size asked for encores and repetitions. R. R. G.

We picked up a copy of Joaquin Miller's "Songs of the Sierras" the other day. What a fuss was made over that book when it was first published in Boston 51 years ago. Some hailed him as "the long-looked-for great American poet." Others made sour faces; complained of the voluptuousness of certain passages. They quoted the first line of "With Walker in Nicaragua"—

"He was a brick; let this be said."
And shouted angrily: "Do you call that a poetic line?"

In the seventies Americans were easily shocked. Miller's behavior in London drawing rooms, as was reported, confirmed the prejudice against the poet and his verses. It was said that he swaggered and sprawled in a flannel shirt and with his trousers tucked in his boots to show the effete monarchy and the jukes and belted ears how American he was.

Longfellow was more tolerant. We read in "Memories of a Hostess" (compiled by Mr. Howe chiefly from the diaries of Mrs. James T. Fields) that Longfellow liked Joaquin much. "Of course," he said, "there are some things about him not altogether agreeable, such as flinging a quid of tobacco out of his mouth under the table, but I don't mind those things; perhaps," he added, "perhaps I might have done the same as a youth of 20!"

We miss a footnote on this page stating whether Joaquin chewed plug or fine-cut; and, if the latter, whether it was Anderson's "Solace" or Bagley's "Mayflower."

Never mind Joaquin's personal habits. There are glorious lines with gorgeous color and sweeping rhythm in these neglected songs of the Sierras.

Tristram Tupper in the Saturday Evening Post of Jan. 27: "And here, it is said, the girls are so beautiful that far out at sea the sailors can detect the perfume of their hair." He is speaking of Beaufort.

Herman Melville in "Moby Dick": "Elsewhere match that bloom of theirs, ye cannot, save in Salem, where they tell me the young girls breathe such musk, their sailor sweethearts smell them, miles off shore, as though they were drawing nigh the odoriferous Moluccas instead of the Puritanic sands."

Melville is speaking of the women of New Bedford—"They bloom like their own red roses. But roses only bloom in summer; whereas the fine carnation of their cheeks is perennial as sunlight in the seventh heaven."

THE CARPENTER'S STORY

(From the New York Evening Post)
"Well," said Chips, "I was once in a barquentine.

Where the captain had his wife along. The men all growled about the chow, But only out of habit— For nothing was really the matter with it.

This skipper's wife had a crusty temper And it made her hot to hear the complaining.

"Christmas came. And the woman declared that for once We would have a meal that we couldn't object to.

She planned a wonderful dinner and cooked it all herself.

We were somewhere off the Azores then. I remember that dinner yet. Every one ate without saying much, until Long Jim,

When he couldn't eat any more, Filled his pipe and got up, stretching himself.

"Now, that was a fine dinner," he said. "And if I could just have the skipper's wife

I wouldn't ask for anything more." Just as it happened, the skipper's wife

Was coming forward to hear how the sailors liked the chow.

And just as Jim spoke, she put her head into the fore-castle and said:

"Be damned if you would. You can't please a sailor no ways!"

A. BINNS.

YES, WE HAVE

A correspondent quotes these headlines:

"THINK WOMAN WHO FLED ASYLUM IS DEAD and asks, 'Do you all have mean head colds, too?'"

WHY SO HOT, DEAR SIR?

Mr. Lansing R. Robinson, commenting on "Castles and Floor Space," an article published in The Herald referring to a film play popular in Boston, writes: "And the directors' conception of the interiors of aristocratic dwellings! And of men's clubs! And bank directors' table conferences! And of clothes worn by men in 'smart' society! The wasp-waisted 'tuxedo' (horrid word!) with white tie, white waist coat, white pearl buttons!

"And they get away with it, while we poor boobies stand patiently at the door of a 10-cent theatre (now 55 cents) awaiting the 3 o'clock outpouring, so we may rush in to gaze in wonderment at some smirking ass rendering to pieces some loved classic."

Again we ask, why so hot in denunciation? Our idea of correct dressing at formal dinners and receptions is gained chiefly from advertisements in street cars, magazines and rotogravure sections. Mr. Herkimer Johnson assures us that white waistcoats are worn by gilded youths with dinner coats, but he admits that a white cravat with a dinner coat is a lamentable solecism. Personally, we should prefer a gorgeous waistcoat, something richly brocaded, startling, shrieking. Was it not "Bath-house John" of Chicago who was the happy possessor of sunset, tomato and omelette waistcoats? He probably called them "vests."

In old times the bank directors' table was adorned with a silver-plated ice water pitcher and goblets. Are they seen today, even when there is watering of stocks?

Has anyone in Boston a copy of "The Academy of Compliments, wherein Ladies, Gentlewomen, Schollers, and Strangers may accomodate their Courtly Practice with Gentle Ceremonies, Complementary, Amorous high expressions and Forms of speaking, or Writing of Letters, most in fashion, with Additions of many witty Poems and pleasant new Songs, Newly Printed"? The book was printed for Humphrey Moseley, London,

in 1650. Is there a copy of it in any public library in Boston? We should like to read the book, so as to correct and polish our manners.

CONCERNING WAR

Thomas Hobbs wrote in sturdy, lucid, concise English a book entitled "Leviathan." In Part I, chap. 13 "Of the Natural Condition of Mankind, as concerning their Felicity and Misery" is a passage that might be applied to the state of Europe in February, 1923:

"For Warre consisteth not in Battell onely, or the act of fighting; but in a tract of time, wherein the will to contend by Battell is sufficiently known; and therefore the notion of Time is to be considered in the nature of Warre; as it is in the nature of Weather. For as the nature of Foulle Weather lyeth not in a shewre or two of rain; but in an inclination thereto of many days together; so the nature of Warre consisteth not in actual fighting, but in the known disposition thereto, during all the time there is no assurance to the contrary. All other time is Peace."

MISS DRAPER GIVES HER SECOND RECITAL

A much larger and more enthusiastic audience was present last evening at Jordan hall to hear Ruth Draper in the second recital of her original sketches. "A Debutante" was a big favorite. The silly and meaningless conversation of many modern "debs" with its "absolutely, my dear," and "perfectly adorable" was exceedingly well done and evidently enjoyed by some of the more broad-minded debutantes. Five original and imaginary folk songs were artistically performed with a few bright colored scarfs and shawls introduced to lend atmosphere.

Miss Draper was generous with her encores.

CHICAGO OPERA

Wagner's "Valkyrie" was repeated last night by the Chicago Civic Opera Company and again pleased greatly a large audience.

The opera tonight will be "Madame Butterfly" with Meses. Mason and Pavloska, and Mr. Crimi. Mr. Polacco will conduct.

SINGS 'PARSIFAL'

At the Opera House last night the Chicago Civic Opera Company presented Wagner's "Parsifal" with the following cast:

Amfortas Mark Oster
Titurel Jos. Legan
Gurnemanz Edward Cotreuil
Parsifal Forrest Lamont
Klingsor William Beck
Kundry Cyrena Van Gordon
First Knight of the Grail Jose Mojica
Second Knight of the Grail Milo Luka

First Esquire Hazel Eden
Second Esquire Kathryn Browne
Third Esquire Louis Derman
Fourth Esquire Lodovico Oliviero
Conductor Ettore Panizza
Stage Director Emile Merle-Forest

Much has been said about opera as music; how, as in this case, Van Gordon and Lamont sing, or Mr. Panizza conducts. But to opera as drama comparatively little attention is paid, perhaps because drama seems to have been fated to play but a small part in the majority of operas. For the two elements are, alas, more or less antipathetic; drama demands swiftness of action, music leisure for gaining its effect. To stop and sing at length in the midst of a climatic scene spoils the dramatic value; not to do so spoils the development of the score. Every composer of opera, Richard Wagner not excepted, must ride his pair of steeds which together make up his mount, and on his ability to straddle the twain will depend his success in this field.

Usually, however, it comes down to a question of whether the music is to accompany the action or the action the music. Last night the choice was seldom, if ever, in doubt. Wagner's orchestration, as interpreted by Mr. Panizza, always dominated the action—occasionally even the singing. Mr. Cotreuil alone, as "Gurnemanz," consistently used acting in the creation of his part. The result is a character, real and distinct. Mr. Lamont sings well, but depended for variety on the composer's score. Miss Van Gordon is likewise a good "Kundry," yet she puts neither great enthusiasm nor individuality into the role. The choruses, too, are above the average, especially in the scene where Parsifal encounters the flower maidens. Here flow of music and bodily movement were welded into a charming ensemble. The singing in the temple scene, as well, was majestic and inspiring.

No treatment of the Chicago company is complete without some mention of the settings. Last night the

temple setting was especially well done—dignified and impressive. As for the donjon keep in Klingsor's palace, its simplicity was no measure of its effectiveness.

Yet, as every one says, in opera "it's the music one goes for." And as a musician, Richard Wagner needs no introduction.

W. R. B.

Feb 3 1923

The National Association of Merchant Tailors, sitting solemnly in Detroit, has decreed that the well-dressed man in 1923 must wear suspenders, on account of the "upward tendency of the waist-line." We regret to say that Mr. A. Lincoln Stadler, chairman of the "style committee," speaks of "the Tuxedo-dinner jacket," and is thus guilty of pleonasm. He declared boldly that the full dress evening suit is still supreme for formal functions. And so at pompous dinners there will be the pleasing sight of men carefully parting the tails of their claw-hammers before they take their seat.

A "suspender" first meant "one who or that which puts a stop to something, especially temporarily." Then a doubter, a hesitator. In Scottish law one who presented a bill of suspension.

Suspenders held up trousers in Massachusetts as early as 1810. Massachusetts Spy: "Part of the buckle of his suspenders and several pieces of his coat . . . were extracted from the wound." In England they said "braces," yet Sydney Smith likened correspondences to "small clothes before the invention of suspenders." It is said that the wearing of suspenders was regarded by certain Quakers in Ohio as too worldly.

SUSPENDERS IN NEW BEDFORD

As the World Wags:

As a contribution to the suspender literature it is interesting to know that it is recorded by William Logan Fisher, who wrote reminiscences of New Bedford, still preserved in manuscript form, that he witnessed "the putting on of the first pair of suspenders that were ever used in this town as a part of male attire." "In reference to which," Mr. Fisher recorded, "a valuable old friend remarked that he hoped he would always have hips to keep up his breeches." Mr. Fisher further records that "eventually this friend adopted the use of them himself." At this period the population of New Bedford was about 2000. The men wore breeches universally, without boots, excepting in heavy snow. Pantaloon were the invention of the French Revolution. To have worn them in New Bedford would have seemed to favor the French philosophers, who were esteemed atheists—hence pantaloons were not tolerated here.

Z. W. PEASE.
New Bedford.

There was a time in America when a man's standing in politics was judged by his nether garments. "It was not surprising to the Federalists to see Thomas Jefferson discard knee breeches and shoe-buckles. What could be expected of a Democrat? an Atheist? It was the trick of a demagogue to secure the favor of the mob! But he would not wear pantaloons long with his shapely legs. But year after year found him in flapping pantaloons and leather shoe-strings, which seem to have been as offensive almost to the Federalists as were the pantaloons."—Ed.

SHAKESPEARE AND FILMS

(From Topics of the Day Films)

Movie Theatre Manager (formerly a Shakespearean actor, announcing program)—"Look here upon this picture and on this." (Hamlet, Act III, Sc. IV).

Critical Patron—"A weak and negatively projection." (Henry V, Act II, Sc. IV.)

GETTING A STAND-IN

(From Punch Bowl)

First collegian—Why did you sit in the peanut gallery to witness Shakespeare's "Merchant of Venice"?

Second collegian—So my dramatics professor would see me.

BEST SELLERS

(For As the World Wags)

The canny author gives sage advice, "Bar everything that's good or nice, Make it strong and spicy, Let the public eye see That this is the way a man is made, And here is a woman unarrayed. Do this and make your fortune, man. If you escape the censor's ban." So youngsters, fresh from college halls, Tell just how a petted flapper falls, And pallid virgins lap up the bluffs Of hot embraces by Arabs rough, Written for them in lilac bowers By schoolmarm's in their sparetime hours.

And middle-aged authors of either sex Delight in showing domestic wrecks. And passionate episodes in review Involving gay devils of fifty-two. Filth they scribble, and "Truth" they cry—

"For filth is truth, all else a lie." So children prattle of strange complexes; Our ears are deafened by sex and sexes, Till we envy the humblest things alive, Worm and lizard and drone of the hive, Who know their path and never doubt it, And don't eternally talk about it.

But twentieth century civilization Demands unstinted information Of bedroom secrets and bathroom scenes,

And wallowing lust and what it means. Hawthorne and Scott seem gray and feeble,

Compared to Lawrence and Hecht and Keable, Sex sniggers with every puling rhymmer And dulle the pen of Hergeshelmer.

But when this mess of filth is done, Thank God, we still have Tarkington! Cambridge. S. P. WILSON.

THE PRESS—THE ARCHIMEDIAN LEVER

(From the Lewiston Journal.)

Capt. Liscomb . . . was born in the Isle of Wight, near the famous Balmoral Castle. . . . After his graduation he was employed by the English government to carry vacuum desecrating machinery to Panama, to be used in drying rubber.

(From Brockton Free Press.)

One of our best known Universalist clergymen had taken advantage of the new method and had been cured of an incurable disease.

PROOF POSITIVE

As the World Wags:

Here's what I heard in a trolley car yesterday:

First Sweet Young Thing—Are Clara and John engaged yet?

Second S. Y. T.—No, I should say not. Why, when she goes out with him she comes home with both her ear-rings on. BETTY.

As the World Wags:

I found this white blackberry in a Boston newspaper:

"Warwick Warde, as the unbelievably vicious Dr. Larkington, reaches the highest depths of villainy." W.

DID LEVER WRITE THIS?

As the World Wags:

I came across this old song, 'sung in Ireland before 1828, by some attributed to Charles Lever, which seemed to me a propos:

"Old Dublin city there is no doubtin' Bates every city upon the say, 'Tis there you'd hear O'Connell spoutin' And Lady Morgan makin' tay.

For 'tis the capital of the finest nation With charmin' pisintry upon a fruit ful sod,

Fightin' like devils for conciliation, And hatin' each other for the love of God." CORNELIA J. CANNON.

Cambridge.

GIVE 'BUTTERFLY'

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—"Madame Butterfly," opera by Puccini. The Chicago Civic Opera Company. The cast:

Cho-Cho-San Edith Mason
Suzuki Irene Pavloska
B. F. Pinkerton Giulio Crimi
Kate Pinkerton Kathryn Browne
Sharpless Giacomo Rimini
Prince Yamadori Jose Mojica
The Bonzo William Beck
Goro Lodovico Oliviero
The Imperial Commissioner Sallustio Civati
Conductor, Giorgio Polacco.

How teasing it must be to managers that they can't lay hands on a second "Madame Butterfly!" Apparently in every city of America this opera of Japan is in itself sufficient to draw a crowd, however mediocre the setting, the orchestra, the singers. Is it the comic opera lit of many a lively passage that attracts people in such throngs? Or the honest tunes, good at their best, that lend themselves so gratefully to the hearty outpouring of vocal tone just at present in fashion? The story, perhaps, pathetic and plausible, too, may draw folks in. Whatever the quality that pleases, or the combination of qualities, it must be of an exceptional vigor, for "Mme. Butterfly" already shows many a sign of age. Cuts help it, but even so the action halts. There are moments as well when the music halts, or, at all events, in spite of Puccini's cunning hand, says nothing. Though it still has flashes of

emotional force, this music is a far remove, in both its sophistication and its obviousness, from the stirring sincerity of "Bohème."

The performance last night gave the great audience much pleasure. Mr. Polacco, wisely making the most of the "popular" features of the score, also made compelling the dramatic climaxes. At other times he showed a fondness for a slowness of tempo that worked the continuity of the opera ill. Mme. Mason, when she did not drive her fine voice too hard, sang extremely well, her diction being notably good; that she sank herself in the character of the Japanese girl cannot with truth be said. Mr. Rimini, who also sang well, presented skillfully a usual enough type of American. With rather less skill Mr. Crimi did as much and he also did some excellent singing. Though Miss Pavloska went about it too openly, she gave real character to Suzuki. The smaller parts were all effectively done.

R. R. G.

Burton Holmes Shows

"Great Sights East of Suez" was the title of Burton Holmes's travelogue at Symphony hall last evening. It was the last lecture of his series on Asia and served admirably to sum up his impressions of Asiatic life, brought out in greater detail as he touched on separate regions in his earlier lectures.

The journey on which he conducted his audience last evening with the aid of moving pictures and a particularly interesting and varied collection of exquisitely colored "stills" led through the Suez canal, down the Red sea in the burning heat, across the Arabian sea and thence to Bombay. From India the route led to Ceylon, the Malay States and, at last, to Siam and a final glimpse of the Pacific ocean.

SHOWS TAJ MAHAL

Mr. Holmes showed beautiful pictures of mosques and other interesting and strange structures, but the most beautiful were those of the wondrous Taj Mahal, that loveliest example of all eastern architecture. In terrible contrast with these scenic splendors were views along the Ganges, with thousands of poverty-stricken pilgrims bathing within a few feet of city sewers.

Peculiar customs and characteristics of the people of these countries were shown, including the customs that govern the well-bred Siamese hostess. Several crude industries were depicted, such as the gathering and preparing of rubber for shipment, and mining in open mines for tin. And elephants—there were numerous pictures of the great, patient beasts that labor so carefully in the teak forests and elsewhere. Nor did Mr. Holmes forget to show the particular species of dancing girl found in these regions.

The lecture will be repeated at Symphony hall this afternoon. On the afternoon of Feb. 10, Mr. Holmes will give a special illustrated lecture on the Passion Play at Oberammergau for the benefit of disabled service men now in hospitals.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY—Symphony Hall, 3:30 P. M.: Maria Ivanova, soprano. See special notice. St. James Theatre: People's Symphony Orchestra. Mr. Mollenhauer, conductor. See special notice.

TUESDAY—Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M.: Dorothy Fairbank, soprano. Mozart, "Don so piu cozza son" from "Le Nozze di Figaro"; Donaudy, "O del mio amato bin"; Mascagni, "Cavalleria Rusticana"; Sauter, "En Sourdine"; Letorey, "Allez au pays de Chine"; Saint-Saens, "Aurora"; Duparc, "Chanson Triste"; Dell'Acqua, "Le Clavecin"; Fourdrain, "La Chanson des Cloches"; Rubinstein, "The Dew Is Sparkling"; Roger, "The Quiet of the Woods"; Wolff, "Fairy Tales"; Watts, "Pierrot"; Dunhill, "The Cloths of Heaven"; Kramer, "Invocation"; Mrs. Dudley Pitts, accompanist.

WEDNESDAY—Symphony Hall, 8:15 P. M.: Mary Clark, soprano. See special notice. Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M.: Richard Burgin String Quartet (Messrs. Burgin, Thillies, Fouché, Bedetti); Mozart Quartet, D major; Casella, five pieces for string quartet; Preludio, Nina-Yanna, Valse ridicule, Notturmo, Fox-trot (first time in America); Brahms, piano quintet, F minor, op. 34 (Heinrich Gebhard, pianist).

THURSDAY—Symphony Hall, 8:15 P. M.: Sigrd Onegin, contralto of the Metropolitan Opera House. See special notice.

FRIDAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M.: 14th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra; Mr. Monteux, conductor. See special notice.

SATURDAY—Jordan Hall, 3 P. M.: Ethel Leginska, pianist. Beethoven, 8 variations; Bach, Prelude and Fugue, C sharp minor; Chopin, Nocturne, B major, op. 82; and Scherzo, B minor, op. 20; Liszt, "The Gargoyles of Notre Dame," "Dance of the Little Clowns," "Cradle Song," Scherzo (after Tagore), "At Night," Ravel, Valse Nobles et sentimentales; Lord Berners, "A Little Funeral March for a Rich Aunt"; Goossens, "The Hurdy-Gurdy Man," and "Bacchanal"; Liszt, "St. Francis Walking on the Waves," and "La Campanella." Three of Madame Leginska's pieces and the two by Goossens will be played here for the first time.

Symphony Hall, 8:15 P. M.: Repetition of Friday's Symphony Concert; Mr. Monteux, conductor.

The Herald has received several letters with regard to certain persons speculating in tickets for performances by the Chicago Civic Opera Company during the last two weeks. One reads as follows. It is dated Jan. 29, signed by the writer's name, and addressed to the Music Editor of The Herald:

"I have read with much interest, as an opera goer, your article in this morning's Herald, and it does seem a calamity that there is a possibility of a financial failure and no future return of the opera company.

"But if something could be done to wake up the box office management to the fact that a financial failure is directly traceable to their own management, perhaps the situation would be changed.

"I know personally that people who went to the Little building to buy opera tickets in the first balcony were told that the house was completely sold out with the exception (and I quote the seller's words exactly) of \$5 and \$6 seats and a few at \$1.50, for Tosca, which was not the opera wanted. When asked if there were not seats at the Opera House, they were told, 'not any others.' When they left the office in the Little building they were met by a speculator's agent, given a card to the corner drug store, where plenty of seats were obtainable at an advanced price. A few fell for this, but many were disgusted, and let the matter drop. This happened to practically every person who tried to buy tickets the first two or three days. Naturally, the report got abroad that the house was sold out. And there's your answer for small houses.

"When . . . whoever has the ticket selling in hand, stops those tricks, then people will go to the opera, but they will not pay a speculator an advance on medium-priced seats, when they know the box office is in league with the speculator. This is perfectly obvious because of the fact that an advertising campaign is now being started to sell opera tickets, and by the fact that the box office is advertising seats at all prices for every performance. Also, if those tickets had been sold as the man at Little building said, there would be no question as to the financial success of the opera.

"At the Women's City Club, which certainly represents a good buying public in Boston, I have heard numbers speak of the situation with disgust.

"Possibly this side of the situation has no interest for you, but I can assure you that it has with a large public.

Boston.

A letter was written by a prominent gentleman in Cambridge, to the same effect:

"Knowing your interest in the encouragement of opera in Boston, I venture to call your attention to an evil that will do more than anything else to prevent the success of any attempts to give this city good opera on a self-supporting basis. At the present time (Jan. 22) there are no tickets on sale at the official ticket office for less than \$5, and for some performances only \$6 seats are available. At the same time an agent of Macy's drug store lurks in the lobby, and on going to Macy's one finds a large assortment of tickets to all performances, which they sell for \$2.50, \$3 and up, making a profit of \$1 or \$1.50 on each ticket. These people furnish no service; they refuse to refund if a change should be made in the cast; they simply try to corner the market and adjust the price to what the traffic will bear. Many a man will buy once and make up his mind never to do so again, partly because the seats are not worth as much as they cost, but even more because of his resentment at the idea that he is being robbed. How can the Chicago-Boston Opera Association expect to be regarded as a public-spirited group of citizens when they permit leeches like these speculators to suck the blood of the theatre and music loving public?"

Principal of Leading School Gives Views

There is room for one more letter, dated Jan. 30 and signed by the principal of a leading school:

"I read with great interest your article in yesterday's Herald, appealing for support for the opera. I rather took this to myself in a way, and thought I should like, if possible, to get two seats for the opera of Saturday afternoon.

"I went to the office at the Opera House yesterday afternoon and, reaching its window finally, asked if I could get two \$2.50 seats for Saturday afternoon. The reply was:

Nothing but \$10 seats left—Ridiculous, of course, on the face of it!

"But here is the interesting touch of my little experience. I did not get the \$10 seats; but as I approached the door a chap (inside the lobby) sidled past me and whispered, 'Plenty of seats for Saturday at the Chateau, just a few doors up.' I did not avail myself of his kindness.

"I presume this experience of mine is nothing strange in Boston or in any other city. But what do you think of it? It doesn't tend toward 'popular' support, does it?"

We do not believe for a moment that Mr. Mudgett, the manager of the Boston Opera House, or any one connected with the management of the Chicago Civic Opera Company had anything to do with the speculators. Mr. Mudgett's long and honorable career as a manager is a sufficient answer, as far as he is concerned; nor would those instrumental in bringing the company here countenance speculation.

How is anyone to prevent speculation? Suppose 20, 40, 60, 100 persons call at the box office early in the season and purchase, each one, two tickets for the lower priced seats, and then sell them at a higher price in a drugstore, the lobby or the "Chateau," how is the management to prevent it? Must each purchaser be asked the absurd question, "Are these for your own use?"

Speculation in opera, concert or theatre tickets, is as our correspondents say, a gross and intolerable evil, known

in every city where musical or theatrical entertainments are given. Every now and then there is an outcry in New York for example. Indignant men and women write to the newspapers. Theatre managers have tried in vain to put an end to the evil. What do our correspondents suggest?

MR. BROWN AND MILNE'S PLAY

Mr. Heywood Brown, considering Milne's comedy, "The Truth About Blayds," which will be played again at the Copley Theatre this week, wrote concerning Oliver Blayds:

"The name itself was a not inconsiderable asset. Indeed, in the cast of Mr. Milne's play is Gilbert Emery, who changed his name from Pottle because it proved too great a handicap to his poetry. We wonder whether Shelley could have blazed the same place for himself in literature if he had been born Schwartz, or Cummings, or Thomas. No matter how well he plays, Seidel will find it difficult to move audiences as a Kreiser does.

"But the name is only a small part of it. Actors are not the only artists who should know how to make a good entrance and a telling exit, how to sit down, how to get up, how to dance a minuet and how to make love.

"The work of Shaw would be interesting, of course, even if he were a scampy little man with hay fever. Still, the modern world could hardly have rallied round him and against him with such enthusiasm and fury if there had been no red beard to serve as a beacon.

"D. Johnson talked himself into a reputation as a writer. Kipling has begun to drop out because when he reached himself there was no suggestion of Mulvaney. Likewise, nobody who has ever seen Herrgheimer can take 'Cytherea' altogether seriously. The tradition of Mark Twain ought to rest on 'Huckleberry Finn,' but the truth of the matter is that some of his fame as a great humorist derives from memories of his white evening clothes and his after dinner speeches. Poor might have been forgotten if he had conducted a Bible class, and it never did Walt Whitman any harm as a poet to gray as well as good.

"We believe that when Oliver Blayds died, Jenkins was waiting for him with

congratulations. Jenkins only wrote the poems Blayds lived them."

COVENT GARDEN IN 1823

The London Times of Jan. 9, 1823, published the following letter, which shows theatre manners a century ago: "Sir—Yesterday evening, I went with my family to the two-shilling gallery

of Covent Garden Theatre, expecting that my young folk would have a treat, but guess my surprise and indignation at being disturbed the whole of the evening from 9 o'clock by the overcrowding of the shilling gallery at half price. It is really astonishing that the managers of the above theatre should be so mean as to allow the doorkeepers to take the money for more than can be accommodated in that place, as it is not to be expected that they would remain quiet after having paid their money for nothing. Last night, after the half price was admitted, the discontent was expressed loudly and universally by the continued cries of 'Off, off.' 'You have stolen my sixpence, you are a set of swindlers, and ought to be sent to the tread-mill for doing me out of my money. I'll sell my place for a halfpenny. For God's sake let me out, else I shall be killed,' etc., combined with yells, shrieks and hideous noises, and continual fights. The audience ought not to be disturbed for the sake of 20 or 30 sixpences. S. M. "Jany. 4, 1823."

MOVING PICTURE INDUSTRY

(London Daily Telegraph)

During the present year the moving picture "industry" will probably undergo something like a metamorphosis. Incidentally, it may be expected to approach appreciably nearer to the status of an art, a change which will be brought about less with intention than by the adoption of new business methods, certainly not inspired by aesthetic considerations. In order to retain its hold on the huge world audience it has conquered, the cinema theatre, it is realized more and more clearly, must offer an economical form of entertainment.

The scale of prices charged for admission is the barometer by which, speaking generally, the attendance of the public may be gauged infallibly. Raise the scale by ever so small a fraction and the effect is immediately noticeable in the increased number of unoccupied seats. Diminish it, and the empty places fill up again. Little wonder, therefore, if many an owner of a picture theatre, seeing his means or livelihood at stake, came to look on the price he was asked to pay for the films he showed as the only thing that really mattered. Cheapness in the literal sense, became, in fact, the film-exhibitor's first desideratum.

Then the day arrived when the public began to complain about the quality of the entertainment, and as our American friends graphically express it, to "shop" for films. This put the film manufacturers on their mettle. They announced that henceforth, their motto would be "fewer and better pictures." Unfortunately, few and better pictures also meant more costly productions, and the owner of the cinema theatre found that he was expected to pay more and more for the hire of these expensive films. His barometer, the pay-box, on the other hand, warned him that it was impossible to recoup himself for this extra expenditure by charging the public higher admission fees. He was, in fact, between the devil and the deep sea. It is not surprising that, in such circumstances, he began to wonder why films cost so much as they do, and to take quite an impertinent curiosity in the film manufacturer's affairs. As the result of his investigation, he came to the conclusion that gross extravagance had been practised in many directions, and that for this extravagance he, the exhibitor, had to bear the brunt in the long run.

WALKLEY ON "CRITICISM"

(From the London Times)

Mr. A. B. Walkley, explaining how "public opinion" of a play is constituted by the "rough common sense of the positive minded" at a first performance, which others swell by their desire for sympathy, speaks of the critic's duty:

"From all this it is the duty of the expert critic carefully to hold himself aloof. While the heathen so furiously rage he should, like Miss Lottie Venne in the farce, 'shrink into his shell.' He should turn a deaf ear to the 'public opinion' of the stalls and the pit. Nay, he should even endeavor to keep himself immune from the contagion of the crowd, to isolate himself in the very midst of the crowd and to give his feelings and impressions undisturbed play and unrestricted scope. Not otherwise can he hope to address himself to the critic's proper task over a play or any other work of art: first to put himself in the artist's place and recreate the work within himself, then to ex-cogitate a judgment and put it into literary form. Now it is a deplorable fact that many critics never do

themselves to this, their proper task. Their desire for sympathy is too much for them, and, instead of scrutinizing their own impressions, they speculate about other people's. They set out not what they think, but what they think other people think they ought to have thought. They become slavish chroniclers of the spoken 'public opinion' of the stalls. Mark, I do not say, while it is their duty to ignore this public opinion in forming their own, that they are necessarily to ignore it as a fact, something apart from their own. Indeed, I think it is only right that they should carefully record it, when it is at variance with their own—should say, in effect, 'For such and such reasons, I think the play to be a work of successful art here, of unsuccessful art there; in sum, a good (or bad) play; but it is fair to add that, to judge from the applause (or groans), the public thought otherwise.' For the verdict of the first-night audience, though it may not be a critical judgment, is an historical fact, something that has actually happened, and is worth recording pro memoria.

"It has, of course, to be borne in mind that there are always certain critics whose judgment faithfully reflects the popular verdict, not because they deliberately seek it and offer it in lieu of their own judgment, but because the two really and truly coincide. These popular-minded critics command by right divine the public sympathy, because through them the public is sympathizing with itself, is abounding, as the French say, in its own sense. Naturally they enjoy immense influence with a public delighted and flattered to find its own opinions invariably served up to it in the critical columns of its daily newspaper. L'Oncle Sarcy was the most conspicuous critic of this class in France, as was Mr. Clement Scott in this country. But their criticism, though influential, can hardly be said to have been an influence for good. It broke down just where the average common-sense judgment of the crowd does break down, in confrontation with any new movement in art. Both men, for example, were absolutely 'floored' by Ibsen.

"After the critics who sympathize too closely with the public come the critics who sympathize too closely with themselves. I mean those who fall in love with their own point of view and turn the facts to suit it. It happens thus. They take a 'line,' an attitude over the play, indicated, perhaps, in their first sentence. From the outset they see that this line, if kept up (with their first sentence, perhaps, recurring as a sort of 'refrain'), will give their article a pattern, a definite articulation, and a neat frame. Thereafter they are under a terrible temptation to ignore altogether, or at any rate to color, the facts of their subject matter or arguments about the facts which would conflict with the symmetry of their 'line' or spoil the appropriateness of their 'refrain.' . . . I hear some lewd fellow

of the baser sort whispering 'Set a thief to catch a thief! You seem suspiciously familiar, sir, with this terrible temptation of yours. Perchance some curious examples of its disastrous effects might be culled from your own esteemed writings?' Well, I hardly think so; for medio de fonte leporum, amid the delights of critical pattern-weaving, surgit amari aliquid, up pops that bitter thing called conscience—and, in the interests of truth, knocks the pattern endways."

MUSIC IN GERMANY (From the London Times.)

I visited Munich and Vienna recently, and found there much musical activity, but no startling manifestations of an especially progressive spirit. Anyone knowing well the peculiar musical nature of Germans and Austrians will probably agree with the statement that, speaking generally, the public of those countries is less alive to, and less receptive of, advanced modern music than the French, and even the English public of today. The classics form the staple fare of the music-loving section of the people even more than is the case in France or England, and no great curiosity is shown with regard to the doings of the ultra-modern—not even where native composers are concerned. While considerable interest has been aroused abroad by the works of a group of modern Austrian composers, it would be a mistake to suppose that Schoenberg, Webern, Wellesz, and Berg have found honor in the eyes of their own countrymen.

People outside the innermost musical circles in Vienna would probably not even know their names, and their works are only very occasionally performed in the capital, and even then in the presence of a very limited public—the public in fact, which frequents the concerts of the Verein fuer musikalische Privatvorführungen in Wien, of which the

founder and director is Arnold Schoenberg himself. It is doubtful, however, whether the society will be able to continue its concerts this winter, and in the event of its being able to do so, it will probably have to rely more upon the classics than the moderns.

It cannot be said, however, that there is any lack of music, and of good music, too, in Vienna. The opera plays nightly to full houses, who acclaim with the same rare enthusiasm works as divergent as "Fidelio," "Der Rosenkavalier," "Salome," and Erlo Korngold's popular opera "Die tote Stadt." The enthusiasm of Viennese audiences is one of the things that strike a foreign visitor most, especially if he be used to the more reserved and critical appreciation of the Parisian public, or the respectful restraint of certain German audiences, such as those who frequent the Wagner performances at the Prinz Regenten Theatre in Munich. There, after a superb performance of "Tristan," the final curtain descends amidst a silence as

complete as that which attends the celebration of a mass—a great contrast to the vociferous handkerchief-waving, excitable Viennese.

In addition to the Wagner operas, which form the ground work of the annual Munich Festspiel performance, Richard Strauss was represented this year by "Feuersnot," "The Legend of Joseph," and "Ariadne auf Naxos," while the repertory also included Hans Pfitzner's new opera "Palestrina." The latter work contains no music which could be called "great," but does contain passages of undoubted beauty, somewhat isolated in the midst of the desert which surrounds them. The performances, under Herr Bruno Walter, were in general good, though the choral singing in the operas left something to be desired both as regards tone and accuracy. The performance of the "Josefs-Legende" at the Hof-Theatre was remarkable for its mise-en-scene and stage and lighting effects. The orchestral playing, both in Munich and Vienna, was on a consistently high level. Altogether one has the impression that German music stands much where it stood before, but shows little signs of any remarkable vitality. On the creative side it is clearly to France, Russia, and Austria that we must look today for the most striking manifestations of the modern spirit.

MUSIC IN MUSEUMS

Approximately 33,000 people heard the January series of four free orchestral concerts given by David Mannes and a symphony orchestra of 54 men in the Fifth avenue hall of the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Throughout the series the throngs of music-lovers maintained good order and, although each guard carried a card bearing the word "silence," it was seldom necessary to raise the cautionary sign. Chairs were provided for about one-third of the audience, one-third stood and the rest found seats on the floor. In March another series of four Saturday night concerts will be given. Mr. Mannes gave his hearers symphonies by Beethoven, Tchaikovsky, Franck and Schubert as the principal numbers on programs of representative music. Selections for string orchestra also appeared. The moderns were represented as well as the classics and the music of composers of various lands were heard by their descendants in America. The January concerts were the gift, as in former years, of John D. Rockefeller, Jr. The March series has been made possible largely through a donation from the Julliard Musical Foundation.

'CARMEN' IS SUNG

By PHILIP HALE

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Bizet's "Carmen," performed yesterday afternoon by the Chicago Civic Opera Company.

Jose Mr. Crimi
Moules Mr. Luka
Zuniga Mr. Cotruil
Carmen Miss Gardin
Frasquita Miss Passmore
Mercedes Miss Pavloska
Escamillo Mr. Baklanoff
Micaela Miss McCormick
Dancalro Mr. Deffere
Ruendado Mr. Mojica
Illias Pastia Mr. Correnti
Conductor, Mr. Polacco.

The theatre was completely filled with a warmly appreciative audience. The performance was in many respects a brilliant one.

The chorus had been carefully drilled and sang with regard for the nuances and with a body of tone that in fortissimo passages never degenerated into coarseness. Mr. Polacco gave a most eloquent reading of the score, conducting when it was necessary with vigor and dash, bringing out the subtle beauties of the score, supporting sympathetically the singers, and all without fuss or parade.

We have never heard, either in this country, or in European opera houses, the minor parts so capably taken, the ensemble so effective. For example, the young woman to whom the music of Frasquita and Mercedes is given

usually pains the ear. Yesterday, in the quintet, one of the most delightful numbers in the opera, and in the card duet, which has less musical worth, Misses Passmore and Pavloska sang with refreshingly pure intonation and with the appropriate dramatic expression. The two smugglers were also worthy of special commendation. The same might be said of the other men who took the less conspicuous parts.

As a rule, Escamillo on the stage is merely a self-satisfied cock of the walk who looks forward confidently to the thunderous applause that will follow his roaring of the song that Bizet himself described as vulgar, and hopes that the conductor will permit him to sing it a second time. This song, roared lustily, is all that there is in the opera as far as he is concerned.

But Mr. Baklanoff by his singing and his acting created an Escamillo, whose portrait may now be hung in the gallery of heroes in opera. He stripped his entrance song of its inherent vulgarity, by his diction and by the accompanying action. His second verse was sung to Carmen, and here coming under her spell, knowing at a glance the woman she was, he described the scene in the arena, until, fascinating her, his climax was one of amorous frenzy. Still more remarkable was his scene with Don Jose in the third act; his entrance, his declaration of love for a woman whose love affairs he knew were of only six months' duration, his amusement at finding Jose was the soldier of whom he had half-contemptuously spoken, the furious rush with the drawn knife, and then the invitation to the arena with the appeal to Carmen which she alone might understand—these were only a few features of a consummately artistic, impressive performance.

Miss McCormick, with a voice well suited to Micaela, sang prettily the song in the third act that inexcusably delays the action, a song that Bizet wrote originally for another opera. Miss McCormick followed operatic tradition in wearing thin slippers while making her way from her village to the mountain pass.

As we have said before, Mr. Crimi is not a romantic person. Yesterday he did his best, sang acceptably and acted with more warmth than on former occasions. The Chicago Company is weak in its leading tenors, especially when they are called on for a highly dramatic or heroic role.

And what shall be said of Miss Gardin's Carmen? She sang the music, especially in the earlier acts, better than on former occasions. And so good Mr. Coue's visit to this country has not been wholly in vain. In the lighter moments she was often excellent, when she was expected to be seductive, petulant, in a rage, although in the scene with Zuniga towards the end of the second act, she disported herself in soubrette manner. In the card scene of the third act she failed utterly to express the tragic significance of text and music. She was merely flippant.

It is not necessary to argue whether she is the Carmen of the librettists, who is by no means the Carmen of Prosper Marimee. Bizet's opera, brilliant as it is, does not please the Spaniards, who protest against the falsity of the characterization.

Miss Gardin's Carmen is now Miss Gardin, with the familiar gestures and facial tricks singing Bizet's music. We remember her in this opera when she took the part more seriously. When her mannerisms were not so confirmed.

MR. ROBINSON'S OVERCOAT

The Biddeford (Me.) Daily Journal recently spoke of ready-made coats in fashion years ago with the outside upper pockets lined with vari-colored silk or near-silk, "which could be pulled up so that it would appear over the edge and simulate a pocket-handkerchief."

This led Mr. Lansing R. Robinson to write to The Herald:

"In Milwaukee, about 1880, Billy Slenson, a salesman in the 'Golden Eagle' store, sold me a remarkable overcoat. It was reversible. One side was a modest black; the other side was a violent Scotch plaid horse sort of pattern. I wore the quiet side outward to church; the other side on more sporty occasions, such as Slensby's Variety Theatre performances, baseball games and horse races. I have never seen a coat like it since."

TOAST TO ADVENTURERS

(Not to be given with grape-juice or cocoa.)

Well! here's to the man of the restless clan

Out on his far-flung way;

Humming a song as he swings along

From dawn till the close of day. . . .

Taking his meals where he cools his heels

And sleeping beneath the stars,

From the Kara sea clear to Walkiki,

From Dawson to Buenos Aires.

So raise your glass to the man who'll pass

Where most of us never go—

On the swirling sands of the desert lands

Or the white of the Arctic snow!

Here's health and cheer to him, far or near,

Heeding the gypsy whim—

When the game is done, and he's had his fun

May God be kind to him!

BITTERROOT BILL.

AT SIXTY YEARS A FACE

(Sauntering the pavement or riding the country byroad here then are faces.

Faces of friendship, precision, caution,

suavity, ideality

The shaved, blanched faces of orthodox

citizens—Walt Whitman.)

As the World Wags

Jay enters his office not quite sure that the elevator man had opened the sliding gates with the polite ceremony due a man of his importance in the building. Nor do his clerks seem other than tolerant. They observe his arrival, but casually. The elevator is beyond the horizon of his jurisdiction, but the office is his own. He must be stern of face, he must show these office Missourians that a respect for the boss is the first order of the day.

His private stenographer has been reared in gentility but she is rearing in anything but gentility as he reaches his desk. He had placed his wet coat on her desk and work! With a face on which the stern dignity of his arrival fades and sickens he sees a oox of the confectioner's best, tied with ribbon of perfect lavender—and the day is on.

A large customer arrives and with a large order. Jay must be pleasant and he must inquire for the family and the customer's latest golf score. His face beams and all is well.

An up-country acquaintance drops in while in town, and Jay would make an impression. He is superior but sympathetic; discourses on alfalfa and the value of vitamins for livestock; gives utterance to his belief of many years that the up-country regions should be given underground roads during the snowy season.

His wife telephones for more money, and Jay slumps into the despair of a man utterly broke, burdened with an extravagant wife, saddened by the realization that his business is going to the dogs, complaining to her that she is both heedless and headless.

His composure regained, he tells a book-keeper the story of his adventure with a lynx in the Maine woods, his face depicting the thin lips and squinted eye of the cool, courageous man at bay and defiant. The book-keeper has a family and needs the job; he remains interested in the story to the end—nor is he able to correlate the story with the recent telephone conversation.

The parson calls, and Jay must arrange his face to meet the situation. All his ancestors were pious, pillars of the church and eating theology three times a day. He liked the sermon of last Sunday and regards Coue as an apostle of violence.

His private stenographer brings to his attention a mistake he himself has made, a mistake which involves the loss of good customer, and Jay looks like 10 cents and feels like a nickel, withered and foolish.

A dream in coonskin and French heels arrives at the office door, selling tickets for the Sorosis bazaar—and Jay finds he has no face at all; it is lost in smiles. He approves of the bazaar most heartily and buys tickets for his neighbors and their children's children. A great pleasure to help in a worthy cause.

"I say, shut that door! It is cold enough in here to grow pickles on rose bushes!" Jay is not particularly cold, but he is conscious of a reaction from the bazaar episode. However rose-bushy his recollections, the clerks must understand it was purely a pickle transaction.

A business acquaintance across the hallway comes in to borrow a Burroughs. Jay willingly grants the request, but wishes he could wear two faces at once. One face would smile in angelic patience, indicating his anxiety to remain on good terms with other offices of the same floor; the other would say to the borrower, "Don't do it again!"

And so it goes. At the close of day Jay finds his face tired, himself tired in the day's manipulations in facial expression. At 60 years a face! Fixing his face again he floats by the clerks of the outer office and passes out into the night. The sidewalk policeman has a face. The Cambridge train hand has a face, and uses it. Faces, faces, everywhere. Reality? Where to be found? Human nature itself is a face.

Fitchburg.

H. C. R.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—"I Giotelli della Madonna," opera by Wolf-Ferrari. The Chicago Civic Opera Company. Conductor, Pietro Cimlini. The cast:

Gennaro.....Forrest Lamont
Carmela.....Maria Claessens
Mafella.....Rosa Raisa
Raffaele.....Giaccone Kimini
Blasio.....Lodovico Oliviero
Cesillo.....Jose Mojica
Rocco.....Salustio Cruz
Stella.....Melvena Pasmore
Seren.....Hazel Eden
Concetta.....Kathryn Browne
Giacca.....Anna Lindmilla

A happier opera for the close of the Boston engagement the management could scarcely have chosen, for as seasons open brilliantly, ten times to one with "Aida." It must be good policy to end them brilliantly as well, and "The Madonna's Jewels," whatever else it may or may not be, is surely brilliant enough. Was ever odder opera written? Why Wolf-Ferrari, that composer of refinements and delicacies, the man who wrote "Suzanne's Secret" and "La Vita Nuova," should ever have felt impelled to try music for this tale still remains a mystery.

For all his versatility, Wolf-Ferrari could not do it. Paier music than this of his, duller, less suggestive of the passions seething in the breasts of his characters, surely does not often hold the stage. The unhappy blacksmith has the worst of it, with scarcely a single phrase to sing that voices with vividness his feelings; the want of suggestiveness here, however, may be just as well. But if Wolf-Ferrari made sorry work of his personages, their loves and their hates, people in a mass he has represented with a liveliness seldom equalled.

Moving a step in advance of those composers who make free use of folk songs, he for his people has made no bones of writing "popular" music, a cheap kind of church music when the crowd sing a hymn, a popular song true to Neapolitan type for the roistering friends of Raffaele, and a tarantella of the most obvious, thumping kind when it came time for people to dance. This sort of music Raffaele sings most of the time, and Mafella's most effective passages derive from the same humble source, though the song, to be sure, she sings indoors has undergone a change.

The strange thing is that from this musical material which one would suppose alien to his nature, Wolf-Ferrari has contrived a score that throbs with life. Has any composer, unless it be Stravinsky, imagined music for a varied street scene of more unsparing realism than the first act of the same "Jewels"? What a man of power he must be, and of musical high breeding, to venture such gross vulgarity, with no concern for the confusion or listeners sure to find him vulgar, too.

The opera forces last night, with Mr. Cimlini at the helm, did this first act with splendid life, and to the opening scene of the third act they brought an abandon prodigiously effective, although the stage directions, naturally enough, were not followed to the letter. The actors of the small parts all brought the breath of life to their characters. The leading actors were less happy; indeed they had the harder task, since Wolf-Ferrari helped them little. Mr. Rimini was most successful, though to be sure he suggested any good-natured Italian rascal more vividly than he did the powerful chief of the Camorra; he sang well. So did Mr. Lamont, remarkably well. Could anybody play the miserable role he had to play any better than he did?

Mme. Claessens gave a well considered picture of the old mother. For the greater part of two acts Mme. Raisa played in the vein of the typical "tough" girl of the stage, a girl with a bad temper, not peculiarly Neapolitan. When she refrained from forcing her voice she sang with beautiful tone. The large audience was very enthusiastic.

R. R. G.

TILLOTSON

Yesterday afternoon before a large audience, Frederic Tillotson, pianist, played this program in Jordan Hall.

Prelude and Fugue.....Bach
Symphonic Etudes.....Schumann
Lotus Land.....Cyril Scott
Une barque sur Pocean.....Ravel
Minstrels.....Debussy
Dances from Delphes.....Debussy
Trina from "Iberia".....Albeniz
Valse, G-flat.....Chopin
Etude.....Chopin
The Lark.....Glinka-Balakirev
Campanella.....Paganini-Liszt

Mr. Tillotson's program must have pleased the modernists, or, in pursuit of accuracy, let us say rather those who ranked as modernists about 10 years ago. Liszt and Balakirev, to be sure—but they came at the end; people could go home. Ten years ago Schumann still held his place even among the most

"advanced." Bach and Chopin are respectable even today and as for Ravel and Albeniz, Debussy and Scott, what more could the very youngest ask—10 years ago? Today, of course, he could ask much more; there are always the "six" in wait.

Ravel, though, even today, is not always received with the unconsciousness that greets a Chopin waltz. His piece of yesterday indeed would probably have brought forth but slender applause had it not been for the defiant efforts of a few determined souls; it appears in truth but a paltry thing, unworthy of Ravel at his best. Beside it Cyril Scott's pretty "Lotus Land" took on quite a substantial air, and Debussy's impressions seemed for the moment stout as Bach.

Mr. Tillotson played this music delightfully, with wonderfully beautiful tone and an infinite variety of color. Rhythm, too, he made the most of when the composers gave him play, and he sings a melody enchantingly. Delightfully as well he played the Chopin pieces, simply, with no attempt at a "Chopin manner." If, perhaps, he conclusively made the Bach prelude and fugue of too languorous a beauty, beautiful at all events the undoubtedly did make it, not dry.

It is to be hoped, however, that Mr. Tillotson will not devote himself to the fragile music that may well appeal to him most so exclusively as to run the risk of losing the ability properly to play music of firmer texture. Already yesterday he failed to do justice to the more dramatic episodes of Schumann's variations, and even the lyric passages he treated with a prettiness not suited to their style. To the grace and charm so notably his, Mr. Tillotson would show himself wise if he were to try hard to add the element of strength.

R. R. G.

Feb 5 1923

Mr. Maximilian Foster says that Lisa, whose adventures are related by him in "The Silent Partner," now publishing in the Saturday Evening Post, "already had effaced from her cosmetics the women who she knew would be quick to efface her."

"Cosmos" is a good word. In our youth we learned it by reading it as the title of Humboldt's justly celebrated volumes.

Walt Whitman in the first edition of his "Leaves of Grass" excited ridicule by describing himself as: "Walt Whitman, an American, one of the roughs, a Kosmos." (Of course "Cosmos" with a "K" is more impressive), but Whitman in the edition of 1876 wrote a more sonorous line:

"Walt Whitman am I, a Kosmos, of mighty Manhattan the son." Still a "K," and in this instance a capital "K." Why in the special edition of 300 copies, with an autograph dated 1889, did he substitute this limping line: "Walt Whitman, a Kosmos, of Manhattan the son"?

Nevertheless, from beginning to end, Walt was a Kosmos, whereas Mr. Foster's Lisa only had a Cosmos.

FOR POLITE CONVERSATION

As the World Wags:

In our more cultured circles one is often distressed to hear the hackneyed expression, "My dear, who is that perfectly weird looking woman over there?" Would it not be well to oust this silly bromide from its parasitic grip on the intelligentsia and substitute one that would really scintillate and be a mark of distinction in any company? Here is one that I am sure corroborates: "O fer th' love of Mike! lukkit wot th' cat drug in."

HELEN HENNA.

WITHOUT LEGS AND ARMS

Perhaps the young woman in Mr. Richard Washburn Child's "The Bottom of the Barrel" has a cosmos. We hope so, for nature had been cruel to her. "The breeze on the little balcony blew her nightgown and crept caressingly up the skin of her torso like the cool fingers of friendly ghosts. It helped."

Apocryph of Mr. Child, we now quote the verses of a western poet.

TO AN UNOFFICIAL OBSERVER

Of all the jobs that mortal ever had,
Of all the places I would hate to serve,
I think of none that would be half as bad
As sent "To Unofficially Observe."

I think of Nero's escapade in Rome,
Because of it he got what he deserved.
It wasn't half so much the fire alone—
But Nero "Unofficially Observed."

Ulysses, sailing homeward o'er the brine
Stopped off at Circe's Isle to cool his
ferver.

And Homer tells, in fitting, tuneful line
What happened to this self-installed
observer.

When Cleopatra sang her siren song
Old Mark lost every bit of his reserve,
And, mark'ning to her joshing all day
long.

He stopped to Unofficially Observe.

Who Unofficially Observes must be
A bimbo willing to shake dice with
Chance,
To mingle with the crowd and know
that he
is welcome as a polecat at a dance.

Of all the jobs that mortal ever had,
Of all the places I would hate to serve,
I think of none that would be half as
bad

As sent "To Unofficially Observe."

—Lewis of the Lafayette.

As the World Wags:

It strikes me that the name of King
"Toot-an'-come-in," who has recently
been discovered in his elaborate "funeral
home," was selected with commendable
foresight of the circumstances of which
he seems centuries after to be the centre.
N. L. B.

Augusta, Me.

BOSTON VS. CLEVELAND

As the World Wags:

I attended the first lecture of Emil
Coue yesterday. I sat in the sixth row
of the orchestra. The price of this
seat was \$2.75. On account of the very
poor delivery of Emil Coue's address
it was very difficult to hear just what
he had to say. I am positive many
could hardly hear him that sat in the
rear. I am enclosing a clipping from
New York Times. I would like to know
why the management charged Boston-
ians as much as \$2.75 per seat, when
the residents of Cleveland heard the
same lecture for \$1.10. Is it a case of
profiteering? I could not understand
why Coue treated the lame and blind
on the platform so indifferently. Why
were they permitted to have seats on
platform, when the management knew
they would expect treatment, and would
get none? CHARLES F. HURM

GREAT IS THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE

As the World Wags:

An advertisement in the graphic section
of the N. Y. Evening Post is headed

"Slenderizing Apparel." I wonder
whether one should call cream and butter
"stoutizing," or mayhap "fatizing." I
shudder at the latter possibility, but
in these troublous times, one never
knows what is coming. I observe that
the advertisers claim the "highest idea
of excellence," which seems rather use-
less in the corset—pardon me—slender-
izing apparel-business (or profession,
I suppose it should be called), but is
interesting from a philosophical point
of view—especially "at lowest prices."

WENDELL F. FOGG

West Barnstable.

In the 16th century there was a transi-
tive verb "to slender," but "to slender-
ize" is apparently known only to
the corset trade.—Ed.

THE HAPPY HOMES OF ENGLAND

Mrs. Dorothy Margaret Wooff swore
in the London divorce court last month
that her husband used to sing a song to
taunt her about her wooden leg. Mr.
Wooff, when he was drunk, took his
wife out in a side-car and insisted she
should drive. They crashed into a tree.
Dorothy's leg was fractured and finally
amputated. He told her she was not
worth an artificial leg, but finally
mother-in-law entered into the discus-
sion, and the leg was procured. Then
Mr. Wooff burst into song, whenever he
was at leisure:

"Has any one seen my Peggy O'Flynn?
It is no joke, her nose is broke,
And one eye in a sling.
She hops around on her wooden leg,
And the thought of it makes me cry;
She makes a round hole in the mud as
she goes;

That's what you can tell her by."

At other times Mr. Wooff would bash
Dorothy on the mouth and eyes, or
hammer her head on the floor.

We relate this anecdote, because some
who saw "Irene Wycherley" at the Cop-
ley Theatre, thought the character of
the husband over-drawn. They should
read diligently the reports of the divorce
cases published in the leading London
newspapers.

THEY TASTE BETTER UNUSED

(Articles listed in U. S. surplus property
sale)

LOT No. 15
29 C-21883 Candy, lemon drops
1 lb can, unused.....890 cans
LOT No. 16
32 C-12394 Sardines, 1/4 lb, mico,
brand, California Sardines,
unused.....12,586 cans

A SILLY FASHION

As the World Wags:

Can you not suggest to the learned
pundits who are wagging your world
that they fulminate in unison on that
most ridiculous fashion which seems to
have inoculated some of our young men
of shaving off their mustaches to within
half an inch of their nose? If there is a
sight that would more quickly make the
gods sick than such a hirsute growth
on the lip of a man as this is made to
be, it doesn't at once occur to one.
Talk about the fool things that the girls
do with their garters and paint, it is
not to be mentioned in the same breath

with this monkey decoration adopted
by young men.

Clean shaven, yes; full beard, yes,
if you must; old-fashioned drooping
mustache, all right; closely clipped
mustache, if you have to; but to leave
those two little dabs of hair sticking
under one's nose—that cannot be
stomached.

Ask Mr. Herkimer Johnson to delve
into the literature of the mustache and
tell us if there is any precedent.
Boston. H. A. W.

ELBIE'S "CUMBACK"

(From the Benton, Ill., Evening News.)
NOTICE!

My wife having left my house and
board without cause, I will not be
responsible for any debts she may
contract.—John Threewitt, West
Frankfort, Ill.

NOTICE!

My husband's credit being of no
account here, nor elsewhere, he
should worry. Board is minus.—
Elsie Threewitt.

DAWN

A thin white line on the ocean's rim,
And the leaping seas between.
A dawn wind hot from the darkened
west,
That makes the ship career.

A dawn wind hot from the distant land,
To the little ships that pass,
With a smell of palms and of moist,
black earth,
And orange groves and grass.

An albatross in the whitening wake,
A dolphin school ahead,
Tops'ls, t'galants'ls, royals, change
From a purple black to red.

The second mate on the scuttle lid
A belayin' pin he whacks.

"Eight bells below! D'yuh hear the
news?
Git up from off yer backs!"

"Up on the lid of her, every one.
Fer I'm a dirty man!"
Then he turns 'em to for to scrub the
decks,

And so the day began.

STEAMER.

MARIA IVOGUN

For her recital yesterday afternoon
in Symphony hall Maria Ivogun, so-
prano, had the assistance of Arthur
Brooke, fustist, and Michael Raach-
leisen, accompanist. The program:

Lo, Here the Gentle Lark (with flute) Bishop
Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt.....Schubert
Pastorale.....Schubert
Die Forelle.....Schubert
Seligkeit.....Schubert
Cavatina, "So anch' io".....Schubert
"Don Pasquale".....Donizetti
Come Unto These Yellow Sands, La Force
Windflowers.....Josten
Pirate Dreams.....Hueter
Brown Birden.....Buzzi-Pecora
Variations on a Melody by Mozart
(with flute).....Adam

If Mme. Ivogun has the wish to make
a career in America, she would do well
to seek the counsel of somebody wise
in the ways of American concert-goers.
Such a person would surely warn her
against trusting too confidently in the
power of coloratura singing to attract;
three long florid pieces of the emptiest
sort of bravura he would at all events
pronounce too many in a concert that
lasted a scant hour and a quarter. To
this showy music add the group of
American songs, pretty enough of their
kind, but chosen frankly for their popu-
lar appeal. Four Schubert songs re-
main for solid fare, only one, "Die
Forelle," Schubert at his best. If Mme.
Ivogun would win a public worth the
having, she must offer programs more
worth while.

In the year that has passed since she
first sang in Boston Mme. Ivogun seems
to have bettered her technique. She
controls her breath more firmly now, to
her low tones she has added strength,
and her medium register she has much
improved; in the way of clear enuncia-
tion she still has much to learn. Now,
as well as a year ago, she rejoices in
a smooth legato, head tones perfectly
taken, and a florid execution exceed-
ingly precise. Above many singers she
shows herself a musician, with a fine
knowledge of what a phrase means, and
rhythm.

All her songs and airs she sang well
yesterday. What one liked the best is
merely a matter of taste. Mr. Raach-
leisen played the accompaniments not
only beautifully, but with admirable
discretion. Mr. Brooke of course played
well. The audience asked for repeti-
tions and encores.

Why, when next she visits Boston,
could not Mme. Ivogun be persuaded to
give her concert in a smaller hall where
her pretty voice and her manifest tal-
ents would tell to better advantage than
in a hall too large for her? On this
imaginary occasion she might well
choose to sing one or two of those
Mozart airs in which she has proved

excellent, a few early Italian airs in which she surely must excel, and also songs of worth. A large and intelligent audience would surely go out to hear a program of fine quality from Mme. Ivogun. Any effort for popular acclaim she may wisely leave to singers of bigger voice and more highly colored style. R. R. G.

PEOPLE'S SYMPHONY GIVES 15TH CONCERT

Marjorie Moody Is Soloist; Stuart Mason Conducts

The People's Symphony Orchestra gave its 15th concert of the season at the St. James Theatre yesterday afternoon, Stuart Mason conducting.

A large audience received the selection of numbers with marked appreciation. Miss Marjorie Moody, soprano, sang the aria, "Depuis le jour," from the opera "Louise," by Charpentier, so well that the audience insisted that she give an encore.

The generous applause given "Andante Cantabile for Orchestra" was acknowledged by Warren S. Smith of Brookline, the composer, from the audience. The other numbers of the program were: Overture to the opera "Der Freischütz," Weber; Symphony No. 3 in D major, Schubert; Theme Slave Varié from the Ballet "Coppélia," Delibes; "Mazeppa," symphonic poem after Victor Hugo, Liszt.

There will be no concert next Sunday.

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The great man should be posthumous. It is eminently proper to discover him after his death and raise statues to him. And useful as he is in marble in a public square to provoke manifestations of enthusiasm, he is dangerous while living.—Alfred Capus in "Scenes de la vie difficile."

GREAT IS THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE

As the World Wags:

I read in a dispatch to The Boston Herald from Concord, N. H., that on Jan. 30 the state Senate adjourned out of respect to a member of that body who "died at his home in Nashua this morning after resolutions on his death were adopted."

It does seem to me that these resolutions might have been postponed until after the poor man had died. Or were they the cause of his death? Worcester. Z. W. COOMBS.

TWO HONEST DENTISTS

(From the Sioux City, Ia., Journal)
OUR POLICY

Is to do your dental work, so you will come again, and keep on coming.

**OCKERMAN & OCKERMAN,
DENTISTS.**

RONDEAU OF REST

Under the hills they dream how Hector bled,
The great old gods; nor dream that beauty fled

Out of the earth and hid upon a star
When Athens ruled no longer . . .
Who shall mar
The changeless, fond illusions of the dead?

And there the gnomes keep fires aglow
that shed
A glory on their gold and rubies red—
Who knows what treasures they have hoarded far
Under the hills?

And you and I, when all our prayers
are said,
And we have crept—oh, wearily!—to bed,
Let us forget the laboring world and
and bar

Our sleep against the sound of things
that are,
And sleep, and dream of happier things
instead.

Under the hills.

—The King of the Black Isles.

FROM AN AUTHORITY

As the World Wags:

You recently stated in answer to a correspondent that the Beaver editor of The Herald was out of town. I think I have had more experience in beavering than even your accomplished beaver editor, as I have beavered with some of the leading beaverites of the world.

As you probably know, the game was invented, by Sir Arthur T. Keno, and in honor of the inventor the words "Keno"

and "beaver" are used synonymously in some localities.

I have been given the credit of having introduced the game in Holland in 1920 (on Aug. 2, Queen Wilhelmina's birthday, to be explicit) and I know that I gave instructions exactly as prescribed by Sir Arthur. As I was waiting for the Queen to appear, as is her custom on her birthday, my attention was called to one of the leading Dutch diamond speculators in the crowd. A distinguished looking man, he had a broad and long red beard of very silky texture. I muttered to my companion, "He's a wonderful beaver—a wonderful Keno." My foreign companion naturally desired an explanation. My description of the game caused a ripple of laughter among those who could overhear us and one young man suggested that we play a game. When Wilhelmina finally appeared she was surprised for she was facing excited subjects vigorously playing their first game of "beaver" or "Keno."

SIR ARTHUR'S RULE

I gave the rules of the game to the Dutchmen just as Sir Arthur had given them to me.

The scoring is on the basis of 100 per cent. for a game. In scoring, the player first seeing the beaver must point at him, however impolite the action, and simultaneously cry "Beaver" or "Keno," as the players may agree. Players may score on any one who has a natural growth of hair below the chin. If the growth is of good color and texture and extends below the belt line, it is a 100 per cent. beaver. If all other qualifications are met and the growth extends but half-way to the belt line, the beaver is worth only 50 per cent. etc. These scores are for richly colored growths of fine texture. White or colorless growths count 5 to 10 per cent. less. Red, yellow or blue growths are most valuable in the order named. Figures mentioned above are maxima. If disputes occur as to quality of growth, a board of arbitrators must be appointed and the subject examined. If the growth is on a receding chin, one-half the usual score is deducted.

When a player scores he is said to have "shot" a beaver. A beaver cannot be shot through glass in the event that players are in closed vehicles or indoors.

Sir Arthur has called me to Europe to help arbitrate in a case to decide whether the beard of H. M. George V should count more than that of one of his many distant cousins, the former Grand Duke Alexis of Russia. Upon my return I shall be glad to arbitrate for any of your beaver-playing readers.

HARRINGTON INGOLDSBY.

Boston.

We know "Keno" only as the name of a game of chance not unlike the children's innocent game of lotto. Flip-pant persons used to express approval of a statement by saying: "Keno, Correct." The game is said to be of American origin.—Ed.

"THE SEVEN LABORS OF HERCULES"

As the World Wags:

In a communication to The Herald of the 26th ult., Miss Lillian Whiting makes reference to "the Seven Labors of Hercules." It seems to me that the labors of Hercules number 12 in all, but Miss Whiting's reference, it is seen, is to only seven of them, as though all the labors performed by him number only seven. Have modern iconoclasts reduced the number of labors really performed by Hercules from 12 to seven? If they have thus reduced the number of his labors, which five have they rejected as spurious? Aesop, the author of many famous fables, has, I think, been knocked out by the iconoclasts. If he can be knocked out why not five of the 12 labors of Hercules?

Brookline.

OBSERVER.

INDIANA IS A WONDERFUL STATE

As the World Wags:

In the following account of a race fight in Indiana, published in the North Adams Transcript, linotype bulleted better than it knew in changing one word:

"When the sheriff and deputies entered a dance hall where a wedding had taken place earlier in the evening, the crowd started an attack and one of the marrymakers opened fire on the sheriff's party."

Williamstown.

C. H. FOWLE.

IRENE BORDONI

By PHILIP HALE

TREMONT THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "The French Doll," a comedy in three acts adapted by A. E. Thomas from the French of Paul Armont and Marcel Gerbidon.

Baroness Mabelle... Adrienne d'Ambricourt
A Furniture Mover... James Hunter
Rene Mazullier... Eugene Borden
Baron Mazullier... Edouard Durand
Melanie... Laura Lussier
Georgine Mazullier... Irene Bordon
Jackson... George D. Sullivan
T. Wellington Wick... Harry C. Browne
Emily Morrow... Mary Robinson
Philip Stoughton... Fredrick Raymond, Jr.
James Allen... Burton Brown

The subject of the comedy is a very old one. It has served many playwrights in many lands; it has been treated ad nauseam by librettists of operettas. But in "The French Doll" there is a departure from the usual formula: the high-born daughter of the impecunious and scheming parents actually marries the simple millionaire, the self-made man, with a good heart and no polish—although in his younger days he controlled an army of boot-blacks—and does not wed the young bridge-builder with a salary of only \$5000 a year, and a mother and a sister to support. Georgine thought she loved the bridge-builder; she loathed the idea of marrying for money; but after Mr. Wick in his simple manner had kissed her hard and long on the mouth by way of farewell, then she knew in her heart she loved him in spite of his countless riches.

The first act is very amusing. The preparations of the family to ensnare Mr. Wick; the behavior of Mr. Jackson, business man, accomplice, and for a time serving as the baron's butler, to impress the visiting Mr. Wick; the dialogue, the action, the business—all this is funny and the scenes are capably played by all concerned.

After this act, the pace is slower, the fun is only in spots. There are sentimental scenes, mushy rather than effective, and Mr. Raymond, as Mr. Wick's rival, did not allow the audience to take his wooing too sympathetically. In the second act Miss Bordon sang two songs, one of which, "Do It Again," pleased the hearers so much that she sang it many times. We have heard Miss Bordon when her songs were of greater worth verbally and musically, when her manner of expression was less artificial, less mannered.

The play as a whole would be thin and rather flat were it not for the vivacity of the chief comedians. They who are French acted with the spirit, the ease, the delightful absence of self-consciousness, the regard for ensemble that characterize performances in French theatres. Mr. Durand and Mme. d'Ambricourt were especially good.

Mr. Sullivan, in an incisive, staccato way, was droll as the surprising Jackson, was droll as the millionaire, son. Mr. Browne, as the millionaire, played a part that lent itself easily to exaggeration. He avoided this pitfall and gave a plausible portrayal of a singularly lovable character; even when he was blowing about his success, even when he was wooing in clumsy fashion.

Miss Bordon, graceful in dialogue, sparkling or sentimental in dialogue, was piquant and entertaining. She would have been amused if anyone in the audience had taken her love affairs seriously.

There was a large audience and curtain calls were many.

SHUBERT THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "Naughty Diana," a musical farce in two acts. Adapted from the European success of Miller and Urban by Martin Drown. Music by Will Ortmann. Lyrics by Cyrus Wood. Mr. Ortmann conducted. The cast:

Mrs. Mantle... Marion Ballou
Andrew... Joseph Allen
Marion Minter... Eleanor Williams
Arabella Smith... Betty Pierce
Richard Smith... Charles Hughes
Myrtle... Alfred Kent
Violet... Florence Moore
Rose... Beryl Halley
Doctor Harry Gordon... Jack Squire
Diana... Mae Marveng
Peggy O'Dare... Patricia O'Connor
Zero... Charles Irwin
The girls—Alvina Zolla, Riza Royce, Mildred Kent, Marion Ross, Evelyn Gerald, Clara de Land, Dawn Woods, Beryl Halley, Florence Moore, Bonnie Dalton, Ethel Emery and Ann Ross.

This farce has been renamed for the third time. Mr. Woods should now remain unconcerned, for the piece will be a success with a less pertinent title. The first act is decidedly the best. The second does not mean that the second is uninteresting, but the beginning of the latter gives the impression of marking time. There are the conveniences so time, there are the arches associated with farce—the arched stairways and the closely adjoining rooms with the easily manipulated doors.

The story is a good one—we mean good in the sense of sustained interest. In its development, in the logic of its sequence, the dialogue is uproariously funny.

The piece is played after the manner of good farce with the entire company in high spirits. Not since Tom Wise and his colleagues of many years ago and his colleagues "Charley's Aunt" for the first played "Charley's Aunt" has there been such time in this city has there been such spontaneous laughter. The music is light, agreeable, keeping with the theme; there are many delightful bits

of orchestration; there is no number that will endure, yet in the words of the poet, "twill serve."

Hail, Marvengal new songbird of the musical comedy stage! The newcomer played Diana, an engrossing performance from her earlier moments of unsophistication to her simulation of hardened ways later on in the piece. Gifted with an uncommonly good voice, she shows promise of a more exacting role musically. Delightfully impish, pert, without gush, she also measured well as a comedienne and dancer.

T. A. R.

"The Perfect Fool"

Ed Wynn is with us again. "The Perfect Fool"—popular and well-served sobriquet—has got together yet another of his "Carnivals" (this time, for variety, called a "concoction") and with principals, chorus, fly-drops, and wardrobe-mistress, has taken possession of the Colonial Theatre for a limited and what is sure to be a highly successful engagement. A packed house greeted the favorite return—and rightly. It is a good show.

Built on the usual Wynn model, in which regular review stunts alternate with the master of the show, while the latter gets his breath, it is clean, clever, and comical—hitting high C from start to finish. Seldom in the theatre are we granted such an endless abundance of wholesome fun; less often still are we blessed with a comedian skilful enough to carry off the these feather-weight pleasantries with proper agility of tongue and body. They could not be held the twentieth part of a second longer, some of them. Only once or twice did he fail to let go at just the proper instant. So was there an audience never weary of watching; and a company which seemed likewise never to grow tired of pleasing.

For though Ed Wynn is in some sense "the whole show," the presence of the supporting cast lends not a little pleasure both in contrast of material and excellence of presentation. For among other things, the concoction is a review, and no mean one, though lacking the brilliance which comes of "star performers. The Mayako children are still with Mr. Wynn. They dance and play with a maturer grace and skill, and always with the enthusiasm of youth. They were well received, but the public has become used to their prodigy since the days when Ed's loud shout of "children, children" called them repeatedly from the wings to receive the applause of a delighted public. So, too, "That Girl Quartet" sang with a pleasing power some of the older songs, including Boston's own, "Sweet Adeline." Their rendering of "The Commercial Trust of Central Indiana" (The Banks of the Wahash) was highly successful, and called forth a well-merited encore.

Of the novelty acts, "A Typing Place," is easily first. Clever in conception, admirably lighted and staged, executed with dash, it reached the height of the reviewer's art. Moreover it is accompanied by a song which is above the average. Yet the music, as a whole, is no more than creditable. As for the dancing, it varied greatly—some very good, some not so good—but always there was a pleasing enthusiasm on the part of the performers. Much of the chorus work is excellent—none of it is poor.

W. R. B.

ST. JAMES—"Grumpy," a play in four acts by Horace Hodges and Wigney Percyval. Cyril Maude created the original role. The cast:

Andrew Bullivant... Mark Kent
Ernest Heron... Walter Gilbert
Ruddock... Harold Chase
Mr. Jarvis... Edward Darney
Isaac Wolfe... Ralph M. Remley
Dr. MacLaren... Warren Burrows
Kebble... Houston Richards
Merriew... John J. Geary
Dawson... Lionel Bevans
Virginia Bullivant... Adelyn Bushnell
Mrs. MacLaren... Lucille Adams
Susan... Viola Roach

Cyril Maude made famous this well known character part of "Grumpy" and the presentation by the Boston stock company of this interesting play is very well done.

Andrew Bullivant, formerly a criminal lawyer, now a bit aged, has been nicknamed "Grumpy" by his charming granddaughter, Virginia Bullivant, because of his fussy ways and seeming eccentricities. The play is practically a character study of this lovable old gentleman, except for some action furnished by the return of his handsome young grandnephew, Ernest Heron.

Heron arrives suddenly from Africa, where he has been employed by a mining concern and has in his possession a marvellous diamond. Of course there's a robbery and Grumpy has a chance to show that his ability as a criminal lawyer is still holding its own. There is a love affair between grandnephew and granddaughter, made a bit more exciting by the entrance of "the other man."

This difficulty is successfully overcome. The play is extremely melodramatic in some places; just as farcical in others, but all of it is amusing and well played.

Mr. Kent does some excellent work in the Cyril Maude role. It is a difficult part, easily overdone, but last evening it was played with just the right touch. Mr. Gilbert and Miss Bushnell had conventional roles and were entirely satisfactory as usual. The rest of the cast was good. Special mention should go, however, to Ralph Remley as Isaac Wolfe. It was played with thorough study and artistry, a small part, too.

"Grumpy" doesn't try to do any more than to amuse, and this is accomplished very well, indeed.

"Town That Forgot God"

We have seen realistic storms upon the screen before. That is a lively young tempest that ushers in the rescue in "Way Down East." A hair-raising hurricane provides the thrill in "One Exciting Night." But the storm which brings the climax in "The Town That Forgot God," given at Tremont Temple last night, fairly beats them all in graphic intensity.

It just makes you grip the arms of your chair and expect momentarily to find yourself swept away on a raging torrent. Incessant lightning flashes fairly rend the heavens. Trees bend and writhe in the wind. Cataracts of rain dash upon the scene. Houses collapse in a rushing flood that bears a whole village to destruction. The organ roars thunderous chords. There is terror and ruin everywhere.

The storm is sent as a punishment by Providence upon a community which, according to the play, is inhabited principally by hypocrites, skunks and skinflints. The hero of the piece is a little orphan boy, "adopted" by the squire and treated with every species of cruelty and meanness that the author can crowd into his script.

Nothing but the vision of his dead mother, achieved by a free use of the double exposure, and the love and kindness of a half tramp carpenter, who had loved that mother years ago, makes life tolerable. The boy who takes the part of little David acts very well indeed, when left to his own devices. When the director obviously commands him to "register grief," "register joy," "register fear," or the like, his work becomes stiff and conventional.

The school teacher mother is very naturally done and the old lover is a fine character study. Most of the others are cast in a vein of extravagant burlesque. The situations are very much overstressed and verge on the ridiculous. However, the storm is the main thing and in the bewildering crash and smash of that cyclonic effort one forgets the long, dragging episodes which precede it.

J. E. P.

ON MAJESTIC BILL

An all-star vaudeville bill with an unusually imposing array of talent is offered Majestic Theatre patrons this week. Although the program consists of "straight vaudeville," there is a miniature operetta in five scenes billed as "The Futuristic Revue," which rivals some of the more ambitious revues and musical comedies presented in this city in the last year or two.

"Milo" with the imported costumes and special scenery is one of the big hits of the show. "Milo" is no stranger to Boston theatregoers, having been in Harry Lauder's own company as well as on other local vaudeville programs. The act scores its usual well deserved hit.

Dave Kramer and Jack Boyle, "the happy-go-lucky pair," have an entirely new skit. The pair scored heavily with their offering.

Dolly Connolly and Percy Wenrich, the clever comedienne and popular composer, offer ballads and comedy numbers. The duo had to respond to a number of encores.

Pardo and Archer offer an amusing skit, "Just Married." Others on the bill include Frankie and Johnnie, two Broadway dancers; the Geddis Trio, novelty gymnasts; Frank Fay, billed "the Broadway Favorite," and the Aerial larks, who show some new stunts on the trapeze and ladders.

VAN AND CORBETT

The program at Keith's Theatre has a wide variety of interesting acts. Les Splendids, roller skaters, open the bill with an act of exceptional skill, much of their work being done on a table only a few feet in diameter. Gilbert Wells, "A Gentleman from Mississippi," proved a good entertainer and a clever dancer. "Flashes from Songland" was a nicely arranged sketch by five singers with decidedly pleasing voices. They sang favorite pieces from various sources. The Runaway Four followed and are doubtless still running, since it would seem impossible for them to stand still. Their act was sheer nonsense of an interesting sort and their acrobatic stunts were exceedingly well done.

Wellington Cross took the leading part in a satire called "Wives," a play-let that was at times much too slow to hold the attention of the audience, but which nevertheless was full of good lines. Mr. Cross played well and his supporting cast was also good. Paul Cunningham and Florence Bennett, with a jazz band and the comedians, "Little Bits and Yonder," appeared in a colorful "song and specialty" act that was excellent at times. Jue Quon Tai, Chinese contralto, and her younger sister had melodious voices and are quaintly charming. Billy B. Van and James J. Corbett entertained at length and, judging from the applause, had no difficulty in putting over their boisterous fun. Robble Gordone appeared in the closing act of the bill in a series of striking poses artistically done. Film novelties and news reels were also shown.

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Those of our untitled aristocracy who are eagerly discussing the engagement of the Duke of York and speaking of Lady Elizabeth as "Dear Lizzie, she's a sweet thing. You know I met her at the duchess's garden party two summers ago," should be informed that "Glamis," the castle of Lizzie's father, is properly pronounced as a monosyllable, Lady Macbeth to the contrary.

This reminds us that the Day and Martin blacking firm in London came to grief, so that a sale of the company was discussed last month. There had been lack of advertisement. The firm was founded in 1770. Day was a hair-dresser. An old soldier gave him the recipe, which contained, with other ingredients, molasses and vinegar. The formula is still a secret, locked in a safe. When Day died, having had Martin as an associate, he left his only daughter £400,000. Day died in the 40's of the last century. The name of the firm became a household word, mentioned by George Eliot, Carlyle, Hood and others. If we are not mistaken Sam Weller used this blacking for Mr. Pickwick's shoes.

Where today are the little round boxes of blacking favored by bootblacks in the 60's and 70's, though conservative heads of households, blacking their boots, preferred the bottles of Day and Martin.

There was a Warren's, blacking. A thin volume of addresses in prose and verse, purporting to be written in praise of it by celebrated authors, was published in this city.

TO JEAN

(For As the World Wags)

Dear love if you should come to me again,
Again that free and friendly greeting give,
And let your eyes upon my eyes remain
With those sweet messages that bid me live;

If you again should take me by the hand
In that dear comradeship of other days,
When hearts each thrill unspoken understand,
And feet tread joyously each other's ways,

Yet should there be some dimming of the glass,
Or check to that free spirit's dauntless flight,
If from your lustre one bright ray must pass,
I could not purchase so my soul's delight.

I would not lose you, dearest, as you are,
For hopes that soar above the furthest star.
JOCELYN.

"TWO-TANK-HAMEN"

As the World Wags:

It is wonderful what we Egyptologists can learn from these diggings now going on in Egypt. A little study, thought and deduction teaches us much. For instance: In the case of the discovery of the tomb of the young king which is now being made, it is very evident that he lived some years before the Volstead disaster and that he was a hearty drinker. His name should be spelled correctly—"Two-Tank-Hamen," showing that his capacity was two tanks. The tankards which have been discovered in his tomb, each one of which required two men to carry, would indicate that his capacity was large, as his name evidently refers to two of those tankards. The name is weirdly spelled in many of the newspaper headlines, but it is quite evident that the above is the correct spelling. Perhaps his convivial habits were the cause of his early death, for it is known that he died in his early twenties. This will give a good text for our prohibition friends, for he certainly has been dead a long time.

EGYPTOLOGIST.

MISPLACED CONFIDENCE

As the World Wags:

Why does old Doc Coue have to come over here and start a rumpus with his day by day stuff? The missus became interested in his line of chatter and began to practise it. Mind you, we'd had no sickness in our family for five years. Now the wife is down with the gripe; I've got the flu, last night the baby fell out of its high chair, and I've just heard that the report has got around that I'm a member of the Ku Klux Klan.

A. L. C.

He no longer doubted his vocation after the first public meetings, where, in spite of his emotion, words escaped from his lips preceding thoughts, a phenomenon that is the basis of the oratorical art.—Alfred Capus.

GAMES OF INNOCENCE

As the World Wags:

It appears that a game called Djad-desde is a favorite in the Turkish harem. A player who accepts any object from an opponent without saying "Djaddesde!" loses.

This reminds me of a game we children used to play 20 years ago called "filpene" (or "philippine"?). Whenever anybody found an almond or a peanut with a double kernel, he was at liberty to suggest "having a filpene" with his companion. If the challenge was accepted, both adversaries solemnly ate a half of the double kernel, shook hands, agreed on a forfeit, and the game was on. Whichever player succeeded in handing an object to the other and shouted "filpene" won. The loser was then required to pay the forfeit. Sometimes one game would last as long as a week. We became very ingenious in our attempts to beguile a crafty opponent "to take the lamp shade a minute while I light the lamp," or "to see if you can pick out a silver from my finger with this needle," or at the dining table, "to please pass my tumbler for some water," the forfeiter ranged all the way from "gibraltar" to a box of pinuche or fudge. Occasionally penalties of a tenderer nature were exacted.

What is the correct spelling of the game? Has it any connection with the Philippine Islands? As I recall, the game appeared shortly after the Spanish war. DICK SWIVELLER.

This game is probably 100 years old. We played it in the sixties. Bartlett describes it in his "Dictionary of Americanisms" (1848). The preferred spelling is philippina or philipoena. Variants are philippina, philopena, philippine, philpine, philpoena. The word is supposed to represent the German "Viel-lieben" diminutive of "Viel-lieb," much loved, very dear, altered into Philipoena. The custom or game is thought to be of German origin.—Ed.

FIXING HIM WITH HER EYE

London journals say that the craze for monocles, for women in that city is growing rapidly. The bravest man feels himself a poor worm when stared at by a fair dame through an insolent lorgnette; he will shrink to nothing, if Mrs. Arabella Gollightly screws a monocle with her eye, and surveys him slowly from head to foot.

MISS FAIRBANKS

Dorothy Fairbanks, soprano, gave a recital last evening in Jordan hall. Mr. Buitken was the accompanist, in lieu of Mrs. Dudley Fitts, who was prevented by sudden illness. The program was as follows:

Mozart, Non so Plu Cosa Son, from "Le Nozze di Figaro"; Donaudy, O Del Mio Amato Ben; Mascagni, Romanza from "Cavalleria Rusticana"; Szulc, En Sourdine; Letorey, Allez au Pays de Chine; Saint-Saens, Avril; Duparc, Chanson Triste; Dell'Acqua, Le Clavecin; Fourdrain, La Chanson des Cloches; Rubinstein, The Dew Is Sparkling; Reger, The Quiet of the Woods; Wolff, Fairy Tales; Watts, Pierrot; Dunhill, The Cloths of Heaven; Kramer, Invocation.

The program was varied and interesting. It was good to find again the name of Rubinstein on a program. As a song writer he has been sadly neglected of late years. It has been the fashion to call him a cosmopolitan; to deny that his music is Russian in any way; but in some of his songs he shows unmistakably Oriental influence, and his ballet music in "Feramors" is decidedly, enchantingly Oriental.

Letorey is an unfamiliar name. He was born at Chalon-sur-Saone in 1873. A student at the Paris Conservatory, he took the Prix de Rome in 1895. For a time he was organist at St. Thomas d'Aquin, Paris. One of his more im-

portant orchestral works is a symphonic poem, "Brand" (after Ibsen). He has written for the stage.

Miss Fairbanks's singing pleased a large audience. She is inclined more to delicacy than to real feeling or volume, and so was more at home in her lighter, more lyrical selections. She suffers from lack of variety in her interpretation, and in the middle register is at times guilty of a prosaic, unmusical quality. However, last night's audience was well pleased to overlook such minor flaws.

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BURGIN QUARTET

By PHILIP HALE

The Richard Burgin String Quartet (Messrs. Burgin, Thillios, Fourel, Bedetti) gave a concert in Jordan hall last night. Heinrich Gebhard was the assisting pianist. The program comprised Mozart's Quartet in D major; Five Pieces for String Quartet, by Casella (first time in America), and Brahms's Piano Quintet, F. minor, op. 34, which underwent transformations before it assumed its present shape.

It is highly probable that Casella wrote his five pieces in a jocular spirit, say, as a musical joke. But musical jokes are generally pointless and tiresome. Saint-Saens's "Carnival of Animals" is amusing, but Saint-Saens had a peculiar gift of uniting ironical music: witness his Hercules and Omphale in the symphonic poem; witness pages of his light opera "Phryne." Furthermore, Saint-Saens in jesting spirit was always musically entertaining. In the "Carnival" the movements are short. The jokes are not hammered into the skull of the hearer and the hearer is supposed to be fairly intelligent and receptive.

Casella's five pieces are a Prelude, which he describes as a fast and barbaric Allegro; a cradle-song "Ninna-Nanna"; a "Valse ridicule"; a funeral Nortunne, and a Fox-Trot. Of these pieces the Valse is irresistibly amusing as a burlesque, nor is it so wildly cacophonous as its fellows. There is a barbaric fury in the Prelude that is not displeasing. The Cradle song, for the greater part sounding as if four able-bodied men were drawing wet fingers on window panes, has here and there true impressionistic measures. The Nocturne seemed to us wholly futile, not even interesting by reason of its nerve-rasping dissonances, nerve rasping because they were not significant or effective. The Fox-Trot would be much more acceptable were it not so long drawn out.

Casella has written orchestral music of a highly poetic nature, which has been heard here at Symphony concerts. He is not simply an experimenter, desirous of making the bourgeois sit up. As a humorist in music, he is too labored, too artificial.

Yet among those who welcome enthusiastically anything that is cacophonously new and surprising, some one may arise to say that these five pieces were written in all seriousness; that we have failed to see the "symbolism" lurking in them.

They were played gayly, yet with commendably sober faces, by the members of the quartet. Casella recently wrote about his fondness for Rossini; his admiration for Rossini's gaiety. Would that Rossini, a man of biting wit, were alive to write about ultra-modern Italian humor in music. Let's see: "The Barber of Seville" is over 100 years old, and as fresh and sparkling as it was in 1816.

The players gave a beautiful performance of Mozart's delightful music. No doubt they with Mr. Gebhard did justice to the music of that much lesser composer, Herr Johannes Brahms. But life is short and Brahms is long, and chamber concerts should be of short duration.

The second concert of these excellent musicians will be on Tuesday evening, March 20.

The New York Tribune published last Monday a passionate editorial article entitled "Let's Save the Glee Club."

"It is again the season of the college glee club concerts. And again we wish that we were possessed of the ruthless didactical will of Mr. A. B. See, who attempted, you may remember, to have his way with women's colleges by waving the 'big stick' of money. We would take large sums of money and bestow them upon the college glee club that sang college glees instead of maennerchor elaborations. We would offer vast rewards for that particular undergraduate chorus which made its tour on a program composed simply and solely of the old songs and the new songs which hold the sentiment and the fun of the campus. There is nothing quite like this particular view of life. Neither jazz nor

comic opera is like it in words or music. It should have free play in its own field. It should not be smothered into choir or choral singing."

In the early seventies the Yale Glee Club made trips as far west as Detroit to raise money for the Yale navy. We well remember the concerts and the hospitality of the graduates in many cities. The program consisted of college songs—"Neath the Elms of Dear Old Yale" was, of course, one of them, nor was "The Bulldog on the Bank" forgotten—The famous old waltz, "Hark, Hark, Now Rumbles the Bass," with yodeling and a solo or two—"The Friar of Orders Gray," or "Nancy Lee." The singing was loud and undoubtedly crude; of the collar-and-elbow variety; for the club sang by main strength. How the graduates and the girls in the audience enjoyed the singing! There was no thought of Palestrina, Coleridge-Taylor, or Gustave Holst in those happy years. The graduates wished to live again the days and nights on the fence, at Moriarty's and Gus Traeger's, in South Middle and South, shabby old buildings, to be sure, but to the graduates sacred with associations. And the "entertainments"! Livers and kidneys were in danger, but we were young and took carelessly what the gods provided.

Percy Burton at Marseilles on his way to Egypt last month received a telegram from Mme. Duse asking him to meet her in Milan for the purpose of considering the practicability of an American tour.

Mme. Melba, who has been singing in "La Bohème" at Covent Garden, is "considering another tour of America with a company."

Messrs. Conroy and Swor are performing a double dance to Jewish harp accompaniment. We have not heard this pleasing instrument for some years. Charles Eulenstein (1802-1890) was a famous virtuoso, performing in London on 18 Jewish harps with thrilling effect, and he continued to excite wonder until his teeth so pained him that he took to the guitar. An ingenious dentist provided a glutinous covering for the teeth, so our Eulenstein again was happy. His biography is an entertaining one.

The Linotype is malicious in its attitude toward ultra-modern composers.

At a concert given here by a musical society on Beacon Hill not long ago the program included a violin piece: "Printemps" by Darius Milhaud.

The program stated that the composer was "Davis Milhaud."

This led a hearer to ask why "The Iron Puddler" by James J. Davis, secretary of labor, was not played.

Whenever we see the word "Jewish-harp," we recall the syllogism of John Phoenix:

"David was a Jew—Hence 'The Harp of David' was a Jewish harp. Question—How the deuce did he sing his Psalms and play on it at the same time?"

Sigrid Onegin, the contralto of the Metropolitan Opera House, whose success has been extraordinary, will sing in Symphony hall tonight.

The combined musical clubs of "Tech," assisted by Miss Moody, soprano, will give a concert in Symphony hall tomorrow night. The Tufts College musical clubs will give their concert in Jordan hall.

Mme. Leginska, a pianist, whose programs are always unusual, will play in Jordan hall Saturday afternoon.

Burton Holmes will give a richly illustrated travelogue on the Passion Play at Oberammergau next Saturday afternoon for the benefit of disabled ex-service men.

The Herald some time ago mentioned the filming of "The Bohemian Girl" with Gladys Cooper, Constance Collier, Aubrey Smith and Ivor Novello in the cast. This screen play is now shown in this country.

The old thing is well acted, but we shall miss Alfred Bunn's immortal lines, unless some of them form captions. "When hollow hearts shall wear a mask."

"When the fair land of Poland was ploughed by the hoof of the ruthless invader with might." We quote from memory and may not be letter perfect. There was only one Alfred Bunn. And he once was in Boston and wrote about the Revere House and other institutions. He dwelt on spiritualism, prohibition and other vital subjects.

The program of the Symphony concerts this week comprises Chausson's euphonious symphony, Mendelssohn's violin concerto, to be played by Toscha Seidel (his first appearance at these concerts); "From the Garden of Helias," by Mr. Ballantine of Cambridge, a first performance; and two of Joaquin Turina's three Fantastic Dances, which will then be heard for the first time in this country.

Mr. Roy L. McCardell quotes in the Morning Telegraph of New York a chorus:

"Careless love! Careless love!
'Tis a careless love like thine
That has broken the heart of many a girl;

It has broken this poor heart of mine!" He heard the song played and sung by a negro string orchestra in Birmingham, Ala., when he was 16. As Mr. McCardell was born in 1870, he heard the song in 1886, in a place known as "Scratch Ankle."

Can any one of our readers supply the verses? Does any one know the tune?

Next Sunday afternoon the Handel and Haydn will perform Elgar's "Dream of Gerontius," in Symphony hall; John Charles Thomas, baritone, will sing at the Boston Opera House; Anne Roselle, soprano of the Metropolitan opera company, with the Boston Symphony ensemble, will give a concert in the gymnasium of the Boston Athletic Association. The People's Symphony orchestra will not give a concert, on account of the Handel and Haydn's performance. Irene Bordoni will give a recital Sunday evening at the Tremont Theatre.

To Notes and Lines:

The writer in the New York Herald (reference to whom was made in your issue of Thursday) is right when he states that Maggie Cline "jumped into fame by singing 'Mary Ann Kehoe.'" Through the medium of that song, coupled with her unique personality and inimitable rendition of the boisterous songs which she selected as her vehicles, Miss Cline had established a reputation long before she added "Trow Him Down, McCloskey." In proof of this, I was present on an occasion at one of the New York variety theatres (Tony Pastor's, I think), wherein Maggie Cline was the bright, particular star of the program. She sang that night a number of songs, among them "McCloskey," which she had but recently acquired.

Her repertoire exhausted, there were nevertheless persistent and insistent demands for more, and the artist (no quotation nor question mark to disgrace the word "artist," by your leave, sir) finally walked to the front of the stage and said to the orchestra leader: "Play me the song that drove me in the business." And the orchestra played (and Maggie Cline sang, as only she could sing it) "Mary Ann Kehoe." E. L. F. Attleboro.

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We regret to say that our valued friend, Mr. Herkimer Johnson, is in a highly nervous state. Some one sent to him the following advertisement published in the Evening Transcript of Feb. 3:

"WANTED—A First Edition Copy of 'Man, the Political and Social Animal,' by Herkimer Johnson. Address W. R. S., Transcript, Boston 8."

Mr. Johnson writes: "In the first place, the title of my colossal work is 'Man as a Political and Social Beast.'"

"In the second place, not even the first volume of the 13 has been published, on account of the grossly commercial attitude of the printer."

"As I have frequently stated, this all-important work (elephant folio) is sold only by subscription. I shall be happy to hear from 'W. R. S.' but his check must be certified."

WILDE AND MODJESKA

We read this advertisement in the literary review of the New York Evening Post:

"WANTED—Would buy back my copy poems by Helena Modjeska, translated by Oscar Wilde; book recently stolen from my library. Write Ralph Modjeski, 121 East Thirty-eighth street, New York."

To the best of our knowledge, Oscar Wilde translated from the Polish only one poem by the accomplished actress and fascinating woman. This poem was entitled "Sen Artysty; or, the Artist's Dream," beginning:

"I, too, have had my dreams; ay, known indeed
The crowded visions of a fiery youth
Which haunt me still."

The translation appeared in "Routledge's Christmas Annual. The Green Room Stories by Those Who Frequent It," edited by Clement Scott and published in London and New York in 1890. Wilde wrote to the editor: "Whatever beauty is in the poem is due to the graceful fancy and passionate artistic nature of Mme. Modjeska." He described himself as "really only the reed through which her sweet notes have been blown." The poem is reprinted in the full edition of Wilde's works ("Poems," pp. 281-285).

We should like to buy back books that have been stolen from our little library, especially the first American edition of "Jude the Obscure"; three or four volumes of stories by Cunningham Gra-

ham; a book about American college slang, published a good many years ago in Cambridge.

FOR DR. WATSON

(Personals from the London Times.)

"INEZ—The ransom isn't paid so you must walk the plank.—Antonio.

"CHARMING MAISONNETTE, exquisitely furnished. Full service. Two bedrooms, sitting room, unusual bathroom; private elevator.—Terriss, 14, Devonshire street, Portland place." Why is the bathroom "unusual"?

"BEE—What right? The Sleeper awakes. Will see notice."

THE IDEAL LANDLORD

As the World Wags:

Will you allow Mr. A. Grouchy, manager of the Istrouma Hotel at Baton Rouge, La., to enter your Hall of Fame? POOF.

"PACIFIST"

There has been discussion of late concerning the first use of the word "pacifist." Gaston Moch, a French worker for peace, wrote in an open letter to William Howard Taft in May, 1917: "The words 'pacifism' and 'pacifist' were proposed about 15 years ago by Emile Arnaud. I opposed them, finding them badly formed by the addition of suffixes 'ism' and 'ist' to a root 'pacif,' which exists in no language. But they responded to a need so that they were rapidly adopted, and I could not but support them." The word "pacifist" was first generally used in titles in the French periodical *La Paix par le Droit* in 1904. Earlier than that the "mouvement pacifiste" was known as the "mouvement pacifique." In the original sense the word stood for world organization and the final abolition of war. See "New Words Self-Defined," by C. Alphonso Smith (N. Y. 1920).

"CLOTHES" AND "GOES"

As the World Wags:

"Why," inquires Mr. George S. Hellman, writing on "The Stevenson Myth" in the Century for December, "why, one must ask, was there omitted from that lovely poem 'The Canoe Speaks,' the picture of the bathing maidens: 'And stepping free, each breathing lass From her discarded ring of clothes Into the crystal coolness goes.'" "Well," says I to myself, "a good reason for its omission is that 'clothes' and

'goes' make an atrocious rhyme. Did R. L. S. by any chance say 'clo'es'?"

The answer to my query is that undoubtedly he did, following what appears to be British usage. While our own Webster records "cloz" as a mere colloquialism, the invaluable English "Encyclopaedic Dictionary" notes without comment that the "th" in "clothes" is silent—a difference in national habits of cultivated speech which I have not hitherto observed. But in this instance, though probably it is only a provincial prejudice, I lean to the French view that a rhyme should not only sound right but look right. J. C. L. C. Lancaster.

GREAT JULIUS CAESARI

(From the Hoopston, Ill., Chronicle-Herald)

Covington bowlers came to Hoopston yesterday and in the words of the famous Lake Erie conqueror, "They came, they saw, they conquered."

ANOTHER "COMEBACK"

As the World Wags:

Let us suppose that you are dancing. You are not quite up to the usual form and after a little forbearance your partner requests you, very politely, to get off her feet. With equal courtesy you respond with, "How far is it?"

JULIO.

This reminds us of the pleasing anecdote about the doctor, the patient and the elephant.

AND ONE WITH SECRET TEARS

When high at noon Apollo rides
Before the eyes of men,
Unseen above her seething tides,
Who speaks of Luna, then?

A man shall die, and, lost to creeds,
Forget his dreams and fears,
And one shall mourn in widow's weeds
And one with secret tears.

—The King of the Black Isles.

THE COMPLETE BOOK REVIEWER

The London Daily Chronicle, reviewing the attempt of Miss L. Dulton to complete Jane Austen's unfinished novel, says in an offhand manner: "In the late 19th century it was a long-drawn-out literary diversion to finish the fragments of novelists, and many conclusions were hazarded to Edwin

Drood," "Barry Lyndon" and other stories. But, whereas these stories were unfinished because Dickens and Thackeray died before they could finish them, "The Watsons" was left a fragment because Jane Austen, for some reason known only to herself, did not feel inspired to continue it."

What? "Barry Lyndon" not completed? Thackeray died before he could finish that savagely ironical masterpiece? For "Barry Lyndon" read "Denis Duval."

THE POWER OF LOVE

As the World Wags:

From a letter to the editor in the Boston Transcript:

As Drummond said, "Love is the greatest thing in the world." Boy, page St. Paul the Apostle. L. R.

As the World Wags:

Children in the fourth grade of a Winthrop school were asked who was at the head of the town government. One child answered "Mayor Curley," while another would have it "President Harding." Charley Chaplin did not get a mention; neither did Coue. S. P. R.

On Feb. 2, 1609 A. D., Hendrik Hudson purchased the Island of Manhattan from the Indians for six bottles of hooch. Little did he deem that some three centuries later it would be generally agreed he had given too much for it.—Roy L. McCardell.

HAI HAI

As the World Wags:

Reading Mr. J. W. Smith's weather forecast, I notice that he speaks of a mean barometer and mean temperature. I don't know much about the barometer, but I know that the temperature this winter is the meanest we have had for some time. BEN HART.

GRAY-HAIRED BARBARA

As the World Wags:

I noticed in a recent issue of The Herald that the old controversy with regard to Barbara Frietchie seems to be again resurrected. That she was a real personage is to my knowledge beyond doubt as I am in possession of a photograph of her, obtained by my husband while connected with the Y. M. C. A. in Fredericksburg, during or near the close of the civil war. The picture indicates a strong, determined character, quite daring enough to shake the Stars and Stripes before the confederate general and his troops. M. L. HOUGHTON.

East Northfield.

And now will some one ask us to inquire into the identity of the Man in the Iron Mask, Casper Hauser, Peter the

Wild Boy and the man that struck Billy Pattison.—ED.

"OLIVER TWIST" CENSORED

The film censor in London has excised from "Oliver Twist" the scene in which Fagin teaches Oliver how to pick pockets. This censorship is approved by some; derided by others. Mr. G. K. Chesterton calls the action "judicious nonsense." He says: "I doubt if the human vocabulary contains a word sufficiently strong to characterize its idiosyncrasy. I cannot see what particular danger attends the spectacle of a wretched old Jew picking pockets or teaching the boy Oliver to do so." Mr. Bernard Shaw, of course, struck another attitude: "If the Oliver Twist scenes have been banned because the story makes a hero of a pickpocket, our film people have themselves to thank after the infamous crime serials they have been presenting to child audiences throughout the provinces." To which Mr. Chesterton answers: "If there is any growth of crime among the young, I am quite sure that it is due less to crime serials than to the breakdown of family authority and of the religious atmosphere."

SIGRID ONEGIN

SYMPHONY HALL—Sigrid Onegin.

Last night in Symphony hall Sigrid Onegin, the new contralto of the Metropolitan opera company, made her first appearance in Boston. To the excellent accompaniments of Michael Rauchsleisen, she sang this program:

Il mio bel fuoco.....	Marcello
Pur dicesti.....	Lotti
Chi vuol la zingarella.....	Faisiello
Der Musensohn.....	Schubert
Der Erlkönig.....	Schubert
Sapphische Ode.....	Brahms
Willst du dass ich geh.....	Brahms
Pastorals and Romances of the 17th Century.....	Arranged by J. B. Weckerlin
L'amour s'envole.....	Menuet d'Exaudet
Non je n'irai plus au bois.....	Jeune fille
I heard a Cry.....	Fisher
April.....	Harris
The Blind Ploughman.....	Clarke
Come Up.....	Deis

To give persons who were not at Symphony hall last night an impression of what the famous new contralto is like, perhaps one cannot do better than to suggest that she reminds one vividly of Mme. Schumann-Heink in her most exuberant mood. Like the older singer, Mme. Onegin is blessed with a personality that rouses the interest of an audience before she had walked half way from the door to the pianoforte. She possesses as well a magnificent voice of great volume and long range, a voice, furthermore, absolutely under her control, and consequently capable of a wide variation of color. Fine qualities, too, of musicianship Mme. Onegin has at her command, a smooth legato, a nice feeling for the shape of a phrase, a sensitiveness to rhythm, and, beyond all else, a ready response to the emotional content of a song. All these essentials of fine singing Mme. Onegin brought most markedly into play when she sang, very admirably, the four little songs of old France.

In too many other songs, however, Mme. Onegin, like Mme. Schumann-Heink sometimes before her, showed herself quite ready to sacrifice her art to obtain effect. To Italian airs of the classic time she did not hesitate to add high notes and low and tricks and graces of florid song. The exquisite opening phrase of the Sappho Ode she did not mind splitting in two, for the sake of singing the song very slow, with a weight of sentiment it cannot bear. She abandoned too often her even scale, her legato. In the way once more of Mme. Schumann-Heink, Mme. Onegin was willing by her extravagance to ruin the grace, the elegance of the Brindisi from "Lucrezia."

Mme. Onegin's misuse of a noble voice and talent seems a pity. It is surely unnecessary. With her voice, her dramatic temperament and her strong personality she could entrance an audience just as she did last night, even though she sang all the time as beautifully as she well knows how to sing.

R. R. G.

14TH CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE

The 14th concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Monteux, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. The program was as follows: Chausson, Symphony, B flat major; Ballantine, "From the Garden of Hellas"; Mendelssohn, Violin concerto; Turina, two Fantastic Dances. Mr. Ballantine's Suite was performed for the first time in Boston; Turina's dances, for the first time in America. Toscha Seidel, violinist, played for the first time at these concerts.

Again late comers walked in the aisles between the first two movements of the symphony, and thus disturbed the impression left by the music already played and the anticipation of the music to come. Would it not be advisable to begin the concert with an overture or some other piece of comparatively short duration? This was once the custom at these concerts. After this introductory composition, the late comers—and in some cases tardiness no doubt is unavoidable—could be seated without interrupting symphonic continuity. The Chicago orchestra has adopted this plan with good results. There is no dearth of overtures and other short pieces, nor need the overture be one of weighty importance, "presenting Thebes, or Pelops' line." Let us not be afraid of light and sparkling music, provided it be of the first quality. At present too many overtures are gathering dust on the shelves of the Symphony library.

The second and third movements of Chausson's symphony contain many pages that are beautiful, many that are uplifting and noble. The introduction to the first movement is impressive; that which follows is at times amateurish; the thematic material is not of marked significance and in the treatment of this material there are crudities, experiments, haltings and gropings. The movement is not firmly knit together. But all this is forgotten in the splendor of the movements that follow. It is easy to say that as Chausson was Franck's pupil, there is much of the master in the pupil's work; that in mood and in harmonic or rhythmic scheme at times the influence of Wagner is felt; one might even suspect the presence of the Gounod of the prelude to "Faust" in one of Chausson's pages; but there are no reminiscences akin to plagiarism. When Chausson wrote the symphony, he had not wholly found his own way, yet the greater part of the work shows genuine individuality and the spirit of the true artist. At the end of 30 years the symphony bears its age well; its life should be long. Mr. Monteux, with the or-

chestra, gave a masterly interpretation, a singularly euphonious performance of an uncommonly euphonious work.

Mr. Ballantine's Suite—Invocation to Pan, Nocturne, Aphrodite, Unloose Your Cables—was suggested by four short poems from the Greek Anthology. To give the impression of these poems, translated into English by Lilla Cabot Perry, Mr. Ballantine wrote for a modern full orchestra, percussion instruments and all. Of the four pieces the "Invocation to Pan" seemed the most fortunate in illustration of the text. Not that one should demand a literal or interlinear translation; but the impression made by the other movements was not a strong one. Was there really a need of so great an orchestra to express the composer's ideas? Suppose these ideas had been given only to strings and a few wood-wind instruments; would the ideas themselves have at once riveted the attention? The Suite was favorably received by the audience, and Mr. Ballantine bowed in acknowledgment.

As far back as 1911 Mr. George Copeland played piano music by Turina, an Andalusian, born in 1881. Later an orchestral piece and a chamber composition by him were heard in Boston. Yesterday Mr. Monteux brought out two or three "Danzas Fantasticas," "Dreaming" and "Orgy." They have an exotic, exhilarating flavor, but certain Frenchmen, Chabrier, Debussy, Ravel—have been more successful in giving us Spain in music. Then there is Laparra, whose opera "Habanera" showed us a Spain that was not all sunlight, guitars, and "Ole Ole!" Rimsky-Korsakov tried his hand at it, but he might as well have been a Cook's tourist in Seville or Granada, personally conducted to a gypsy dance. And so yesterday, hearing Turina's music, we kept wishing that the orchestra were playing Chabrier's "Espana" or Debussy's "Iberia."

Mr. Seidel gave what might be called a "slick" performance of the smug and irritatingly respectable concerto by Mendelssohn. The concerto never seemed more sentimental, never longer. This was probably not so much the fault of Mr. Seidel as that of the genteel, irreproachable Mendelssohn, whose concerto is overfamiliar. The audience enjoyed the music and the playing hugely, and rapturous was the applause.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of the concerts next week comprises Schumann's Symphony No. 3 ("Rhenish"); Salzedo's "Enchanted Isles," a symphonic poem for harp and orchestra (Mr. Salzedo, harpist); Loeffler's "Death of Tintagiles" (after Maeterlinck), and two Slavonic dances by Dvorak. Mr. Burgin will play the viola d'amore in Mr. Loeffler's dramatic poem.

Marie Tempest, delightful actress since first she shone here in "The Red Hussar," has written her impressions of the Orient for the London Daily Telegraph; thumb nail sketches of Australia, Tasmania, Africa, Mozambique, India, China.

In Zanzibar she saw "a huge slave in scarlet" running at full speed to clear the way for a lord mayor's coach—the Sultan!

"Allah be praised! He passes, never even looking at me. Oh! What an escape!"

TIME AS RECKONED IN NEW HAMPSHIRE

(From the Manchester Union)
Raymond: Elijah Sanborn the old resident of the town died here Sunday at the age of 103 years, 16 months and 70 days.

FOR A WINTER CARNIVAL

(From a Poster at Ludlow, Vt.)
WINTER SPORTS AT LUDLOW
Snowshoe Hike—Maple Sugar Party.
Whist Party at Legion Hall.
Special picture at Hammond Hall, "MANS LAUGHTER."

BEAGLE AND KLEAGLE

(From a Southern Correspondent)
I am fearful that my beagle, whom I've known and loved for years, And still cherish, soon must perish from this vale of woe and tears. I'll be left a sad and lonely, and a melancholy man, For my beagle bit a Kleagle of the Ku Klux Klan.

He was playing in the orchard at the setting of the sun, When a solemn sheeted column down the road came on the run; And the man who through his mask peered, as he led the mystic van, Like an eagle was the Kleagle of the Ku Klux Klan.

Playfully my beagle gambolled to the middle of the street, Gayly yipping, slyly nipping at the loose and flowing sheet; And oftsoons his teeth were tearing at the ankle of a man. Luckless beagle! At the Kleagle of the Ku Klux Klan!!!

Awful is the Kluxian vengeance! Ere another year goes by, I am fearful that my cheerful little puppy-dog must die; And perchance I, too, must perish, ere my years round out their span, For my beagle bit a Kleagle of the Ku Klux Klan.

As the World Wags:
In a bond book I find that Hew R. Wood Co. with Truax Co. provide the Montreal market with certain bond issues. TEN.

THE REV. PERCY MUST HAVE MET A MORAL PARROT

"I will never be content," said Dr. Percy Stickney Grant, "to be a parrot and merely repeat what is in the Bible."

LITERARY NOTE

That young woman in "The Sheik" would have been in no peril at all if she had only possessed a little shrewdness. She had only to look at the ardent Arab and say with a broad grin, "I think you're the funniest man I ever met in my life."

Still, perhaps she didn't want to be shrewd. —Heywood Brown.

IT USED TO BE "RAISED IN A SAW-MILL"

As the World Wags:

It matters not how irritated one may be by the loud voices of one's associates or by that annoying little habit so many people seem to have of leaving all doors stretched wide behind them, one must never under any circumstances whatever lose one's temper or resort to ill-bred comments and biting sarcasm. To do so is extremely vulgar and is never countenanced by the person of delicate sensibilities and courtly manners. On the contrary, such a one would, in extreme cases perhaps, reprove the offender gently by saying in a soft, well modulated voice, "Hey, was you raised in a barn?" HELEN HENNA.

LINGUAL VS. MANUAL

As the World Wags:

It is but natural that the tongue and would-be world wagers in the present moribund Congress should be tireless in the exercise of their privilege of free speech before entering the silence of adjournment. It is said that the swan sings before it dies. So do dying ducks lamed in the pond of politics.

A passage from Carlyle's "French Revolution" shows that this is no new phenomenon of Congress, and to quote it may serve to give a restful background for the flood of writing of today upon the subject.

"Here indeed becomes notable one great difference between our two kinds of civil war: between the modern lingual or parliamentary-logical kind, and the ancient or manual kind in the steel battlefield; much to the disadvantage of the former. In the manual kind, where you front your foe with drawn weapon, one right stroke is fatal, for, physically speaking when the brains are out the man does honestly die and trouble you no more. But how different when it is with arguments you fight!"

"Here no victory yet definable can be considered as final. Beat him down with parliamentary invective till sense be fled; cut him in two, hanging one-half on this dilemma horn, the other on that; blow the brains or thinking-faculty quite out of him for the time; it skills not; he rallies and revives on the morrow; tomorrow he repairs his golden fires. The thing that will logically extinguish him is, perhaps, still a desideratum in constitutional civilization. For how, till a man know, in some measure, at what point he becomes logically defunct, can Parliamentary Business be carried on and Talk cease or slake?"

Till the Hefins cease from hefting and the La Follettes be sane this is something to be prayerfully considered.

And yet there was a precedent of doings in the Roman Senate leading to direct and curative action in this matter which could still be invoked in time of needed closure.

In B. C. 74 the then King of Bithynia bequeathed his kingdom to the Roman people, just as Henry Ford, about to die, might bequeath his to the American people. There was a strong "farm bloc" at the time, and its leader, Tiberius Gracchus, proposed to use this new wealth to provide seed, stock and agricultural implements for the farmers, all of which sounds natural. There was much debate, and in closing it, now quoting from the most modern and universal of historians, "Tiberius Gracchus was beaten to death with the fragments of a broken bench by the senators."

Them was the day! AMHERST, N. H. ABEL ADAMS.

SAFETY FIRST

(The London Daily Chronicle)
The stranger was asking quite a lot of questions concerning the village, and the oldest inhabitant was doing his best to answer them.

"And how about the water supply. What precautions do you take against infection?"
"Well, first of all, we boils it, zur."
"Good!"
"An' then we filters it."
"Fine! and then?"
"An' then, zur, we drinks bear!"

26/1/923

Rev. G. Vale Owen Lectures in Jordan Hall on

By PHILIP HALE

The Rev. G. Vale Owen of England lectured last night, in Jordan hall, on psychic phenomena with relation to the world of spirits and on messages coming from those on the other side.

The lecturer was nearly half an hour late in arriving at the hall. He apologized by saying that his watch had not been behaving itself; he expressed his deep regret at keeping the audience waiting, and added as an additional excuse that the watch was made in America.

This remark, which put the audience in good humor, recalled the speech of Gen. Burgoyne in Bernard Shaw's "Devil's Disciple": that he would not hang a man by an American clock.

Mr. Owen began by enumerating the various ways in which spirits call the attention of mortals here below: by rapping, by the voice, by materializing, and so on. We have an earthly body; we also have a spiritual body. Spirits had explained to him how they contrive to rap, to speak. They collect in the air and elsewhere in a room disintegration of atoms and shape a body that in the one case may be used as a projectile exploding against a wall or an article of furniture; in the other case something resembling a human larynx is formed.

The lecturer then spoke of psychic photography, describing the case of the Washington physician and his daughter, mentioned by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle; also the photograph of his own daughter, who died a little child, but is now a young woman; and in the two cases, those photographed as spirits, communicated their joy at the satisfactory result. The careful investigations of Sir William Crookes and the case of Katie King were not passed by.

When Mr. Owen came to automatic writing, the clairvoyant, the clairaudient, he likened present manifestations to those recorded in the Bible, naming the Saviour, Moses, Paul and others as possessing in high degree the psychic power.

Thus he covered ground that was familiar, but he began to tell of his own experiences; how one day he wondered if the Lord and angels once spoke to men, why were they not heard today. And here, speaking of his daughter coming to him, and later other friends in the beyond communicating with him, said that English soldiers had described to him the retreat from Mons; how the appearance of supernatural beings in the field made them forget weariness and hunger.

It seems from the communications he has received that in the world beyond there are cities with stately buildings, sometimes with golden domes; pleasure gardens with gorgeously colored flowers; fountains, which playing together, sound harmonious chords or even symphonic music. There are huge libraries, for books are written in the beyond, and good books published in this world, are on the shelves. And it may well be that the speech of mortals is recorded there. To this we should give heed.

There is no thought of acts recorded in the spirit world. There is the fatherhood of God; the brotherhood of men. It is required that a man should lead a decent life below, be unselfish, not cruel to his fellows but helpful; the sick and deformed will there be made whole. The young will grow to maturity; the old will turn back to maturity.

And the fact that spirits communicate with mortals, although they find it hard to explain their state and condition to us who know only life in a world of three dimensions, is a great comfort. No longer should there be fear of growing old; no longer should death be the grisly king of terrors. Parting from loved ones is no longer pain. They are even now near and about us. Thus there is consolation; thus there is the incentive to lead a life that will prepare us for a higher plane.

There is no doubt of the sincerity, the simplicity, the inherent goodness of the lecturer. He believes what he has seen and heard. He wishes others to share his belief; to rejoice in the faith that is his.

Is it possible that interest in the Flonzaley Quartet is waning in Boston?

This quartet is ranked in all cities of the musical world as the most accomplished interpreters of string quartets now before the public. Those of us who heard the famous Joachim Quartet at the height of its glory do not hesitate to say that the Flonzaley surpasses it in euphony, exquisite sense of proportion and fine appreciation of various schools and styles. In London, as in Paris and other continental cities, there is each season the regret that only one concert is given by the Flonzaleys. In New York Aeolian hall is sold out for the series each season. We hear that not a seat is to be had. In western cities, large and small, there is the hearty welcome, there is the liveliest appreciation.

We are informed that some former subscribers in Boston to the Flonzaley concerts stay away this season because, forsooth, the programs have been too "modern" to suit their taste. This statement seems incredible to any one that takes the trouble to look over the programs of past years. By far the greater number of the quartets played have been by composers, from Haydn to Schumann, who are thought by those afraid of anything new to be orthodox and in good and regular standing. We are forced to believe that some in Boston are disinclined to acquaint themselves with contemporaneous chamber music, because there are some who shudder and make wry faces when they see an unfamiliar name on the program of a Boston Symphony concert.

Is it possible that in Boston alone there is no interest in what is going on today in the musical world? Is it possible that here alone appreciation of the superb performances by the Flonzaley Quartet will die out?

Take the program for the concert Wednesday night: Quartets by Schubert and Beethoven. Well, Beethoven was regarded by some "music lovers," while he was living, as a dangerous fellow, not to be encouraged. Possibly those staying away from the Flonzaley concerts are by this time reconciled to him. As for Schubert, he is a safe man. "You know he wrote some pretty songs. He also wrote the unfinished symphony which was a favorite with Major Higginson. I should like to go to this concert, but I see there will be a quartet by some one named Bax, a queer name for a musician. I don't think I'll risk it."

Yet two compositions of a highly poetic nature by this same Arnold Bax, an Englishman, have been performed at concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra and they were greatly liked.

Is Chamber Music Losing Favor?

Of course, if the Flonzaley Quartet can play to full houses in other cities and see small audiences in Boston, they will pass this city by.

Or is it that the "music lovers" of this city no longer care for chamber music? They saw the excellent Kneisel Quartet, finally discouraged, stop visiting Boston, and they saw it without a pang. They allowed the Longy Club to die. Last Wednesday night the audience at the Burgin Quartet concert was discouragingly small, yet there was music by Mozart and Brahms, both safe men.

There was a time in Boston when chamber music was held in high regard; when there was curiosity concerning the production of new works.

Is old foginess to be the characteristic of Boston's musical life—or life-in-death? Must one cry out: "Ichabod, the glory is departed?"

CONCERNING SPECULATORS

To the Editor of The Boston Herald: Why limit the discussion in regard to theatre ticket speculation to the tickets for the recent performances of the Chicago Civic Opera Company?

Go to the established ticket offices and try to get a seat within four or five rows of the stage. Ask for such a seat from the first day they are on sale and for any performance. Will you get it? On your life, you will not. You will get the information that they have nothing nearer than the 7th to the 13th row, depending somewhat on the length of the engagement and the time that you apply.

Even during the recent engagements of "Anna Christie" (which starved to death at the Plymouth) and of Walter Hampden, who played to less than half-filled seats, it was impossible to get seats near the stage unless you waited until about 7:30 on the night of the performance, when the "returns" were in.

Only yesterday I asked at both the Little building and the theatre for seats four or five rows from the stage for any performance remaining. The Little building office wouldn't have nearer than 12 rows, if they had any. The theatre had seats in the front row or seats in the seventh, but none between, and I was told by the seller that these had gone to the hotels and agencies. This inquiry was for "The Bat," for which probably the demand has fallen off, but during the entire engagement I have been unable to get the seats I wanted without going to the agencies and paying an advanced price, which I positively will not do.

I would at all times be willing to take seats for any night of an engagement, to get the ones I want, and it seems an outrage that it is not possible.

I can suggest no remedy. "There ain't no such animal."

Boston.

FRANK E. HATCH

MR. COATES TALKS

Albert Coates, now guest conductor of the New York Symphony Orchestra, has been talking with a reporter of the New York Tribune.

"I always think of Disraeli and Gladstone, when I think of Brahms. Disraeli treated Queen Victoria like a sister, like an equal, and she loved it. Gladstone treated her like a Queen (he bowed formally to show his point) and she would have none of it. That's the way most conductors attack Brahms. They treat him formally, as though he had only an intellect and he has a lot of the other.

"The Russians being spread all over the world, is comparable to the taking of Constantinople by the Turks. The Greeks were put out. They wandered to England and France and Italy, and up to the north, and after that came the Renaissance. The Russians have been put out of their country, and are wandering the world. I think a great period is coming.

"The Russians are all geniuses, and they are all children. One day after the revolution we were rehearsing 'Carmen' at the opera in Petrograd. The young Russian, who was singing Escamillo, threw himself around the stage, put in his own business, and sang the part his own way. I told him the part shouldn't be done that way. But why not? I am free now. That was the Russian idea of freedom. An officer announced, to a Russian regiment, which was serving in the south, that the Czar had been de-throned, and that they were now free. The men turned to one another in confusion. Finally their spokesman said, 'An announcement has been made. Whenever an announcement has been made to us before we've always sung 'God Save the Czar.' So they sang it. That's the Russian. Simple, childlike!

"Niklsch was to conduct his concert in Rome, the week after I finished. I went off to Capri for a rest and wrote him that I was sorry to miss seeing him. But I went back to Rome sooner than I had planned and got to his concert before it was over. I stood along the side lines. It was in the Augusteo. When he had finished there was a thunder of applause. Niklsch saw me standing there as he was taking a bow. I shouted, 'Well done, professor!' The crowd looked at me. They all knew I had been his pupil. So, Niklsch made me step up on the platform and take a bow with him. That was a very beautiful thing for him to do. Of course, at the time it meant nothing, but now it is very vivid. That was a great romance, you know."

VARIOUS NOTES

John McCormack sang in "The Barber of Seville" on Jan. 27 at Monte Carlo, opening the season of grand

opera there. The part of Rosina was taken by Mercedes Capser, a Spanish singer, whose real name is Vesiana. Temple Thurston's play, "The Wandering Jew," which ran for 402 nights

in London, is still running in the English provinces. It made little impression here. Mr. Thurston's new play, "The Roof and Four Walls," was produced in London last month. A still later drama, "Judas Iscariot," which has not been performed, will be published in an edition of 500 copies.

Robert Lorraine purposes to revive "Cyrano de Bergerac" in London.

Mme. Melba has been singing again in London, "The Jewel Song" from "Faust," "Se Seran Rose" and "Home, Sweet Home." She cannot truthfully say: "I cannot sing the old songs."

The piano and violin sonata of M. Szymanowski which opened the recital given yesterday by Miss Leila Double-day and Mr. Pirani at the Aeolian hall is said to be an early work. But it shows well enough the composer's capacity of assimilating the music of others, and also now and again his penchant for expressing a trifling idea in a laborious manner. It is all dished up very neatly, but the skill and savoir faire of the confectioner cannot hide the real quality of the chief ingredients. Different in general outlook and importance is the sonata of M. Dohnanyi, which concluded the recital. If the influence of Brahms is obvious now and again it reveals also a firm determination to shun obscurity and complexity. The only ground for disappointment is that in all the works of M. Dohnanyi we have heard so far there appears to be an individuality which has not found at present its most definite means of expression.—London Daily Telegraph, Jan. 25.

The play of the moment in Berlin last month was the Carl Meinhart and Rudolph Bernauer production of "Savonarola" with stage settings and costume designs by Paul V. Tscheltchev.

When it was first performed some critics denounced it violently; some praised it extravagantly. It is said to be merely the medium of Tscheltchev's expression as scene painter and costume designer. "It is a series of long monologues, obscure discussions, and violent harangues." Gobleau, the author, obscures his plot by wandering off into side issues, and fails to convey both the true meaning and the depth of the tragedy.

In reference to a paragraph which appeared in this column last week in regard to Toscanini and his inability to carry out his arrangement to conduct one of the concerts of the Royal Philharmonic Society, the hon. secretary of that hoary institution writes to say that it is ill health, and not insufficiency of rehearsal (as suggested), which keeps the mighty conductor from visiting England, the only great country in which he has never conducted. The question of rehearsals did not arise in the negotiations.—London Daily Telegraph.

FILM NOTES

(London Daily Telegraph)

An extraordinary theory has been advanced, first in America and, more recently, in this country, that moving picture plays should be judged by a standard more indulgent than is applied to other forms of entertainment that appeal for public support. Those who put forward this plea are convinced, apparently, that if critics did not so persistently point out defects that too frequently mar films, the audience, speaking generally, would fail to detect them. This statement implies an entire disregard of the fact that the genuine critic endeavors merely to record in concrete form the collective impression produced on the inarticulate body of spectators surrounding him, or, at least, on that part of it with which he instinctively feels himself in unison and which is, again speaking generally, the

responsible portion of the audience. In other words the critic is in reality no more than the echo, the mouthpiece, so to say, of a distinct verdict. In attempting to explain the reasons of the impression he has gained, good or bad, as the case may be, he must inevitably dissect the play and pick out its points, good or bad. The omission of such analysis would certainly not tend to increase the popularity of films. On the contrary, there being no incentive, the quality of the moving picture play would infallibly deteriorate, and the attendance at cinema theatres decrease in proportion.

So far from being a hindrance, or an enemy to be denounced, the impartial critic is probably the best and most interested friend the industrial art of the film possesses. As a prominent American author, Mr. Montague Glass, has just pointed out, the silent screen has limitations which, at any rate up to the present, have prevented it from supplanting the spoken drama. It is when trying to ignore these limitations that failures usually occur. "In the first place," says Mr. Glass, "the moving picture play is designed for an audience composed of children, adolescents, adults, and old folk. It must appeal to the taste of the tasteless as well as

to the people of good taste. It must be comprehended by the unintelligent as well as by the intelligent. In the second place, it entirely disregards the sense of hearing." For a film producer to arrive at anything approaching a creditable result in such conditions is no easy matter. Success implies, indeed, a veritable tour de force on his part. It is safe to assert that in any other art an analogous problem could not have been solved even so satisfactorily as some film producers have done.

(The London Times)

"The Three Masks," a French film, shown in London last month, was highly praised by the Times.

"The subject of the film is rather gruesome, but it is dealt with so cleverly

that its unpleasantness is difficult to realize until it is all over. The story is concerned with life in Corsica, which (if the film is to be believed) is eloquently described in a sub-title as 'the land of the vendetta, where the blood flows impetuously in the veins and only blood can atone for insult.' The hero has fallen in love with his father's maidservant, and when her relations realize that the father has no intention of permitting them to marry, they determine to avenge her dishonor by killing both her and her lover. The father, admirably played by Henry Krauss, is made of stern stuff and hopes to thwart the young couple by sending his son away to Italy, but the young man, without his father's knowledge, arranges to meet his loved one at a carnival, and returns disguised as a clown in costume and mask. His arrival, however, is not unknown, and three brothers of the heroine determine to execute their resolve. They are also dressed as mummies in costumes and masks, and they kill both the hero and their sister as they embrace. They take away with them the dead man's body, still in grotesque disguise, and two of them support it as though it were merely a drunken man. Outside the house of the stubborn father they execute a drunken dance, and he, thinking they are revelers from the carnival, invites them in. They enter with their burden, which they place in a chair, and, after drinking, ask their host if he would mind looking after their drunken friend until they return. The father consents and they depart, leaving the body in the chair. Gradually the father begins to realize that the man in front of him is dead, and eventually tears off the mask, to find that it is his own son. This part of the film is magnificently acted by M. Krauss, and indeed the acting throughout is admirable. The sub-titles are commendably few, but quite enough to make the story clear, and some of the Corsican scenes are magnificent."

But this film follows an opera based on this story.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY—Symphony hall, 3:30 P. M. Elgar's "Dream of Gerontius," performed by the Handel and Haydn Society. Mr. Moltenauer, conductor. See special notice. Boston Opera House, 8:30 P. M. John Charles Thomas, baritone. See special notice.

Boston Athletic Association (gymnasium), 8:30 P. M. Anne Roselle, lyric soprano, with Boston Symphony ensemble. See special notice. Tremont Theatre, 8:15 P. M. Song recital by Irene Bordoni. See special notice.

MONDAY—Jordan hall, 8:15. Persis Cox, pianist, and Albert Stoesel, violinist and pianist, sonata, G major, for violin and piano. Bach, sonata, G major, prelude; Sarabande, two gavottes and gigue; Mozart, sonata, A major; Schubert-Liszt, Farewell and Hark! Hark! the Lark; Liszt, concert etude, Forest Murmurs; four folk songs arranged by Hoffmann, Hopkirk, Pochon and Palmgren; Balfour Gardiner, Noel; Bax, Burlesque.

TUESDAY—Jordan hall, 8:15 P. M. George Smith, pianist; Haydn, sonata, D major; Bach-Saint-Saens, gavotte, E major; Scott, pasacaglia; MacDowell, first movement of the Eroica sonata; Chopin, impromptu, F-sharp; Schumann, G minor, valse, G-flat; Debussy, G-flat and F major; Scherzo, B-flat minor; Scriabin, prelude, G-flat; George Smith, Valse Viennoise; Schumann, symphonic etudes.

Steinert hall, 8:15 P. M. Gladys Berry, violinist; Margaret Gorham, Glaser, pianist, Grieg, sonata for violoncello and pianist; Grieg, sonata for violoncello and piano; Frank Bridge, sonata for Cello; and piano (first time in Boston); Cervetto, adagio and allegro from sonata in C major; G. Faure, apres un Reve; Glazounov, serenade espagnole.

WEDNESDAY—Jordan hall, 8:15. Second concert of the Flonzaley quartet: Schubert, quartet, A minor, Op. 29; Bax, quartet, G major; Beethoven, quartet, E minor, Op. 59, No. 2.

THURSDAY—Symphony hall, 8:15 P. M. Harvard Glee Club; Mr. Davison, conductor, assisted by Mme. Gulomar Novaes, pianist. See special notice.

FRIDAY—Symphony hall, 2:30 P. M. Fifteenth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra; Mr. Monteux, conductor. See special notice.

Jordan hall, 8:15 P. M. First interpretative concert for the endowment fund of Simmons College; Boston Symphony ensemble; Augusto Vannini, conductor; Henry Gideon lecturer.

SATURDAY—Symphony hall, 8:15 P. M. Repetition of Friday's Symphony concert; Mr. Monteux, conductor.

It has been said that the Americans are the most sentimental people in the world. We do not think that this sentimentality is so pronounced as it was in the days when Stephen C. Foster's songs were heard in every house. Sometimes the English press us hard.

Not long ago a flower girl, Fanny Collins, who just made a bare living outside a stationer's shop in Ludgate-hill, London, died after a painful sickness. She was loved by her fellow flower-sellers, generous to the best of her ability towards the poor, helpful in every way.

She had an imposing funeral. It was described at length in the London journals. Traffic was stopped. St. Clement Dances was decorated with flowers; she was eulogized by the vicar of St. Mark's, these lines by Mrs. Pennington-Blickford, the wife of the vicar of St. Clement's, were on the "funeral booklets" given in the church:

"A daughter of the people, noble, strong, Who fought life's battle with a smile, a song. A friend who never failed, nor trust betrayed."

Great numbers followed the body to the grave.

Reading the accounts of the funeral, we recalled the lines of Thomas Hood: "Whilst Margaret, charmed by the Bul-bul rare,

In a garden of Gul reproses, Poor Peggy hawks nasegays from street to street

"Till—think of that, who find life so sweet— She hates the smell of roses!"

"Fanny Collins made up the royal bouquets with her own hands." There is talk of a memorial window to her in the Church of St. Clement Dances. Meanwhile in St. Paul's, Covent Garden, is a great stained glass window, placed there

"To the Glory of God And in Memory of Mary Johnston Bouquet Maker to Queen Victoria Wife of James Muxworthy Died August 2nd, 1902, aged 88."

BY APPOINTMENT
Artemus Ward wrote to Punch that at Leamington he saw over the door of a shoe shop those dear familiar words: "By Appointment: H. R. H." He said to the man:

"Squire, excuse me, but this is too much. I have seen in London four hundred boot and shoe shops by Appointment: H. R. H.; and now you're at it. It is simply impossible that the Prince can wear 400 pairs of boots. Don't tell me," I said in a voice choked with emotion—"Oh, do not tell me, that you also make boots for him. Say slippers—say that you mend a boot now and then for him; but do not tell me that you make 'em reg'lar for him."

The dealer tried to explain that in London dealers in all sorts of things were "By Appointment."

"I have it!" I said. "When the Prince walks through a street, he no doubt looks at the shop windows."

"The man said, 'No doubt.'"
"And the enterprising tradesmen," I continued, "the moment the Prince gets out of sight rushes frantically and has a tin sign painted, By Appointment; H. R. H. It is a beautiful, a great idea!"

OLD ENOUGH TO KNOW BETTER
"Charles Doval, 455 years old, of Providence, one of but eight men who have escaped since 1846 from Moyamensing prison, Philadelphia, is again in prison toils, and is in the state prison in Charlestown, just eight days after his escape."

CONCERNING BEST SELLERS
As the World Wags: An eminent ambassador's fictional sketch of the "bawdy wind's" dalliance with his heroine's nightgown reads as if inspired by a celebrated bit of rhymed pornography in Herrick's *Hesperides*, sometimes omitted from popular editions. The two subjects treated are very different, but the prose passage you quote from the ambassador, and the verse of Herrick have in common a provocative quality. It is rather notable that the plainest spoken verse and prose by men whose writings rank as part of general literature, and not as of the "forbidden," have a certain reticence in dealing with sex. George Moore's "Esther Water" is not unclear, nor is even his "Confessions of a Young Man." The modern French novels primarily concerned with sex show like reticence. Even Stendahl, frank free lover, observes the same restraint in his fiction. The women seem to approach sex with a provocative prolixity, and to leave nothing untold. A recent novel by a woman, much praised by current reviewers, has passage hardly to be matched in masculine writing outside

the realm of recognized pornography. Where is this development to end? Imagine such books fully illustrated, dramatized, or, last of all, "filmed"! We should need no official censor for the motion picture theatre that should attempt such a production—the "picture" could not run three successive nights without being suppressed by an angry mob. How harmless and loudly comic, after the erotic feminine fiction of the day, seem such tales as that of Chaucer's Miller!

N. O. PRUDE.

RUSSIA WITHOUT A CHARLOTTE
The New York World's correspondent at Petrograd says that no one in Russia knows Charlotte russe. Another case of lucus a non-lucendo. The older French cook books say nothing about

Charlotte russe. "Le Parfait Cuisinier" (1822) gives a description of what we call today apple charlotte. Looking through the volumes about cookery in France from the 12th to the 18th century in the series "La Vie Privée d'Autrefois," by the excellent Alfred Franklin, the only Charlotte we find is not a dish but a woman, Charlotte d'Albret, who, in 1514, possessed only three forks, no more than Charles VI. possessed in 1418. And these forks were used only for certain fruits, pears, mulberries. Who was the Charlotte that gave her name to various disbees? Who was the Betty in whose honor the "Brown Betty" was named?

JOURNALISTIC SENSATIONALISM
As the World Wags:
I read the headline "Clears Clouded Skies," relating to the British debt settlement, in one of your respectable and justly well-known evening contemporaries. The person sitting next to me in the car, turning from my paper to the glorious sunset without, remarked: "Well, well, so the good ol' Transcript has gotten down to featuring the weather at last!" P. M. E.

A CITIZEN OF THE WORLD
As the World Wags:
You would confer quite a favor on some old Harvard men if you could enlighten them as to the real nationality of Prof. de Sumichrast. We met an old bookseller who had known him when he was yet plain Mr. Sumichrast, in the late '80's, and he said: "Why I have known him in 1838; he told me then that he was a Hungarian, a few years later he told me he was a French-Canadian, and then I understood he claimed to be an Englishman." From The Herald one would judge he was a Frenchman.
HARVARD 1890, 1895, 1896.

ETHEL LEGINSKA

Yesterday afternoon Ethel Leginska, pianist, played this program in Jordan hall:

Eight Variations on the Theme "Tandem und Scherzen".....Beethoven
Prelude and Fugue in C-sharp major.....Bach
Nocturne, B major, op. 62.....Chopin
Scherzo, B minor, op. 20.....Chopin
The Gargoyles of Notre Dame.....Leginska
Dance of the Little Clown (First performance in Boston).....Leginska
Cradle Song.....Leginska
Scherzo (after Tagore).....Leginska
At Night (An etching) (First performance in Boston).....Leginska
Valdes Nobles et Sentimentales.....Ravel
A Little Funeral March for a Rich Aunt.....Lord Berners
The Hurdy-Gurdy Man (First performance in Boston).....Goossens
Bacchanal (First performance in Boston).....Goossens
Legend—St. Francis Walking on the Waves.....Liszt
La Campanella.....Liszt

Miss Leginska ended her program orthodoxly enough, and so she began it, too, though it would be interesting to know how Beethoven, who held but a poor opinion of his C minor variations, may have regarded this slighter set. For her second group, however, a group that took in the playing not much less than an hour, she chose to bring forward only music of today. Since presumably she likes this music and so would wish to have it liked, she showed herself unwise; something less would have counted for much more.

By the same argument Miss Leginska would surely add to the effect of her own compositions if she would cut them down one half. Her "Little Clown," amusing enough, she made dance too long. Mr. Goossens showed better judgment; he stopped his droll and clever hurdy-gurdy man short while the audience still wanted more, and so must have it again. So did Lord Berners his little amusing funeral march, with a similar happy result. But Miss Leginska goes on and on.

In her "Gargoyles of Notre Dame," none the less, she shows imagination. To question her title seems bold; the composer must know what she had in mind. To a listener, however, the piece suggests only incidentally the grotesqueness of gargoyles, but all along, and vividly, the mystery of that shadowy region, a cathedral's roof, high

in the air, in wind, rain and fog.

Miss Leginska's cradle song, stripped of harmonies that would never have occurred to Schubert, amounts to little, nor does her "etching" "At Night" seem of consequence. The scherzo, inspired by some Tagore verse in warm praise of drunkenness, has plenty of fret and fury. So has Goossens's "Bacchanal"; more judiciously placed on a program, they both might show more genuine musical worth than they showed yesterday. Ravel's waltzes, too, at another time might have made evident their nobleness as well as their sentimental grace. Half way through their length, though, people who do not ordinarily crave the ponderous in concerts felt a longing for, say, Brahms's variations on a Handel theme. Solidity, after all, still has its worth.

Miss Leginska played all this music as though she relished it, in just the way, no doubt, it should be played. The audience received it most civilly, some of it even with warmth. The music of other times Miss Leginska played with a brilliant technique, a cool, crisp tone, sometimes hard, and a refreshing absence of sentimentality that the Chopin nocturne especially R. R. G.

2612723

Mr. Bransby Williams, best known as an impersonator of Dickens's characters, is going to play Hamlet in Birmingham (Eng.) next month. He will make a startling innovation; he will take the soliloquy "To be or not to be," from the place which it usually occupies in act III and put it at the opening of the second scene in act I. At present this scene in which Hamlet enters and sits apart does not "sufficiently emphasize Hamlet's loneliness." He is broken-hearted at his father's death, shocked by his mother's marriage to the uncle seated on the throne that should be Hamlet's; Horatio, as he thinks, is still at Wittenberg. And so Mr. Williams by the transposition of the soliloquy will "sound the keynote of Hamlet's character" from the start by making him openly contemplate suicide.

H. B. Irving removed the "to be or not to be" speech into the second act that the development of the play motif might not be interrupted.

A friend who saw John Barrymore as Hamlet in New York was impressed by the fact that the actor held the attention of a typical "Broadway audience" till midnight. A man and his wife sat behind the Bostonian. During a wait the woman said: "I see there's another play by this fellow Shakespeare in town, and Dave Warfield's in it. Don't you think we'd better see it?" To which the answer was: "Well, if Warfield is in it, I guess it's all right."

HUBBY SIDEWALKS

As the World Wags:
Several persons have been arrested in Boston for not shovelling the snow from the sidewalks in front of their houses, but I have noticed that churches and public buildings have several inches of snow and ice in front of them and apparently no effort has been made to make the sidewalks decently passable. I suppose that the "sextant of the meetin'-house" cannot be brought before the courts, so there you are, floundering about in danger of breaking your leg or some other part of your anatomy without any prospect of securing damages. I noticed in the old times the sidewalks around the bar-rooms were always as clean as a whistle after a snowy day, but that happy condition has disappeared with the advent of prohibition. BAIZE.

STURDY ENGLISH

A sensitive congressman recently moved that the word "guis," used by a fellow member in a speech, should be expunged from the report in the Congressional Record. We are glad to say that common sense prevailed and the word was not expunged. To be sure, the great Oxford Dictionary says that the word is "not now in dignified use with reference to man," but "entrails" is a sorry substitute. There was a fine old saying, "to have guts in one's brains." Not only the brains of many politicians are thus unfurnished, but there are countless "best sellers," poems, plays, pictures now in fashion with a similar lack.

Another good old word that is not now considered genteel is "belly." Even in the parable of the Prodigal Son, the word shocks "nice" people. But the "stomach" is not the "belly." Soon the sensitive will speak of "stomaching sails." We boys used to slide down hill "belly-gut." Do boys now coast "stomach entrails"?

DON FULANO

As the World Wags:

Appropos of your recent reference to the works of Theodore Winthrop, it may interest you to know that before his death he was unable to get a publisher for "John Brent," because the nose, Don Fulano, was killed when aiding a negro to escape.

Also that the incident of the horse jumping through the loop of the reata actually occurred.

All of this from Winthrop's own statements. XENES.

Chestnut Hill.

BREAKING THE SPEED LIMIT IN 1821

As the World Wags:

I find this item of news in the Woodstock (Vt.) Observer of Jan. 23, 1821:

"Some young men lately skated on the Middlesex canal from Woburn to Boston at the rate of 20 miles an hour." SHAWSHIN.

ADVERTISE IN THE "HELP" COLUMN

As the World Wags:

Where can I secure a copy of "Parking Rules and Regulations for Chairs After Dark"? My sweetie called last night. The arm of that old chair in the library was found mysteriously severed this morning. Dad says, "Dreble parking in this chair not allowed." I must get some information before Friday night. Help! Help! WINNIE.

SCHUBERT ON THE STAGE

"Blossom Time," the operetta with music taken from Schubert's songs, arranged and in some instances enlarged by Mr. Romberg, returns to Boston this week. We mention the fact because when the London version of "Das Dreimaederhaus" was produced in London—George H. Clutsam then looked after Schubert's music—it was entitled "Lilac Time."

Schubert is not the first to be the hero of more or less fictitious adventures in play, opera and operetta. Orfice, who died recently, wrote an opera, "Chopin," using Chopin's music. Cipollini wrote an opera, "Il Piccolo Haydn." Beethoven figures in a sentimental German play with music, called "Adelaide," which was performed here with David Bispham trying to look like the great man. Rene Fauchols's drama, "Beethoven," was brought out at the Odeon, Paris, in 1909. Chopin by the way was seen here in that foolish play in which George Sand was the heroine. Mr. George Arliss played Paganini here but did not try to fiddle. E. T. A. Hoffmann is the hero in opera, also in drama.

"Savonarola" has been brought out in Berlin. Has John Calvin escaped? Huss has not been spared by dramatists or librettists. Why does not some one take Jonathan Edwards for a hero?

It was suggested in London a few months ago that there was "rich material" for an English opera in the life of John Bunyan. This struck us as amusing for we recalled a picture by Cruikshank of Vanity Fair in "The Pilgrim's Progress." In the "French Row" was a booth for scantily dressed ballet girls cavorting; on a stage in the "Italian Row" opera singers were equalling.

"Lilac Time." There's Whitman's magnificent burial hymn for Lincoln, beginning: "When lilacs last in the dooryard bloom," also his "Warble me now for joy of lilac time." Let us quote from a humble part of the wildly free variety:

LILACS

Time was when lilacs, flinging their prodigal sweetness on the air would call me forth to lay my face against their dewy freshness and wait for the gate to open and footsteps sound on the flagstone path. But now I pass on the other side of

the street where lilacs grow, for fear I might brush too near and crush one to pieces in my embittered palm.....

My husband uses lilac scent after shaving and Oh! I cannot tell him that I hate it. NATTIER.

A NAME FOR IT

As the World Wags:

If the proposed war memorial should ever arise from the reluctant bosom of the Charles, which Heaven forbid, it might be called the Isle of Greece. This would be a suggestive name considering the comparative nearness to the soap industry that is pursued extensively in East Cambridge. Burning Sappho would never love and sing in such a place if she had the choice of a "root" in the new world. Suicide in the Ionian Isles would be more congenial to her restless spirit. DON.

OF GERONTIUS'

Yesterday afternoon the Handel and Haydn Society, Emil Mollenhauer, conductor, produced Elgar's "The Dream of Gerontius." The soloists were Merle Alcock, contralto, Richard Crooks, tenor, and Clarence Whitehill, bass. The orchestra was the Boston Festival Orchestra, John W. Crowley, principal; the organist, E. Rupert Sircom. A very large audience heard the oratorio in reverent silence, but broke at the end into a demonstration of approval such has not been heard at a Boston choral concert in many a day.

It was in 1901 that Elgar started the world with his oratorio, the work of a genius, good judges proclaimed, second to none then living and not to many dead—most competent "Capellmeister music," other judges swore. So opinions varied in Boston when the Cecilia Society, in 1904, sang it. To hear it yesterday once again proved an interesting experience.

Much already has lately been written about the work. Cardinal Newman's poem deals with matters of mighty import, the agony of a dying man afraid to meet his God, his cries for help in his extremity, his calls for the prayers of men and women and priests about him, his pleas to the saints, to Mary, Jesus; his proclamation of his faith; his passing; his waking to find himself in vast silent spaces, alone, until the coming of his guardian angel, who leads him through the throng of demons clamoring for his soul, through the myriads of the heavenly hosts singing praises unto God, to the House of Judgment, where the Angel of the Agony he who ministered in the garden unto Christ, prays to Jesus in his behalf. One instant, then, he stands in the very Presence. "Consumed, yet quickened, by the glance of God," he cries to be taken away, to the lowest deep, the soner to arrive "and see Him in the truth of everlasting day." And once more sing the heavenly hosts: "Praise to the Holiest in the height."

Matters of mighty import in truth! Who, Wagner dead and Cesar Franck, and perhaps the Verdi of the four sacred pieces, could imagine music rightly sublime? Not Elgar. Where Newman rose highest, he showed himself weakest. How bereft of awe the Judgment theme, how pallid the suggestion of the restful solitude when the soul awakes from death, how paltry the music of the tremendous sentence, "We are come into the veiled presence of our God!" Most moving, today, remain the measures where the dying man, summoning all his falling strength, wildly shouts for help, "Sanctus fortis, sanctus Deus," a cry of true dramatic poignancy. The celestial choruses, too, have genuine beauty, though they make their greatest effect when they achieve the solid mass beloved of all oratorio writers, not when Elgar tries by divisions of his chorus to contrive something new.

The "newness" indeed, so widely praised 20 years ago, has disappeared. Except for his laying aside the habits between numbers of the older writers, and his more liberal use of his splendid powers of orchestration, Elgar appears in this oratorio to have done little that Mendelssohn might not have done, if Mendelssohn had lived in the days when the harmonic scheme had been extended.

There is not time to speak at length of the performance. The orchestra played well, with careful attention to tone and phrasing. The chorus sang with excellent tone and with shading often very fine. Miss Alcock did all that may be done with the ungrateful music of the angel. Mr. Whitehill seemed not at ease. Mr. Crooks, however, sang the tenor part with beautiful tone, fine phrasing, rhetorical intelligence and a passionate fervor that lifted his performance to a high plane. He is truly a singer to reckon with.

R. R. G.

MISS BORDONI

Boston lovers of everything French should have been at the Tremont Theatre last night to hear what the papers called Irene Bordoni's "song recital," but what Miss Bordoni herself modestly termed a "little entertainment" by a "diseuse." Entertaining indeed the evening proved, for the type of song Miss Bordoni sang is amusing in itself and Miss Bordoni, if not a performer of high degree in her line, is nevertheless a clever young woman blessed with a

strong and agreeable personality. Her cleverness and her charm she displayed to very good advantage in the explanatory remarks she made about her songs.

In the course of the evening she sang five popular Paris songs, three "Chansons Pierreses" (songs she explained, of Montmartre), three Spanish songs and four "American" songs, by Behrend, Novello, Rubens and Darewski. She has not much in the way of voice, but it serves her purposes, since she knows how to make it expressive. Nor has she a wide range of facial play or gesture. Of these again, however, she has enough to manage with, for Miss Bordoni possesses a lively sense of character.

Vividly she put before her audience the little girl, of the first song, who lost what old-fashioned folk would call her "beau," the Cingalese black of "Catalina" and his lady, and the poor, tired drudge in "J'en ai marre," not to forget the lively young person who had a fancy to move to a better "quarter."

In her more serious efforts Miss Bordoni, though she made her effects, underscored her points somewhat too heavily, and in the process worked too visibly hard. The Yvette Guilbert, however, of 25 years ago everybody cannot hope to be, so one may thank Miss Bordoni for a diverting evening, and wish she would arrange another when, to her advantage, she might confine herself to her French and Spanish repertoire; popular songs of a foreign land do not seem so "popular" as those that are made at home.

R. R. G.

FRENCH SONGS

Chansons Parisiennes Populaires
"C'est un petit beguin".....Christine
"Serenade".....Voselli
"Catalina".....Christine
"J'en Suis four".....Fysher
"Idylle Parisienne".....Christine
Miss Bordoni
Concert Caprice.....Vogrich
Ballad in G Minor.....Chopin
Burton Brown
Chansons Pierreses
"J'en Ai Marre".....Yvain
"Dans Mon Quartier".....Gabaroche
"Mon Homme".....Yvain
Miss Bordoni

SPANISH AND AMERICAN SONGS

Chansons Espagnoles
Souvenir D'Argentine (In French).....Christine
"El Gorro Frigo" (In Spanish).....Nieto
"El Relicario" (In Spanish).....Padilla
Miss Bordoni
Squidilla.....Albeniz
Rondo Capriccioso.....Mendelssohn
Mr. Brown
AMERICAN SONGS
"Bon jour, Ma Belle".....Behrend
"The Land of Might Have Been".....Novello
"Her Little Dog".....Rubens
"If You Could Care for Me".....Darewski
Miss Bordoni

J. C. THOMAS

Care Selve.....Handel
Se tu m'ami.....Pergolesi
Spesso Vibra per suo Gioce.....Scarlatti
Per la Gloria.....Bononcini
Treue Liebe.....Brahms
O Liebliche Wangen.....Strauss
Liebesly, mn.....Strauss
Cacile.....Strauss
Lamento.....Duparc
La Priere du Solr.....Moussorgsky
L'Abbesse.....D'Erlanger
Me Suis Mise en danse
(Old French melody arranged by Bax)
Requiem du Coeur.....Pessard
Melancholy.....Goossens
Serenade.....Bonner
Nocturne.....Curran
(Written for and dedicated to Mr. Thomas)
I must down to the seas.....Densmore

While his audience did not fill the Boston Opera House, a throng that elsewhere properly would be called large greeted John Charles Thomas, baritone, yesterday afternoon, when he came on the stage and calmly looked over the house for a time before beginning his song recital. His expectant hearers returned the scrutiny with a manner similar to the singer's—that of interested appraisal.

Very soon after Mr. Thomas finally began to sing there was a mutual shift, or revelation, of sentiment to warm approval on both sides. For Mr. Thomas is an unusual singer on the concert stage—he not only has a splendid, sonorous, tuneful, tender and forceful voice, which he uses with marked skill and at the right times with deep feeling, but he also has a large supply of characteristic manner, which is not over displayed. He is individual and interesting without being forward or bizarre. As a natural consequence of his stage training he is dramatic, expressive, yet never stagey.

His program was of high excellence throughout. Beginning with a group of songs by Handel, Pergolesi, Scarlatti and Bononcini, he switched to Brahms and Strauss and then to the French school as exemplified by Duparc, Moussorgsky, D'Erlanger and Pessard. From there he crossed the channel to England for language and called on Eugene Goossens, Arnas Jarnefelt, Eugene Bonner, Pearl Curran and John Densmore.

The set program, even the love songs, was tinged throughout by a note of sadness, with the exception of Mous-

song's evening prayer or a naugally little girl. All the other songs somewhat monotonously partook of the tone of Duparc's Lamento, Goossens's "Melancholy," Pessard's "Requiem du Coeur" and Jarnefelt's "Serenade," till he reached the exquisite "Nocturne," written for him and dedicated to him by Pearl Curran. Densmore's rollicking "I must down to the seas" also got his hearers out of the drab atmosphere of despair.

After Mr. Thomas began to sing extra numbers he injected a livelier note into the entertainment and proved that he has a keen sense of humor as well as sympathy for misfortune. This he especially made evident with a Russian song that expressed vividly the Soviet notion of "What's the difference?" and Tour's song to a tree that ends with the idea: "Any fool like me can write a poem, but only God can make a tree."

K. P.

B. A. A. CONCERT

Anne Roselle, lyric soprano of the Metropolitan Opera Company, with the Boston Symphony ensemble, Mr. Vanini, conductor, will give a concert in the gymnasium of the Boston Athletic Association this evening at 8:30 o'clock. The program will be as follows:

Overture "Rienzi".....Wagner
(a) Miquette Antico.....Watkins
(b) Danza del Camorrista.....Wolf-Ferrari
"Balatela" from "Pagliacci".....Leoncavallo
Miss Roselle and Orchestra
Lyric Suite.....Grieg
(a) Shepherd's Boy
(b) Ganger
(c) Notturmo
(d) March of the Dwarfs
"Dei vieri non Tardar" from "Don Giovanni".....Mozart
Miss Roselle and Orchestra
Isolde's Love-Death from "Tristan and Isolde".....Wagner
Im Herbst.....Halle
Mother Dear (dedicated to Miss Roselle).....Pizer
Song of the Open.....La Forge
Miss Roselle

6613 1923

It is stated that in England the consumption of tea has been increased by the fact that alcoholic liquids are as dear as ever. The Manchester Guardian thinks it strange that as more tea is drunk in England than wine, little of English literature has been devoted to the finer shades and flavor of the plant. "The tea drinkers sometimes praise but hardly ever discriminate—at least in literature. Can it be that they merely swallow it because it is wet and hot? What hideous waste of an infinitely varied gift!"

No doubt the English are mighty tea-drinkers before the Lord, but in Kelley's London P. O. Directory for 1923 a "new" trade is specified: "Cocktail shaker manufacturers."

We would not discourage tea drinking at the Porphyry, the gathering about the kettle or the samovar. "Blest be the tea that binds," as the Rev. M. Fawcett might have sung. But let no prohibitionist burst into thanksgiving, for tea as well as hip-pocket hooch may put body and soul in peril.

Wiscasset, Me., at the beginning of the 19th century was a healthy spot, yet the Rev. Alden Bradford wrote: we quote from Mr. Morison's memoir of Bradford (published by the Massachusetts Historical Society in its Proceedings 1921-22). "More persons die of consumption than of any other disease. And this is probably owing to the too frequent use of spirits and tea. A great proportion of the common people are intemperate in the use of spirituous liquors, and often drink tea twice a day."

How many of our readers can tell us about galalith merchants, eparseno manufacturers, osmiridium makers? These occupations are in the London directory, as are sugar technologists, town planning consultants, waterproof tablecloth manufacturers, steeldrum reconditioners, preservers of ferns and flowers, hotel keeping instructors.

Galalith, eparseno, osmiridium—what inspiring words, especially the last. Any father with imagination and an ear for euphony would be tempted to choose it for his baby son at the font.

Osmiridium Perkins; Osmiridium Jones. It's a pity that Christopher Marlowe did not know the word. He would have given it to one of the "pampered jades of Asia" hitched to the chariot of mighty Tamburlaine.

OTHERWISE A DESIRABLE DWELLING PLACE

(From the Greenfield Gazette and Courier)
Greenfield needs a new lockup, police

headquarters, district court, fire house, community house, hall of records, town hall, boys' club and many other things.

COLOR VISION

As the World Wags:

This vision is not of "Black spirits and white, red spirits and gray" (Macbeth, IV, 1, 43), but is the ability to perceive colors. This ability seems not to have been treated historically, though the ancient Hebrews had it incompletely (though they could appreciate the difference between the vivid scarlet of "the lilies of the field" from the "Tyrian-purple" of the robes of Solomon in all his glory). The ancient Greeks were not much further advanced when their "wine-colored sea" meant indiscriminately a dark red or a deep blue. Any discussions thereon I cannot look up, but some recent observations have been forced on me since I became purblind. I find that sight has three divisions: (1) that of light and shade (which I have lost almost totally so I cannot read print or faces—to me a heart-break); that of mass (which is retained enough so that, on familiar streets, I can walk with great speed, without running into persons or things); that of color (which survives in great measure). Yesterday I saw approaching five electric cars, an indistinct mass, but further off was a small yellow wagon whose outline stood out as if in silhouette. Today I looked at a large picture in sepi of factory buildings, which appeared like a great blotch on an expanse of white, while, underneath hung a small watercolor of an early dawn; in this, even the faint roseate tinge of a reflection in the lake was visible with astonishing distinctness.

Similar surprises now await me at every turn; indeed, every day presents continuous adventures and new aspects of existence which lend a new zest to life—and yet, "gold can be bought too dear."

ALFRED ELA

PAX VOBISCUM

Don't kid yourself, old dear; you get me wrong.
'Twas not for you that I burst forth in song;
'Twas not because of your impassioned plea
That life was not worth living without me.
Full well do I remember that one time
That we stepped out together; 'twas a crime
The way you looked me squarely in the eye
And held my hand and told me after me
And thought that I believed; you never knew
That every time you lied I told one, too!
My dear, I'll say you had your stuff down pat;
But 'twas so old to me it fell down flat;
Those honeyed nothings you were wont to purr
Into my ear were steeped in lavender.
Yet not because of that you got the air;
Men looked the same to me—I didn't care.
We met but once, but that was quite enough;
You know the reason, kid—you got too rough.
DESEMONA.

WHOA! LIKEWISE GEE! HAW!

(The Weekly News Digest of Du Pare County, Ill.)

Is there not in all this beloved corn-wealth of ours some Moses that can grasp the reins of government and pull the ship of state out of the dirty political mire in which it is foundering?

IN YOUR TEETH

As the World Wags:

There is a respectable restaurant downtown in Boston, where two tooth-picks are invariably served when the bill is rendered. The assumption is the diner may employ his time in a genteel fashion while waiting for his change. You will hasten to say this is another of our many solecisms. But no, my belief is that it is a mere act of hospitality extended to visitors from "the bush" who come to the seats of learning.

When I was a boy I used to fish off the Vallejo street pier in San Francisco for small sharks. After catching one, I cut off his dorsal fin, the single, spike-like bone of which I would polish and work into a beautiful toothpick, then I'd swagger along the Embarcadero. This practice I abandoned when we moved to the eastern seaboard; it was probably only a manifestation of the atavistic proclivities of youth.

Allston. WILLIAM L. ROBINSON.

"THE FOOL"

By PHILIP HALE

SELWYN'S THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "The Fool," a play in four acts by Channing Pollock.

As Henry Gilliam..... Mrs. Stuart Robson
"Daisy" Gilliam..... Mrs. Mary Mead
Mrs. Thornbury..... Helen Holcomb
Mr. Tatum..... George W. Williams
Mrs. Tatum..... Frances Brandt
Jerry..... A. J. Herbert
Rev. Everett Wadham..... Clarence Handyside
Jane Jewett..... Alexandra Mackay
George E. Goodkind..... Charles Mackay
"Charlie" Benfield..... Benjamin Hannan
Daniel Gilchrist..... Charles Millward
A Poor Man..... Herbert Marburg
A Servant..... Stanley Richmond
Max Schuman..... Frank Conlon
Joe Hennig..... Hale Norcross
Emma..... David Leonard
"Grubby"..... Clarence Handyside
Mack..... Herbert Marburg
Mary Margaret..... Zilla Fox Shannon
Pearl Hennig..... Hilda Vaughan
Miss Levinson..... Virginia Norton
A Girl of the Streets..... Eva Kohl

Mr. Pollock, experienced in stage wiles, has written a play that undoubtedly appeals to philanthropist, reformer, clergyman, capitalist, laboring man, journalist, and the lover of melodrama. He preaches in the pulpit, from the platform, from the soap box.

The clergyman, Gilchrist, is driven from his church because, on Christmas, he purposed to deliver a sermon on a strike. He had already offended rich men in the congregation. He loses a position when called on to settle a strike, he draws up a contract in favor of the strikers. Nothing daunted—he has already given away \$20,000 of the money left him by his father, also several overcoats—he tries to help the poor and lives humbly. Here melodrama enters. Clare had refused finally to wed him because he had high ideas about duty and talked of a small flat. She marries Jerry, the son of a rich man. Jerry has had an intrigue with Pearl, the young wife of a miner. Jerry leads Clare to believe that Gilchrist is the guilty man. The miner circulates the report that Gilchrist is corrupting the wives and daughters in the neighborhood. The men, indignant, are about to do the uplifter; they say that he has called himself a son of God. They ask him to save himself. Little Mary Margaret, a cripple whom he has befriended, having prayed while the row is going on, suddenly walks. A miracle! The crowd kneels. In the last act Jerry's father and Gilchrist discuss the subject of success. Gilchrist, living in one room—comfortably furnished—is happy because he helps others. Good-kind is not happy. His son comes in, suffering apparently from locomotor ataxia. He calls Gilchrist a "nut," a man who has made a failure of his life. He had called Gilchrist a "nut" in the first scene.

It should here be said that Clare, disgusted with her husband, had tempted Gilchrist to run away with her. He nobly told her it was her duty to go back to Jerry.

Strikers argue their case; capitalists argue theirs. The capitalists are hard-hearted, bribing a committee of the miners, sneering at the working man's desire to have some time for himself, to give the children decent clothes and an education. There is the familiar attack on the church falling to follow the precepts of Christ. Much that is said of Gilchrist, the capitalists, the miners is platitudinous. There are stretches of dialogue that are wearisome in the development of a thesis.

Nor does Mr. Pollock disdain stage tricks. Witness the scene in which the organ plays after Gilchrist has been rejected by Clare his betrothed; the entrance of the man who in the darkness urges him to follow his ideal? "Who in the name of God are you?" asks Gilchrist. "I am a Jew." Curtain. Witness the "miracle" scene.

In spite of the palpably theatrical devices; in spite of the long-winded speeches, the play will make a strong appeal to many. Here, as in New York and New Jersey, clergymen no doubt will preach about this melodrama and encourage parishioners to see it.

The company selected for Boston was evidently nervous at the beginning. Some of the actors began speaking as if the play were in Mechanics building. They recovered themselves, and gave a respectable but not a brilliant performance. It is hardly necessary to particularize. Mr. Millward succeeded in keeping Gilchrist from being wholly a prig, nor in the role of a Joseph turning from Clare was he ridiculous. Miss Carlisle did not give much life to Clare, who is a lay figure. Messrs. Mackay and Hannan were sufficiently hard-hearted, inexorable, greedy for more millions. The minor parts, a Polish miner, Stedman, Hennig, "Grubby," Pearl were sufficiently life-like.

It's a highly moral play; help others and you will be happy. As Gilchrist reminded Mr. Goodkind, Confucius, Bud-

Plato, Mohammed, Emerson he rattled off a long list of worthies, ancient and modern—were not failures. Neither was Gilchrist. Let us hope that Jerry died soon after the fourth act, and that Gilchrist had his Clare.

Mr. Pollock, in answer to loud calls of "Author," made a speech of gratitude.

PLAYS CONTINUING

COLONIAL—Ed Wynn in "The Perfect Fool." Second week.

COPLEY—"The Truth About Blayds." Third week.

HOLLIS STREET—"Lightnin." Eighth week.

PLYMOUTH—"Just Married." Fifth week.

SHUBERT—"Naughty Diana." Second week.

TREMONT—Irene Bordoni in "The French Doll." Second and last week.

WILBUR—"The Bat." Twenty-fourth and last week.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—"Blossom Time," a three-act musical play. Book and lyrics by Dorothy Donnelly. Music from melodies of Franz Schubert and H. Berle. The cast:

Mittl.....Edith Thayer
Bellabruna.....Trina Varela
Fritz.....Jean Holt
Kittl.....de Veemon Ramsey
Mrs. Kranz.....Isabelle Vernon
Greta.....Pernie Newell
Baron Franz Schober.....Raymond E. Metz
Franz Schubert.....Joseph Mendelsohn
Kranz.....Dallas Welford
Vael.....Lucius Metz
Kupelwieser.....Edward Orchard
Von Schwind.....Henry White
Blinder.....Gregory Dnestroff
Erkman.....Frank E. Horn
Count Sharnoff.....Gregory Ratoff
Hansy.....Samuel Klarsfeld
Novotny.....David Andrada
Rosa.....Peggy O'Donnell
Mrs. Coberg.....Harriette Sheldon
Walter.....Basel Belousoff
Dancer.....Tatiana Smilovna

Many women were frankly dabbling their eyes with their handkerchiefs when the curtain went down on "Blossom Time" last night and not a few of the men were blowing their noses with suspicious energy. There was good reason for it. The beautiful little operetta was given with so much feeling and sincerity, the music was so charmingly played and the touching legend of the love affair of the great composer so well told as to reach the very heart strings of the most callous theatre-goer.

"Blossom Time" was presented here two years ago and its two weeks' engagement ought to be popular. Here we have a play destitute of sex complexes, of "triangles," of "vamps" and all manner of unpleasantnesses. It is clean, sweet and appealing throughout.

The story is based on incidents in the life of Franz Schubert and the music is largely an adaptation of melodies by the composer. Its action is laid in Vienna when Schubert was struggling for recognition. He falls in love with pretty Mittl Kranz, to whom he gives music lessons. His shyness and awareness of his awkward appearance leads him to ask his handsome and dashing friend, Baron Schober, to make love for him by proxy. John Alden and Myles Standish fashion, with the inevitable result.

Mittl really loves Franz but a jealous prima donna, bent on avenging herself on the baron and getting the two mixed (both are named Franz) represents the composer as a philanderer and drives the girl into the other man's arms. Schubert III and dying sacrifices his love for his friend.

The many familiar songs and melodies throughout the production are exquisitely sung and played. They gain infinitely by their setting. The theme of "The Song of Love," from the "Unfinished Symphony," is recurrent. Every one is humming it by the time the curtain falls.

The piece, moreover, is tastefully staged and costumed. Even the ridiculous, frilled pantalettes of the women and the bell crowned hats of the men seem quite in keeping.

Joseph Mendelsohn interprets the role of Schubert with real feeling and effectiveness. Raymond Metz makes a manly Baron Schober and Dallas Welford inspires the part of Kranz, the pompous father, with real comedy. Edith Thayer is the Mittl and sings and acts with spirit and discretion. Trina Varela is a handsome and effective Bellabruna.

ST. JAMES—"A Prince There Was," a play in three acts by George M. Cohan. Played in this city a few seasons ago with Grant Mitchell in the title role. The cast:

Charles Martha.....Walter Gilbert
Bland.....Ralph M. Ramsey
Jack Carruthers.....Edward Darney
Confort.....Theresa Kilburn
Miss Vincent.....Viola Roach
Gladys Prouty.....Lucille Adams
Mrs. Prouty.....Anna Layng
Short.....Houston Richards
Katherine Wood, M. S. C.....Adeline Bushnell
Mr. Cricket.....Harold Chase
Della.....Helen Pitt
Eddie.....Harry Lowell

Anything that savors of Cohanism is

always sure of making a hit with St. James' audiences and the play selected for this week is just full of Cohan lines. The story is not especially interesting or worthwhile, but with amusing situations, extremely funny dialogue, and played in just the right spirit by the Boston Stock Company, the performance is all that could be desired.

It is a fanciful tale of a very rich young man, a very poor little girl and a boarding house full of interesting types. It drags in places, has a great deal of useless dialogue, and last of all a most precocious child character. One of these terribly sweet children that is always saying "just the cutest things." Little Miss Kilburn did what she could with this role.

Best of all were the boarding house inhabitants. There was Mrs. Prouty, stern ruler of the boarding kingdom, well played by Miss Layng. Then Mr. Short, extra in the moving pictures, who talked a great deal of his profession, who was amusingly portrayed by Mr. Richards. The landlady's daughter, special friend as it were of the talkative Mr. Short, was well handled by Miss Adams. Viola Roach has a burlesqued role that is screamingly funny.

Mr. Gilbert in the Grant Mitchell part has a role similar to the one he had in "The Meanest Man in the World," and he plays it just as well, which is very well indeed. Miss Bushnell does her usual good work as the distinguished author lady. The remainder of the players play in a capable manner.

It is by no means a great play, some would not find it even amusing, but anyone who likes Cohanesque dialogue will enjoy this comedy.

BILL AT B. F. KEITH'S

Ben Bernie and his orchestra is the chief act on the bill at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week. The surrounding bill is one of the laughing hits of the season.

Mr. Bernie heretofore has appeared in "In single." His act was then that of comedian and fiddler, linked with a strikingly agreeable personality. He is still the comedian and none the less the musician. His orchestra is unique, a musical family that responds to his every wish. In a program that was top-heavy with jazz, they played with neatness of attack, with a fine regard for nuance. With the many orchestras now playing the circuit fresh in mind, comparisons suggest themselves. The poet says comparisons are odious; they are none the less inevitable. There is the conviction in the mind of the spectator that this organization excels all the rest.

Other acts on the bill were Olsen and Johnson, "nut" comedians and musicians, who in the latter part of their act, bring on the principals of several of the preceding acts and the stage factotum, George Williams, presenting a very convincing act which only had the afternoon performance for a rehearsal; Howard's Spectacle, a high class animal act; Frank Dixon, one of the hits of the bill as the sophisticated "Guy" from Times square; Dillon and Parker, in a neat act of song and dance; Walsh and Ellis, with a good line of comedy as well as dance; Maurice Diamond and company, in a dancing and comedy act, with a whirlwind finish by Mr. Diamond in the laborious squatting steps in which he excels; Rhodes and Watson, agreeable singers; and Cross and Santoro, in an entertaining athletic act.

AT THE MAJESTIC

Cecil Lean and Cleo Mayfield, in their latest revue, "The Blushing Bride," are the stellar artists heading an extraordinary fine bill at the Majestic Theatre this week. The revue is in the second section of the bill and follows several vaudeville acts that are far above the ordinary.

The lines, music and costumes of "The Blushing Bride," are better than in most musical comedies. The libretto is by Cyrus Wood, the music by Sigmund Romberg and the staging is by Jack Mason. Of course, most of the work is done by Cecil Lean and Cleo Mayfield, but the two stars are ably supported by a clever cast.

The revue is in three scenes. Each is full of action and the chorus does much to carry out the work not assigned to the principals.

Jack and Kitty Demaco, in "At the Garden Party" open the bill. They are followed by Herman and Briscoe in topical tunes, and this in turn is succeeded by a dramatic sketch "On the Platform."

Harry and Grace Ellsworth present "Smiling Smatter of Songs and Dances." The act is a good one and was well received. All in all, the bill is one of the best presented at the Majestic this season.

"UNCLE TOM'S CABIN"

"Uncle Tom's Cabin," with Fred Piney as the central character, came to Boston again last night, when Newton and Livingston's presentation opened at the Arlington Theatre for an indefinite run.

Again the galleries echoed the screams of the frantic Eliza, the crack of Legree's whip, and the bark of Lawyer Marks's revolver; again the simple laughter of Topsy was echoed by a hundred children, come to see her and Uncle Tom. True to form Topsy acted like the devil, but when she tried to rag the audience she picked on the wrong man.

Edward James, who took the part of Legree, was an expert with the whip and wrapped it repeatedly around Uncle Tom's waist in a very convincing manner. He kills flies with it for practice. Earl Newton, as Marks, got off some good clowning once in awhile, and Madeline Stewart, as Little Eva, was a pleasing child.

Doubtless those who were there to see the production, have for the most part seen it many times before, but they still found the death scene of Uncle Tom, something to enliven about. Uncle Tom has died thousands and thousands of times, but the play seems destined to live everlasting.

Persis Cox, Pianist, and Albert Stoessel, Violin-

Last night Persis Cox, pianist, and Albert Stoessel, violinist, gave a concert in Jordan hall. Together they played a new sonata by Mr. Stoessel, in G major, for violin and piano, and Miss Cox played these piano pieces:

Prelude, B-flat major.....Bach
Capriccio, D minor.....Bach
Sarabande, D minor.....Bach
Gigue, G major.....Bach
Sonata, A major.....Mozart
"Marewell".....Schubert-List
"Hark! Hark! The Lark".....Schubert-List
Concert Etude, "Forest Murmur".....List
Folk songs—
In Babyland.....Josef Hofmann
Cradle Song.....Alfred Poches
The Land of the Leal.....Helen Hopkirk
Intermezzo.....Helmi Palmgren
Noel.....Balfour Gardiner
Baroque.....Arnold Bax

Although with all propriety Miss Cox and Mr. Stoessel might have given a recital apiece, they showed good judgment when they joined their forces, since after all one concert blessed with variety is worth a wilderness of recitals unrelieved. They arranged, too, an excellent program, with old music and new judiciously in contrast, light pieces mostly, agreeable to hear, but with two sonatas to lend body. The only pity is that Miss Cox should have chosen to play her group of pieces not heard before in Boston at the very end.

Mr. Stoessel's sonata, for that matter, had not been played before here. It is to be hoped it will be played again, and soon. Of its real worth one cannot judge after a single hearing, but it left behind it a pleasant impression of sincerity and spontaneity, the work of a man who, writing from the heart, showed no symptoms of brain-fag, a man who wrote because he had something to say, not because he had a way he wanted to try of saying nothing. The themes on the second hearing may not sound distinguished, but themes they are, at all events, of definite shape and character, and last night they sounded well. The sonata, indeed, all sounded well, and it all had character, the character of romance, something in the vein of McDowell or of Grieg. The first movement made perhaps the strongest impression, though the last, from its well marked rhythm, has brilliancy. Skillfully written for both instruments, the sonata is effective enough to prove a boon to violinists in search of something to play, instead of a concerto, with piano accompaniment. The concert-givers played it delightfully last night. Mr. Stoessel with warm, full tone, and naturally enough, with keen appreciation of the continuous grateful songfulness of his music. Miss Cox, wisely leaving the lid of her piano open, proved herself a mistress of ensemble playing. It would be well if she could bring herself to add the incisive rhythm, the warmth of style she showed in this sonata, to the beautiful tone and the niceness she displayed in her first group of solo pieces. The large audience gave evident signs of satisfaction.

R. R. G.

George Smith, Pianist,

By PHILIP HALE

George Smith, pianist, gave a recital last evening in Jordan hall. His program read as follows: Haydn, sonata, D major; Bach-Saint-Saens, Gavotte, F major; Scott, Passacaglia; MacDowell, first movement of the "Piano"

sonata; Chopin, Impromptu, F sharp; Ballade, G minor, Valse, G flat; Etudes G flat and F major; Scherzo, B flat minor; Scriabin, Prelude, G flat; George Smith, Valse Viennoise; Schumann, Symphonic Etudes.

Mr. Smith, who is now a teacher of the piano at the Syracuse University, long ago showed indisputable talent as a pianist. He had from the time of his first recital a musical touch; he knew how to sing a melodic figure; he could be brilliant; his phrasing was tasteful. It was thought that in time he would broaden his style and when occasion demanded, play in the grand manner.

It was evident last night that he has gained somewhat in authority, that he has a broader vision in interpretation; but he has still to gain in this direction. He is still inclined to pay undue attention to mint and cummin at the expense of the weightier matters of the law.

Thus he was more successful in his reading of Haydn's sonata, the Passacaglia of Cyril Scott, the Valse and the Etudes of Chopin than in his interpretation of the excerpt from MacDowell's sonata and Chopin's Ballade. Haydn's sonatas are neglected; ignored by some, who, forsooth, think they are childish, too simple, whereas they present real difficulties. Mr. Smith played Haydn's music delightfully, without any attempt at being pedagogically arohaic. The playing of the Gavotte was somewhat mannered. The excerpt from MacDowell's sonata called for a grander style, a more imaginative flight.

Chopin's Impromptu is more or less episodic, but Mr. Smith failed to give it the semblance of continuity. On the other hand his performance of the Valse and the Etudes was charming. How Viennese the Valse is! The middle section smacks of Schubert and the elder Strauss. Then Mr. Smith gave the Scherzo with the requisite feverishness, fire, passion and stormy defiance.

There were times, especially in the first group, when rhythm was not incisive. In Chopin's Impromptu there was too much freedom in rhythm. And there were times during the evening when there was an unmeaning seasaw between forte and pianissimo.

Mr. Smith plays so well that he should play still better. As it is, it is a pleasure to hear him.

A large audience applauded heartily and indiscriminately.

MISS BERRY HERE

Gladys Berry, violoncellist, assisted by Margaret Gorham Glaser, pianist, gave a recital in Steinert hall last evening. The program comprised Grieg's 'cello sonata, Frank Bridge's 'cello sonata, Adagio and Allegro from Cervetto's sonata in C major, G. Faure's Apres un Reve, Glazounov's Spanish Serenade.

The program contained one name that is not familiar to concert-goers or even to musicians, unless they happen to be versed in the literature of the violoncello. Giacomo (or Giacobbe) Bessevi, who took the name of Cervetto, died in London over 101 years old, leaving to his son, also a violoncellist, £20,000. Going to Drury Lane as a violoncellist—it was said he was not of the first rank—he became the director of the theatre. Many stories are told about him. His nose was so large that once someone in the gallery of the theatre shouted to him: "Play up, Nosey." Cervetto wrote profusely for his instrument; among his works are six sonatas for three violoncellos.

Miss Berry is not unknown here, where she studied diligently. Her tone is rich and full; her technique adequate for what she undertakes. But, more than this, she has taste as an interpreter. She has her own views, while she respects the intentions of the composers; that is to say, her individuality is not aggressive or destructive.

There are learned treatises on the psychology of the mob. They no doubt include a study of theatre audiences. There are special audiences for theatres. One play house will be expected to produce musical comedies; another may be the home of comedies or melodramas, mystery or crook plays. Still another will during the season open its doors to any play that bids fair to be popular.

The Copley Theatre is supposed to draw a special audience, one interested in unfamiliar plays, plays that do not appeal to what are loosely known as commercial producers. (As if any

theatre could live if there were no thought of box-office receipts.)

Mr. Jewett produced not long ago an unusually interesting play, entitled "Irene Wycherley." The performance was excellent. Miss Willard gave a remarkable portrayal of the heroine, and the other roles were well taken. Yet the play did not fill the theatre so as to warrant a second week. Some found the play "unpleasant" in spite of the killing of a brutal husband and the suggestion of a happy second marriage. A few, we are told, though the report seems incredible, objected to the play because there was talk of the husband having had mistresses. The very word "mistress" grated on these genteel and sensitive ears. The comedy was withdrawn, and Mr. Jewett put on the stage "The Truth About Blayds," which had been played a week or so before. This comedy draws. The success is deserved, for Mr. Milne has introduced characters true to life, written natural and lively dialogue, and presented, without sermonizing, a problem of conduct. Furthermore Mr. Wingfield's portrayal of the old and great poet is masterly, and the other parts are efficiently taken.

But here is the point: To us "The Truth About Blayds" is a sadder, more depressing play in spite, or rather because, of its ironical treatment of character, than "Irene Wycherley." Is it possible that the "select audience" at the Copley fails to see the irony, the cynicism of Mr. Milne and looks on the comedy as merely an amusing, entertaining piece?

ADMITTED UNANIMOUSLY

As the World Wags:

Has your Hall of Fame a cobbler? If not, may I nominate William Lightfoot—"Expert shoe-repairing"—of East Bridgewater? D. S. D.

JOIN AT ONCE, OR VOY'LL BE SORRY WHEN YOU'RE DEAD

(From the Revellé.)

Every member of the Legion is entitled to a military funeral. If you do not belong and should happen to die you are not entitled to it. It will not be you who will feel it, but your mother or sister or brother.

ON THE EDUCATION OF VILLAINS

As the World Wags:

There will always be, I suppose, a strong demand for expert villains. Since the heyday of 10-20-30 melodrama the vogue of the villain has been steadily increasing until he has become indispensable—nay, more—popular! Now his popularity threatens to eclipse that of the hero.

If you are an author—and therefore an authority on villains—you have probably had to face this embarrassing situation. A case in point was during the writing of my last novel, "Taverlake Towers." Sir Gerald Taverlake, a Machiavellian character if ever there was one, developed a case of hero jealousy that quite exceeded my expectations. During the closing chapters he had become almost unmanageable, and only a superhuman effort on my part prevented him from carrying out an insane plan to shoot the hero at the door of the church, bribe the officiating clergyman and marry the heroine himself. What is worse, I'm afraid the little mix actually encouraged him! Finally arranged the matter by promising to write another novel in which Taverlake should turn hero in the last chapter!

Fellow-craftsmen, in moments of desperation, have asked me to explain this rebellious attitude on the part of their villains. After careful study, I have come to the conclusion that the fault lies with education. Our villains are being too liberally educated!

The crude, unsophisticated rascal who used to dominate our novels in a high hat, opera cloak and supercilious sneer has grown hopelessly old-fashioned. Your villain of today, if he is to be permitted between the covers of a really smart novel, must have at least a B. A. degree. He must be able to quote the poets and philosophers with the proper amount of sangfroid, turn out a Latin or French phrase as one to the manner born, and perform his acts of villainy in a gentlemanly manner.

All this, I maintain, is having a deteriorating effect on the entire race of villains. They are rapidly becoming weak, vacillating creatures with only a mild interest in the work before him. It is, for instance, quite impossible to make one of my villains blow up a bridge, rob a bank or even commit such a simple action as that of strangling the heroine's aged father. They simply will look upon these things as crude and unethical.

In educating your villain you always run the risk of reforming him. One of my villains has recently taken up religion and insists upon going to church regularly. His career, of course, is utterly ruined. And that is not the worst. Only this morning I discovered one of my college-bred rascals deep in a study of Quakerism. Under his breath he was repeating tensely: "Day by day, in every way, I am getting better and better!"

It is really an alarming state of af-

fairs. Something must be done about it at once. Otherwise, I fear the old, red-blooded stock from which so many of our greatest villains have sprung will soon be a thing of the past. R. P. D. Brookline.

CIVIC PRIDE

(From the Elgin, Ill., Daily Courier)

ELGIN AHEAD

OF MANY CITIES

IN AUTO DEATHS

THE TRUTH ABOUT BUCK'S COW

As the World Wags:

In the "dear, dead days beyond recall," when romance was preferred to truth, nevertheless truth emerged in spots with a charm all its own. Our home town had then its unique characters. Alas! sophistication has destroyed the type—at least, we do not find them now.

There was old Buck, for example. Old Buck was known to his neighbors as a shrewd trader. You needed to have your eye-teeth cut to match him. But everybody didn't know it. He had a cow that outwardly seemed desirable, and he went over her good points with one of "them city fellers" who had taken the Greene place for the summer, and wanted a fine milkster to complete its attractions. Finally, the dicker came to a head.

"How much milk will she give?" asked the more or less hypnotized amateur.

"Waal," replied old Buck, viewing moodily contemplatively, "she'd oughter give fifteen quarts a day—as she is now."

This seemed satisfactory, and the contented buyer drove her home. After a fortnight he returned, with blood in his eye. "I thought you said that cow would give fifteen quarts a day," he began. "Three or four are all I can get out of her."

"Waal," replied old Buck, unruffled. "I said she'd oughter give fifteen, and that's the truth. But, oonsarn her, she never did while I had her."

Boston. HORACE G. WADLIN.

Feb 15 1923

BAX'S QUARTET

By PHILIP HALE

The Flonzale Quartet gave its second concert of this season last night in Jordan hall. The program was as follows: Schubert, Quartet, A minor, op. 29; Bax, Quartet, G major; Beethoven, Quartet, E minor, op. 59, No. 2. There was a very large and enthusiastic audience.

Arnold Bax is known here by two orchestral compositions brought out at the Symphony concerts by Mr. Montoux; by a few songs and piano pieces. His name is now more frequently seen on the programs of recitals than it was a year or two ago. The Quartet played last night was, to our knowledge, the first representative of his chamber music.

It was already known that Bax was enamored of Celtic legends; that musically he believed in fairies of earth and air; that the land visited or imagined by W. B. Yeats was to him as native ground. It was also known that he was strongly impressed by the wildness of nature: witness his symphonic poem "November Woods," which was played here recently; witness his symphonic poem "Tintagel," which has not yet been performed here. To convey his impressions of angry skies, the wind-swept forest, the melancholy or tumultuous sea there is need of an orchestra. To call upon a string quartet to express them would drive the instruments outside the frame; there would be impatient straining, a fury that would be ridiculous; so in this quartet we find Bax writing in the Celtic mood, now dreamy, now melancholy, now rioting with devil-may-care jollity.

The quartet is in three movements. The thematic material of the first allegro and the rondo finale is unmistakably Celtic. We are not sufficiently versed in Irish folk-song to say whether the themes are in some instances old folk tunes or whether Bax invented them in folk-tune manner, as Grieg wrote in the folk song manner of Norway. However this may be, the themes are salient, arresting the attention. The rondo might be described as a jig-fantasy. The themes of the first movement are airs of the sort that would admit the words of a descriptive ballad of long ago, or those voicing an emotion not without a certain homely eloquence. The middle movement is one of sustained beauty, dirge-like, but without "thread-bare crape and tears"; solemn beauty relieved by measures of fantastically unearthly music; music that has not been heard or imagined by others, with an employment of the instruments, unusual if not unparalleled.

Bax has been reproached for prolixity in his orchestral pieces, for too great interest in elaborate development, in incessant transformations of thematic

material, so that the attention of the hearer is diverted until it flags. The reproach, whether it be just or ill-founded, cannot be brought against this quartet. Here are few empty measures; never the thought that the composer is filling in perfunctorily until the time comes for a return of his subject.

It has been said that some of the subscribers to these concerts have been sore distressed by the introduction of modern, call it ultra-modern, music, if you will. If the Flonzaleys have been disturbed by these rumors, they must have been reassured last night by the enthusiastic reception of Bax's quartet. There are moments in the work when Bax prefers dramatic expression to smug euphony, but this music is never cacophonous; his dissonances have significance. For modern as he is, he reverences beauty, and beauty is not to be cast rigidly in a mould; it is not subject to fixed rules. Plotinus, writing on the beautiful, found fire the perfect form.

This quartet was superbly played by the Flonzaleys; now with sympathetic gaiety, now with fitting and reckless-ness of spirit; now with earnest and deep feeling; always with perfect ensemble, as was to be expected. It would be superfluous to praise these admirable musicians for their performance of Schubert's quartet, which is of characteristic charm and euphony throughout, so that its very beauty, through Schubert's lack of self-criticism; his inability to condense and reject, becomes at last cloying.

The third and last concert of the season will be on Thursday evening, March 8.

Proper names and performances were at ironical variance last month in London.

Miss Gallop, pianist, was censured for "protracted rallentandos."

Mr. Titterton, a singer, had "a somewhat solemn style."

We are not told whether the performance of Miss Thynne, violinist, was thick but Mr. Foster Why, a singer, escaped without any critic putting an interrogation point after his name. Nor did anyone recall the criticism of a poor devil of a tenor once published in a London periodical: "We wonder who taught Signor —, and why?"

"You'd Be Surprised," is called a "jazzaganza," a hybrid expression, which is not (and, it is to be hoped, never will be) in the English dictionary.—London Times.

This reminds us that in a Westminster county court reference was made to a picture theatre company known as "Palaseum, Limited." The judge asked what the name meant. He was told it was an effort in word-building from "Palais" and "Coliseum," to which Judge Sir Alfred Tobin replied: "Such an awful specimen should not be used in this court." The "Palaseum" was afterward referred to as the "X. Y. Z. Company."

Here is an example of amiable criticism written by Mr. Herbert F. Peyser and published in the Musical Observer: "Nobody listening to the music of Edward MacDowell would dream that the man had been a college professor. Nobody listening to that of David Stanley Smith would dream he could be anything else. His compositions always dress in cap and gown. They were born in the classroom and never wander beyond the campus. They are academic in the least desirable sense and what respect they command in ordinary concert halls is unmixled with more gracious or challenging emotions. Still, chances to appraise the lucubrations of Mr. Smith have not been few in New York. One gets his music more or less periodically without crying for it and without soliciting its repetition. If it does the spirit no good it does the intellect no harm."

Mr. Tracy Hammond Lewis believes that those familiar with the Russian language revel in the performance of "The Three Sisters" by the Moscow Art Theatre players now in New York. "They are able to appreciate the nuances of feeling expressed by Anton Tchekhoff. They can tell when an actor says 'Voushsky amk a loubkonpf' whether he means 'Kid, I can't get along without you' or just 'Please pass the mustard.'"

Mme. (Dame, if you prefer it) Melba has been singing as Mimi at Covent Garden. Was there ever a better description of her art than that contained in these few lines published in the Times?

"There was Melba again on the stage letting us enjoy that peculiar timbre which is most appealing when she makes least effort about it, making us realize how much better Puccini's phrases sound in Italian than translated into English, moving her hands with those quaint little gestures which with her take the place of acting."

The Harvard Glee Club, a club of 100, Novas, pianist, will give a concert in Symphony Hall tonight. The program will include Gustave Mahler's Three Hymns from the Rigveda, which have been greatly praised in England. Miss Novas will play music by Chopin, Albeniz and Liszt.

The first of the concerts by the Boston Symphony Ensemble, Mr. Van der Stucken, conductor, will take place in Jordan hall tomorrow night. These concerts are in aid of the Simmons College endowment fund. The program of tomorrow will illustrate "Rhythmic and Dance Forms." The music is by Skellon, Gretry-Mottl, Ganne, Repper, Tchaikovsky, Wolf-Ferrari, Komzak, Bach and Lacome, Henry Gideon will make remarks.

The program of the Symphony concerts this week should not disturb those who shudder at the thought of being obliged to hear new music by audacious radicals. Schumann's "Rhenish" symphony and two dances by Dvorak are not of the revolutionary nature. To be sure Loeffler's "Death of Tintagiles" is highly dramatic, but it is familiar. Mr. Salzedo's "Enchanted Isles" for harp and orchestra is new, but he is an amiable gentleman, and a barp in moderation is soothing.

Nor need Mr. Montoux's program for next week be dreaded by the good old conservatives: Rossini's overture to "Semiramide," Mozart's G minor symphony, Saint-Saens's piano concerto No. 4 (played by the excellent Mr. Cortot—Mr. Paderewski was the last to play it at a Symphony concert) and Ravel's Spanish Rhapsody.

Dr. Griggs will lecture on Socrates in Tremont Temple next Saturday morning and Mr. Hugh Walpole will hold forth in Jordan Hall on Saturday afternoon.

The last of the Steiner Sunday afternoon concerts in Symphony hall will take place next Sunday. Messrs. Thibaud and Cortot will play Beethoven's "Kreutzer" sonata and a sonata by Saint-Saens. Mr. Thibaud will play Georges Hue's Fantasy and Saint-Saens's Introduction and Rondo Capriccioso. Mr. Cortot will play a Concerto da Camera by Vivaldi and Chopin's Andante Splanato and Polonaise.

The People's Symphony Orchestra will resume its concerts at the St. James Theatre next Sunday afternoon.

Tonight at Jordan ball Rulon Robison of the New England Conservatory faculty, will sing Holst's Four Songs with violin (Manuel Zung)—for the first time in America. It is said; also songs by Leken, Hahn, Bax, Ireland, Fisher, and a group of composers connected with the Conservatory.

At the extra concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, next Monday night, the "Eroica" Symphony and a Roumanian Rhapsody by Enesco will be performed. Magdeleine Brard, pianist, will play Grieg's Concerto.

The London censorship is growing liberal. Shelley's "Cenci," Granville Barker's "Waste" and Laurence Housman's "Pains and Penalties" have been released for public performance. Permission has been granted for the unexpurgated production of Housman's Nativity play "Bethlehem." The Manchester Guardian says:

"The main point about this latest extension of liberty is that, whereas hitherto the Virgin Mary in this play has been obliged to remain dumb, she may now speak. Thus, by the Lord Chamberlain's latest ruling, modern plays of a scriptural character are put upon the same footing as the old mystery plays, in the revivals of which speaking parts for the most sacred characters have long since been allowed."

Notes and Lines:
"Notes and Lines" this morning (Feb. 8) is very sympathetic in regard to glee club songs. When you say that the singing was loud and crude and of the collar-and-elbow variety, you describe the singing of 50 years ago in every college in the country; but the almost morbid perfection of the present day aesthetics makes one long for an occasional whiff of what passed for music in those days. As for Palestrina, Coleridge-Taylor and Gustave Holst, I doubt if there was a single glee club in the country that sung such music. Who was it who wrote "Now Rumbles the Bass" and what is it? A German student song? (It's a waltz song—Ed.) There was another song, a march, beginning "On, gallant company, with measured step and song," which was contemporaneous with it. The gentlemen in charge of the present day music at our universities, Harvard, for example, are entitled to vast credit for the infinite pains and skill with which they have reduced the singing of a college glee club to an exact

science. Nevertheless, old graduates do have a little sentiment about old songs, and when the Harvard Glee Club gives a concert in Boston it will not go far wrong if it interpolates, even by way of encores, one or two of the simple melodies which represented music to us 50 years ago.

FOR CHILDREN

This is the program Mr. Montoux arranged for the second concert by the Symphony orchestra for young people, in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon:

- Wagner, Overture to the Opera, "Oberon"
- Beethoven, "Allegretto" from the Symphony in A major, No. 1.
- Berlioz, "March to the Scaffold" from the Fantastic Symphony.
- Massenet, "Invocation" from Suite, "The Erinyes"
- Bizet, "Cello Solo—Jean Bedetti."
- Bizet, Suite from the Opera, "Carmen"
- MacDowell, "In Wartime" from the Indian Suite
- Tchaikovsky, Overture, "1812"

For this second concert of the winter Mr. Montoux provided solid fare than has been his way heretofore. His audience as usual was interesting to watch. The Weber overture, barring the loud, sudden chord at the beginning of the allegro, which amused, left the company cold. So did the Beethoven movement, though it is indeed a fact that so long as this music really "moved" the audience attentively listened. In precisely the same way they responded to the MacDowell "In War Time," only the quiet middle portion bored. So, in the suite from "Carmen," the last movement, where most goes on, suited best.

It pleased by no means so well, however, as the Invocation from Massenet's suite "The Erinyes" less imposingly put, his hackneyed song "Elegie," played by Mr. Bedetti. A youthful audience, so much is clear, likes sentimental music smoothly played above all else. Next in favor, however, comes music with sound to it and substance, and some emotional appeal; near the end of the Berlioz march not a few boys, and girls too, in one part of the hall stood up, the better to see what was going on, and when the march was over everybody applauded lustily. If the sheer beauty of Mozart, Beethoven, Weber and Bizet falls as signally as the simplicities of Haydn and the music of rhythm above all else to stir young company, luckily music remains of uninterrupted movement, of vivid color and of emotional force. There is always Wagner.

Feb 16 1923
"Harvard 1890, 1895, 1896" recently inquired into the nationality of Prof. de Sumichrast.

We have received several letters in answer. It appears that Prof. de Sumichrast was born in Hungary; that he went to Nova Scotia, and afterwards claimed British citizenship, although there were times when he gave out that he was a Frenchman.

Mr. Joseph Smith contributed to the Pilot of Dec. 14, 1901, an amusing poem entitled "Sumichrastinations," beginning:

Say! have you seen Sumichrast,
Who calls himself "de" Sumichrast?
He first was born in Switzerland,
Later in France and Swaziland;
And, though 'tis hard to get the facts,
'Tis said he's claimed in Halifax.
'Tis even urged that Montreal,
Upon his birthplace has the call,
For him Japan, too, makes demand
And Austral, dim Van Dieman's land.
Was he born simultaneously
In all these places? It may be.
Thus glimmers of romance are cast
Upon his unknown, misty past;
And now that France's loud trumpets
blast

Echoes the name of Sumichrast,
A thousand cities rise to claim
The glory of his birth and name.

"Britten S. Why not has devised a bed for his automobile so he can be comfortable." Why not, Britten?

ADD "WONDERS OF ANATOMY"
(Clipped by J. E. Greenough from the Montpelier (Vt.) Evening Argus)
The Moretown Common girls do not mind the cold weather for they go to school when the mercury is 30 below zero bareheaded and their stockings rolled down a distance of two miles.

NEWS OF THE ADAMS FAMILY
"Think of the terrible schisms in the nature of Edward Adams, who was a son of Charles Adams, minister to England through the civil war, and who wrote that book 'The Education of Edward Adams.'"
Thus it is that the N. Y. Times quotes the much quoted Percy Stickney Grant. Is it possible that the Rev. Mr. Grant ever said this? His theology

may be questionable, but I doubt if he talked in that way. UNQUITY Cambridge.

A NARROW ESCAPE

As the World Wags:
She wished to borrow some books, and while I loathe lending my books to anybody and really think a law should be passed ranking this sorry jest of the vindictive gods with murder and arson, she was too young, pretty, and frankly adulatory to refuse—anything. But with a sinking heart I watched her trawl a pink and indecisive finger down my book shelves—past Montaigne, Dawson, France, Huysmans, Pater, Wm. Blake, Wedekind, Flaubert, Baudelaire . . . "Have you 'Babbitt'?" she began eagerly. "Really? 'Glimpses of the Moon'?" "Robin?" "This Freedom?" uh—"visibly climbing to dizzy heights—" "One of Ours?" . . . But do you know, I don't believe after all I'll take anything today. I've so many things on this week I simply won't have a minute to read. Some time soon, though I'm going to read ALL your lovely books . . . She was gone. I poked up "Salambo" and fingered it lovingly. Saved again!

CHARING CROSS.

NOCTURNE
(For As the World Wags)
I came up from the Subway.
The mall was one black smooch,
Wayfarers lurched around me,
The welkin reeked with hooch.
Methought a saintly odor
Hovered about St. Paul's,
As of those ancient spirits
Which haunt historic walls.

But as I slithered upwards
The potent fragrance grew—
Lo! 'twas all Beacon Hillside
Reacting to home brew:
From male and female clubdom,
From every hearth and home
Far flung out the Fenway
Up to the State House dome
There swelled the Sabbath chorus,
Borne on the mash-filled air.
"We make ours in the cellar—"
"You take a beefsteak rare—"
"About three pounds of raisins—"
"My chauffeur is a star—"
"The apples must be rotten—"
"Be sure to seal the jar—"

"Just ask for a prescription—"
"It mustn't get too thick—"
"Yes any druggist keeps it—"
"You bet it's got a kick—"
"I know a dandy Dago—"
"Oh come on, be a sport—"
"Don't let the children hear you—"
"What! twenty-five a quart!"

"Oh sweet and blessed country."
(Broadcast W. N. A. C.)
Oh sweet and blessed country,
Oh great democracy!
Who would not taste "this freedom,"
Beyond all tongue and pen,
Who shall deny our birthright,
Those hallowed words: "Say When."
DUM VIVIMUS, BIBAMUS.
Boston.

STRANGE DOINGS IN MONTAGUE
(From the Greenfield Gazette and Courier)
One afternoon about dark, Mrs. Gardner was going past Bartlett's grove in Montague, when a man jumped out of the bushes calling on her to stop. She did not stop. At the same place another day Mr. Carey was accosted. He did not stop. This ought to be attended to before some damage is done.

GOOD HOME STUFF
(From the Danvers Herald)
Another baby girl, Edith, has come to the Dyer family, making eight of this type and one of the other. Keep up the good work, Edward. You will soon be able to run a lamp factory right in your own home. And then, there is a pair of shoes and a bank book coming from the company.

WHY PUBLISHING HOUSES FILL THE PSYCHOPATHIC HOSPITALS
Dear Sir, You can send me an Almanac and a Walcalenter for the year 1923 and that song this a long Ways to Tiblarare and that song nearer my god to they and that song lead kindly and a Horescope book for the year 1923 and a dreambook, and that Story of Shinderhawas the Bogcheff of Germany and a piger of Julius Caser and the book of Julius Caser the Roman Emperor and the Map of all the mail Routes of the Unitet States and the Map of the Worlt and the names of All Roman Emperers. You can write for the Money to James Godsell Hales Bank Wisc' got my interest money there.

HARVARD GLEE
Last night in Symphony hall the Harvard Glee Club gave its mid-winter concert, with the help of Gulomar Novas, pianist. In the minds of some people in attendance this concert made a definite impression, which may per-

haps be accounted for by a short analysis of the program.
Dr. Davison began the evening with the Palestrina "Adoramus Te," music, written before 1600, which can appeal to only a special public today. A Russian "Cherubim Hymn," by Tchesnokov, of musical interest enough, does not escape the sombreness that frequently pervades Russian music of the church. Then came a chorale from Bach's "Christmas Oratorio," "Break Forth a Beauteous Heavenly Light," music that still holds the breath of life after a hundred and seventy-five or so years of existence. The Wilbye Madrigal, on the other hand, "Adieu Sweet Amarillis," has only a pretty archaic grace to commend it today to the world.
Music of today came next, to be sure, but music of strangely weak vitality. An "Old Buddhist Prayer" by Lill Boulanger, the French girl of talent who died unfortunately young, establishes at once and skillfully a mood of oriental gloom, a mood unvaried to the end.

A quite different spirit Arnold Box suggests in his "Now is the Time of Christyman," all quaint sprightliness and charm, helped amazingly on by a clever obbligato for flute (brilliantly played by Georges Laurent.) Then followed three hymns by Gustav Holst from the Rigveda, a collection of Hindu hymns, the program states, dating from 1500 B. C. The first, to Manas, the spirit of a dying man, is a melancholy very monotonous. The second hymn, to Soma (the juice of an herb used in sacrifice), has a graceful, pretty flow of melody, of an artificially exotic flavor. The hymn of Agni, the god of fire, seems the strongest of the three, though Holst, perhaps according to the Schonberg theory that only the first measure of a "song" need be considered in setting the tone, paid curiously slight heed to the words of several lines, music of life and suggestiveness he did contrive by the use to some extent of a piano accompaniment of rhythm and high color. The last group consisted of Henry F. Gilbert's setting of "Fifteen Men on a Dead Man's Chest," "The Hunter's Farewell" by Mendelssohn, and "Ye Watchers and Ye Holy Ones," a 17th century melody.

Not a line of all this music it wall may be lacks worth. People there are, too, who are moved by the mysticism of Palestrina, others who love madrigals, and some more, most like, who are stirred by music of this east. A fact it remains, nevertheless, that a program, to appeal to a large miscellaneous audience, must set forth for the most part music that has vitality for the larger portion of that audience, music that can rouse the emotions till the people want to laugh or cry, or sit back in their seats with a sigh of content; or else stand up and yell. Gloom, gloom, dainty conceits, music about plants in ritual use 2000 years ago—very well in their places by way of contrast, can they possibly prove vital to men and women today? Better poorer music, if only it carry conviction. Perhaps the last group did, but till 10 o'clock the concert had about it an air of lifelessness.

Miss Novas did none too much to liven the atmosphere. Of her group of Chopin pieces, the F minor fantasy, a posthumous prelude, a mazurka and a study, she seemed in the vein only when playing the study, which she played beautifully indeed. Later in the evening she played an Albeniz piece, "El Albalein," pretty but very long, and Liszt's "Mephisto" waltz, stirring music from an orchestra, but not much more than a technical tour de force on the piano, a task for Busoni or Sauer, if it must be undertaken. Miss Novas was much applauded. The glee club sang with the attributes one has come to expect of it, the individual tone and the admirable technical finish. The accompanist was G. W. Woodworth, the assistant accompanist, W. T. Ames; the organist, C. T. Leonard, and incidental solos were sung by George Renwick, Lyle R. Ring and Morris L. Brown.

R. R. G

15TH SYMPHONY

By PHILIP HALE
The 15th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Montoux, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. The program was as follows: Schumann, Symphony No. 3 ("Rhenish"); Salzedo, "Enchanted Isles," Symphonio poem for harp and orchestra (first time in Boston; Mr. Salzedo, harpist); Loeffler, "The Death of Tintagiles" dramatic poem (after Maeterlinck)—Mr. Burgin, Violoncello; Dvorak, Slavonic Dances, op. 46, Nos. 3 and 1.
Schumann's Symphony is worth playing and hearing if only for the third movement, music peculiar in mood and

expression, and for the "Cathedral Scene," music that is solemnly and nobly pontifical. In these movements Schumann's remarkable ability to score in a coarse, heavy, lumpy manner, is not so apparent. The first movement is lacking in contrasts, and the finale is not impressive. As for the Scherzo, Mr. Apthorp was right when he found the chief theme to be of "a rather ponderous joviality," expressing well the sentiment of Goethe's Drunkers in Auerbach's cellar—"As 'twere five hundred hogs, we feel so cannibalistic jolly." The constant repetition of this theme reminds one of a drunkard insisting at intervals on telling the same rude jest, or, what is worse, roaring a stave of a song for Meg or Moll.

Mr. Salzedo's symphonic poem, composed in 1918, was first performed at Milwaukee by the Chicago Symphony in November, 1919. There was a performance at Chicago in the same month. The composer entitled his work "Terres Enchantées," translating the title "Enchanted Isles."

Years ago Herman Melville wrote a wonderful description of "The Enchanted Isles," a term given by Spaniards to the Galapagos, they inhabited by gigantic turtles, though at times an island or two served as a dwelling place for convicts. Surely the Galapagos never heard such sounds as Mr. Salzedo drew from his harp and the other instruments.

Another enchanted isle was reigned over by Prospero, the usurper; for the rightful lord was Caliban, who said to Stephano and Trinculo

"The isle is full of noises,
Sounds and Sweet airs, that give delight
and hurt not.
Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments
Will hum about mine ears."

No, this was not Mr. Salzedo's enchanted isle.

He is known as a harpist of uncommon technical ability, of rare skill in producing unusual effects from his instrument. He has written much for the harp; not content with six harps, he has achieved the feat of writing for 21 harps, wood-wind choir, female voices and percussion. Thus he has almost eclipsed the virtuoso spoken of by the western preacher: "And he played on a harp of a thousand strings: Spirits of just men made perfect."

In his "Enchanted Isles," he has evidently sought first after color. He has thus gained strange, sometimes beautiful effects, but, men and brethren, are splashes of color, delicate tints and demi-tints all that we have a right to expect in an orchestral work for a symphony concert? This symphonic poem starts from nowhere and finally after long ramblings arrives there. There is tinkling of the harp, there are sweepings up and down, but the musical ideas have little significance, there is no body, no substance. Experiments in color. The audience was entertained; the composer-virtuoso was recalled.

A gentleman of ancient Greece once humbly apologized for having a pompous funeral for his very small child. If one should ask, why this elaborate musical composition to portray the death of little Tintagles, the purport of Maeterlinck's drama is misunderstood. Not without reason did he call it a play for marionettes, so that the symbolism might be the plainer and the more impressive. Tintagles was a child, but we are all children when we know that the "hidden, noiseless monster" is waiting for us, nor do the assurances of Sir Conan Doyle, Sir Oliver Lodge and others wholly dispel the fear that has haunted mankind through the centuries. Rightly, then, did Mr. Loeffler give dramatic intensity to his symphonic poem, with the superb introduction depicting the wild night and the raging storm; the suggestion of the old scarred warrior, no longer relying on his sword; with the voice of the child wailing in fright; with the whisperers outside the door guarded in vain. After hearing this firmly-knit, eloquently expressive music, played con amore by the orchestra, we must associate Mr. Loeffler with Maeterlinck as, when "Pelleas and Melisande" is mentioned, the Belgian's name is inseparably linked with that of Debussy.

Here the concert might have ended, with memorable music in one's ears and mind. Dvorak's Slavonic dances, originally for pianoforte (four hands), brought him fame. Has his Slavonic Rhapsody or his once brilliant Scherzo Capriccio aged with time?

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program for next week comprises Rossini's overture to "Semiramide," Mozart's G minor symphony, Ravel's Spanish Rhapsody and Saint-Saen's piano concerto, C minor, No. 4, to be played by Mr. Cortot.

A scene from Dame Ethel Smyth's opera, "The Boatswain's Mate," was recently sung by amateurs of the Working Musical Society. It was the scene in which village revellers visit "The Beehive." It is said that the singers were handicapped by the respectability of their surroundings. "Dame Ethel Smyth explained to the audience that they were meant to be 'just a little drunk—not very,' a gradation difficult to gauge when black-coated, with one eye on the beat and the other on the music you are singing to such a polite audience as that which the Working Musical Society brings together."—Thus the London Times.

Did male choruses in concert ever sing Bacchanalian glees with the appropriate fervor? The Apollo Club of Boston is a justly famous organization, but whenever we heard them in the past sing in praise of "sparkling wine" they reminded us of the retainers at the Venetian's dinner party, who like a gloomy analytical chemist, always seemed to say, after "Chablis, sir?" "You wouldn't if you knew what it's made of."

This reminds us that when the Handel and Hayden Society gave a performance of Handel's "Belshazzar" some years ago, the magnificent drinking chorus was omitted. Was it because many of the members were even then staunch prohibitionists, or were the officers afraid of wounding the susceptibilities of the orthodox audience?

Today a drinking song in concert or opera is a hollow mockery, yet observe the agitation of the audience when wine, ale, beer or fire water is brought on the stage with or without vocal eulogy.

SPEAKING OF THE PERILS OF TRAFFIC IN BAYONNE

(Headlines in the New York Times.)
Run Down on Way Home Together as Usual Every Day for Quarter of Century

ADD "SUSPENDERS"

As the World Wags:

Your article on suspenders interested me very much. Perhaps this anecdote may be worthy of space.

My sister married a Cape Codder, and they had six boys (about two years' difference in age between each). While on a visit to them and seeing them all together, I remarked, "Lord, how do you manage to clothe and feed this bunch of wild Indians?" To which my sister replied, "Oh, I make them each a pair of pants and buy a pair of suspenders and then turn them loose on the sands to play." I then told her, "If they use suspenders, I will send you five dozen."

Later in the day, one of the boys said, "Say! Uncle John, how about those 'ere suspenders?" "What do you want to know?" I asked. "Well, how many is five dozen?" he asked. "Sixty pairs; that will be 10 pairs for each of you boys," I replied. Then he answered, "Golly! Uncle John, how shall we wear them, once to once, or all together?"
J. L. E.

BETTER, PERHAPS

As the World Wags:

You will never know of the dream house I planned in those not-so-long-ago days, of the many little things: the staccato radiance of the brass knocker on the neo-colonial door; the tiny green shutters; the gay tiled roof; the quiet, cushioned, book-lined nooks for a rainy day; the freshly starched kitchen curtains, like the pertinent skirts of an 8-year-old; the shiny fire-irons on the clean swept hearth; the flickering candle light for wintry eves.

No, you will never know of that dream house I planned and tonight (when you turn the lock in your studio apartment and enter the heavy oriental-incensed atmosphere and find the breakfast dishes in the sink and the living room cigarette strewn and your wife in a soiled bath smock finishing the last of a Cosmo Hamilton serial and your Gordon gin) well, tonight, it will be better perhaps, that you will never know.

ANNE ELIZABETH.

TO STUFFY

(For As the World Wags)

Suppose you and I were just sitting in school
With freckles and queer toothless smiles.

And listening to Teacher chant our Golden Rule.
(Long legs always sit 'cross the aisle.)

You were so learned: the best in the room.

While I mostly landed mark "three";
The one thing that lessened my uttermost gloom—

I headed our loved Spelling Bee.
Who made faces and cheated to tell you the way

To spell jaw-breakers? Thought I was great.

When you rose supreme with a powerful me!

And yelled number "eight" like an "ate."

Relegated to dunce cap, you sulked till recess,

Then made all the boys hiss at me! Why didn't you show you loved golden haired Bess?

In private, name me Twenty Three? Wouldn't minded your "dumbell"; would been quite devoid

Of jealousy. Bess IS most fair.

But a public s-s! Now, Doc Dear's paranoïd

Will surely stick gum in your hair.

PIG TAIL.

P. S.—I have a feeling that "paranoïd" should be "paranoia."

Do you allow poetic license in this column?

GREAT IS THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE

As the World Wags:

Another indication of the manner in which the spoken language is degenerating. If you should say to a man that you "drove your coupe along Massachusetts avenue" he might not understand you. But if you should remark that you "drove your 'coop' along 'Mass' avenue," his blithe "sure" would show that he comprehended. EXRD.

TO THE HONORABLE JUSTICE HSIN

(Li Po translated by Mr. Obata)

Once we dwelt in the city of Ch'ang-an in wild ecstasy of flowers and willow-green

sat feasting at a tortoise table; And there was endless singing and dancing;

We thought it would last forever, you and I—

How were we to know that the grass would tremble

And the wind and dust come, roaring down?

(FROM "PERFECT BEHAVIOR," BY DONALD OGDEN STEWART)

President Collewold turned to Kennelton and asked suddenly:

"Don't you think so, too, Kennelton?" Receiving no answer, Collewold said sharply:

"I say, Kennelton, are you heeding this conversation or are you not?"

What had happened? A very simple, very small thing—a mere trifle, in fact. Gazing across the table, Kennelton had been struck dumb by the sight of Amyol absent-mindedly pressing back the cuticle of her dinner-partner's fingernails with the prong of her stamped silver olive fork. It was a mistake any one might make and yet how humiliating and disastrous!

Symphony Ensemble Assists Henry Gideon in Jordan Hall

People who are not too firmly set on gravity in concerts showed good judgment when they went last night to Jordan hall to hear the Boston Symphony Ensemble play a program of music illustrating Mr. Henry Gideon's lecture on rhythm and dance forms. A lecture, to be sure, might have been trusted to take away the curse of levity from even giddy music of the dance; the serious minded might safely have ventured in. But Mr. Gideon, though he told many a fact worth telling and also expressed interesting views of a kind to make one ponder, added not one jot or tittle to the evening's weight, for what he had to say he said in few words, in a pleasant manner, lightly.

To give point to Mr. Gideon's talk the Boston Symphony Ensemble, a little orchestra of perhaps 14 men, conducted by Augusto Vannini, played a well chosen program. After two Indian dances arranged by Skilton, they played three movements of a suite which Mottl arranged from the Gletty ballet "Cephale et Procris." From a small orchestra, and in a small hall unusually attractive, probably they made more nearly their intended effect than when they are played by a great orchestra in a vast concert hall; a Haydn or a Mozart symphony would be interesting to hear from these players. A Mazurka, "La Czarlina" by Gaune, followed a delight to those who have long relished its forthright rhythm without ever knowing its name.

Next came a waltz by Charles Repper, "To Perdita Dancing", a graceful piece—charmingly orchestrated. Tchaikovsky's Arabian dance from the Nutcracker suite was the nearest approach to the Orient. For Italy there was the Cammerlotti's dances from Wolf-Ferrari's "Jewels", and the rhythms of Spain were set forth in a suite, "La Faria", by Lacome. Bach's air from the suite in D major had oddly enough a place, but Mr. Gideon gave his reasons why. And there was a Viennese waltz by the

Czech Komzah; in all their glory it suggested redoutes and Rathaus' balls. Mr. Vannini knew just the way to play it.

All the playing, for the matter of that, proved delightful. Though every individual player can make his part agreeable to hear, the balance of parts is perfect. Mr. Vannini, a conductor of grace and warmth and fine rhythmic feeling, knows well the meaning of style. A performance from him is worth listening to. The ensemble and Mr. Gideon will give a second concert and lecture like that of last night, for the benefit of the Simmons College endowment fund, in Jordan hall Wednesday evening, Feb. 21.

R. R. G.

We read of motor car accidents, of cars overturned, of men, women and children run over by those thinking only of speed, and we recall the words of Remy de Gourmont written sixteen years ago:

"I appreciate speed, even in modest and disagreeable automobiles, because I thus gain some minutes in the day and one never has minutes enough. If I had nothing to do, I should much prefer a slower but more comfortable system. I do not understand very well these people of leisure who wish extra-fast trains to transport them from one hotel terminus to another hotel terminus. I do not understand them at all, when, free to wander at random, to stop so that they can better observe the life of man or of nature, they roll at full speed, noses full of dust and eyes covered with black glasses. Ah, they can not say with Stendhal: 'Landscapes were like a violin bow that played on my soul.' To travel and not see. He holds to what the automobile has reduced travelers. The automobile will be the machine to take back most surely man to his primate condition, shaken by a perpetual need of agitation. Colts at liberty give themselves over to mad running about, but this, no doubt, is for a physiological end. Automobilmism has not even this merit of being a muscular exercise."

RECONCILIATION

When I am dead and deep in dust,
So you but plant a rose-tree there,
Get back to labor and to lust
And weep no more nor greatly care.

The quick they have so much to learn,
The dead they have so much to do,
If but your roses bloom and burn,
There shall be peace between us two
—The King of the Black Isles.

PROPER PRIDE

As the World Wags:
I see by the paper that chauffeurs don't want to be called chauffeurs any more, and have formed "the Society of Professional Automobile Engineers." If I were eligible for membership I think I should prefer the appellation "director," "manager" or "superintendent." No one need be ashamed of being the superintendent of a Pierce-Arrow; think of the complacency with which one could say "I am a Peerless manager," and just figure out for yourself the income of a Ford director.

HARLEY-DAVIDSON.

Lexington.

SIMPLE AND SINCERE

As the World Wags:

Many a pretentious "tribute" fails to strike so true a note as does this little paragraph from the Dell correspondent in the Greenfield Gazette and Courier:

"A great sorrow has come to this little neighborhood. Only a few months ago Mr. and Mrs. George Warner were living in their quiet pleasant home on the farm contented and happy, but soon Mrs. Warner, who had been feeble a long time, passed away, leaving Mr. Warner broken-hearted and lonely. Just a few days ago he was taken ill with pneumonia, and was soon laid to rest. Mr. and Mrs. Warner were the kind of neighbors and friends ready to help in time of need. They will be very much missed by their many friends, who have the sympathy of all."

Not all country "items" are grotesque.

J. E. P.

"LITTLE MISS MUFFET"

As the World Wags:

Little Miss Muffett sat on a tuffet,

Eating her curds and whey,

Along came a spider and sat down beside her

And frightened Miss Muffett away.

Ever after, that spider could never abide her

Because she had nothing to say

So now when he sees her, not wishing to tease her,

He goes t'other side of the way.

Your genial column printed some little

time ago a very curious quotation from

a book on the poison of snakes, reptiles,

spiders, and other such creatures

and mentioned the name of the author

as "Moffat." I was lately reading the

British Biographical Encyclopedia and

I found that the name was spelled Moffatt.

or Muffet, Muffet, Muffet and Muffet. So it struck me at once that the poem above quoted owed its origin to a facetious reader of the book on the poems of spiders by Dr. Muffet. I have never been able to discover the book in question, but it seems to me from a reading of the title page as quoted in the encyclopedia that the suggestion is a good one. At all events, the little verses have given great pleasure to many people in the world and produced a remarkable series of amusing pictures.

N. R.

On the title page of Topsell's "History of Four-footed Beasts and Serpents" is this sub-title: "Whereunto is now Added The Theater of Insects; or Lesser Living Creatures; as Bees, Flies, Caterpillars, Spiders, Worms, etc." A most elaborate work by T. Muffet, D.D. of Physick. Our edition is dated 1658. But the title page of the "Theatre of Insects" spells the excellent doctor's name "Mouffet." In "Nursery Rhymes of England" collected by Halliwell Miss Muffet is ignored. Halliwell gives this version:

Little Miss Mopsey,
Sat in the shopsey,
Eating of curds and whey;
There came a little spider,
Who sat down beside her
And frightened Miss Mopsey away!

In the rhyme as read or spoken to us "at our mother's knee." The young lady was always named "Muffet." Sometimes she sat on a "crumplet." In the great Oxford English Dictionary the rhyme is quoted under "tuffet"; but the dictionary doubts whether the meaning of "tuffet" is here a hassock or footstool; it probably means a hillock or mound. In one version of the rhyme, Miss Muffet sat on a buffet. Now, a buffet is a low stool, originally three-legged, but in Scotland a four-footed one "with slides, in form of a square table with leaves, when these are folded down." The Muffet nursery rhyme is dated by lexicographer "13"—Ed.

A GENUINE NATIVE

As the World Wags:

He was a stalwart figure completely enveloped in a blanket, with two burnt holes in it through which his dark eyes mysteriously peered. "Come and join the Ding Ding Gang," said he, as I was passing on my way through the blinding storm. "Wherefore?" said I. "Because you ought to be patriotic." "So I am," I replied. "I fought in the late war." "Oh, no, you are not," he said, "unless you are a member of our gang." "How do I get in?" I asked. "You must come with me to our tent, and when the sentinel shouts, 'Was your father an Indian?' you must say, 'Yes,' and you will be readily admitted to our pow-wow." "But my dad claimed to be descended from the Aztecs," I tremblingly admitted. "Oh, they were of no account," he concluded; "they came here from Asia across Behring Straits and are not pure-blooded Americans." With that he left me. BAIZE.

Dorchester.

APPRECIATION

As the World Wags:

Last Wednesday I sank back upon the tails of my snowshoes and gazed in new ecstasy at the panorama of Mt. Washington, Adams, the other snow-blanketed peaks, and the valleys where grandeur competed with sheer beauty as seen from the top of Mt. Kearsarge.

At my right a near whisper broke the absolute stillness of the mountain top. "Some hunk of dirt," solemnly murmured my companion, his eyes riveted in awe on the pearly grays and chalky peaks of the Presidential range.

Boston. C. T. M.

ROMANCE

He was tall with shoulders broad
And smiling lips and ardent eyes—
Before his gaze my own eyes fell,
I blushed to think I loved him so;
Then crushed against him—ecstasy—
A dizzy drop, I heard "First floor,"
I dared not look, but hurried out,
We parted strangers as before.

Cinderella II.

Devotion Exaggerated,
Grove Thinks

Grove, who thinks that the "devotion" of Schubert to Caroline has been greatly exaggerated, said of him: "He is evidently more at home in the servants' hall than the drawing-room."

Let no one shrug shoulders or lift eyebrows at this statement. William Hazlitt, in some respects the most fastidious of men, did not hesitate to say in his essay on "Great and Little Things": "For my part, I am shy even of actresses, and should not think of leaving my card with Madame Vestris. I am for none of these bonnet-fortunes; but for a list of humble beauties, servant maids and shepherd-girls, with their red elbows, hard hands, black stockings and mob-caps, I could furnish out a gallery equal to Cowley's, and paint them half as well. Oh! might I

We have been asked about Schubert as portrayed in "Blossom Time." Is the story based on fact?

When this comedy with Schubert's music was produced recently in London as "Lilac Time" with Schubert's music arranged by G. H. Clutnam, the Manchester Guardian remarked: "Schubert, as everyone knows, was fat and homely, not at all the ideal lover of the musical comedy stage." In this comedy he is represented as being involved in a love affair with a glassmaker's daughter, to whom he was giving singing lessons.

Now Sir George Grove in his life of Schubert, a most sympathetic biography, says: "He does not appear to have cared for the other sex, or to have been attractive to them as Beethoven was, notwithstanding his ugliness."

This is a rash statement. There are legends about Schubert, the lover, that are not founded on facts. For example, there is a story that his Fantasia for piano (four hands) was inspired by Caroline, a daughter of Count Johann Esterhazy. Schubert taught music at the country seat of this family in 1818. Caroline was then 11 years old. He saw her again for six months in 1824. As the story goes, after a flirtation with a serving-maid he fell in love with Caroline. She reproached him for not having dedicated any music to her. Whereupon he said: "What would be the good of it? Everything I have ever done has been dedicated to you," and then he dedicated the Fantasia. As a matter of fact the Fantasia was not dedicated by Schubert to Caroline. The dedication was written by the publishers after Schubert's death. Caroline married an army officer in 1844 and died seven years afterwards.

It is also said that Schubert was in love with Therese Grob, the daughter of a widowed silk manufacturer. She sang in the first performance of his Mass in F. He wrote a "Tantum Ergo" and a "Salve Regina" for her. When he first met her she was 15 years old. She married in 1820.

Bauernfeld, a friend of Schubert, wrote a mocking quatrain which may be thus translated: "Schubert was in love with a pupil, that was all right, one of the young countesses; yet he devoted himself to a wholly different one, for the purpose of—forgetting the other."

This "other" was Therese. The case is reduced to this: If Schubert fell in love with Caroline in 1818, she was then 11 years old. If he loved her in 1824, when she was 17, the "other" Therese had been married four years. Another story goes that Schubert did not meet her after she was married. Heuberger, Schubert's latest biographer, does not believe for a moment that Schubert was in love with Caroline.

But Schubert had love affairs, singularly out of keeping, one might think, with his songs.

He wrote in 1818 when he was at the country house of Esterhazy: "The cook is a pleasant fellow; the ladies' maid is 30; the housemaid very pretty, and often pays me a visit; the nurse is somewhat ancient; the butler is my rival. . . . the young ladies, good children."

It was from the lips of a kitchen-maid in the Esterhazy household that Schubert heard a theme for his "Divertissement a la Hongroise."

but attempt a description of some of them in poetic prose, Don Juan would forget his Julia. I agree so far with Horace, and differ with Montaigne. I admire the Clementinas and Clarissas at a distance. The Pamelas and Fannys of Richardson and Fielding make my blood tingle. Hazlitt's passion for Sarah Walker, the daughter of a lodging-house keeper, inspired his astonishing, incredible "Liber Amoris." Dr. Samuel Johnson made a celebrated remark about chambermaids that may serve as a commentary. Remember, too, what Sir Matthew Hale said when he was asked why he married his housekeeper.

That the story of "Blossom Time" is purely fictitious should not deter one from seeing the play and enjoying it. Schubert here fares better than Beethoven in that dreary play "Adelaide," in which David Bisham tried hard to look like the composer; better than Chopin in that preposterous play with George Sand as the heroine.

MR. HAITOWITSCH

Abraham Haitowitsch, violinist, will give a recital in Jordan hall next Thursday afternoon.

We read that he was stricken blind by a fall from a high chair when he was two years old. The fall paralyzed his optic nerve. That was in 1898 in Ekaterinoslav. When he was a little boy he developed a passion for music. His mother brought him a violin on which he was taught to play for his own amusement. Then one obsession took hold of his life. He wanted to become a violin virtuoso. He wanted a repertoire. He couldn't trust to his memory, but he was not halted. He had used the Braille system of raised type to read by. So he adapted the Braille system to music. He secured a Braille printing frame and a punch like a shoemaker's awl, and began punching out musical characters from notation. He had to invent signs to distinguish sharps from flats, octaves and the time value of the notes. Double stops stumped him for a while, so did some other technical problems, but finally he mastered the Braille adaption and now he has the repertoire of 150 pieces. When he was 9 he was sent to a school for the blind maintained by the patronage of the Tsar. When he was 18 he was ready for the Imperial Conservatory at Petrograd, but the conservatory refused to admit him because he was sightless. He appealed to the Tsar, who knew him from the blind school, and an official decree from Nicholas II, opened the door of the conservatory to him. In April, 1916,

with his brother he left Russia for America by way of Japan. But at San Francisco his brother and he were detained and were about to be deported as aliens likely to become public charges, when the strains of Tchaikovsky's "Serenade," played by Abraham in the detention room, reached the ears of the immigration commissioner. The commissioner ordered him brought before him. He played the "Serenade" again. The commissioner ordered the board of inquiry to convene. Before the board Haitowitsch played Dvorak's "Humoresque," and received permission to enter America. Since then he has been appearing in concerts throughout the country.

Mr. Haitowitsch has already played in Boston.

MR. POLLOCK LOQ.

Mr. Channing Pollock has written to The Herald a long and cheerful letter about his play "The Fool," from which we quote excerpts:

"The critic of The Boston Herald said that the play naturally pleased laboring men, and it does—but it also seems to please employers. We have had letters from labor leaders throughout the world, and from big employers of labor. The man who does not like 'The Fool,' therefore, would seem to be an individual, rather than representative of a class, and it becomes interesting to inquire what individual state of mind it is that creates antagonism to the play. From close observation, I have come to the conclusion that the quality that most makes for enjoyment of 'The Fool' is humility. The man or woman who is perfectly satisfied with himself or herself, or with his or her achievements, is not likely to understand or to approve Gilchrist. After all, why should they? These are the people who, two thousand years ago,

did not understand or approve the model Gilchrist tries to follow.

In general, the effect of our performance is quite remarkable and quite unlike any other I have ever noticed in a theatre. Three Boston reviewers commented on the death-like silence of our first night audience during the action of the play. That silence is almost invariable, and it usually lasts almost a minute after the descent of our third act curtain. The hearing of Mary Margaret never is followed immediately by any considerable applause. People are too much affected. The second curtain call is a little louder than the first and the third louder still, but we reach our fifth or sixth curtain call before the whole audience seems awake to the fact that it is in a theatre.

"If there are people who resent the play bitterly—and dozens of these wired the management when it was first pro-

duced in Los Angeles—there are people who go to the other extreme. The door-keeper at the Times Square Theatre told me of one man who had seen the play 11 times. I thought he must be a churchman, and waited to see him when he came out. I was surprised to find him a wide-awake salesman for the National Cash Register Company. The ushers in New York have come to know the habitués—men and women who have attended the performance six or seven times. When the special company gave its matinee in New York, I had a letter, which I brought here with me, from a man who saw the Boston company in the afternoon and the New York company in the evening and read the published copy of the play between the two performances. As exhibits, he pinned to his letter his seat coupon and the sales check that was wrapped with the book.

"Of course nothing else indicates the effect of 'The Fool' as much as the flood of letters that follows its production in every city. In New York, at one time, these letters averaged nearly 700 a day. In Los Angeles they reached 200. My mail in Boston the Wednesday after our opening at the Selwyn Theatre, was 111 letters. Fifty per cent. of these letters are sheer enthusiasm. Five per cent. object to various assertions of the play, such as its argument against divorce. Then there are 'crank letters,' from people who don't like Gilchrist's smoking or something of the sort, and there is always a very fair number of what a newspaper man would call 'human interest' letters. Two weeks ago I got one from a man who was going to beat my head off because his partner in an illicit domestic relationship had refused to return to him after seeing the play. A month before that I heard from a man who wanted to send the manuscript to his wife in Reno, because he thought it might persuade her to come back to him. The strange part of that story is that it did. But I suppose she might have come back anyway.

"Whatever else the experience of writing 'The Fool' may be, it has never been dull. The last five months have been the most interesting and exciting of my whole life."

VARIOUS NOTES

New orchestral music produced at Paris in January: "Pointes Seches," written by Jean Pouligh in 1905-06, recently orchestrated; "Le Paravent de laque aux cinq images," by Georges Migot, severely criticised: "No development, no rhetoric, but a constant anxiety to obtain the maximum of power with the minimum of material means."

Casella's "Elegia Eroica" did not please Parisian critics. "It pretends to portray the sorrow of the crowd and its cries of despair. It is then necessary to believe that this grief is expressed in a particularly discordant manner among the most musical people, it is said, on earth. The audience applauded—but, you know—the public! Let all the musicians in an orchestra play what each one wishes and let each one choose his key, and some hearers will discover sublime intentions, interesting novelties, in the resultant and frightful charivari."

Cimarosa's charming old opera, "The Secret Marriage," has been revived at the Trilanon Lyrique in Paris.

Andre Caplet has resigned his position as co-conductor with Rhene-Baton of the Padeloup concerts in Paris.

We read in London journals that the Italian piano-organ men have almost disappeared. Their places are being taken by ex-service men and cripples. The occupation is a dying one. Most of the tunes are fox-trots and popular songs. Rachmaninov's famous Prelude and the "Miserere" from "Il Trovatore" are still heard, but "Cavalleria Rusticana" is out of fashion. Twenty years ago there were 200 men in London engaged in making and repairing the organs. Today there are not more than 20.

The old story is revived that Gounod did not write "Faust"; that it was written by a student at the Paris Conservatory when Gounod was the director. The student showed the opus to Gounod, who kept deferring his opinion. When it was produced the student heard it and, recognizing his work, became insane. Piffle! By the way, Gounod was never directing the Paris Conservatory.

Ernest Newman mourns the death

of competent singers in England.

From Farrington's Diary (1793-1802), recently published:

"Kemble has 30 guineas a week from Drury Lane Theatre and 10 guineas more for each night exceeding three that he performs. Inclined, the singer, is supposed to make in town and country £2000 a year. He never goes to companies for pay. Bannister is supposed to be worth £700 a year—makes £2000 and lives at the rate of £1000. Munden, the actor, is supposed to be

worth £8000 to £7000. Quick is judged to possess £20,000."

Frank Waller of Chicago, known in Boston as a comedian, gave on Jan. 13 an orchestral concert when he conducted Scriabin's Second Symphony and Poem of Ecstasy and Tchaikovsky's "Romeo and Juliet" and the Prelude to "Tristan and Isolde," with Elsa Alsen singing the "Love Death."

Milhaud's orchestration of his piano pieces, "Souvenirs de Brazil," was announced for performance in the extravaganza, "You'd Be Surprised," at Covent Garden last month. Mr. Milhaud played the piano pieces in Boston. We hear that Mr. Montoux may bring them out in the orchestral form.

When "Passion" was shown at the New Scala Theatre it was at once obvious that no objection would be raised among audiences in this country to the exhibition of German films so long as they were outstanding productions. Even now, however, exhibitors still seem to be rather shy of productions from Germany—though the official ban was lifted many months ago. The firm of Goldwyn acquired four German "super"-films some time ago, but these have not yet been issued. At last, however, another German production is to be seen here. It is "Dr. Mabuse," which has been acquired by the firm of Granger, and it is probable that this will be seen in London within a week or two. It is a long production, and describes a series of adventures of which the central figure is Dr. Mabuse, a master criminal. Some of the settings are magnificent.—London Times.

The poem "Moonshine Valley" is full of typical American "emotional appeal." The child is one of those astonishingly self-possessed little Americans of the film studios whom one would prefer to imagine still confined to the nursery.—London Times.

IN THE THEATRE

Albert Edwin Drinkwater, actor, dramatist, manager, father of John Drinkwater, died on Jan. 27, aged about 70. Crowley Wright, a descendant of Kemble and an actor of "great promise and no small achievement, died recently at the age of 32. His impersonation of Lord Byron in the play of that name was said to be technically most remarkable." He had a great power of declamation.

The Manchester Guardian had this to say about "Medium," produced at the Everyman Theatre: "Dr. Thoma, an Austrian doctor, expounds his theory that much crime can be explained by hypnotism. Murderers are but the mediums of their superiors in will power. As an explanation of some cases this may suffice, but it is not very helpful as a general rule, for it only shifts the issue back one stage. What gives the hypnotist his criminal intentions? Has he been hypnotized by another more powerful than himself? To these questions Dr. Thoma gives no reply. As a playwright his methods are rather crude. Perhaps his ancestors have not

been very fair to him, but his hypnotist appeared to have stepped straight off a magazine cover, spoke in the stilted English of a feuilleton, and was supposed to cast his magic spell from his sinister and sparkling eyes. Naturally he was altogether too romantic a creature to fit into a play which was supposed to be realistic. And though his eyes sent the characters on the stage to dreadful ruin they only made the audience smile."

John Ford's famous tragedy of incestuous love was revived by the Phoenix Society in London late last month and was hailed by the London Times as a masterpiece in spite of certain faults. "There can exist no better illustration of the truth that, if a dramatist be possessed by his central theme and have the power and devotion to pursue it, he may override the minor errors that would bring irreparable disaster to another play written with less passionate vision. Ford cared only for Giovanni and Annabella. He saw them as the creatures of a happy love to which there could be no happy event. That, we believe, he regarded as the essence of the love of which he wished to write—that, being itself beautiful and swift-flowing, it should encounter an obstacle which nothing could remove. He chose as the obstacle the fact that they were brother and sister; if there had been any other obstacle so final, he might as readily have chosen it. For between Giovanni and Annabella, as Ford has created them, there falls no shadow of perversion. There is the tragic knowledge that their love is doomed, but it is a proud love without misery born of itself, and, except in a single instance, without guilt."

MR. ATWILL ON ACTING

"To be an actor," says Lionel Atwill, "one should play a variety of roles. The opportunities today for the young actor to get this necessary experience are rare; but it is an essential part

of an actor's training, and if one is sufficiently lucky to attain any position of prominence, one is handicapped if one wishes to do more complex and finer work without this experience."

"I firmly believe also that a range of characterization should be the aim and goal of every actor, if only for the reason that a greater interest is thereby stimulated on the part of the public. In this way an actor becomes better known and added interest is given to his performance by the fact that the public may expect not only a good technical piece of work, but also a new and distinct characterization each time he appears."

"The public is better able to appreciate the art of the theatre by seeing an actor, whose personality they know, depicting different characterizations than witnessing a play with the various characters cast with actors who naturally are temperamentally and physically the parts they are chosen to play. This unfortunately is the method followed by most producers although, to be fair, it must be said that it is largely unavoidable in the main."

"The responsibilities and requirements of a star should be greater and more complex than in the days when one was only a member of a cast. It is not so difficult to attain a position as it is to maintain it."

"To the young man or woman ambitious for success on the stage, my advice is to play as many different roles

as possible and not to think about the money in the beginning, as long as you can earn enough to live on. Look upon the early part of your career as capital invested in your future. Play a 'bit' under a good producer and if possible a different character rather than jump into big roles for long tours. That experience should be a part of a player's training a little later on, because it is one thing to assume a small effective character in perhaps only one scene and another to sustain a character through three long acts."

GRANVILLE BARKER

Granville Barker has been an actor; he is a manager, a playwright and a producer of plays. "The Romantic Young Lady" is not one of his original plays, but a light Spanish fantastic comedy which, with the assistance of his sister, he has put into an English version. He has already been represented on the Copley stage by "The Voyage Inheritance." Among his other plays are "The Marrying of Ann Lette," "Waste," "The Morris Dance" (a dramatization of Stevenson's story, "The Wrong Box"), "The Weather Hen," "The Harlequinade," "The Madras House," and "Fruella." These two last mentioned plays have also been secured by Mr. Jewett. "Fruella" was written in collaboration with the English poet, Laurence Housman. Mr. Barker has also written and had published several valuable books about the technique of the theatre. He was in this country a few seasons ago.

ROMBERG AND SCHUBERT

While most of the music of "Blossom Time" is by Schubert, Sigmund Romberg has played no small part in arranging the score.

He has used some of the best known compositions of Schubert: The "Unfinished" symphony; "The Serenade," "Two Waltzes," "The Brook," "Why," a quintet for strings, and "The Rosamund" overture. Before the first performance two years ago, Mr. Romberg hired a small orchestra to play the principal compositions of Schubert in his own studio. The themes are so woven together that the average musician listening would easily imagine that the entire work is that of the noted Schubert. For instance, in one episode of 22 bars, Mr. Romberg has introduced three distinct melodies.

The selection of Mr. Romberg to make the score was made by the Messers. Schubert after they had considered many other composers. Mr. Romberg has been familiar with Schubert's music from his youth up. He has written the music of "Maytime," "Love Birds," "The Magic Melody," "The Midnight Girl," "The Girl from Brazil," "Blue Paradise," "The Girl from Bond Street," and "Her Soldier Boy," also scores of 12 Winter Garden productions, his first being "The Whirl of the World," presented in 1913. He did not begin his musical career until after his arrival in this country from Hungary in 1909. He had spent five years at the University of Vienna studying engineering, though he had always been a distinguished amateur in music.

A NEW OPERA

(London Telegraph, Jan. 27)

The Venetian composer, Maestro Guido Bianchini, has just given a successful new one-act opera at the Venice Theatre, Venice. Bianchini, who was born in Venice in 1835, and studied music and composition at the Conservatoire in Paris, is one of the young mae-

stros giving great promise in Italy. In 1909 he wrote his first opera, "Radda," on the libretto taken from one of Gorki's novels, which was produced in Paris at the Gaite in 1914. The new opera is entitled "Il Principe Enuredha" and is taken from an Indian legend and won the first prize in a competition for national opera organized by the under secretary of state for fine arts, obtaining the unanimous applause of the jury, of which Mascagni, Puccini, and other famous Italian composers formed part. The music is very studied, dramatic, and harmonious, and the work was well received by the Venetian audience, which called the maestro and the artists many times before the curtain at the conclusion of the performance. Signor Sicilliani, under secretary for fine arts, went in person to Venice to attend the performance, giving thereby his personal encouragement to the Italian operatic composers. The policy of the Mussolini government is that every encouragement shall be given to re-establish the prestige of Italian opera.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY—Symphony hall, 3:30 P. M. Last of the Steinhart concerts. Alfred Cortot, pianist, and Jacques Thibaud, violinist. See special notice.

St. James Theatre, 3:30 P. M. People's Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Mollenhauer, conductor. See special notice.

MONDAY—Symphony hall, 8:15 P. M. Third extra concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Montoux, conductor. See special notice.

TUESDAY—Jordan hall, 8:15 P. M. Marion Leach and Howard Goding will play music for two pianos. Rachmaninov Introduction and Romance from the 2d suite; Saint-Saens, Variations on a Theme of Beethoven; Schumann-Debussy, Etude in Canon Form (Andantino and Scherzo); Talleferre, Cache-cache, Mitoula; Arensky, Polonaise; Rachmaninov, Barcarolle; Granger, Gay but Wistful ("In a Nutshell" suite); Chopin, waltz; Chabrier, Espana.

WEDNESDAY—Jordan hall, 8:15 P. M. Second interpretative concert by the Boston Symphony Ensemble, Mr. Vanni, conductor; Henry Gideon lecturer for the benefit of the Simmons College endowment fund. Formal beauty in music, Schubert. Unfinished Symphony; Saint-Saens, Third Movement of Violoncello Sonata; Tchaikovsky, Andante from Symphony No. 5; Haydn, Minuet and Finale from quartet, Op. 64, No. 5; Weber, Overture to "Oberon."

THURSDAY—Jordan hall, 3 P. M. Violin

recited by Abraham Hattowitsch. Henry Levine, pianist. Tartini Sonata, G minor; Lalo, Symphonie Espagnole; Valdez, Gypsy Serenade; Burleigh, Indian Snake Dance; Rimsky-Korsakoff, Kraelar, Hymn to the Sun; Ries, Perpetuum Mobile; Sarasate, Romance Andaluza; Paganini-Auer, Caprice No. 24.

FRIDAY—Symphony hall, 2:30 P. M., 18th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Montoux conductor. See special notice.

SATURDAY—Symphony hall 8:15 P. M. Repetition of Friday's symphony concert, Mr. Montoux, conductor.

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Andrew Marvell in his lines "To His Coy Mistress" described the grave as "a fine and private place." But is there privacy in the grave even if one like Alaric the Goth has his bones hidden by a river diverted from its course for the burial and then restored to its natural channel? The archaeologist is a foe to the tranquillity of the sepulchre. The ancient Egyptian robbers who broke into the royal tombs had an excuse; or, as Sir Thomas Browne said in his stately way: "He that lay in a golden urn eminently above the earth was not likely to find the quiet of his bones. . . . For which the most barbarous exploiters found the most civil rhetoric. Gold once out of the earth is no more due unto it; what was unreasonably committed to the ground is reasonably resumed from it; let monuments and rich fabrics, not riches, adorn men's ashes. The commerce of the living is not to be transferred unto the dead; it is not injustice to take that which none complains to lose, and no man is wronged where no man is possessor."

The archaeologist gives as an excuse for violating the sanctity of the grave the knowledge of ancient life that will thus be gained. Sir Thomas in his day found that Egyptian ingenuity was "vanity, feeding the wind, and folly"; for "the Egyptian mummies, which Cambyses or time hath spared, avarice now consumeth. Mummy is become merchandise, Mizraim cures wounds and Pharaoh is sold for balsams."

For in the 12th century perhaps, certainly in the 14th, mummy was considered a beneficial drug on account of the asphalt and bitumen. And so Jews embalmed dead bodies and sold them as genuine mummies to the Christians. Even in the 19th century Arabs used mummy mixed with butter as a medicine. And as late as the fifth century Christians in Egypt kept in their houses embalmed bodies, not only of martyrs, but of all who died among them, so that St. Anthony fearing his body might be so treated, went with two of his monks into the desert, and directed that they should bury him in secret and not let the place of his entombment be known. In the 14th and 15th centuries the Guanches of the Canary Islands washed their dead, removed the intestines and

filled the cavities with aromatic plants. Some of their mummies were taken to England.

There is an old story: "No rest but the grave for the Pilgrim of Love." Egyptians loved and died, and now find no rest. Yet if our friend Diodorus Siculus is to be believed, they considered a quiet repose after death much more important than the present life.

Is it sentimentalism to deplore these investigations, the camera man at work, the prying, gaping on-lookers, without regard for the majesty of death?

In school days we read from the "Standard Speaker" Horace Smith's address to the mummy at Belzoni's exhibition:

And thou hast walked about (how strange a story!)
In Thebes' streets three thousand years ago,
When the Mummy was in all its glory,
And Time had not begun to overthrow
Those temples, palaces, and piles stupendous,
Of which the very ruins are tremendous.

Perhaps that very hand, now pinioned flat,
Has hob-a-nobbed with Pharaoh,
Glass to glass;
Or dropped a half-penny in Homer's hat;
Or doffed thine own to let Queen Dido pass;
Or held, by Solomon's own invitation,
A torch at the great Temple's dedication.

And seeing this mummy of an unknown Egyptian, merchant, priest, who knows what he was, the poet exclaimed:

Statue of flesh—Immortal of the dead!
Imperishable type of evanescence!
Posthumous man—who quit'st thy narrow bed,
And standest undecayed within our presence!
Thou wilt hear nothing till the Judgment morning
When the great trump shall thrill thee with its warning.

But this is an irreverent age, so we were not surprised at receiving from Mr. E. Breck these verses:

TUT-ANKH-AMEN A VALENTINE

O Tut-Ankh-Amen, King of auld lang syne,
I prithee, be my modern valentine;
And since The Herald crams thee down my throat,
Thou art the hero, I the lowly goat.

I do not care, old top, what meat you ate,
I do not care what bally clothes you wore.
I only know, and loud bemoan my fate
That you are one high-class transcendent bore!

I do not see why I should be condemned,
When e'er I take my cheering morning cup,
To wilfully my attention lend
To how some dratted John Bulls dug you up.

I'm sick to death of hearing of your stuff!
I'd like to have your dessicated gore!
To have to stand you daily, O it's tough!
And you, O Tut, are sure the champion bore!

A MATTER OF PRONUNCIATION As the World Wags:

Our little coterie of intellectuals in Wollaston took up for the winter's work the mastery of the British pronunciation of proper names. It seemed to us a profitable course of study since there was no knowing at what moment one of the gentlemen in our circle might be summoned to take the place of Col. Harvey at the Court of Sinclymes. We started out with an unfortunate handicap in the way of authorities. If you live in the right set in England you know these pronunciations instinctively but most of us who have been abroad have learned about all we know as to British pronunciations from London barmaids, and we sometimes ask ourselves if the standard of Whitechapel is the standard of Mayfair. If one of us were to be invited to spend a week-end at Chequers and should in conversation speak of the heir apparent, should we call him the Prince of Wales or the Prince of Wyles? Is the sovereign known to his inner circle as King George or King Jarge? These are serious matters. And now a bombshell has been dropped among us by the editor of this column. He tells us that the name of Macbeth's castle, Glamis, the home of the Duke of York's sweetheart, is pronounced as one syllable, but he cruelly leaves us in doubt as to just what that monosyllable sounds like. It might be Glamies or Glammis or Glawms. A worthy Caledonian tells me that it is pronounced to

rhyme with palms. But I am sure that Shakespeare never pronounced it that way. Indeed, the chances are that he gave it two syllables. It is true that in most of the scenes in Macbeth where the castle is named, "Glamis" fits into the measure either as a monosyllable or a dissyllable, but in the fifth scene of Act I the cadence of the line requires it to be pronounced in two syllables. The suspicion that Shakespeare didn't know how to pronounce the bally name gives us courage to persevere in our abstruse researches.

W. E. K.

CORTOT PLAYS WITH THIBAUD

At the fifth concert of the Steinert series yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall, Alfred Cortot, pianist, and Jacques Thibaud, violinist, played together Beethoven's sonata in A major, op. 47, and two movements of Saint-Saens's sonata in D minor. Mr. Thibaud played a fantasy by Hue and the more familiar Introduction and Rondo Capriccioso by Saint-Saens. Mr. Cortot played a Vivaldi "Concerto de Camera" arranged by himself and the Chopin Andante Spianato and Polonaise.

It is a pity that the players, after beginning the concert, announced for 3:16, just a quarter of an hour late, lengthened the interesting, unusual program so unduly by extra solo pieces that at half past five many persons had to go home without hearing a note of the Saint-Saens sonata.

An unlikely pair of musicians, Mr. Thibaud and Mr. Cortot, seem to play successfully together. Mr. Thibaud the violinist of small, lovely tone and cool distinction, a reticent player who apparently values above all else grace and beauty of style, and Mr. Cortot who will have color and emotional warmth at the sacrifice sometimes of musical line and design and euphony, too. In the first movement of the Beethoven sonata—how exquisitely Mr. Thibaud played the opening measures of the introduction—surely enough they went their individual ways; Mr. Thibaud, phrasing with a finish no less than perfect, and stressing his tone not a whit, was all but overwhelmed with the strong tone

needed to voice Mr. Cortot's stirring eloquence. The performance, nevertheless, though ill-balanced, proved impressive, far more worth while than it would have been if either player had tried harder to adapt his ways to the other's; what would have then become of the stimulating spontaneity?

And in the air with variations both players met on common ground, Mr. Thibaud playing with more warmth than is his wont, while Mr. Cortot, for the moment not distracted by any possible emotional utterance, devoted himself to the pure beauty that in the movement lies with a sensitive taste equal to Mr. Thibaud's own. More beautiful playing has seldom been heard. The finale, if not quite so perfect in its balance, none the less went rousing, for Mr. Cortot and Mr. Thibaud, however widely they may vary, in their splendid rhythm are one. Four times after the sonata the artists were called forth; the inference is justified that the audience liked it.

Their solo pieces the artists played in characteristic fashion, Mr. Thibaud, as always, faultlessly and with that degree of warmth which tells powerfully in Jordan hall, but is lost in a larger place. Mr. Cortot played nobly the noble Vivaldi concerto, the Chopin piece not so uniformly well, for here and there it lacked repose and sonority, but with brilliant color always, and always absorbingly. They were both stormily applauded.

R. R. G.

PEOPLE'S SYMPHONY GIVES 16TH CONCERT

The People's Symphony Orchestra, Emil Mollenhauer, conductor, gave its 16th concert of the season at the St. James Theatre yesterday. Germaine Schnitzer, pianist, was the assisting artist.

Opening a program of unusual interest, Berlioz's Overture to "King Lear," in C major, Op. 4, was well received. Liszt's Concerto for Piano, No. 1, in E-flat major, played by Germaine Schnitzer, called for a display of her ability that aroused the large audience to marked enthusiasm.

Tschalkowsky's Symphony No. 6 in B

Minor, Op. 74, "Pathétique," constituted the second part of the program.

2620 1723

Looking in a box of old books we came across "Divine and Moral Songs for Children" by the Rev. Isaac Watts, D. D. The verses were known to us in childhood. Mothers in our little village rocked their babies to sleep while singing:

"Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber;
Holy angels guard thy bed."

a cradle-song of more meaning to us, of more beauty through association than any berceuse by French or German composer or the piano piece by Louis Moreau Gottschalk.

Familiar, too, were "Tis the voice of the sluggard"; "How doth the little busy bee"; "Let dogs delight to bark and bite."

But what would Mr. Bertram Russell, who deprecates the spirit of nationalism, say to this:

"Tis to thy sovereign grace I owe,
That I was born on British ground;
Where streams of heavenly mercy flow,
And words of sweet salvation sound."

Nor was there any encouragement of cricket or football by good old Doc Watts. On page 62 is a picture of a boy seated with a cricket bat at his feet, fast in meditation, while, over the wall, in a field beyond, we see youths playing the game, the bowler with his arm upraised. Underneath is "The Child's Complaint," beginning:

"Why should I love my sport so well,
So constant at my play;
And lose the thoughts of heaven and hell,

And then forget to pray."

Well, it is easy to jest at the expense of Dr. Watts, but in his hymns he sometimes combined majesty with a child-like simplicity. A first-edition of his "Hymns and Spiritual Songs" has brought \$140 in a London auction room. And we prefer his "Divine and Moral Songs" to such hygienic couplets, by unknown modern moralists, as

"The little gypsies in the wood are not a bit like me,

For I've a Sunday frock to wear,
And I must brush and comb my hair
And wash my hands for tea."

or to the verses that told the tragedy of Little Johnny Head-in-Air, or of the infant Augustus who shrieked out

"Take the nasty soup away,
I won't have any soup today,"
and came to a wretched end.

Compared with these the "Cautionary Tales" of Mr. Hilaire Belloc are singularly restrained. He will lecture in Symphony Hall tomorrow night. Could he not be persuaded to recite some of these tales, beginning with:

"The chief defect of Henry King
Was chewing little bits of string?"

TOO TECHNICAL

As the World Wags:

The Massachusetts department of public health issues monthly a magazine called the Commonwealth. This, with its varied information on health matters, should have a wide circulation in the state. If our Sunday papers could give a liberal synopsis of its contents it would be welcomed by many readers.

The leading article in the current number is entitled common colds. Written as it should be for the general public, it is nevertheless filled with technical terms that only doctors are familiar with, for example, under "symptoms" we are told that "prodromata are lacking; leucocytosis is absent." Seriously so valuable and timely an article should have been written for the masses and not for the medical man who knows all about it. S. M. E. Salem.

A FORE-HANDED BOY

As the World Wags:

A Boston lady of wealth about to send her son to Groton told him she was going to put him on an allowance, out of which he must pay for everything he had, but she would provide a complete outfit for him before he went; he might buy what he needed of clothes and haberdashery. In a day or two clothing and "furnishings" arrived in profusion; also the bill. One item was: 33 ties, \$3.00.....\$99.00 B. C. E.

COMMERCIAL CANDOR

"When you see a — rolling along our streets, or chasing along a ribbon of road near town, you may safely say its owner is 'sold' on three points—the permanent strength of the — corporation, our ability as dealers to give satisfactory service, and the genuine goodness and full value of the car itself."

"Senexissimue" writes: "Apropos of Anne Elizabeth's dream house described by her in last Saturday's Herald, what, may I inquire, is a 'pertinent skirt'? I have met many impertinent 'skirts,'

but none of the opposite persuasion."
"Pertinent. Appropriate, suitable to."
An old definition.—Ed.

BUT SHE DOES

Correspondents of the London Daily Chronicle are debating the vital question: "Should the rich wife rule?" Why "should"? She usually does. "Here, Augustus, is \$5 for the week. Be careful how you spend it."

LOVE-IN-DEATH

A Paris bride killed her husband and herself after six days of marriage, leaving this note: "It is not that we lack money, for we have 30,000 francs. We have both good health and a bright future before us, but we prefer to die now while we are still the happiest persons on earth. We wish to go to the tomb together in the height of our happiness."

And so Axel and Sara, the lovers in the magnificent drama of Villiers de l'Isle Adam, drink the poisoned cup that their happiness may not excite the envy and hatred of Fate. "As for living," exclaimed Axel d'Auersperg, "our servants will do that for us."

GRAY

A gray old lady
At the window of an old gray house,
A chill gray wind
Rustles a dry gray leaf
Upon the worn gray pavement
Where the old gray street ends.
—Jay Columbus.

"IN CASE OF SIMMONS"

As the World Wags:

Oliver Herford did not write "Escape in Case of Simmons" as Edward Simmons states in his entertaining book of reminiscences. The sign read: "Exit in Case of Simmons." E. B.

Was not this sign proposed for the safety of the members of The Players, New York? Who was it that suggested the need of signs in Symphony Hall: "Exit in Case of Brahms"?—Ed.

"CARELESS LOVE"

E. J. A. writes that Miss Lorain Wyman recently sang in Boston "Careless Love" in her group of Kentucky Folk Lore songs. We do not find the words and tune in the two volumes of Kentucky Folk songs gathered by her.

'THE COMEDIAN'

By PHILIP HALE

Tremont Theatre: First performance in Boston of "The Comedian," a comedy in three acts and four scenes adapted by David Belasco from "Le Comedien," by Sacha Guitry, produced at the Theatre Edouard VII, Paris, on Jan. 21, 1921, with Lucien Guitry as the Comedian.

The Comedian.....Lionel Atwill
G. Maillart.....A. P. Kay
Jacqueline.....Elsie Mackay
Le Clerc.....E. Paul Doise
Bloch.....Albert Gray
Robert.....William Loren
A Stage Manager.....Will Hindson
Mouet-Pombla.....H. Cooper Cliffe
Antoinette Vivier.....Roe Winter
Marguerite Simonet.....Evelyn Gosnell
Yvette.....Marguerite Denys
Marcelle.....Myra Florian
Alise.....Edmonia Nolly
Henri.....Jacques De Wolfe
Marie.....Magda Dwight
Lucien.....Harold Seton

Guitry's comedy in the adaptation has indeed suffered a sea-change and lost in great part its peculiar savor. Not because Jacqueline, who in the original is the Comedian's mistress, in the adaptation becomes the Comedian's wife, "to suit American taste." It is true that as a wife her conduct at the end and her resolve to leave the Comedian because he would not allow her to act again, are the less plausible. It is also true that turning this young girl, infatuated with an actor, into a wife forced Mr. Belasco to leave out one of the most delightful scenes in the play, the one in which Maillart and the Comedian discuss the possibility of the latter marrying his niece. One could easily allow this change, though in the original there is nothing in the dialogue apropos of Jacqueline as a mistress to shock the dear, sensitive, squeamish American public.

One could even allow the introduction of a superfluous character, the changes in dialogue, the introduction of the long tirade.

But it is a pity that Guitry's Comedian, delightful as an ironist, loving only his art, and regarding the affairs with women, pursuing him as only agreeable episodes soon to be forgotten, is turned by Mr. Belasco into a sentimentalist, so that pity is excited for the Comedian at the end. Did not some one speak of the "tragic" ending? Even when Jacqueline left the Comedian, the thought of his art was chiefly in his mind.

"The Dresser—You are alone."
"The Comedian. Yes—but—I have a rendez-vous tomorrow evening—with 1200 persons."

Sacha Guitry shows a young girl infatuated with a stage player. Her uncle asks him to disillusionize her.

This is the motif of the elder Dumas' "Kean"; of "David Garrick"; but Guitry only uses this motif as a place for departure. The girl is not disillusionized. As for the rest of the play, as for the greater part of the first act, the subjects are the theatre, the actor's art, the popularity of the actor. In the second act we have a scene of rehearsal in which Jacqueline tries her fortune as an amateur actress, with the Comedian now on the stage, now in an aside of the Tremont, directing. Scenes like this always, interest and amuse an audience, for it likes to be taken into the confidence of stage people. In this instance, the rehearsal is certainly amusing though it is dangerously long.

After all, Guitry's dialogue is the play, and, as we have said, it often suffers by translation, substitution and enlargement. Yet as the translator stands, the play is pleasant, the interest is held, even sympathies are awakened. Would an American audience—that is, would a Boston audience—have fully appreciated Guitry's drawing of character, his semi-cynical observations about life and especially about women?

The comedy was on the whole, well acted. Mr. Atwill played with lightness and sentiment. At times the pace was too slow, and stage business introduced, though it amused the audience, was foreign to Guitry's stage directions. For example, the toilet of the Comedian for the reception of Jacqueline delayed the coming of the impatient girl who was waiting near the stage entrance. Miss Mackey was appropriately overcome by the Comedian's fascination, amorous enough, light-headed and ignorant in her willingness to act, at the last petulant and sullen when her self-conceit was rudely shaken.

Mr. Kaye gave a carefully conceived and shrewdly executed performance of the soap manufacturer of Marseilles. Mr. Hindson gave an excellent portrayal of the stage manager. One of the chief features of the performance was the impersonation of the actor, Mounet-Pombla by Mr. Cooper-Cliffe. Nor should the Le Clerc of Mr. Doucet, the Antoinette of Miss Winter and the Dresser of Miss Dwight be passed over. It seems to us that Mr. Gran wholly misconceived the character of Bloch, the theatre director, who surely should not be played in a spirit of burlesque.

In the course of the evening Mr. Belasco told the audience he was grateful.

PLAYS CONTINUING

ARLINGTON—"Uncle Tom's Cabin"

Melodrama, second week.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—"Blossom Time," play with music by Schubert. Second and last week.

COLONIAL—Ed Wynn in "The Perfect Fool." Third week.

HOLLIS STREET—"Lightnin'."

Comedy, ninth week.

PLYMOUTH—"Just Married." Farce.

Sixth week.

SELWYN—"The Fool." Drama. Second week.

'TROUBLES OF 1922' AT THE MAJESTIC

In "Troubles of 1922," featuring George Jessel and the Courtney Sisters the Majestic Theatre offers its patrons this week one of the best revues brought to Boston this season. The revue, which occupies the second part of the bill in which Fay and Florence Courtney as well as Jessel take part, is a comedy satire on the modern revue craze and gives principals as well as others in the cast ample opportunity to display their talents as singers, dancers, musicians, models and the like.

One thing that can be said regarding the revue is regarding its chorus. It is composed of 25 comely young women who know how to wear costumes and they are not only possessed of good looks, but each one can act, sing and dance.

In the vaudeville part of the bill are included Gertrude Hayes, Jr., who is no stranger to Boston. She can deliver a monologue in her own inimitable way and she also has a way of her own in getting her musical selections over. The Ultra String Quartet play no small part in assisting the Courtney Sisters put over the medley of plantation songs. Many encores were given this act.

Others on the bill include An Lowen-wirth and Sam Bennett, Ed Warren, Charles O'Brien, Marguerite Farrell, Jed Dooley and Audree Evanes. The bill is well worth seeing as there is not a dull moment from the time the curtain first goes up until its final descent for the evening.

'THE CHRISTIAN' OPENS AT PARK

Film Version of Sir Hall
Caine's Novel Nicely
Produced

DIX AND MISS BUSCH IN LEADING ROLES

COPLEY THEATRE—"The Romantic Young Lady," a charming trifle from the Spanish of G. Martinez Sierra, appearing for the first time in this country via London and Granville Barker. The cast:

Pepe Reginald Sheffield
Rosario Catherine Willard
Emilio E. E. Clive
Mario Gerald Rogers
Dona Barbarita Daisy Belmont
Maria Pepa May Edie
The Apparition Noel Tearn
Don Juan H. Conway Wingfield
Irene Katherine Standing
Guillermo H. Mortimer White
Amalia Jessamine Newcombe

Possibly it is the sober hand of Mr. Barker—he of "Waste" and "The Madras House"—or perhaps a growing cosmopolitanism in the world's drama, but at all events there is little that is unmistakably Spanish in Mr. Jewett's current production. It is just such a play as A. A. Milne might have written in his even younger days, and had no need to be ashamed of, either. Indeed, Senor Sierra shows every evidence of close acquaintance with the contemporary English dramatists, Shaw most certainly, and probably Barrie. Antiquated in spots is his technique (doubtless the Spanish element), but his plot and his characters are up-to-the-minute in every way. A play without place and without date, and none the less interesting for that.

The producing and the acting, also, add little in the way of atmosphere. Mr. Clive is quite as unmistakably English as ever (though few of us are inclined to quarrel seriously with him on that account). So is the butler (Mr. White); so are the rest of the company. Even the settings are Moorish—less Spanish, though charming and tasteful in every way. And Miss Willard's negligee is straight from—well, Paris anyhow.

But all of this matters very little. A large and enthusiastic audience voted that it did not matter at all. Without particular time or place—that explains it. There is a famous author (any one will do) with a romantic pseudonym (his real name is Andono Lopez, which we understand is to be the Spanish for "Jones"), and a romantic young lady, broadly, fervently and more or less unconsciously romantic. A convenient conjunction of complications, which includes a windstorm and a vagrant panama, are the point of departure for a capital first act whose wit is of a distinctly Shavian touch.

For the "thesis" is distinctly of George Bernard's favorite sort: that all women are essentially romantic. There are long soliloquies on the ways of women by the aged and thrice-wedded Dona Barbarita (well played by Miss Belmont), and shorter, more cynical ones by Luis Felipe De Cordoba, the famous author alluded to above. And there are wholly admirable passages of character work on the part of Miss Edie, as Maria Pepa. And withal, a fitting curtain: "When a woman chooses to faint, there is nothing more to be said."

The second act is filled with excellent psychological farcing and amusing exposures of the unquenchable romanticism inherent in womankind. The third act has more farcing, and a few incidental shots at sundry social inconsistencies. Ever there is movement and life. Yet it is a "quiet" piece; there is little bustle or confusion. As

a result, the audience was treated to a rare succession of superb stage pictures lasting long enough for enjoyment, but not sufficiently for satiety. Color, detail, balance, all were there in a measure not often seen at the Copley or elsewhere, and long to be remembered. Often one forgot the play in the picture—oh happy embarrassment of riches! In short, a harmless piece, well set, well acted, and full of sly amusements.

W. R. B.

ST. JAMES—"Up the Ladder," a play in four acts by Owen Davis. First time in Boston. The cast:

Henry Smith Mark Kent
Mary, his wife Anna Layne
Jane, their daughter Adeline Bushnell
Jerry, their son Houston Richards
Lucy, their daughter Helen Pitt
Bert Muller, their neighbor Harold Chase
Mrs. Muller, his wife Barbara Gray
John Allen Walter Gilbert
Joe Henley William Jeffery
Roselind Henley, his daughter Lucille Adams

Dick Wilmers Edward Darney
Eva Wilmers Viola Roach
Stanley Grant Ralph M. Remley
Ellen Anita Harris
Dr. Maynard Lionel Bevans
William Brady starred Doris Kenyon in this piece in New York, but the Boston Stock Company is the first to present it in this city. It is an excellent play for a stock company, there are a great many roles, none of them big enough, however, to be a real starring part. And that's one of the reasons for the success of this piece, as it was played last evening.

The first act shows the home life of Jane Smith, oldest daughter in a rather old-fashioned family of two girls and two boys. She is a very successful young business woman, anxious to go ahead for herself with an almost masculine determination. She has helped her father to support the family and feels that she has a right to her independence. John Allen, who is with the same business house as she, loves her. She refuses to marry him, but circumstances arising towards the end of this act make her change her decision.

The next two acts show different steps in the social and business ladder of success. The rung for the third act is quite a bit higher than that of the second. John Allen has become very prosperous, has a beautiful home in a fashionable country town and is, in fact, in the social swim. Jane Smith married John Allen because she believed he had the same ideals, the same ethics as she had.

But business ambitions and a false idea of success have distorted some of those very precious visions that they both had when they were first married. Jane takes things in her hand at a crucial moment and proves to her husband that they were far happier in the simple cottage, a bit lower in the ladder to be sure.

The outline of the plot might lead one to suspect that the drama is of the trite and wishy-washy type. On the contrary it is a well constructed piece. In the first act, for instance, the scene at the supper table, again the task of getting the children started at their home lessons, the visit from the neighbors, and best of all the natural dialogue throughout. The atmosphere created in this act was extremely well done. Homely scenes, perhaps, but very true to life. Everyday life, too, not high bits taken from life's dramatic moments.

There was no real star last evening. Mr. Gilbert and Miss Bushnell were convincing in the leading roles. Special mention should go to Lucille Adams's flapper and her good bit of work in her intoxicated scene. It is one of the best plays that the St. James has done this season.

WILBUR THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "Listening In," mystery comedy in three acts by Carlyle Moore. The cast:

Johnathan Cumberland Dodson Mitchell
Mr. Morrison Giorgio Majeroni
Miriam Adrian Helen Flint
Janet Van Sloan Minna Gombell
John Coomber Ernest Glendinning
Harry Van Sloan Harry Stubbs
William Archer Bruce Emory
Dr. Emil Bachman Frank Andrews
Jonas McKesson Frank J. Kirk
Messenger George Gaston
Abu Herbert Farlow
Mrs. Grace Pemberton Margaret Lunde
Reginald Pemberton William Davidson
Geoffrey Gerald Stopp
Police Officer C. L. Emerson

The new piece which came last night to the Wilbur to displace a more terrifying predecessor, "The Bat," may be recommended as entertaining. Few heads in the audience turned white from terror at the opening performance, but there was, in the first act of "Listening In" much to satisfy the hopes of those who had come to be pleasantly frightened to death. The first act of the comedy, which was decidedly the best, gave the audience the rare treat of observing an "ectoplasm" forming into the ghost of a dead man.

What followed is difficult to summarize. Enough to say that, along with the spook, there figured in the mysterious proceedings a handsome hero and the accompanying feminine "relief," a mesmerist, a wrangling couple out of the social register, a district attorney and, of course, a policeman. What more could any audience, which takes its thrillers like strong liquor, expect? No synthetic offering this. In the prologue it was hinted that the whole thing was to be an experiment to prove that spiritualistic phenomena can be produced by natural means. The audience obligingly forgot the hint and was agreeably entertained throughout, al-

though it was hardly surprised by the conventional ending of the play.

There is one remarkable thing about "Listening In," which should recommend it to those who believe, with Meredith, that "no villain need be." There is no villain in "Listening In!" Mr. Ernest Glendinning headed the cast, and his was a capital performance. Miss Minna Gombell and Miss Helen Flint were decidedly pleasing to the eye, and played with intelligence. The rest of the cast were adequate and nothing more.

E. L. D.

SHUBERT THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "Elsie," a musical comedy in three acts, by Charles W. Bell. Music and lyrics by Sissie and Blake and Carlo and Sandere. Staged by Edgar MacGregor. Eugene Salzer conducted. The cast:

Margery Hammond Luella Gear
Fred Blakely Stanley Ridges
Anne Westford Ada Meade
Alfie Westford John Arthur
Mrs. Philip Hammond Maude Turner Gordon
Philip Hammond Charles Abbe
Detective Chapman Walter Wayne
Elsie Irma Marwick
Harry Hammond Vinton Freedley
Parker William Cameron

The piece was only recently put on in Chicago for the first time. Thus last night it was hardly on its feet. The entertainment is a musical farce and after the manner of good farce it should go with a bang. Last night it was spotty in uncertainties. No doubt a few more performances will correct all this.

The farce is an agreeable one, and like its kind the threads are now and again laid aside that this or that delightful interpolation may have away. The dialogue is amusing, often convulsing the audience. There are dancing numbers that are not only pleasing in steps, in the methods employed, but one in particular lingers in the memory by reason of its ingenuity.

The music lends special significance, for fitting the theme, it is agreeable by reason of its pertinency. Now and then there is an alluring melodic line that smacks of storehouse treasure, but more often there is the pleasure afforded by the inventive genius of Messrs. Sissie and Blake. "Honeymoon Time," "Baby Bunting" and "My Crinoline Girl" are of these with enchanting bits of orchestration and musical tricks.

Harry Hammond, born to great wealth, marries Elsie, a girl of the theatre. The Hammond house is in an uproar. Harry and his bride come home to an joy reception. There is plain talk and a frost for both. Fred Blakely, betrothed to Harry's sister, has an idea. Harry shall be sent to his father's construction camp, for a married man must work. Meanwhile Elsie will be subject to a stage set to trap her. The result: Blakely falls to her charms to the chagrin of his sweetheart. How one after the other of the household capitulates to her charms is something to be seen rather than told.

Irma Marwick was seen in the title role. A wholesome, cuddlesome miss, she is a convincing comedienne and a neat dancer and can shoot either foot without effort to an astounding altitude. Maude Turner Gordon as Harry's mother was appropriately cattish and explosive. Our old friend Charles Abbe, one of the few surviving members of the old Boston Museum stock company, gave an admirable performance of the father. Vinton Freedley as Harry was debonnaire as the youthful bridegroom, with a voice for the music room rather than the theatre. Stanley Ridges as Blakely contributed in the dance and sang one of the hits of the piece, as did Luella Gear as the phlegmatic Margery, pleasingly remembered in her dance of "Baby Bunting," and suggestive of the style of Fannie Brice.

T. A. R.

DUNCAN SISTERS HEAD KEITH'S BILL

It's a wild, hilarious time you get at Keith's this week. You don't have to think a lick. Your only business is to laugh and tap your toes on the floor in time to the music and join in the glad choir of applause that greets every act on the bill.

Rather difficult to pick the star turn when they all twinkle with equal lustre. Most of the audience last night seemed inclined to hand it to the ever popular Duncan sisters in their "G That All Right?" as the most popular item on the list. Anyway the girls were recalled so many times that they lapped far over the time of the following artists. They sing as prettily as ever, look and act as though they were full of the Old Harry and preserve the illusion of carefree juvenility in a marvelous fashion.

Madeline Collins, the English prima donna, was in remarkably good voice. Her rendering of a popular aria from "Traviata" made a deserved hit. The Lockwoods, as "Ourselves"—pure, unadulterated nonsense—scored another bullseye. Their skit on marriage, be-

fore and after, was particularly clever. Butler and Parker, especially the lady member of the sketch, raled a gale of laughter with their absurdities.

"Fifty Miles from Broadway" is a travesty on the rural "drama" with interpolated specialties. A full chorus of bass drums, for instance. Then there are Moore and Freed, who play on all sorts of queer instruments from hand-saws and soup spoons to a "pig's ade-noid," if you know what that is.

Carleton and Ballew gave "A Feast for Fashionable Fancies"; Burns Brothers mingled acrobatics and jokes, and Ed and Jennie Rooney were a graceful and accomplished pair of trapezists. The Pathe News and Aesop's Fables on the screen were, as usual, interesting and delightful.

Boston Symphony Plays Beethoven's "Eroica"— Mme. Brard Is Soloist

For the third Symphony concert of the extra series, in Symphony Hall last night, the soloist was Magdeleine Brard, pianist, and Mr. Monteux had arranged this program: Beethoven, "Eroica," symphony No. 3; Grieg, concerto for pianoforte; Enesco, "Roumanian Rhapsody in A-major," Op. 11, No. 1.

At the risk of heresy, one question: Why should not Beethoven symphonies be played today with judicious cuts? For even so radical a departure from the accepted way there is precedent enough. Bach's passion music is rarely sung entire; "Don Giovanni" is always cut; nearly always, except at festivals, the Ring is, Beethoven sonatas themselves, for the matter of that, have been played by bold pianists with a movement or two left out—and the skies have not fallen. What harm could come from trying an experiment with one of the symphonies?

For some of the symphonies, in very truth, and those long held the greatest, have suffered the fate of most great music—they have lost their compelling emotional force. Was there man or woman last night in Symphony hall, unless it be a person mighty well along in years, who could honestly testify to being emotionally roused by the heroic character of Beethoven's symphony? Such persons were certainly few, or else curiously undemonstrative, for the first movement received but faint applause. The march got little more, whereas the scherzo and the finale pleased so heartily that the orchestra had to rise to acknowledge the acclaim.

Cannot an inference be drawn? The high spirits of the finale and the scherzo live today; hence audiences respond. But for most people today the overwhelming emotion under which Beethoven wrote the first two movements has vanished; people in the mass no longer respond—unless a conductor of extraordinary power can restore to the music its lost potency.

The beauty, of course, remains, since beauty is all but eternal. Beauty though, even of the highest order, if lacking in vitality, cannot hold the attention too long, it palls. And vitality means emotional power. To make one more absorbing than this music of supreme beauty, would it not be wise to shorten it by cutting away much of the working out with its constant repetitions? A single experiment at all events could do no harm.

It would be a pleasure as well to hear the Grieg concerto freed of the interruption of the cadenza. Mme. Brard played this delightful music last night in the vein of Grieg himself, as back in the dark ages he showed, he wanted it played—to be more exact, in the late nineties—like a romantic improvisation, without one touch of the dramatic till very near the end. Though the dramatic Mme. Brard could scarcely attain all else she played charmingly, with a shapely design underlying her apparent extempore way. In just the right spirit the orchestra accompanied her, beautifully indeed. Mme. Brard was warmly applauded by a very large audience.

The fourth concert will be given on Monday evening, March 26. The soloist will be Mme. Ester Ferrabini, Jacchia, soprano.

R. R. G.

Feb 21 1922

We learn from the London journals that "most" young men in England are now worried; not over the unemployment problem; not over the invasion of the Ruhr; not over the eastern question. No, that which distresses them beyond measure and gives them white nights is—"When should swallow-tail coats be worn, and when a dinner jacket—the American Tuxedo."

It appears that if a hostess telephones, "Don't trouble to dress, only a few friends are coming," dinner jacket with black cravat is the thing. If "the pleas-

are of your company" is requested, don a claw-hammer and white cravat.

But what is to be worn at a more or less formal banquet where only men are dining? The London arbiter of elegances says that in the old days you toggled yourself out with all your finery, but today a dinner jacket or two may be seen at the stateliest banquet—and, oh horrid sight!—"last week," says the arbiter, "I saw a photograph of certain grandees dressed in dinner jackets with medals and decorations pinned on their coats." And then the arbiter shrieks in his agony: "The good old rules are breaking down . . . When in doubt, choose tails rather than dinner jacket."

Personally, we do not approve the combination of dinner jacket, white waistcoat and black cravat. Mr. Herkimer Johnson sides with us in this opinion, now that prices at the laundry, even the Chinese laundry, are exorbitant.

A SAD CASE

As the World Wags:

Last Sunday I decided to make a stand for liberalism in Hillville. Immediately following a solo by Sister Trask I mounted the pulpit and shot at my congregation the following sentence:

"I don't believe in God; the government is a bluff; bring on your Spanish Inquisition!"

Several of the brethren murmured something about Percy or Clarence somebody, then two of them came forward and grasping me firmly by the arms led me outside the church to a covered carriage.

"Are we on the way to my heresy trial?" I asked.

"No, good sir," Bro. Blisser replied, "we fare toward the psychopathic hospital."

And here I am a prisoner, like Paul, Debs, and so many of the comrades.

HYACINTH HARRIS.

P. S.—The victuals here are much better than those served at Hillville parsonage. H. H.

THE WAKE

(For As the World Wags.)

Owen is dead and there are women's tears.

Strong pipe tobacco and some home-brewed ale.

The lad who had high hopes for golden years.

Gone to the Port of Death with straining sail.

And Cella Kelly's face is white and wan.

Wraith-like, beside the doorway to the hall;

The heart of me is sad from gazing on

The woman-child, mute with the pain and all.

Rest is kind to the old when day is done.

Owen was young with muscles stout and strong.

There's praise for all men under the changing sun.

So we left him with a bit of parting song.

A rollicking tune that woke the street at morn.

For his was as happy a heart as ever beat;

Divl a bit he'd have us feeling forlorn.

He that had the gift of the dancing feet.

Knowing him was the worth of things unsaid.

There's many the king had little of Owen's grace.

It's hard to be thinking of him as being dead.

And seeing the look on Cella Kelly's face.

EDWARD YERXA.

MR. PEPPER'S ADVENTURE

As the World Wags:

Recent items in regard to the prosecuting activities of the Invisible Empire in New Hampshire interested me to find out if possible whether there was a Klavera in our town, in our town, as the Glee Club used to sing before that organization turned to the less modern classics. Tactful and at first somewhat veiled questioning made no headway against the non-committal atmosphere

around the stove until a snow-laden gust blew Bert Pepper into its midst from the outer darkness. Room was made for him, and after listening in sufficiently to absorb the question in hand he met it with that directness which makes him more respected than loved by those seeking to put over something at town-meeting.

"Hell no," said Mr. Pepper, "there ain't no Ku Kluxers round here, but one night not so long ago I thought there was. Last full o' the moon it was. I don't know whether that's what made me think of it or not, but anyway I

thought I'd go over to Joe Pete's here and see if that cider of his was as good as he said it was, and seel'n' it was a good bright night for gettin' homo again I went. The cider took quite a lot of samplin' and along about 12 o'clock when we'd begun to disagree about everything except that the cider was 'bout right—I set out for home. I entered for the Congo steeple and was makin' the town when I heard a door bang over to Deacon Proctor's, and the next thing there out behind the house in the moonlight I see a tall white figger with a long pole runnin' off through the snow. That cider never had that in it says I, and then it come to me. Ku Klux, says I. It's one o' them Knights o' the Invisible Empire and that's his spear and there's like to ha' been murder done if nothin' worse. I'd shot one eye and there didn't seem to be but one of 'em, so I started across the road, and just then the white figger went chargin' into the henhouse, and before I got to the gate it come chargin' out again without the spear, which I was glad to see, and then I see it was the deacon in his nightshirt. He'd shed some kind of a white quilt he'd wrapped up in, and he was talkin' loud right out o' the Old Testament.

"Hello," says I. What's the matter? 'Matter,' says he, 'there's been a skunk foolin' round the henhouse most a week,

and I heard him just now and got after him with the eel spear.'

"Did ye get him?" says I.

"It was kind o' mutual," says he. "I let drive first, but, say, when he did, fust I thought I couldn't breathe, and then I wished I hadn't."

"That's as near as there's been any Ku Kluxin' round here," said Mr. Pepper.

ABEL ADAMS.

Amherst, N. H.

ADD "RELIGIOUS NEWS"

As the World Wags:

"On Friday evening a special service will be held at 8, when Rev. Charles M. Tubbs, rector of Grace Church, Bath, will preach the sermon."

Why not a special service for the Rev. Mr. Tubbs of Bath on Saturday evening also? JORDAN WATERMAN.

IS HE EXPECTED TO GARGLE THE COW'S THROAT?

(From the New Port Richey (Fla.) Press.)

APPLY AT OFFICE 2 P. M.

Wanted, a steady, respectable young man to look after a garden and care for a cow who has a good voice and is accustomed to sing in the choir.

HAI HAI

As the World Wags:

These head lines perplexed me:

WORK LIKELY TO SUCCEED FALL

Pride precedes fall. Work succeeds fall. True? E. T. S.

Lowell.

AND WITH ALL THE STOPS DRAWN

As the World Wags:

"CHURCH ORGAN ASSAILS BISHOP"

Seated with Johnny Morgan,

I was weary, without music,

Until I just lapped the organ

Assailing the worthy Bish.

G. E. R.

Marion Leach and Howard

Goding Play Together

by FRANK HALE

Marion Leach and Howard Goding played music for two pianos last night in Jordan Hall. The program was as follows: Rachmaninov, Introduction and Romance from the Second Suite; Saint-Saens, Variations on a Theme of Beethoven; Schumann-Debussy, Andantino and Scherzo from Etudes in Canon Form; Tailleferre, Cache-Cache. Mitoulis; Arensky, Polonaise; Rachmaninov, Barcarolle; Grainger, Gay but Wistful from "In a Nutshell" Suite; Chopin, Waltz; Chabrier, Espana.

The program was more or less of what is known as a "popular" nature. There are stretches in Saint-Saens's Variations when he seems to be merely treading water, waiting for the inspiration to strike out boldly. Variations are, as a rule, to be avoided. The description in Thackeray's "Book of Snobs" of the variations on "Such a gettin' up Stairs" might be applied to nine-tenths of the compositions in this form.

Debussy transcribed several works of Saint-Saens for two pianos besides the Canons of Schumann. The Canons were written for the piano with pedals, a useful machine for students of the organ, but hardly an instrument for concert use, although a good many seasons ago a young French woman, in whom Gounod took a warm interest—was not her name Palletot?—visited Boston and played the piano with pedals in public. The two Canons performed last night do not gain by the trans-

scription, and the Scherzo—is it so designated in the original?—would have been still more romantic if it had been taken at a little slower pace.

Tailleferre, we suppose, is the Mile. Tailleferre of "The Six" (now "The Five"). Her "Cache-cache" is poor stuff, not so eccentric as to be entertaining. It is curious how seldom one finds a trace of Oriental influence in Rachmaninov's music. In his orchestral works he is German, when the influence of Tchaikovsky is not marked. Perhaps the pleasing monotony of the noteworthy figure repeated so often in the introduction from the Second Suite is of the East, and there is a touch of Oriental languor at the close of the Romance.

Arensky's Polonaise with its glissandos caught the fancy of the good-elzed audience. The music has salon brilliance. By the way, are there arrangements for two pianos of Meyerbeer's "Torchlight Dances," written originally for military band? Theodore Thomas used to play these stately, pompous dances at his orchestral concerts. They certainly have more meat in them than this Polonaise of Arensky.

Miss Leach and Mr. Goding are known separately as pianists of fine attainments. How long have they been playing together? It was to be expected that their ensemble performance would be characterized by precision and a musical interpretation, with the display of an agreeable tonal quality and variety of expressive nuances. With what a full, rich tone Miss Leach gave out the theme at the beginning of Rachmaninov's Romance! In time no doubt the two pianists will gain in a sense of proportion. There were times last night when one piano was unduly subordinated to the other.

Olga Nethersole has now determined to act again, "whenever a fitting opportunity may present itself." For the last 10 years she has devoted herself, first to war work, later to the organization and direction of the People's League of Health. Her stage kiss is now a tradition. As director of the League of Health did she discountenance kissing? We read that this pleasing expression of good will is now forbidden in the streets of Rome.

They liked Mr. Leslie England in London when he gave a recital because he understands the piano. "Plus fait douceur que violence; that, though few will believe it, is the moral. Under the thumpers Debussy's reign was beginning to near its end; it may still be prolonged a few years if people will be gentle with it, like Mr. England."

Are the English going back on Handel? Here is the Times saying: "In this generation he is in need of all the help he can get. . . . With all deference to instructed musical opinion, there is not much the matter with full-bottomed wiggy except that we have heard some of it too often and some of it not often enough."

Mr. Staitowitsch, a blind violinist, will play in Jordan Hall this afternoon. This is not his first recital in Boston. He has made a brave struggle and now as a violinist does not plead for favor on account of his physical handicap.

At the Symphony-concerts this week, the overture to "Semiramide" will be played; a good old overture. It was played in Boston as early as 1845, probably before that date. The title brings up memories of the opera itself. The first woman to appear here as the Queen was Teresa Parodi, in 1851, at the Federal Street Theatre. Do any of our readers remember her? She was said to be an excellent Norma, who in that part and in other roles won well-deserved favor. When she died in 1902, it was recalled that Delacroix, the painter, admired her.

Amalia Patti, a sister of Adelina, took the part of Arsace at this performance. Between the acts Maurice Strakosch, pianist, and Miska Hauser, violinist played music of their own composition.

Grisl and Marlo were the next to be heard in "Semiramide" at the Boston Theatre in 1855. We note a performance at the Boston on May 2, 1876 when Marie Palmieri sang, and for this reason: Mathilda Philipps, sister of Adelina, then made her first appearance on the stage; so did Gaston Gottschalk, brother of the pianist.

Adelina Patti shone brilliantly as Semiramide at the Globe Theatre, the Boston Theatre and in Mechanics building. Mme. Melba sang the florid music of The Queen in Mechanics building in 1894. It was during her first season in Boston. She was also heard in 1894 at Mechanics building as Juliet (her first appearance), Lucia, Marguerite (Gounod's "Faust"). In "Semiramide" Mme. Scalchi and Messrs. Guetary, Castlemary, Ed. de Reszke and De Vascetti were her associates. Mancinelli conducted.

Man, of us then thought "Semiramide" a bore. The glow and restlessness of the music, the wealth of melody, seemed often gratuitous.

The program of the Symphony-concerts this week also includes Mozart's immortal G minor Symphony; Ravel's brilliant Spanish Rhapsody and Saint-Saens Concerto No. 4, C minor, played by that admirable pianist, Alfred Cortot.

Next week might be called Casella week, for at the Symphony-concerts he will play the Spanish Rhapsody of Albeniz with his own orchestration of the accompaniment—the original score was lost—and conduct his "Pupazzi" and "Italia." The concerts will begin with Tchaikovsky's Suite No. 3.

There will be many concerts next week. Mme. Ganna Walska, long advertised as a beautiful woman and not without adventures, including a law suit, will sing in Symphony hall next Sunday. On the same afternoon the People's Symphony orchestra will play.

On next Monday evening, Vladimir Rosing will try his luck again by singing "Songs on Love, God, Nature, War, Revolution, Joy and Satiety," a fairly complete program which seems to portray all the emotions, and then some.

Agnes Ilope Pillsbury of Chicago will

play sonatas by Beethoven on Tuesday afternoon. As she is of a humane disposition, the program will include only three of them.

The Boston Symphony ensemble will give the third of its interpretative concerts on Wednesday evening. The program will comprise music with "poetic content."

On Thursday evening, March 1, Sophie Braslau will sing and Albert Spalding will fiddle in Symphony hall, and Mme. Clara Clemens will sing in Jordan hall. Edith Thompson will play the piano on Friday evening, March 2. Mme. Novaes will play the piano on Saturday afternoon, March 3, and at 10:30 A. M. of that day the Boston Symphony ensemble will give a concert for children.

Mr. H. Cooper Cliffe, whose portrayal of the bum actor in "The Comedian" at the Tremont Theatre is one of the salient features of the performance, made his first appearance on the stage with D'Oyly Carte's company in the English provinces in 1878, as a member of the chorus in "H. M. S. Pinafore." It was in 1894 that he came to the United States with the Kendalls. The part he plays in "The Comedian" was first given to Joseph Herbert, whose funeral took place this week.

The question arises, apropos of "The Romantic Young Lady" at the Copley, should comedians playing in a Spanish play attempt to be jolly Spanish? Sir Toby Belch drank in Shakespeare's Ilyria, but he was all the time an Englishman from his boots up. Nor is Belch a distinctively Ilyrian name. Hamlet was a Dane by birth and descent, but he was in reality a citizen of the world.

A theatregoer of a serious turn of mind assured us yesterday that Mr. Ed Wynn is by no means a "perfect fool." Our friend was amazed by Mr. Wynn's "mind reading." When Mr. Wynn read the numbers on a bank bill backward our friend was staggered and mumbled something about black magic.

It is expected that "Lightnin'" will run at the Hollis Street Theatre until June, if not into June.

Gertrude Hoffmann will bring her ballet company to the Majestic Theatre next Monday night. (We understand that the Shuberts have abandoned their plan of presenting vaudeville shows at the Majestic). She is a woman of indisputable talent, much more than an imitator of her comrades on the stage. We shall not soon forget her production of "Scheherazade" at the Shubert Theatre in 1912. There was a wild barbaric spirit of lust and blood in that production that made the performances four years later by the Ballet Russe seem comparatively tame. Nor shall we soon forget her first dancing of Mendelssohn's "Spring Song."

William Bachaus, the pianist known in Germany as Wilhelm Backhaus, will give a recital in Symphony Hall on Sunday afternoon when he will play only pieces in C sharp minor. There is plenty of time for guessing what those pieces will be. He will probably draw on Bach, Beethoven and Chopin. It will be a harmless amusement to name other composers before the program is published.

The Herald has received a violent letter complaining of a review of a concert that was recently published in this newspaper. We regret to see that the writer spells "cite," "site."

The London correspondent of the Manchester Guardian writes: "There is probably no other country in the world

tha possesses three such operatic tenors as Messrs. McCormick (sic), Hyslop and Burke. Yet it is years since any one of them has been heard here in opera." We were under the impression that John spelled his surname "McCormack." We have heard Mr. Hyslop only in concert. Perhaps he is better in opera.

Players Composing Boston Symphony Ensemble Offer Choice Program

Last night in Jordan hall, at the second concert in aid of the Simmons College endowment fund, Henry Gideon lectured on "Formal Beauty in Music," and the Boston Symphony ensemble, Augusto Vannini, conductor, played in illustration Schubert's Unfinished symphony, the first movement of a cello sonata, Saint-Saens, the andante from Tchaikovsky's fifth symphony, the minuet and finale from a Haydn quartet, op. 64, No. 5, and Weber's overture to "Aberon."

Last week this little orchestra showed how admirably it can play music of old-time written for small orchestra. Last night it showed that it can give an amazingly vivid impression of how modern music written for full orchestra, part of a Tchaikovsky symphony, no less, should sound. It set forth this full-voiced music with ample sonority and an astonishing approximation to the original widely varied color a feat of genuine skill. Rarely beautiful too, in the intimate hall, sounded the Schubert andante, played with true poetic feeling and emotional warmth.

It would serve the cause of music well if this excellent company of skilled players could find time to make a tour of New England, giving symphony concerts in the smaller cities which great orchestras do not visit. There would be a public, it is safe to say, that would welcome good symphonic music; of such they hear little enough. And the public would surely grow apace, once it learned that good music abounds in life, as learn it would, and soon, if the conductor chose his program judiciously and played the music as it should be played. Mr. Vannini would do both; he is a conductor of parts.

Mr. Gideon spoke illuminatingly about form, in a way that held the attention of his audience. On Wednesday, Feb. 23, he will talk about music with poetic content, and the ensemble will play.

R. R. G.

Feb 23 1923

Is it possible that New York will lose its proud record for traffic accidents? During the first 10 months of last year there were nearly 73,000 street accidents in Paris: 162 were fatal, over 6000 resulted in serious accidents; over 10,000 caused minor injuries. Motor cars were responsible for 108 deaths, tramway cars for 19 and motor buses for 19. We have not the New York statistics at hand, but we are under the impression that New York can justly boast of leading the world.

A. N. M. says in the Manchester Guardian that great masses of "Tom Jones" bore him, and he likes "James Hurd," a novel, by Mr. R. O. Prowse, far better. To which the answer is, Well, what of it? Or as Victor Hugo said of Waterloo, "What is it to the Infinite?"

COMBINING BUSINESS WITH PLEASURE

(From the Chariton, Ia., Leader)

"How," asked a stranger down in the Missouri hills, "do you manage to plant that steep hillside? Seems to me you'd be in danger of falling off?"

"I can set right here in my door and plant it," said the native.

"How?"

"Put the corn in a shotgun and shoot into that ground up there."

"And how do you get the corn down when it is ready to gather?"

"Shoot it off the stalks and it rolls down," said the native.

"I can't see," continued the stranger, "how you ever get the corn out of here."

"That's the easiest part of it," said the farmer, "we make it into gray mule and fight it out."

EMBLEMS

As the World Wags:

Mr. Dooley once said of a candidate for the vice-presidency that he was 84 years old and had \$20,000,000, or 20,000,000 years old and had \$84. But that he could not remember which, not being good at figures. More recent statistics

bearing on political affairs advise us that the average mentality of 60 per cent. of the citizens of sound mind of these United States is that of a child of 13, with 2.6 per cent. of those of precocity less than that, or that the average mentality of our 13-year-old citizens is that of a child of 60 and 2.6 per cent. the alcoholic content of light beers and wines. I cannot remember which, not being good at figures either.

Assuming that the first proposition be true, one understands why the adoption of some inspiring emblem to be borne aloft by the standard-bearers of the two great political parties in their approaching contest for the presidency is a more important matter than the selection of the standard-bearers themselves, for the child mind, with its instinctive desire to take in hand and possess, responds much more quickly and with greater enthusiasm to the sight of the tangible thing than to the spiritual appeal of the intangible personality of the candidate for office. A log cabin on an ox-cart, landed one President in the White House. An axe and a split fence rail made the first platform of the Republican party. In the last decade of the last century the Full Dinner Pail made its victorious appeal to the child minds and appetites of that period and elected a Republican President.

SCUTTLE AND KEG

Preparedness for the next contest has already begun by the Republican nomination of the present head of the administration to succeed himself as a demonstration of its success, and the choice of the emblem for the campaign should be made speedily. It should be something suggestive of the progressive movement by the party away from the gross materialism of the full dinner-pail and its standpatitudes to the idealism of the uplifting, forward looking crystal gazers of today. It must be something as empty as the dinner pail was full. With the thought comes revelation: That it is the Empty Coal Scuttle under which the Republican administration shall go against the enemy as Constantine went forth to conquer beneath the sign revealed to him.

With the keynote of the campaign struck thus by the Republicans, resounds the Democratic echo. The chosen emblem of those for whom the world was temporarily made safe rises ominous against the sky, the Empty Beer Barrel, and with the issue of Emptiness thus joined and set forth to the average mentality of the electorate its votes should be cast with more than average understanding.

ONE FORD

Thus the stage managers. Not thus the god in the machine. Sounds of cranking up are heard from the garage of Mr. Henry Ford. . . . The 1924 self-starter is not perfected yet, but a well greased crank can start the engine. It has been widely advertised that Mr. Ford has recently bought coal mines at strategic points; also glass works capable of replacing the entire breakage of the Volstead act in 30 days. Mr. Ford has publicly declared that history is bunk. The average 13 year old mind does not care for history. Having looked upon the Republican and Democratic emblems above their hosts, turn to the spectacle of Mr. Ford headed towards the White House in a one ton truck loaded with nut coal, an assortment of thick bottomed glassware gleaming aloft to starboard and a mangled copy of Wells trailing in the dust. Youth will not be denied. In hoc signo—Amherst, N. H. ABEL ADAMS.

FASHIONS AND THE CINEMA

(From the London Daily Chronicle)

Fashion pirates in France have adopted an up-to-date method of stealing new dress designs. They use the small pocket cinema cameras that have become so popular in the French photographic world.

These miniature instruments are easily hidden in a lady's muff, amongst her furs or in the big bell sleeve of a cloak; and so Mme. Pirate is told off by her employer to attend fashion parades and similar exhibitions, where she secures pictures of cloaks, frocks and hats from three or four points of view.

Since the cameras used are entirely automatic in their working—pressure on a button "does the trick"—they can be operated with complete immunity from detection; and Parisian designers are said to be at their wits' end to know how to combat this latest method of fashion stealing.

HOI FOR THE SLIMY SOUTH

(From the Evening Item, Lynn.)

Miss Helen Hovey and Miss Evelyn Winslow of Nahant street, expect to leave next Monday for southern slimes, stopping at Palm Beach and Miami, Florida.

AN ADMIRABLE CRICHTON

(From the Haverhill Gazette)

Prof. John H. Coates, teacher of penmanship, superior quality spelling, reading, grammar and elocution, Oul Lundl, Mardi, Merceredi, Jeudi, Vendredi, Samedi;—Omnia vincit amor ergo; de mortuis nil nisi bonum; Homo sum; humani nihil a me alienum puto. Ladies and gentlemen's Epilouean Studio, private lessons, Matin, midi, apres-midi, et soir. We have a tenement 3 rooms to let.

HAITOWITSCH

Yesterday afternoon in Jordan hall Abraham Haitowitsch, violinist, with the valuable help of Henry Levine, accompanist, gave a recital and played this program:

Sonata for piano and violin in G minor Tartini
Symphonie Espagnole.....Lalo
Gypsy Serenade.....Valdez
Indian Snake Dance.....Burleigh
Hymn to the Sun.....Rimsky-Korsakow-Kreiger
Perpetuum Mobile.....Ries
Romance Andaluzia.....Sarasate
Caprice No. 24.....Paganini-Auer

Mr. Haitowitsch showed himself yesterday a musician of talent and thorough grounding, also a violinist of competent technique which lacks only the virtuosity needful to make interesting—if interesting indeed they can be made to people who do not play the violin—the passages for display; this lack to be sure, Mr. Haitowitsch bears in common with all violinists save the greatest. By way of compensation he can sing a melody with fine tone and with warmth of feeling.

Since Mr. Haitowitsch, already a finer musician than many of his colleagues in the world of violinists, seems no more likely than the most of them to become a virtuoso of the highest rank, the wonder is that he should not bring to the concert field a fresher vision which would prove to him that there are other planes of musical endeavor than violin recitals as they are given today, all alike as two peas in a pod. Why not try a sonata or two? Within 10 days Beethoven's A major sonata from Mr. Thibaud and Mr. Cortot fetched quite a hearty applause as their solo pieces, and Miss Cox and Mrs. Stoessel gave great pleasure by playing Mr. Stoessel's sonata. There are other sonatas. And yesterday, at all events, an admirable pianist was at hand in the person of Mr. Levine, who, it is safe to guess, would have been willing to play music worthy of his fine abilities. Why not a trio now and again? There are trios in plenty, Mozart, Beethoven, Dvorak, Tchaikowsky, Brahms, beautiful ones too, which are not heard nowadays once in 10 years. It seems a pity, with all this music going a-begging, that young violinists of

talent, among them Mr. Haitowitsch, should waste their energies on stereotyped recitals. In reply, however, Mr. Haitowitsch might point with pride to his goodly audience yesterday and the warm applause he received. As large an audience, however, would probably have gone to hear him in a program of greater consequence and wider variety, and he would have had the satisfaction of knowing he had offered something really worth while, something not to be heard from the rank and file of violinists.

R. R. G.

Feb 24 1923

16TH SYMPHONY

By PHILIP HALE

The 16th concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Monteux, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. The program was as follows: Rossini, Overture to "Semiramide"; Mozart, Symphony in G minor; Ravel, Spanish Rhapsody; Saint-Saens, Concerto, C minor, No. 4, for piano (Alfred Cortot, pianist).

What? Rossini's Overture to "Semiramide" on a Symphony program? Yes, and it was brilliantly played and the audience enjoyed it hugely, calling out Mr. Monteux several times. The opera was produced at Venice 100 years ago this month. It did not please the Venetians, nor did it please the Parisians when it was first performed in Paris the next year, but later it grew in favor. Curious praise was given it. Some found the music abounding in "Assyrian coloring." This page was ravishingly beautiful; that one sublime, and so on through the gamut of eulogy.

In Boston the opera is associated with the names of Adelina Patti and Mme. Scalchi, though Mme. Melba has sung here the florid music of the Queen concerning whom strange stories were

told, most of them no doubt unfounded. The last time the opera was heard in Mechanics building, it was regarded as a bore; but the overture is still an old and dear friend, known to us from boyhood days in our little village, when we played it in a four-hand piano arrangement with a maiden aunt. It is a good thing for the younger generation in the Symphony audience to learn what delighted their fathers and their grandfathers. Nor need these younger listeners, who grow enthusiastic over the music of Milhaud and other ultra-modern composers turn up their noses at the great Rossini, who once ruled the musical world. Old-fashioned as it is, this overture is in the grand style, melodious, pompous, with the irresistible, crescendos attributed to Rossini, but used more sparingly by a few composers before him. And if these young eulogists of dissonances without significance admire Mr. Casella—and without reason—let them know that he recently wrote an article in glowing praise of this same Rossini, whose "Barber of Seville" is still one of the glories and the wonders of the operatic stage.

It seems as if Mozart lost his classic serenity whenever he chose the key of G minor. In the immortal symphony there is, except in the beautiful, characteristically Mozartian Andante, a feverishness, an intensity not to be found in his other symphonies; and so in the perfect flower of his chamber music, there is a direct, passionate appeal of one theme (G minor again) that reminds one of the terribly earnest Verdi of the fifties.

It was to be expected that the "Feria" section of Ravel's "Spanish Rhapsody" with its intoxicating fury would excite greater applause than the preceding nocturnal prelude, an example of exquisite impressionism or the tantalizing hints at Spanish dances in the middle movements. There are comedians who do not arouse laughter unless they knock the hearer down, sit on him, and hammer the joke into his skull, until he exclaims: "I see it," and roars his "Ha-ha's!" And so any large audience, whether it be in Boston, London, Paris, Berlin, Rome, prefers the obvious to the subtle, and cries out with delight at the sight of blazing colors, indifferent towards tints and demi-tints.

Mr. Cortot gave a remarkable performance of Saint-Saens's concerto, an exhibition of piano playing that it would be hard to parallel as one recalls the visiting pianists of the last 25 years. For his playing was so musical, and technically so masterly. He worked wonders with the modest air of one mindful only of the composer, not considering his own glory. The concerto itself is a finer work than the more popular one in G minor. The thematic material is not so important as the ingenious and effective manner in which it is employed. It was said when the concerto was brought out in 1875 that it belonged to Saint-Saens's "Biblical and Christian" period, during which he composed oratorios, cantatas and "Samson and Delilah"; that the themes had a "mystical character and contemplative intentions." Would that we could have seen Saint-Saens's face when he read these remarks; would that we could have heard his comment! Would also that he could have heard Mr. Cortot yesterday! Would that he could have heard Mr. Monteux's accompaniment!

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of the concert next week will be as follows: Mendelssohn, Overture to "Fingal's Cave"; Glazounov, Symphony No. 4; Albeniz-Casella, Span-

ish Rhapsody for piano and orchestra (first time in Boston—Mr. Casella, pianist); Casella, Pupazzetti (five pieces for Marionettes); Casella, "Italia" Rhapsody. Mr. Casella will conduct his Pupazzetti and "Italia."

Prof. Odell Shepard of Trinity College has discovered Walt Whitman, "whom you may regard as a son of Connecticut, if you will." This was said to Hartford grade teachers.

We had always supposed that Walt was born at a hamlet, West Hills, near Huntington, on Long Island. We read in Mr. Bliss Perry's authoritative life of Whitman, that Huntington was settled in 1653 by a colony from Sandwich, Mass. Prof. Shepard said that Huntington was "more Connecticut than it is Dutch." Mr. Perry informs us that Walt's earliest known ancestor crossed the sound from Stratford, Ct., about 1660, but was undoubtedly born in England. Walt's mother was a Van Velsor, and the Van Velsors were pure Dutch.

We do not recall Walt sounding his "barbaric yawp over the roofs of the world" in praise of Connecticut. In "Our Old Feuilleage" he sings of many states, cities, rivers, but there is no mention of Connecticut. In another rhapsody he does name the state. "Land of the Old Thirteen! Massachusetts land! land of

Vermont and Connecticut!" But in prose and verse he was never weary of chanting the praises of Long Island.

"Starting from fish-shape Paumanok where I was born, well-begotten, and raised by a perfect mother."

ENGLISH SCHOOLBOY HOWLERS

(From the University Correspondent.)
Palsy is a kind of new writer's dance. Letters in sloping print are hysterics. Etiquette is the noise you make when you sneeze.

The capital of Norway is Christianity. No one has yet succeeded in edifying the dark lady of the sonnets.

The French revolution was won violently, not by "freedom slowly broadening down from President to President," as Tennyson wrote.

Guy's Hospital was built to commemorate the Gunpowder Plot.

Oceania is that continent which contains no land.

Mephistopheles was a Greek comic poet.

THE SWEARER'S ASSISTANT

As the World Wags:

Ought we not to consider which of our modern authors are worthy to be sworn by? Who are the giants of these days whose names are to be taken in vain? An ago with so poor an opinion of Sir Walter as that expressed by Mark Twain can scarcely go on yelling, "Great Scott!" when it hits its thumb with a tack hammer. And when so eminent an authority as William Lyon Phelps of Yale confesses that he cannot read "A Tale of Two Cities," what the dickens is the use of swearing by Dickens any longer?

What modern writers are big enough to be used as cuss-words? Few, it seems. It is true that in the expression, "Oh, pshaw!" the "p" is silent as in Shaw, but this may be putting the hen before the egg. It may be, likewise, that in the phrase "pretty kippy" we see some adumbration of the author of the Jungle Book. "For the love of Pete!" probably antedates the rise in the public's affection of the creator of Cappy Ricks. Years ago, "Oh, Rhinehart" was a mystical midnight shout often heard in the precincts of the Harvard yard, but at that time the popular writer of tales was scarcely on the horizon. Furthermore, that cry was not a curse, neither was it an expletive; rather was it a joyous invocation to the Muse of riotous living.

How would "Suffering Tark" do?

R. M. H.

Boothbay Harbor, Me.

This reminds us that in December, 1822, the censorship of Lausanne ordered that the proprietors of reading rooms in that city should not lend out the novels of Sir Walter. George Borrow attacked the Waverley novels in his "Romany Rye." Great Scott!—Ed.

We saw yesterday a receipt given in 1843 by the Union Transportation Line—Pittsburgh, Philadelphia and Baltimore Railroad. The bill head made this proud statement: "The only Line conducted on Sabbath-keeping Principles." Unfortunately these principles were not enumerated.

FROM "SONGS OF GOOD FIGHTING"

(By Eugene R. White.)

If one could hear a right the murmurings Of some shore-stranded sea-shell as it sings,

It might be that he would come to know

An inkling of the Planner's purposings. The weary shuttle can no more divine Of how its thread looks in the whole design.

Than we poor shuttles in the hand of Fate Can fathom of the plan a single line.

STEVENSON'S CLOTHES

As the World Wags:

Of course Stevenson did "by any chance" say "cloz," and what is more exciting is the probability, irrespective of the alleged non-existence of a difference in national habits of cultivated speech, that with the reckless abandon of the Scot he ordered not merely "cloz," but "a shoot of 'cloz.'" In Ulster in my day the clite spoke of "shoots of cloz" without the slightest trace of emotion or contrition.

Another example of this more or less uniformity of habit is the silent "h" in the American pronunciation of "McCarthy," a fine old American word and name. Why do you omit the "h" sound? I suspect it is a modern improvement, a left-handed evolution, "niceeness" running wild. A "lady" named McCarthy had lived down or risen above the "h" in "butter," and there you are. There is analogy in the English take-off on Dolly Varding and her wooding leg. The man who says McCarthy should say swarty and worty, and then he should be com-

elled to undergo the scriptural consequences of the shibboleth. Men have died for not watching their "h's."

Many words are mispronounced in select American circles, the tendency being to favor the phonetic at the expense of the eccentric, but correct British usage, and I think the fault is evidence that your colonial ancestors were taught by self-taught teachers who tried to give each letter its face value. Some of the results are startling. "Bnoy" in two syllables, "booeey," is just plain dumbell. When I discuss geography with my kid, it requires a great deal of fortitude on my part to pronounce the word "Azores" correctly. The word is not specially representative perhaps, but the misinflection is.

Many of Boston's best say "fi-nance" and even "organization." It was some such usage that caused Disraeli to sneer at Daniel Webster. That is all Disraeli got out of Webster in London! That he was provincial. How inexplicably trifles put your eye out. When I was a youngster I saw Barry Sullivan play Richard III to his son John Amory's Richmond, in what is said to have been a notable performance, and all I remember is that Catesby had a jag on.

While we are about it, let us take a shy at the didactical dialecticals who are making immortal the Reuben school of literature. I can see the characters in a hick story writing "would of" for "would have," but I cannot hear them saying it. It takes a far nicer sense of syntax than mine to perceive any difference in sound between "would of" and "would've." The dialecticals have that highly developed sense. They all do it.

L. X. CATALONIA.

Boston.

Feb 28 1923

We read the remarks made about the character of Gen. George Washington last Thursday; we read the "glowing tributes," also the inquiries as to what he would do if he were so unfortunate as to be living now, but we did not find in editorial article or set speech the quotation of Artemus Ward's summing up, a characterization for all time: "He never slept over! The prevailin weakness of most public men is to SLOP OVER!"

Have any of the experts in playing checkers who met here last Thursday tried the Japanese game as described by Golownin, a captive in Japan a hundred or more years ago? "They make use of a very large draughtboard and 400 men, which they move about in many different directions, and which are liable to be taken in various ways."

When will the Pachisi Club meet in Boston? We understand that Mr. Herkimer Johnson, the honorable secretary of the club, is a master of this game.

THE RICH AND COAL

As the World Wags:

Before I left home this morning I cast a despairing glance at the coal bin. I found that we had enough coal to last us two or three days, provided we didn't use any. I called up our dealer, of course getting no answer, for it seems that the dealers have entered into a conspiracy of silence and the telephones are mute.

But a great treat was in store for me. The gods provide us with joys as well as sorrows. My way in town lies through Commonwealth avenue, and on that noble thoroughfare near Charlesgate East, was one of those large coal trucks, I believe they hold four tons, or is it 40? discharging its load of hard coal by way of an iron chute into the coal hole. You know the music of hard coal bouncing on an iron chute: Irving Berlin never wrote music half so sweet and the "Gottterdammerung," played by all the bands in the world massed would be as nothing to it. I listened greedily, and a great joy fell on me. For, "said I to myself, said I," "here, at least, is one poor, little, rich man who won't be cold," and I went on my way cheered and refreshed.

That a poor man cannot get one ton of coal while a rich man can get four or forty tons "has nothing to do with the case." The main point is that our rich must be kept warm and the dealers are entitled to the thanks of the congealed multitude for their efforts in that direction. If you are very rich, I will forward you the name of the dealer.

G. S.

Newton.

Commonwealth avenue seems to be singularly well favored. A few days ago a dweller in a house not far from Massachusetts avenue was called to the door and asked if he wished some coal. "You see," said the coal man, "I have some 16 tons out here for the next house, but the house is closed, and I don't want to truck the coal back to the yard, so I thought you might like it." Roasted larks falling from heaven! Manna in the wilderness. Although our friend's bins were fairly well stocked, there was room for 16 tons more.—Ed.

THE LOCUS STANDI

As the World Wags:

It was reported in today's Herald that when the United States supreme court comes in the crier no longer announces that the court is sitting (when in palpable fact it is standing), but instead, that it is in session, thus lending an additional touch of dignity to a time-honored formality.

Some time ago your readers amused themselves enumerating the seven seas, which will do no harm provided you do not seize them from their owner. If, for example, Cape Finisterre and the Mediterranean sea came under our jurisdiction, just as soon as the honorable member of Congress for Dismal Ridge learned that the one is not the end of the earth nor the other its middle, we should be headed straight for two amendments to the constitution.

We are entitled to one guess as to the author of the reform in the supreme court.

L. X. CATALONIA.

AN OPTIMIST

(With compliments to P. H. A. of the Times-Union, Jacksonville, Fla.)
While February's frosty air is oftentimes somewhat stingin',

It sets your blood in motion and it makes you feel like singin'.
You see the sleighs as they glide past, with many bells a-jinglin',
And you join some merry party though your fingers may be tinglin'.

The snowbirds flit from bough to bough a-twittin' and a-chirpin';
All ages gambol in the snow, from grown-up folks to urchin.
One day a violet raised its head 'long-side a snowbank shelter,
And the sun came out with rays so hot it drove folks helter-skelter.

On snowshoes, skis, on skates or sled, you take your dally bracer,
And you feel so bloomin' healthy that you never need a "chaser."
Of all the worldly climates, there's none that's more appealin'
Than the crisp, cool, New England air to "tone up" that tired feelin'.

WILLIAM FRANKLIN ATWOOD.
Cambridge.

P. H. A. had written in praise of "Sunny Florida":

"This January sunshine kinder makes a feller lazy—
It sets him thinkin' of green fields an' here an' there a daisy.
An' the first bluebird of the spring upon a limb—a-swarin'
An' lambkins leapin' o'er the field an' little children playin'.
In Florida in winter time the sun is sure to fool you—
It's just like June—you hum a tune—there ain't no snow to cool you.
You want to set upon a bench an' holler alleluia
An' take Miss Florida in your arms and press her warm heart to you."

NAMES IN PLAYS

Mr. Walkley, writing about names in fiction and fact, thinks that dramatists must consult the postoffice directory to find a likely name—and then carefully alter it, for the law of libel in England is to be feared. Did not Pinero have trouble with a Mr. Tanageray in real life, and Henry Arthur Jones with a real Mr. Wichelow or Whicelow?

"Fortunately," says Mr. Walkley, "the law of libel was not so highly developed (if at all—perhaps some lawyer will say) in Shakespeare's time, or he would have been badgered by all the real Pages and Fords and Quicklys and Slys. Later dramatists chose an easier way, the way of descriptive names—Millamant, Maskwell, Lady Wishfort, Dr. Cantwell, Cutpurse, Sir Tunbelly Clumsy. But this is crude and tends to give an air of allegory instead of reality—like Christian, Mr. Facing-both-ways, and Giant Despair. The only modern analogue to this practice is in farce, where absurd names indicate in advance the absurdity of the personages—the Bottleton-Pottletons (Mr. Zebedee Bottleton-Pottleton, the Lady Anastasia, and the Misses Ahola and Aholiba B.-P.), and so forth. These people reside at Little Pedlington or at Upper Tooting. For place-names no less than personal have their comic associations with the additional advantage that a suburban district cannot bring a libel action. My complaint against our modern writers of comedy and drama is that, in playing for safety, they take refuge in the insipid, and, in seeking distinction, unduly lengthen the honor list. Their casts are thickly sprinkled with Horaces and Reginalds and Marmadukes, while peerages and baronetcies, privy councillorship and K. C. B.'s are lavishly distributed among the obviously undeserving classes."

Mr. Walkley might have added that John Davidson ran a fearful risk when he gave the title "Smith" to a tragedy.

VIOLA ROACH

Viola Roach, now of the St. James Theatre, will be connected this summer with the Windsor (N. H.) Mountain

Art Colony as instructor in diction, voice production and acting. Miss Roach won a medal at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art in London, and was associated with Beerbohm Tree and Wyndham before she went to Africa to play leading parts. Many Bostonians who have enjoyed her skill in characterization and admired the beauty of her voice and clear enunciation have supposed that she came from England directly to Boston; but she was three years in this country under the management of the Messrs. Shuberts before she became one of Henry Jewett's players. We first remember her here as taking a prominent part in "Hobson's Choice," a delightful comedy capably acted. After her honorable service at the Copple Theatre she joined the St. James company, of which she is a valued and valuable member.

THE FOUR-FOOTED DRAMA

(The Manchester Guardian.)

"Three's a Crowd"—Court Theatre London, Jan. 20.

"Do you spend all your time under the table?" asked one character of another in "Three's a Crowd." It was an apt question that might have been an-

swered in the affirmative with very little qualification. For in this furious farce one had the four-footed drama in its purest form. Nobody ever seemed to hold an upright position for more than a minute. Either the actors, heroically unsparing of wind and limb, were being pitched into the cellar or being wedged into the pantry lift and shot from kitchen upwards or else (more commonly) they were under the piano or the kitchen table. The author, Mr. Earl Biggers, evidently believes in holding fast that which is good or at least that which has been found good in the past. Accordingly he is not ashamed to exploit the man in woman's clothing and the effeminate curate with a hankering for snowshoes. But in a sense his conservatism stands him in a good stead. He knows that the basis of farce is physical and that the true source of the "continuous scream" is a sound slap.

"Once he had blown his whistle and let the players loose on one another these worthies went into the scrummages with admirable abandon, following up and tackling well. Mr. Bromley Challenor was always on the ball and particularly active at the base of the scrum, and if the English drama still resolutely refuses to stand on two legs and turn its face to the sky it has rarely been more active on hands and knees."

ACTOR PLAYING ACTOR

Lionel Atwill admits that he finds a certain fascination in playing the Comedian as depicted by Sacha Guitry. Mr. Atwill mentions older plays in which actors figure "Kean," "David Garrick"; he might have mentioned "Lt. Femme du Tabarin," "Pagliacci" and others. He went back to "Hamlet" and in his early days he once acted the First Player in that tragedy. "It occurs to me that the scene in which Hamlet instructs the players is probably the first 'rehearsal scene' in the English drama."

"Actors have, I think, always been fond of playing the characters of actors, not because the task is an easy one, but because of the artistic complexities of the undertaking. You might say that, according to logic, an actor who plays an actor part merely plays himself, but this is a case in which two things equal to the same thing are not equal to each other. There is here a great difference, which embraces the whole art of acting. An actor merely playing himself would be no more artistically interesting than a real cook playing a cook or a real policeman playing a policeman."

"The actual is not the true on the stage, or, indeed, in any part. There is, as an illustration of this, the old story of the performer at English fairs who waged that he could imitate the squeal of a pig better than any farmer in his audience. An old yeoman, in a huge ulster, stepped forward to the platform and the squealing contest began. The audience cheered the mountebank and hooted the farmer—whereupon the latter pulled from his pocket a little pig from which the squeals had come. The squeals of the performer were produced with art and were therefore effective and seemed real. The squeals of the pig were—merely the squeals of a pig."

Yes, Mr. Atwill, and this story was told in Greece and Rome long before there was an English fair.

Zandonai's orchestral piece, "Prima-vera in Val di Sole," has been performed at Budapest.

M. B. Bossi has resigned his professorship at the Liceo di S. Cecilia.

The engagement of the excellent baritone, George Baldianoff, and Mrs. Walsh, sister of Mary Garden, has been announced.

Mr. R. O. Morris, the author of "Contrapuntal Technique in the 16th Century," has exhumed a Tudor composer by the name of Bugsworthy. Phoebe! What a name! As Bugsworthy wrote music in the strictest old style counterpoint, could not the Harvard Glee Club be persuaded to bring out some of his compositions at one of its concerts next season? Singing the music of Palestrina might prepare this jovial Glee Club for the inspired strains of Bugsworthy.

A Bostonian, "J. H. S.," was in Rome last month. Attending a concert at the Augusteo, he heard a new orchestral work by Mascagni, entitled "Looking at Bernini's 'Saint Theresa.'" Our friend writes: "It was well received by the partial audience to which it was dedicated, or rather for which it was written. I was not much impressed. The statue itself seems atrocious in feeling, though well executed. French praise it; English condemn it. Mascagni's leading seemed to me drawing, sentimental, sickly sweet. The orchestra seems good, not very good, perhaps hampered by constant changes of leadership. Seven double basses indicates the size. I saw several women in the orchestra, one a second violin, one a viola, harpist, etc. Four trombones that do not slide, one broken in the middle, bent at right angles. * * * My first thrill came from seeing S. P. Q. R. on a municipal notice. I had supposed that legend belonged only to ancient history."

Mr. Henry T. Finck, the music critic of the New York Evening Post, heard a performance of Schoenberg's "Pierrot Lunaire" not long ago and did not like the music. The chairman of the executive committee of the International Composers Guild that produced the composition wrote to the editor of the Evening Post, complaining of Mr. Finck's article, especially as he heard only one-third of the work, and accusing him of misrepresentations, etc. Mr. Finck made a gallant reply in the Evening Post of Feb. 17.

"I admit that I did leave the hall before the middle of Schoenberg's tomfooderies had been reached. When William Winter once was reproached for doing such a thing, he answered: 'Do you have to eat the whole of a rotten egg to know it's rotten?'"

"And when my highly esteemed colleague and roommate, John Ranken Towse, once put on his overcoat after the third act of a play, and the manager, seeing him, asked: 'Why, Mr. Towse, you are not going, are you? There is another act coming,' my highly esteemed colleague answered: 'Yes, I know. That's why I am going.'"

And then Mr. Finck proceeded to show how the writer of the complaint had misrepresented him,

Think He Should Stay Until Bitter End

There are some who insist that if a man is to write about a concert he should stay in the hall until the bitter end, and when there is a struggle between a piano and a pianist the reviewer should be there at the finish. But art is long—too long in chamber concerts, and often too long in symphony concerts—and life is fleeting. The final group of songs or piano pieces in a recital is usually a sop to the audience or a tribute to American composers, preferably local ones. If a pianist or singer cannot show what she can do in an hour or an hour and a quarter of performance, why tarry in the hope that finally there may be something interesting or impressive doing on the platform? As for an unfamiliar composition, that seems another matter. Of course an unknown work should not be placed at the end of a program, after an hour or more of music. The ears are quickly sated; it is not fair to demand of them acute receptivity after there has been long continued tinkling or shouting. An orchestra thunders along for an hour. How can an audience after that listen intently, much less judge intelligently?

Perhaps Mr. Finck would have been more prudent if he had sat Schoenberg's music out and assumed a look of strained attention. Mr. Finck is a brave man. He was annoyed; his nerves were rapped; his ideas of beauty were shocked; and so he gave a capital imitation of a gentleman leaving a concert hall. No doubt, many that remained envied him his courage.

We read that Vladimir de Pachman and William Bachaus, pianists, will give "joint recitals" in this country next fall. Does this mean that they will play music for two pianos, or that they will play one piano in turn? Certainly there could be no greater contrast in style. How delightful it would be if Mr. de Pachman, who often talks while he plays, would chatter while Mr. Bachaus played, either in appreciation or expostulation. The show would be worth double the ordinary price of admission. Mrs. Ganna Walska is reported as having said—was it in Elmira, N. Y., where she began her tour?—"I'll show 'em I can sing." And so she's going to show 'em this afternoon in Symphony Hall.

ARTHUR AS A "DRUNK"

Mr. John Arthur, playing in "Elsie," has to portray a man who becomes intoxicated. To do this so as to be amusing instead of repulsive is not an easy task. As Mr. Arthur says: "You have to take care not to offend, yet you must show the comic side. Then you must speak your lines so that they are understood, while they convey the idea that the personage portrayed is inebriated. In your stepping, while you do not walk the straight chalk-line, you dare not make too many lurches or do

any straddling. In other words, the player of the 'drunk' role must know his lines and keep his wits about him, because, on the other side of the foot-lights, are those who exercise a clever characterization of this calibre, but who would resent anything that was improper."

Mr. Arthur is a geographer as well as actor. For many summers he has been connected with the United States government geodetic surveys. He has been above ground and below the surface of the sea in diving-bells, in submarines, in diving armor with instruments, charting and measuring and photographing the fauna and the flora on land and at the bottom of the oceans.

GERTRUDE HOFFMANN

Gertrude Hoffmann, who will return to Boston tomorrow, this time to the Majestic, is known in theatrical circles as a great "show-woman," perhaps the greatest this country has known. "Show-woman" means that outside of her particular talent and her versatility, she has an almost uncanny knack of knowing "what the public wants." It is the same talent that made Barnum a household word, although her activities have always been along very different lines. She does not attempt to explain this instinct in any other way than to point out that she has been identified with the theatre from childhood. Nevertheless, theatrical managers aplenty have had much longer experience than Miss Hoffmann, and yet must name failures alongside of successes. She, on the other hand, has never witnessed a failure of any production with which she has been identified.

VARIOUS NOTES

Ernest Newman did not enjoy "You'd Be Surprised" at Covent Garden. "The British first-night audience is as a rule

a cheerful idiot. It goes there in such good spirits that even the worst work or the most incompetent performance can hardly dam the torrent of the applause it has come ready charged to the teeth with. But Saturday's first-night (or rather first-afternoon) audience at "You'd Be Surprised" was the chilliest I have ever seen on one of these occasions. It was difficult to believe, as we filed out of the theatre and listened to the comments, that the piece, in its present form, would be passed as a good life by any theatrical insurance company; my own melancholy impression was that anyone who attended this week's performances would see Covent Garden gradually changing its character and becoming more of a poultry than a fruit market. . . . Whether the songs sung by the leading ladies are fairly representative of New York taste or not I cannot say. If they are not, New York is to be commiserated with; if they are, New York is to be commiserated with still more. I thought our own British shop ballad had achieved the proud pre-eminence of being the world's worst welter of sentimental inanities; but the American product can evidently give it 75 yards

start in 100 and beat it easily. The names of the composers are given in the program, but I had never heard them before, and I have no desire to meet them again."

Apocryphal of the stage version of "If Winter Comes," Mr. Walkley wrote: "If the playwrights were to ask us if we had read the novel 'If Winter Comes,' we should reply, 'Yes,' but please go on as though we hadn't." Unfortunately they go on as though we had—indifferent, it would seem, to the cardinal principle that every play should be self-contained and independent work of art."

The film "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" has provided the Londoner with another opportunity of indulging in the favorite game of name-twisting. The picture had been variously described as: The Four Horsemen of the Polytechnic, the Four Horsemen of the Apoplexy, the Four Horsemen of the Apollinaris, the Four Horsemen of the Eucalyptus, the Four Horsemen of the Politics, and the four ditto of the Epilepsy.—London Daily Chronicle.

"The Gay Lord Quex" is to be revived in London with George Grossmith as Lord Quex and Viola Tree as the duchess.

Matheson Lang is cast in London for Holbrook Blinn's part in "The Bad Man."

The revival of "The Merry Widow" in England began at Sheffield Feb. 12.

Mr. Fernandez Ardos, who was for one season (1903-04) the concert-master of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, was warmly praised for his orchestration of Albeniz's piano piece, "Triana," performed at a Colonne concert in Paris, Jan. 27, 28. He conducted it, also Spanish music by Espla, De Falla, Granados and Turina.

Hans Pfitzner has completed a piano concerto which will be played at Dresden by Gleesking.

Paul Hindemith has composed a set of dances entitled "1922": a march, a shimmy, a Boston and a rag-time with a nocturne by way of an intermezzo.

An anonymous society has been founded at Leipzig to insure the existence of the Philharmonic Orchestra; while the city council of Dresden has granted a subsidy of 5,500,000 marks to the Philharmonic Orchestra of that city, and 22,500,000 marks to the state theatres.

MOORE AND BACON

Carlisle Moore, author of "Listening In," the mystery play, being in Boston, told stories about Frank Bacon, who died recently in the midst of his most successful engagement. When Mr. Moore was a call boy out at the Alcazar Theatre in San Francisco, Bacon was one of the favorite western comedians.

But, as often happens, the comedian tired of the constant laughter and began to grow restless. He felt that he could play serious roles and he was eager to try. So when they put on a revival of "Romeo and Juliet" he got permission to play the apothecary. Bacon threw himself into the new role with all his heart and soul and gave a splendid performance. Mr. Moore was assistant stage director at the Alcazar at the time. He watched the production with keen interest, for he was a protege of Bacon. "It was probably the biggest disappointment in Bacon's career, for the audience kept laughing from the time he came on the stage until he went off again. No one out front would take him seriously or permit him to do so. It was stark tragedy, in more than one sense, but to the audience it was hilarious comedy." When Mr. Moore came to New York to help produce his first play, "Stop Thief," he suggested Bacon for the role of William Carr, the absent-minded old man. Out of that suggestion came Bacon's first engagement on the eastern stage.

"THE FOOL" AND SING SING

(Alexander Woolcott in the N. Y. Herald Jan. 15)

The keenest, most alert and most intelligently responsive audience that has attended "The Fool" or that is likely to attend it in its adventures in this country and England, was the audience which witnessed a special voluntary performance of this play by Channing Pollock last evening. It was an audience made up of some 1100 prisoners at Sing Sing, who, after dinner, were marched into the big, bleak chapel and ranged in long rows that crowded even the aisles and packed to suffocation

every inch of space. The applause after each act was such hearty, genuine applause as we had never heard before in any theatre anywhere in the world. It came from a group of breathless listeners that had taken what was interesting and good and true in the play as parched earth drinks the rain and that had sat in stony, disapproving silence when, now and again, the play seemed to stand on the edge of what was false and smug and mealy-mouthed.

The players had left the Grand Central shortly before 5 o'clock, a cheerful, snow-flecked troupe, augmented to a party of more than 80 by certain of the town's reviewers, who went along to see what one of these performances at Sing Sing might be like. It was a slightly jocular part

the accents of an amiable and gracious junket that used to come from some of those groups of Y. M. C. A. entertainers who thought it was such fun to go over and make merry for the men on their way into battle. So there were all manner of jokes, with each person called on to calculate whether, on his announcing an intention to go up to Sing Sing, it was 80 or 90 per cent. of his friends who had said, "Be careful they don't look you in." Then there were the feeble jests as to whether or not this performance would be a "cell-out," and the usual flood of congratulations to Channing Pollock on at last discovering an audience that could not walk out on him.

Somehow this note ceased to sound the moment the huge doors of the old prison clanged shut behind the trouper and they stood, a huddled and insignificant group in the reverberant subterranean mess hall and settled down there to dinner at a few tables that had been respread for them. Now was the note audible afterward upstairs in the chapel while the prisoners came streaming in, platoon by platoon, to take their seats. The extras who watched from their balcony seats in the rear of the auditorium and the players who peered curiously out through the curtains saw an audience of men, nearly all of whom were young and who, altogether, recalled nothing in the world so much as one of the big Y huts in France packed to the doors and all on tiptoe with their eagerness for the sight and sound of Elsie Janis.

It was not merely the simpler theatrical values of "The Fool" which elicited from last night's audience the greatest rejoicing. What they liked best were the little streaks of irony which are the salt of this not richly seasoned play. Every thrust at the blunders and inequities of the existing social order were received with obvious relish, but, after all, the line they enjoyed most was one which took on its special value because it was said in that place of all places. There is one point when Roy Gordon, as the snake in the grass of Mr. Pollock's fancy, has to say boastfully: "You know me well enough to know that when I want anything I'm not going to be stopped just because it happens to belong to some one else." At this line an audience that had more than the usual percentage of forgers, blackmailers and burglars was jounced into a very roar of startled laughter.

But the more touching scenes of the play had the kind of full effect that scenes have once in the little theatre of the playwright's mind and seldom ever again when the play gets out into the world. There were a thousand glistening eyes in that chapel last night when the lights went up after the scene that stages the healing of the little crippled girl.

So it was a delighted and heart-warmed company of players that filed out into the snow at Ossining a little after 10 o'clock, heavy laden with the kind of reward that actors enjoy most and haunted for all their lives, some of them, by the notion that they had been within the walls where society hides and tries to forget its biggest mistakes. They were checked out one by one, for it was during or after the play given at the prison last November that one of the cleverest and oldest inhabitants disap-

peared in the disguising skirts of a theatrical costume.

LONDON CENSORSHIP

(The Athenaeum.)

In passing "Waste" for public performance, and renewing the veto on "Mrs. Warren's Profession," the censor has done just what might have been expected of him. "Waste" is a very clever play, with one scene of passion somewhat over-stressed, which offended some delicate eye in the lord chamberlain's office when the work was first proposed for representation. Otherwise, it was of the quality which gave it high place among the descriptive plays which half a dozen of our ablest playwrights repeatedly produce. "Mrs. Warren's Profession" is a great moralist play, which every first-class theatre in Europe but our own has long been familiar with as a work of art of the highest value and significance. It is rather terrible, as social guilt appears when we see it traced to its causes, and its place in our life truthfully and powerfully defined. It is also written with Mr. Shaw's invariable delicacy, and with more tragic intensity than is customary with him. Its exclusion from our stage is, therefore, a measure of a court functionary's insensibility to art and morals, and of nothing more.

PASSING OF COVENT GARDEN

(Horace Wyndham in Musical America, Feb. 10)

After a prolonged struggle against an untoward combination of circumstances, grand opera in London has received its marching orders. At any rate, the doors of the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, its historic and accepted home for the last 75 years, will be closed against it at the end of January.

Covent Garden Theatre has a his-

story that is both curious and interesting. Originally opened in 1732, it did not become an opera house until 1847. Prior to that date it offered the ordinary dramatic fare of the period. From a time to time, however, it extended temporary hospitality to composers from Germany and Italy. The first among them to get a hearing on its stage was Weber, whose "Der Freischütz" and "Oberon" were performed there through the good offices of Sir Henry Blishop, who was appointed conductor in 1810.

A circumstance that militated against the regular presentation of opera at Covent Garden was that, up to 75 years ago, there was no "open door." The sole London rights were claimed by the lessee of Her Majesty's Opera House in the Haymarket, who fiercely combated any competition. In fact, when he encountered any, he promptly set the law in motion. It seems that he actually possessed a patent granting him "the privilege of the exclusive production in perpetuity of Italian Opera in London." A tall order, this. Fortunately, a change of government brought into power a Lord Chamberlain who discouraged monopolies, and the patent was accordingly revoked.

But little birds in their operatic nests did not agree, and when, in 1847, Covent Garden Theatre was reopened as an opera house, unpleasant work was afoot. Annoyed by the fact that Jenny Lind was drawing all London to Her Majesty's, Delafeld lured away several of the leading members of the company supporting her, and offered them positions at Covent Garden. One was Michael Costa, who occupied the conductor's chair, and with him went Grisi, Marito and Tamburini. Overtures were made to Lablache, but his loyalty was not to be shaken, and he refused to disregard his contract.

The Covent Garden enterprise proved, and perhaps deservedly so, a financial failure. After the second season the management became bankrupt, Delafeld, the lessee, filing his petition. An enormous amount of money (other people's money) had been squandered. Thus the reconstruction of the building cost £40,000; salaries of artists, £33,000; orchestra and ballet, £18,000, and costumes, £3,000. Compared with these totals, the item of "£27 for fireworks" (naphtha flares on the roof) was a mere flea-bite.

During the next decade Covent Garden, while remaining an opera house, experienced many ups and downs. They were principally "downs," and in 1856 the whole building was destroyed by fire. A new one was promptly erected—largely by public subscription—and this was opened in 1858 under the joint management of William Harrison and Louisa Payne. The lady, however, very soon retired in favor of Frederick Gye, former lessee.

The initial performance of the new season was "Les Huguenots," with Grisi and Marito as the stars. This was followed by "Traviata," with Bosio (the great rival of Puccini) in the chief role, and afterward by Balfe's tuneful "Satanella."

Ten years later the Montagues and Capulets—that is the lessees of Her Majesty's and Covent Garden—adjusted their long-standing differences and joined forces. The fusion, however, of Mapleson and Gye was not a success, and Col. Mapleson soon went back to running a rival company of his own. What was worse, he took with him Costa, Nilsson, Arditi and Santley.

Against such a defection Covent Garden could not hold up its head, and, except on the nights when Patti was singing, the huge house was always half empty. Before long things became desperate, and recourse was had to every sort of shift and undignified expedient to keep the orders open. In turn, the historic stage was occupied by orchestral concerts, blood-and-thunder melodrama, pantomime, prize-fighters, and a circus. Salvini gave his falling fortunes a temporary fillip, but all to no purpose, and in 1884 the management became bankrupt.

At this crisis in the history of Covent Garden there arose out of the void a new power and one that before long rescued the fine old house from the slough of despond into which it had sunk. Sir Augustus Harris, who had been successfully experimenting with Italian opera at Drury Lane, undertook to run Covent Garden if he were given a free hand. He was given one, and, thanks to his enterprise and artistic skill, soon brought back fame and fortune. Under his admirable regime the star of grand opera shone at Covent Garden more brightly than ever, and all music-loving London flocked to the banner he raised there. On his untimely death, in 1896, the management passed into the hands of the Royal Opera Syndicate. It is this body which, under force of circumstances, has just made over the historic theatre to Sir Oswald Stoll. The initial program to be presented there under this regime is to be a "revue" entitled "You'd Be Surprised!" The name seems well selected.

A little known fact connected with the history of Covent Garden Theatre is that no less a person than Charles Dickens once attempted to get a footing

there. As a very young man he had a bad attack of stage fever and fanned himself as a tragedian. By dint of pulling the proper strings, he secured a letter of introduction to the manager. An appointment was made for him to call. Before he could do so, however, he fell ill, and when he recovered it was too late. Still, as things turned out, this was a blessing in disguise, for, abandoning all hopes of a stage career, he sat down and wrote "Pickwick" instead.

"ADVERTISING APRIL"

"Advertising April," by Herbert Farjeon and Horace Horsnell was produced at the Criterion, London, late last month. The Daily Telegraph described it as follows:

In the great struggle for supremacy between the theatre and the cinema there have been many ups and downs. Now the finger of success has pointed toward one, only a moment later to be directed toward the other. But at the Criterion on Thursday there could be no doubt which emerged triumphant from the contest. The theatre it was that won hands down. That fact it owes entirely to the authors of "Advertising April." Gallantly they entered the arena determined to conquer or to die. And as practically they had the field to themselves there never was the slightest uncertainty as to the issue. Their victim they stripped bare and revealed in all its tardiness, its vulgarity, its meanness. Never was there such an exposure—so unsparring, so complete. Illusions were shattered with a ruthless hand, and, most cruel stroke of all, the film star of our boyish dreams thrust from the pinnacle upon which she has dwelt so long. Imagine the shock to sensitive nerves to see her revealed as something less, inconceivably less, than an everyday woman, as a creature of the commonest clay, ready to rap out an oath with all the emphasis and energy of a coal-heaver, jealous and quick to anger. No; if you would retain your respect for an industry which claims to be an art, or those who make a living by it, not even will wild horses succeed in dragging you to see "Advertising April."

If, on the other hand, you desire an evening of unbridled fun, and are not particularly squeamish as to how it is obtained, you will probably disregard the warning and promptly make your way there. For the piece is brilliantly written, and many of the situations flagrantly comic. Also even the most devoted adherent of the theatre will probably admit that the picture is too outrageously overdrawn and the satire much too bitter to be true. From a farce one does not expect the refinement or the subtlety of comedy, and farce Messrs. Farjeon and Horsnell's work indisputably is. Occasionally they have allowed their sense of humor and of proportion to stray beyond the limits of discretion and even of good taste, but the impetuosity of youth is, after all, a pardonable crime. Their story is the story of April Mawne, who has risen to the high position of a cinema idol. Her husband, Edmund Hobart, is a smart, ingenious man, utterly unscrupulous in his own line of business, who claims, and not without reason, to have done, as his wife's press agent, as much in making her a success as she by her own talents has contrived to accomplish. Ever on the outlook for a fresh stunt likely to focus public attention upon her, he stops at nothing. Photographers are invited to picture her at home, in her motor; shopping, helping at charity entertainments, making up in her dressing room. He even inveigles an English princess to her tent at a garden party, and then has a snapshot taken of the two chatting together. But for once he has gone too far, and the scene in which the princess indignantly turns upon him is quite one of the best in the play. Another of his ideas is to contrive a sham divorce case in which April shall appear as a deeply injured woman. For the co-respondent he selects Merwyn Jones, a young Oxford man, poet and idealist, who, believing April to be single, is honestly in love with her. But here again Hobart comes to grief, although in the end his wife's good sense and genuine love for him bring about a reconciliation. The manner in which that is effected is among the happiest things conceived by the authors, for it takes the shape of a cinema rehearsal with drawn curtains, shaded lights and an accompaniment of subdued music. The incident served to bring down the curtain to prolonged and uproarious applause.

In the drawing of the characters the art of the caricaturist constantly reveals itself. April herself is by no means free from reproach in this respect: one can hardly imagine her, as she appears in the play, as the exquisite being who has won all hearts by her grace, her beauty and her sensitiveness on the screen. Nor does Miss Sybil Thorndike help us to do so by her treatment of the part. The fault, of course, is not hers, for evidently she plays it as it was intended she should. Her high spirits, her splendid vigor, and glorious sense of fun, however, dominate everything, and ensure the success of every scene in which she ap-

pears. Nor is Mr. Frank Cellier, as Hobart, less energetic or less resourceful. To Mr. Lawrence Anderson's study of Merwyn Jones the highest commendation is due. The role is not an easy one, for Jones is a blend of idealism and of modernity, qualities not easy to reconcile. Fortunately Mr. Anderson acted with such perfect sincerity, such convincing earnestness, as to carry the audience completely with him. Miss Margaret Yardo gave a delightfully finished sketch of April's shrewd and common-sense dresser, while Miss Elizabeth Pollock scored heavily, small as the part was, as a modern young lady endowed with both brains and heart. A word, too, must be spared for Miss Ellen Foster, whose Princess was a model of dignity and womanliness. The reception of the piece was enthusiastic, the authors being called at the close of the performance. In their absence Miss Thorndike expressed thanks for the kindly welcome extended to them and the members of the company.

REVIVING OLD PLAYS

(London Daily Telegraph)

Novelty, it would seem, is not always a source of dramatic attraction. Some times it is the familiar, the well-known, the affectionately-remembered which has the compelling force. How else are we to explain the singular fact that at the present moment, in half a dozen different theatres, old plays are being revived with considerable success? To a modern audience some of Sir Arthur Pinero's plays may seem entirely out of fashion. But what is to be said when a piece like "Sweet Lavender" is produced precisely in the form in which it appealed to our ancestors, with all the soliloquies and asides, and yet is sufficiently charming to be received with the applause which greeted it a few nights ago? Here is a great deal of so-called Victorian sentiment coming perilously near to what our American friends call "sob-stuff." The reformation of the principal character, Dick Phenyl, throws a certain strain on credibility, and yet the singular freshness of the piece still seems to surround it, and an atmosphere of pretty emotion commends it even to a modern play-goer. These, however, are not the only cases to be considered. There are some evergreens which come out every winter, the chief among which is probably "Charley's Aunt," which has enjoyed so many revivals that it might be described as a Christmas classic. Perhaps "The Private Secretary" has not been quite so frequently revived, yet here it is among the present Christmas list of plays, certain of procuring hearty laughs at Mr. Cattermole and others.

"When Knights Were Bold" is another specimen, repeated over and over again, and yet still popular. To these must be added two more especially Christmas-like pieces, "Alice in Wonderland" and "Where the Rainbow Ends." They have been seen before, but they do their best to imitate the great example of "Peter Pan," who bursts into activity without any hint of senescence, still immortally young. What is the moral of facts like these. Does it prove the ignoble character of our tastes that we should turn away from the stern fare offered us by the "highbrows" and seek relief in what we are told are the worst vices of Victorian? Without deriding the taste of the public—which, of course, can never be very refined, but is wholesome and sound at core—let us say at once that today, quite as much as yesterday and the day before, the heart of the community responds to something that is genuine and real—something which has a pathos of its own and a little touch of sentimentality which is never old-fashioned. There are purblind critics who tell us that the reign of romance is over. We entirely refuse to believe it. A love romance is one of the original elements of the human mind. It has a perennial charm. It may be temporarily obscured by that which we call realism; but in its essence it never dies. And plays and books and other things which have "humanity" within them are those which have the best chance to survive.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY—Symphony hall, 6:30 P. M. Ganna Walska, soprano. See special notice.

St. James Theatre, 8:30 P. M. People's Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Mollenhauer conductor. See special notice.

MONDAY—Jordan hall, 8:15 P. M. Vladimir Rosing, tenor. Mrs. Kennedy Fraser, "Land of Heart's Desire"; Duparc, "L'Invitation au Voyage"; Rachmaninov, "Night"; Mendelssohn, "Ye People Lend Your Hearts"; Rachmaninov, "Christ Has Risen"; Rachmaninov, "Spring Waters"; Schumann, "Two Grenadiers"; revolutionary song, Doubinouchka; Debussy, "Noel des Enfants" (1913); Moussorgsky, "Field Marshal Death"; Durante, Danza; arranged Hughes, Nester song; Moussorgsky, "The Goat and Hoped."

TUESDAY—Steinert hall, 8 P. M. Agnes Hope Pillsbury, pianist of Chicago. Beethoven's Sonatas, op. 26, 13 (Pathétique); op. 28, Pastorale.

WEDNESDAY—Jordan hall, 8:15 P. M. Concert by the Boston Symphony Ensemble, Mr. Vannin, conductor, Henry Gideon, lecturer; in aid of the Simmons College Endowment Fund. Goldmark overture to "Sakuntala"; Wagner, Prelude to "Parsifal"; Rimsky-Korsakov, excerpts from "Scheherazade"; D. Dink, Largo from "The World"; Brahms, A. D. 1800; Chopin, "Nights in Venice."

THURSDAY—Symphony hall, 8:15 P. M. Sophie Braum, contralto; Albert, violinist; see special notice.

Jordan hall, 8:15 P. M. Clara Clemens, soprano; H. Parker, "The Love Sickies"; and "The Lark Now Leaves His Wat'ry Nest"; D. G. Manson, "Requies"; Homer, "To Humia"; Monte, "The Roses Are Dead"; Rummel, "The Skylark"; Cornelia, "Faithless, Violet, a Single Tone"; Strauss, "Death the Deceiver"; Regner, "Lullaby"; Loew, "Eden"; Respighi, "Nebbia"; Fernandez, "La Galla Alegra"; Brogi, "Vielona Veneziana"; Padrell, "Mira la Ben"; Gebel, "Owl"; "Goodbye and Near to Thee"; Aronsky, "Little Fish Song"; Moussorgsky, "Parasha's Rovers and Dance"; Michel, Raubheisen, pianist.

FRIDAY, Symphony hall, 2:30 P. M. Seventeenth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Monteux conductor. See special notice.

Jordan hall, 8:15 P. M. Edith Thompson, pianist; Couperin, "Sour Monique"; Schmitt, "Capriccio"; Rameau, "Le Tambourin"; Chopin, "Sonata, op. 58"; Debussy, "Baigneuse au Soleil"; Scott, "Lotus Land"; Debussy, "Minstrel"; Albeniz, "L'Alcazar"; "Iberia"; Liszt, "Sonetto de Petrarca, No. 123, and 'Au Bord d'une Source'; Verdi-Liszt, "Allegretto"; Paraphrase.

SATURDAY—Jordan hall, 10:30 A. M. Concert for children by the Boston Symphony Ensemble, Mr. Vannin, conductor; Henry Gideon, lecturer. Lacomme, "Spanish Suite"; Massenet, duet for clarinet and violoncello; Gabriel-Marie, "La Cinquantaine"; Bizet, "Prelude (auto and orchestra) and 'Aragonaise' (oboe and orchestra) from 'Carmen'; Pleyer, "Doll Dance"; Kohler, "The Mice and the Trap"; Ganne, "La Czarine."

Jordan hall, 3 P. M. Gulomar Novacek, pianist; Gluck-Saint-Saens, "Airs de Ballet"; ("Alceste"); Schumann, "Carnaval"; Chopin, Impromptu, F sharp; Mazurka, Two Etudes, Scherzo in C sharp minor; Gluck-Friedman, "Ballet des Ombres Heureuses"; Moszkowsky, "La Jungla"; Blanchet, "Au Jardin du Vieux Serail"; Liszt, 10th Hungarian Rhapsody.

Symphony Hall, 8:15 P. M. Repetition of Friday's Symphony concert, Mr. Monteux, conductor.

"Donna," reading of Rodolpho—his "gorgeous patent leather hair, those heavy Egyptian eyelids and snow-white gleaming teeth"—see a description of this hero of the film in a Chicago newspaper—suggests that the name of that city be changed to Sheffield.

"KERLESS LOVE"

Some days ago a correspondent asked if any one of The Herald readers knew the words and tune of a song "Careless Love." A friend answered, saying that Miss Lorraine Wyman had sung it for the Harvard Musical Association this season. We looked for the song in Miss Wyman's two volumes of Kentucky folk songs and found it not. Mr. Charles F. Manney now writes that Miss Wyman told her hearers that she obtained "Kerless Love" from a young southern girl in New York—words, melody, and a simple piano arrangement. This girl had heard it in South Carolina. "I doubt," says Mr. Manney, "whether it is of negro origin. It is a love song, not a spiritual. It is rather Stephen Foster-ish in style, with the addition of several cadencing snaps, such as vaudeville singers love. Popular songs were full of them a dozen years ago."

FINGERING THE FACE

As the World Wags:

How common the habit even among our best talkers! There are the beard or cheek strokers, the mustache twisters, the lip squeezers, teeth tappers, chin proppers, and above all the nose pullers, smoothers, rumplers and tweakers. The resulting rearrangement of the features is nearly always a keen discomfort to the gazer, whatever homely satisfaction the face concerned may gain.

TALICOTIUS PERKINS.

"THE GRAVE'S A FINE AND PRIVATE PLACE"

As the World Wags:

"It was 1:15 o'clock when the quiet and subdued procession filed from an adjacent tomb, where they had nibbled at a luncheon." Eating luncheon in a tomb has a tendency to make any procession quiet and subdued. It's as bad as breakfast in the morgue. And maybe they were lunching off some of the embalmed meat, bread and cakes that King Tut's faithful followers had put away for him to eat in the spirit world. That would make the procession even more quiet and subdued.

"JOY RIDERHOOD."

For many years luncheon was eaten on tombstones by clerks, male and female, in a graveyard near Wall street, New York. Mr. Herkimer Johnson once confided to us that in the sixties he courted a girl at night in the cemetery of a village. She was a spiritualist; her family subscribed to the Banner of Light, so he thought the scene of his wooing singularly appropriate.—Ed.

THE WORM TURNS (For As the World Wags.)

Oh, everybody, please go way,
And quit this quoting of Coue!

I like to grouch, I like to frown,
I like to let the tears run down—

I like to be morose and sad
And know my liver's getting bad.

When other people skip about
I like to feel just all fagged out—

I'd rather be depressed and solemn
From pouring o'er the doctor's column

Than try to get a wretched laugh
From some poor punster's paragraph.

I like to be a chronic fretter,
I can't and won't and shan't get better.

So, since you see I like it drab
Oh, please go way and let me crab!

R. N. H.

"The Cat and the Canary" achieved its 100th performance in London on Jan. 26. We may see the play in Boston in 1924. Our "novelties" come late, if they come at all.

Mr. Clarence Willard, "the man who grows," having been off the stage for three years, is returning to grow again. "This mysterious person by development of inner sets of muscles adds 7½ inches to his height and extends his arms 15 inches," and this without the aid of the springboard or any mechanical appliance. Unless he puts on rubber trousers he tears seams. His motto is "Concentration and Determination."

MISS PULVER WOULDN'T EVEN SAY "LIMBS"

(Mary Brecht Pulver in the Saturday Evening Post)

"Only a dazzling slenderly curvilinear whiteness that matched the slim young arms and half bared bosom of the upper torso."

"PLACES WREATH ON WASHINGTON'S STATUE ON THE PUBLIC GARDEN"

As the World Wags:

We have read of crowning with laurel the victor's sweaty brow; of affixing the coveted medal to the swelling bosom of the valorous warrior; of laying commemorative flowers at the base of the illustrious hero's monument; but have we ever before seen a wreath suspended from the left toes?

LIVDAV.

"LITTLE MISS MUFFETT"

As the World Wags:

Do you remember the time George Thatcher of Thatcher, Primrose and West was singing "and the villain still pursued her"?

"Little Miss Muffett
Sat on a tuffet,
When there came a bold intruder,
For a great big black spider
Came and sat down beside her,
And the villain still pursued her."

I somehow associate this with Louis Harrison in "Horrors," with Henry Dixey also in the cast.

FRANK H. BRIGGS.

Did Thatcher always sing his famous gag? We remember his spoken lines: "Scene rises in a stonecutter's yard in Detroit. And the villain still pursued her."—Ed.

BEEF OR BEANS?

Dr. Josiah Oldfield of London thinks we would all be better if we ate less beef, more cereals, fruit, milk, butter and eggs. To confirm his belief he sought information at various embassies to find out what is eaten by the "peasant classes." He received these replies:

Austria—Stamina of the nation built up on a vegetarian basis.

Chile—Wheat flour, kidney beans, and maize the principal food. Meat seldom eaten.

Germany—Meat "not an important part of diet at present."

Japan—Little meat eaten.

Norway—Little meat eaten.

Portugal—Meat seldom eaten by poorer classes.

Russia—Meat consumption insignificant. Eggs, milk and butter the staple foods during the four Lenten weeks (totaling 18 weeks), and on the two weekly fast days.

Roumania—Meat seldom eaten by peasants.

Serbia—Eighty per cent. of the peasant classes live on boiled beans and other vegetables.

Spain—Little meat eaten.

GANNA WALSKA AT SYMPHONY HALL

Max Kaplich, Baritone, Appears with Lyric Soprano

Yesterday afternoon Ganna Walska, lyric soprano, gave a concert in Symphony hall. She was assisted by Jeanne Krieger, accompanist, and Max Kaplich, baritone, who sang arias from "Puritani" and Ricci's "I Prigionieri d'Edimburgo," "Ecce Homo" by Trunk, Strauss's "Zueignung" and, with Mme. Walska, a duet from "Rigoletto." Mme. Walska sang Constanze's big air from Mozart's "Die Entführung." Blondine's air from the same opera, "Porgi Amor" from "Le Nuzze di Figaro," the romance of the forest from "Lakme," and a Strauss waltz, "Voci di Primavera," also

for an encore the "laughing song" of Auber.

Remembering the prophet's warning, "Woe unto him that calls evil good," of Mme. Walska's performance yesterday one can only say that the singer showed poor judgment when she essayed a program so exacting. In the middle of her voice she has a few notes of pleasant quality; till to these she has succeeded, by well-directed and diligent study, in adding more, she is unwise to sing in public.

Mr. Kaplich, the possessor of an excellent voice well-trained, showed the value of technique and of operatic routine; what he wants to do he can do. Yesterday he seemed disposed to sing with undue sentimentality. Best of all went the lively air by Ricci. To the program he added two encores. Miss Krieger played the accompaniments competently.

R. R. G.

PEOPLE'S SYMPHONY

The People's Symphony Orchestra, Emil Moellenhauer, conductor, gave its 17th concert of the season at the St. James Theatre yesterday.

Stetson Humphrey, baritone, was the soloist. Volbach's Symphonic Poem, "Es waren zwei Koenigskinder," played for the first time in Boston, was received with approbation. It is conceivably a fairy story beautifully told. Mr. Humphrey sang "Evening Star" from "Tannhauser," Wagner, also "The Two Grenadiers," Schumann.

Beethoven's Symphony No. 9 in D minor, op. 125, concluded the program.

Feb 27 1923 MISS HOFFMANN

By PHILIP HALE

MAJESTIC THEATRE—First performance in Boston of a new spectacular revue, "Hello Everybody" with Gertrude Hoffmann, her dancers and certain vaudeville comedians. Lyrics by McElbert Moore; music by C. Fred Coats. Max Hoffmann was the conductor.

This revue was the first shown in the change of policy at the Majestic. Miss Hoffman will be here for four weeks. After she leaves there will be two other shows of a similar nature.

Let us say first of all that "Hello Everybody" would be a more agreeable entertainment if the vaudeville comedians were of a higher order, and if Mr. Hoffmann would not force his orchestra to make such an infernal clatter and din that the hearer is stunned and injury is done to the dancers in their evolutions.

Miss Hoffmann and her dancers are the show. Of course they cannot constantly be on the stage. There must be relief. It is a pity that the comedians—two of them, Messrs. Harry and Willie Lander—were described on the bill as the "funniest" of Americans. Well, ideas of fun differ. We found the "comedians" as a rule boresome. There was one fairly amusing scene—the one between the waiter, whose English was imperfect, and the guest. The burlesque scene with the two balloons might pass, but what is to be said of "The Corsican Twins" and the "Statue dances" in which one comedian stuck out his tongue and the other held one of his feet on it to portray the foot and mouth disease?

Miss Hoffmann is a woman of indisputable talent. We remember her when she first danced her Mendelssohn's "Spring Song." No one has since danced it so charmingly, so joyously. What a barbaric "Scheherazade" she produced before the Russians came! Her production was savagely, brilliantly cruel and sensual, closer in spirit to the first story in "The Thousand Nights and a Night" than was the Russian presentation.

The years have passed, but Miss Hoffmann is as fantastically graceful and animated as when she first delighted her admirers. Her animation is not

forced. She moves, she dances in keen enjoyment. She has the dramatic sensibility. While her vivacity is often intoxicating, she can be expressive in repose. How her queer little voice suited the street girl in the Apache dance by the Seine!

She knows how to inspire her young dancers with her own animation. They are comely, nearly all of them beautifully formed, and there is a refreshing spontaneity in solo or in ensemble. The program as printed was not to be followed either in order or in enumeration, so that it is not easy to particularize, but there were solo dances by the Misses Langhorne, Kluge, Gallimore, Dewees, Zackey, and there was a male dancer, Mr. Aleneff.

Among the ensemble numbers were "The Hoffmann Belles," a moving picture scene, in which film favorites were portrayed with more or less success, a trapeze scene and a pretty "Christmas Fantasy" in which a poor little girl, put to sleep by the Sandman, so that she dreamed of animated toys, was charmingly portrayed, as far as artfulness, curiosity and surprise were concerned, by Miss Van Hess. Then there was a fencing scene, a Russian dance scene, a ballet "Sylphides" to Chopin's music; there were other scenes.

The costumes were tasteful; those worn by Miss Hoffmann were in some instances gorgeous. The dancing girls in white were shown effectively in bold relief against a black background. If only the vaudevillians had been amusing!

One should not love or hate the men that govern. One owes them only the feelings that one has for one's coachman: He drives well, or he drives badly—that's the whole of it.—ALFRED DE VIGNY.

COAL AND "HYSTERIA"

As the World Wags:

The presidential characterization of the mental state of the citizens of New England, regardless of sex, as hysterical, seems to be as inaccurate pathologically as it is lacking in appeal as a political utterance. Judging from personal experience and observation there are no symptoms of mania in the manifestations of the mental reactions engendered by the coal famine, nothing of unescapable pursuit by furies, but merely the one simple instinctive fear of freezing, a gelidophobia, as one might say, a psychological disturbance equally with that of the President's diagnosis, but one possible to both sexes, which the President's is not. Not even the maternal solicitude of the mothers of New England, now extreme, that their children should have cooked food and sleep unfrozen in their beds would properly be called an index of hysteria. To deprive the males of New England of the fundamentals of their manhood by a presidential decision is worse than a crime. It's stupid.

And yet if the coal shortage continues and the cold weather does not abate, the embattled farmers of New England bid fair to become extinct with the brass monkeys of former days.

Amherst, N. H. ABEL ADAMS.

WHY GUS QUIT

(From the Muscatine (Ia.) Journal.)

—COMMUNICATION—

I want to take the method in stating that every woman who works at the Iowa Pearl Button factory at night, where I was watchman until last week, is a lady.

GUS ZEUG.

TO A PRETTY WOMAN

You are a bugle blown for a weary bivouac;

You are the splendor of blood on burnished blades;

You are the west wind over a waste of sedges;

And you are a teakwood cabinet filled with jades.

You are a topaz burned alone in a casket;

You are a glass to be drained and slung to the poor;

You are a reed that one might fashion for music;

You are a woman and you are nothing more.

But in your eyes are the flames that flow in an opal;

Your mouth is hot as a roseleaf crushed from a rose;

You are the lie and the lure of all that is beauty—

And how I shall ever be quit of you now—

God knows!

—The King of the Black Isles.

ATTENTION OF MR. VOLSTEAD

As the World Wags:

Plato said: "Intemperance, a pleasant thing and easy of acquisition, but rendered base by law and public opinion."

UNQUITY.

AGE OF INNOCENCE HUMOR

(Milton News, July 1, 1922)

An ice cream vendor was about the town one day this week tempting the natives by exclaiming: "I scream, I scream."

HARTFORD'S FUEL FAMINE

As the World Wags:

In the Hotel Bond at Hartford (Ct.) every room contains the following notice:

"Guests will kindly pull windows down from the top to prevent radiators from freezing."

Whether this is an attempt to utilize hot air generated by the Legislature across the street, I do not know, but in the present exigency tenants might hope to fare as well as the radiators.

EZRA P. BASCOM.

DR. HERBERT J. HALL

As the World Wags:

There must have been many sad hearts when the announcement of Dr. Hall's death was read. Although his long and serious illness had caused much apprehension among his friends, there was a lingering hope that he might be spared for many more years of usefulness for he was still so young.

His was a rare nature, exquisitely gentle, tender and sympathetic, and his giving himself so unsparingly to his patients doubtless affected his health which was always delicate. He was never so happy as when doing for their pleasure, sharing with them his love for music, books and pictures, and occasionally reading from his own verses. His beautiful voice in song will long haunt the memory of the few who were privileged to hear it, his modesty forbidding his singing to the many. Kindness was the law of his life and was felt at once in the atmosphere of his sanatorium at Devreux Mansion. He was a consistent lover of nature. She appealed to him in all her phases, and his beloved ocean had always a fascination for him even in her most angry mood.

When, at long last, this country entered the war, he was very keen to be sent overseas. It was truly a grief to him to be denied on account of his physical disability. On the return of the wounded soldiers he was sent by the government to the camp for the shell-shocked. It was almost pathetic to see his joy on donning khaki, he had chafed so much at his months of enforced inaction. His service to them, and to all sufferers from nervous diseases, through occupational therapy, is well known everywhere, he being the first to introduce it. He hoped to make it his lifework.

Deeply as he will be mourned by a host of devoted friends, the feeling must be universal that Dr. Hall had accomplished in his 50 years more than is attained by most men whose lives have reached the allotted three-score and ten.

L. M. W.

Boston.

As the World Wags:

"R. M. H." has been misinformed, I respectfully submit, as regards the origin of "Oh, Rinehart!" Legend runs that an undergraduate of this name, desiring to establish a reputation for popularity among his fellows, used nightly to illuminate his windows in upper Weld or Matthews, lock the door, and proceed to the ground outside, from where he would shout his own name aloft as if Rinehart were being haled out of his diggings by roistering pals. The spelling was "Rheinhardt."

But about swearing by the names of authors, "R. M. H." need not worry on that score. Certain aspirants to the doctorate are even now hard at it in the stacks of Widener, directing upon this vital philological topic an exhaustive scrutiny. In a dissertation not long to be withheld from the clamorous public, the thesis will be advanced that, today, the simple-minded, rugged souls among us are wont to use the democratic "Hull's bells!" whereas, among the intelligentsia, a gentler idiom demands "Great leaping Hergesheimer!" And in the underworld—as authentic statistics will be made to reveal—already 37 contemporary villains have chewed their dirty finger nails over "S'batini!"

But this is pundit's porridge. Go out on the street. Listen for oaths. What do you hear? Right; that good round "By me Hallettdom!"

K. P. K.

Newtonville.

ST. JAMES THEATRE—"Madam X."

A drama and a prologue in three acts, by Alexandre Bisson, adapted by John Raphael. The cast:

Raymond Floriot.....	Walter Gilbert
Louis Floriot.....	Mark Kent
Noel.....	Dillon Deasy
Laroque.....	Edward Darney
Perlesard.....	Ralph M. Remley
Merivel.....	Harold Chase
Dr. Chesnel.....	Warren Burrows
Victor.....	Houston Richards
President of Court.....	John J. Geary
Clérk.....	Idonel Bevans
Prosecutor.....	Adelyn Bushnell
Jacqueline.....	Lucille Adams
Helene.....	Viola Roche
Marie.....	ABBA Laying
Rose.....	

A grim, sordid story, which even the dramatic emphasis impressed on the motive of a mother's love, strong enough to redeem a woman who is represented as being the most hopeless of human wrecks, and an ending made as happy as possible considering the fact that the heroine dies with the fall of the curtain, do not save from being depressing in the extreme.

It concerns a wife who is unfaithful to her husband, and repents, but is harshly driven out. She becomes an outcast and a drug addict. Twenty years later, to save her son from a gang of blackmailers, she kills her paramour. The son, a lawyer, ignorant of his mother's identity, is appointed to defend her in court, and, with his father on the bench, for good measure, addresses the jury with such eloquence and feeling that they promptly acquit her. Whereupon, as the result of emotion combined with the effect of ether and absinthe, she expires, but not until all is explained and forgiven.

Miss Bushnell, as the erring wife, achieved a real success, fully as much in the second act where, in a third-rate hotel, she kills the worthless scoundrel, who has learned the secret of her past, to prevent his extorting money from her husband, as in the trial scene, where she discovers that it is "her boy" who is appealing for her life.

The real hero of the piece is Mr. Kent, as the stern husband, who later repents, too late, for his severity. His lines are stilted, but he carries the part convincingly. Mr. Gilbert, as the son, has very little material to work with but rises to the occasion in his speech to the jury, although there was a suspicion last night that he was not "letter perfect" and had to do some improvising.

Ralph Remley, aided and abetted by Harold Chase, afforded the comic relief—and it was welcomed—as a pair of villains who come to grief delightfully in the end. The others of the cast were adequate and the setting satisfactory.

Being French, "Madam X" suffers severely in the process of translation, adaptation and editing but the version will satisfy all who care for tense melodrama, even if the machinery does creak at times.

J. E. P.

PLAYS CONTINUING

COLONIAL—Ed Wynn in "The Perfect Fool." Fourth week.

COPLEY—"The Romantic Young Lady." Comedy. Second week.

HOLLIS STREET—"Lighthouse." Comedy. Tenth week.

PLYMOUTH—"Just Married." Farce. Seventh week.

SELWYN—"The Fool." Drama. Third week.

SHUBERT—"Elsie." Musical comedy. Second week.

TREMONT—"The Comedian," with Lionel Atwill. Comedy. Second and last week.

WILBUR—"Listening In." A mystery comedy. Second week.

KEITH'S THEATRE

The bill at B. F. Keith's Theatre adheres to the best traditions of vaudeville. There is a good playlet, an admirable sketch of the East side, a dancing act that is better than most of its kind, and the nuttiest of the "nut" acts now playing the circuit.

Harry Carroll, composer and singer, was forced to do a "single," as his associate and co-headliner, Vivienne Segal, was indisposed. Considering the handicap Mr. Carroll did exceptionally well, and in the vernacular of the theatre he "put it over."

One of the best acts on the bill was that of McLaughlin and Evans in the East side skit, "On a Little Side Street." Not since the days of Edward Harrigan have we seen a portrayal of types so "earthy," as the Annie Rooney of Blanche Evans and the Francis Doogan of Jim McLaughlin. The former, in speech, method and deportment, created the illusion that this Annie Rooney walked the streets even as you and I. For a true lover of vaudeville to miss this performance of Blanche Evans is to pass by one of the most interesting characterizations in vaudeville.

Other acts on the bill were Jim McWilliams, 100 per cent. "nutty," in a scream of incoherent chatter and comedy work at the piano, the act, too, made the more convincing by the affected spontaneity of the actor; Blanche Sherwood and Brother, in comedy acrobatics; Gene Hughes and company, never so funny as in her new sketch; Venita Gould, who stopped the show with the remarkable fidelity of her wide range of impressions of stage favorites; Doris Humphrey's dancers, in a series of interpretative dances; Alice and Mary McCarthy, cooing juvenile singers; and Ben Beyer, comedy cyclist.

ROSING SINGS

At his recital last night in Jordan hall, Vladimir Rosing, tenor, sang "Land of Heart's Desire," arranged by M. Kennedy Fraser; Duparc's "Invitation on Voyage," "If with All Your Hearts," from "Elijah," "Christ Has Risen," "Night" and "Spring," by Rachmaninov; Tscherepnine's "Summer Night," Schumann's "Two Grenadiers," a Russian "Revolutionary" song, "Dubnushka," Debussy's "Noel des Enfants," the old Italian "Danza," by Durante; a song by Hughes not on the program, and three Mussorgsky songs, "The Goat," "Hopak" and "Field Marshal Death." Instead of Mr. Harry Whittemore, as the program had it, Richard Dey's directed the accompaniments, remarkably well, too.

Of the late Queen Victoria it used to be told that above all other pianists she liked Mlle. Natalie Janotha because, in the presence, that lady, when playing the piano, said little. Her majesty would not have liked Mr. Rosing, who "says" a deal. Plainly persons, however, than the queen will hardly feel disposed to throw Mr. Rosing's warmth of temperament in his face; the quality is far too rarely found in concert halls. To his methods of expression, though, some people might take exception.

For it is, after all, as a singer that Mr. Rosing comes before the public, with a program of songs which presumably the Russian composers, and beyond question such composers as Schumann and Debussy, meant to be sung, not acted and declaimed. Realistically to suggest the bearing and the tones of a dying soldier may make a fine effect, but it can hardly be the effect Schumann had in mind when he wrote "The Two Grenadiers," nor yet an improvement thereon.

Debussy, too, for his piteous "Noel," found appealing melodic phrases which perhaps he would not have cared to sacrifice even to secure the sad faint tone of hungry children. And though it may be presumptuous to comment on Mr. Rosing's way with Russian songs, the fact remains that there are phrases of musical power in Mussorgsky's "Field Marshal Death" worth many a disfiguring shout and grimaces like a death's head. All his effects, if only he so should choose, Mr. Rosing could make by song alone.

For Mr. Rosing can sing, when he is so disposed. He has an excellent voice at his command, an adequate technique, and a strong sense of musical beauty, though indeed he might trust something more confidently in the readiness of an audience to grasp his meaning, thus dispensing with the extravagance of pianissimos so soft they can scarcely be heard, and tones held over long.

Above all else he sang the Italian air attractively, and to the Rachmaninov songs he gave their full effect. The Mendelssohn air and the Tscherepnine song he sang smoothly and tastefully, if with exaggerated sentimentality.

The audience applauded the "Revolutionary" song excitedly, other songs with more reserve. It would be an interesting experiment if some day Mr. Rosing were to try what he can do in the way of rousing an audience just by singing as well as he can. He must surely recognize that his methods last night brought him no wild acclaim. Songs, when all is said and done, were written to be sung.

R. R. G.

Feb 28 1923

"There has just been brought to light in an ancient manuscript the statement that Solomon gave to the Queen of Sheba 'a vessel wherein one could traverse the air (or wind), which Solomon had made by the wisdom that God had given unto him'."—Boston Herald, Feb. 27.

We have always regretted that we did not know Balkis, Queen of Sheba, in one of our previous lives. The reticence of the Biblical narrative whets curiosity, and the loss of certain historical books alluded to in the Old Testament should be bitterly deplored.

Undoubtedly she was the most glorious woman of all time. We have seen her in Goldmark's opera; we have read the rhapsodic descriptions by Gerard de Nerval, Gustave Flaubert, Anatole France, and Dr. Mardrus of her irresistible fascination. Talmud and the Koran supply interesting details of her famous visit to Solomon's court. To have seen the woman, to have heard her voice! But we wander, which Schubert's song informs us is the miller's joy—a joy not permitted to a stern searcher after truth.

This "vessel" was undoubtedly the justly celebrated carpet of Solomon. Al Beldawi and Jallalo'din tell us it was of green silk, of such prodigious length and breadth that there was sufficient room for his throne and all his forces. The men placed themselves on his right hand; the spirits, his vassals on his left.

When all was in order, the wind, at his command, took up the carpet and transported it, with everything upon it, wherever he pleased. And the army of birds flew overhead as a canopy to shield them from the sun. We see the flight; we hear Solomon crying aloud: "Now we're off!"

"SAKES ALIVE!" SAID THE QUEEN, "WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH THE SOAP?"

(From the Los Angeles Times)

SANDER man wanted for sanding Queen Anne legs. LOS ANGELES WOODWORKING CO., 1217 E. 14th.

The Queen of Spain is more fortunate. According to the rigid etiquette of the Court she has no legs.

ENGLISH AS SHE IS SPOKE

As the World Wags:

Did I imply, in my paragraphs on Stevenson's curious rhyme, "clothes" and "goes," that no differences exist in national habits of careful speech, British and American? I tried to convey an exactly opposite idea, but apparently failed to make my meaning clear to Mr. Catalonia. I scarcely credit Mr. Stevenson's ordering a "shoot of cloz"; but no doubt it was quite all right to have each maiden in his poem discard her "cloz" as she "goes" into the water, although the rhyme seems to me infelicitous. But, like the late Hon. Daniel Webster, I am provincial.

For that reason, possibly, I never heard o-r-g-a-n-i-z-a-t-i-o-n pronounced otherwise than "organization," by Boston's best or anybody else. Does Mr. Catalonia say "organ'zation," or did the linotype misrepresent him? Suppose Englishmen say "militry" "cemet'ry," and perhaps "b'ry," and "ne'ss'ry" (anyway I've heard a minor canon say something that sounded like that: "requisite and ne'ss'ry," as well for the body as the soul"), does that make such elisions eternally "correct"?

As for the writers of dialect stories, people who say "would of" probably think "would of," and some of them would write it so themselves, just as they would write "they is" for "there is."

J. C. L. C.

"STEW IN ITS OWN JUICE"

As the World Wags:

Frankenstein's machine-man was not in the same class, as to non-human actions with our local postoffice. Today's instance is the change in its building made necessary by the congestion and hardships, almost beyond human endurance to its employees. To them a minimum of relief will be given with maximum inconvenience to the public, because, officially, the building faces Postoffice square. Almost any human solution of the problem would be to extend this "front" over the long flight of steps and other nearly wasted area, giving a great amount of space with unsurpassed light and air while depriving a small percentage only of the public of access by climbing those steps. Contrariwise, the stamp, mailing and other sections are to be removed from the end convenient to the public to the end accessible solely by climbing, or through long and crowded corridors, while the employees gain comparatively little space and that darkish.

THE UKASE

More important is the postoffice's recent ukase that no mail is to be delivered unless addressed to street and number; that other mail is to be returned to sender as when on return card, and that the postal corps of expert directory searchers is abolished. "Practice makes perfect" applies to nothing in greater degree than to such alphabetical searching. Lately I have had to rely upon such searching by others, chiefly bookkeepers, accountants habitually handling books, and I have been impressed with the slowness and inefficiency shown by these men above the average. Further, no one but a machine would expect the ordinary man (or woman) to copy down numbers correctly; one example of this was the experience of the Boston Public Library: formerly, applicants for books "copied" the number from each one's card; errors, by this unusually literate class, were so constant that the Library was forced to abandon this use of numbers and to require names to be written. Moreover, but few persons have at hand a City Directory, and so generally the sender of mail has to rely on memory—how fallible a reliance is known to everyone except a machine.

THE REMEDY

Since the postoffice has a monopoly, the sole remedy left the public is that of passive resistance in this way: omit putting any return card on mail mat-

ter and the postoffice will then be forced (with great inconvenience to the public, indeed, but what difference can that make to a machine that has no feelings?) To adopt one of these alternatives: (1) try to deliver matter addressed as best the sender can, or (2) send all matter offending the rigid rule to the dead letter office; the postoffice would soon become so overwhelmed by the mass thus poured in upon it, that in self defense, it would, before long, try to extricate itself from this "stewing in its own juice."

CHARLES-EDWARD AAB.

Boston.

NOTHING ON HIS HEAD?

"A man in picturesque costume came down to the edge of the circle. His face was coffee-brown and he had a nose like a hawk. He wore a wide felt hat and crimson scarf round his sinewy throat."

WHAT ARE "SPIRITUAL" BOUQUETS?

(From the Northampton Gazette)

Card of thanks—We wish to express our sincere thanks to our relatives, friends and neighbors for the kindness shown us, for the beautiful flowers and the spiritual bouquets given us.

MRS. PILLSBURY

Although Mrs. Agnes Hope Pillsbury has joined the ranks, headed by Frederick Lamond, of those pianists who enjoy playing programs of Beethoven sonatas alone, at least she is not so rigorous as some, since she played only three sonatas yesterday at her recital in Steinert Hall, and early ones at that, op. 21, the pathetic sonata, and the pastoral.

But why do it at all? Why wantonly throw out the window the valuable help that contrast lends? For such music-lovers as still find Beethoven sonatas emotionally stirring, to listen to three must prove too taxing. To those who find their emotion dead, three sonatas in a row can only prove a bore.

Players, too, who can sound their depths and as well, by art contriving to relieve the monotony of their endless repetitions, set forth worthily all their noble beauty—such players do not come forward every day, the sense of proportion needful is far too rare, the feel for color too, the rhythm and above all else the quality of greatness that fits one rightly to deal with music that is great. For great music these sonatas remain, though their idiom is not that in taste today, and overwork has left its devastating touch on their freshness.

Mrs. Pillsbury, though a thoroughly capable player, scarcely has at her call the qualifications she ought to have safely to undertake the exacting task she set herself yesterday—to play interestingly in concert two sonatas played constantly on every piano in the land, and then by way of relief to play another sonata still. By their very familiarity, however, perhaps they made their way. The audience, at all events, of unusually good size, applauded Mrs. Pillsbury heartily.

R. R. G.

Feb 1 1923

Mr. John Charles Thomas is known here as an accomplished singer. He would admit this himself. Our regret is the more keen to learn that his wife, Ruby, now at Reno, declares that he once bit her so that the blood ran from her lily-white shoulder; that he tore off a breakfast gown because he did not like it and thus exposed her to a guest, whose attention must have been diverted from grapefruit, cereal, eggs, rolls, coffee and possibly a lamb chop or two. And the baritone's "cruel conduct" made her weight fall from a comfortable 130 pounds to 102.

But all this merely proves—if the statements are true—that Mr. Thomas is a "temperamental" singer, a veritable artist.

The Chicago Tribune draws a moral from the sad tale: "Which proves that, if a girl must marry a singer, she should wed only a tenor or a bass. Baritone must be the rough old things." In opera, the baritone often plays the desperate villain, sometimes by his singing adding to the atrocity of his crimes.

Senator Underwood was on the steamship bearing Miss Mary Garden to Monte Carlo. Miss Garden has said in no uncertain tones that if the senator should be a presidential candidate she would vote for him.

The dispatch from New York to The Boston Herald gave this information after the paragraph about Miss Garden: "The Alabama senator was slumbering heavily in his cabin. His wife guarded the door."

Prudent Mrs. Underwood!

Mme. Petrova will sing what are known to the press agents as "vocal numbers" in her play "Hurricane," now rehearsing in New York. "She has a 'double' voice of unusual range." "Double, double, toll and trouble." "The most striking thing about Mme. Petrova's voice is that she can go from one register to another without any change." Mme. Scacchi had a "double" voice; some say she had three; yet she was not a ventriloquist, and, as Mr. Kreibel wrote, long ago, one forgave her many registers of her voice because of her "joyous volubility of utterance." Sofia Scacchi is dead, rest her good-natured soul—good-natured in spite of her matrimonial misadventure—but Mme. Petrova with the double voice still lives.

That was a well deserved tribute paid Mr. Chadwick and Mr. Goodrich last night by the president and trustees of the New England Conservatory of Music. The concert in Symphony hall was in recognition of 25 years of honorable service.

Sophie Braslau, contralto, and Albert Spalding, violinist, will give a concert in Symphony hall tonight. As their program came too late for publication on Sunday, we now give it in full. Songs: Moussorgsky, The Orphan, The Classic, on the Dnyeper; Wolf, Eternal; Josten, Weihnachten; Schubert, Erlking; Kramer, Faltering Dusk; Coleridge-Taylor, Thou Art Risen my Beloved; Frickland, Ma Lil' Bateau; Iginfriz, As We Part. Violin pieces: Corelli-Spalding, Folies d'Espagne; Saint-Saens, Prelude to "The Deluge"; Schumann, At the Fountain; Brahms-Hochstein, Waltz in A major; Schubert-Spalding, Hark! hark! the Lark; Chopin-Spalding, Waltz, B minor, Waltz, G major; Weber-Spalding, Rondo Brilliant.

Clara Clemens (Mrs. Gabrilowitsch) will sing tonight in Jordan hall. Her program is unusual in that the first group consists of songs by American composers: H. Parker, D. G. Mason, Homer, Foote, Rummell. Usually the luckless American composer takes his humble seat in the final group. It should be remembered, however, that because a song is by an American it is not necessarily worth singing or hearing. Patriotism is often "the last refuge of—mediocrity or impotence. The other composers for Mme. Clemens are Cornelius, Strauss, Reger, Loewe, Respighi, Fernandez, Brogi, Pedrell, Gabrilowitsch, Arensky, Moussorgsky.

Edith Thompson, pianist, will give a recital in Jordan hall tomorrow night; Gulomar Novaes, pianist, will play in Jordan hall Saturday afternoon. Ruth St. Denis and Mr. Shawn, and their company will dance at the Boston Opera House tomorrow afternoon.

Mr. Stanislavsky, the director of the Moscow Art Theatre, now in New York, said to a young woman who came to his school for a trial: "You wear a bracelet on your ankle—you do not have to learn acting—you are already acting."

Laurette Taylor has confided to Equity her views about "Movie Acting." Describing the "rehearsing" before the director, the electrician, the camera man and a few assistants, she says in a fine burst: "It is like being in a room with a crowd of fantastic ogres, all with the eye of a Cyclops, and that orb a dark, forbidding blue."

The Boston Symphony Ensemble, Mr. Vannini, conductor, Mr. Gideon, lecturer, will give a concert for children in Jordan hall on Saturday at 10:30 A. M. It will be interesting to see how they react to the music. Dr. Griggs will lecture on Savoranola in Tremont Temple Saturday morning at 11 o'clock.

Mme. Galli-Curci will sing at the Boston Opera House next Sunday afternoon. The program of the Pension Fund Concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra next Sunday afternoon is devoted to Wagner, with the exception of an aria by Bruck to be sung by Mme. Onegin, who will also sing two songs by Wagner. Charles H. Bennett will sing Wotan's "Farewell" from "The Valkyrie."

The Symphony concerts last week were very brilliant. Mr. Cortot's remarkable performance of Saint-Saens's fourth concerto will not soon be forgotten. As a pianist he is incomparable. We know of no other virtuoso-musician who combines so many essential qualities, who has authority, taste, varied expression in so marked a degree.

The concerts this week promise to be equally interesting. Glazounov's fourth symphony in three movements,

probably the most characteristically Russian of his symphonies, has not been performed here since 1904. It gave so much pleasure that it was performed twice in that season. The concerto will begin with Mendelssohn's overture, "The Hebrides," which has had various titles—even "Ossian in Fingal's Cave." The rest of the program is in honor of Alfredo Casella, pianist and composer, who, visiting Boston for the first time, will play the Spanish Rhapsody by Albeniz. This Rhapsody was performed in Paris in 1911, when the orchestration was by Georges Enesco, for the original score was lost. Mr. Casella has made his own orchestration. His "Pupazzetti," five little pieces for marionettes, will be conducted by him. They were originally written for the piano (four hands), but they have been played here on two pianos by Messrs. Maier and Pattison. Mr. Casella will also conduct this "Italia," which was first played here at a "Pop" concert. It should long ago have found a place on a Symphony program.

John McCormack was billed to sing in "Madame Butterfly," "Martha," "Tosca" in January and February at Monte Carlo.

The People's Symphony orchestra will give a concert at the St. James Theatre next Sunday afternoon.

Better Now Than Then

Writing in the New York Herald on "The Newspaper 'Colym' and Literature," Walter Pritchard Eaton has this to say of Philip Hale:

"During the entire decade of the 1890's Philip Hale conducted a column on the back page of the Boston Journal called 'The Talk of the Day.' It was far and away the most readable thing in any Boston paper, not excepting Mr. Hale's own musical criticisms. He, too, had a character—Old Chimes. Unlike the Old Soak, Old Chimes was an aristocrat, but a mellow, gentle, kindly one. He was forever appearing from a dim recess of the St. Botolph Club to comment whimsically on the affairs of the day. And Mr. Hale's column, too, was stormed by contributors, youngsters who considered it a literary honor greater than almost any other to break into print beneath his heading. As, indeed, it was. It was Philip Hale, probably, more than anyone else who put the touch of literary flavor on the newspaper column."

We hope that some day the correspondence of Isadora Duncan will be published. What could be more terse than the telegram sent to her by her husband Serge: "I love you forever. The newspapers are pigs. You are my very soul."

As Isadora dances as an interpreter of symphonies, pictures, statues and what not, why should she not interpret this telegram by prancings, glidings, leapings and cavortings on the stage? We should especially like to see her terpsichorean interpretation of her husband's graceful allusion to the newspapers.

Mr. Francis Hackett, writing to the N. Y. World about food and cookery in European cities, says that the Dutch are the people who really understand coffee. "On a railway platform, at Rosendaal, on the way to London, I had coffee and a ham sandwich with my last bit of money, and they were so good I nearly cried." A scene for our friend, "The Historical and Anecdotal Painter." It is a terrible sight—that of a strong man moved to tears—especially when they might fall into the coffee. We shall never forget the watery eyes of Old Auger at the Porphyry, when with a tremulous voice he spoke of bygone years—years in which meat men threw in sweetbreads with an order or threw them away, and grapefruit were to be had without price—when they were to be had at all.

Mr. Jewett has, indeed, been fortunate of late in the choice of plays at the Copley Theatre. "Irene Wycherley" was a strong and engrossing drama in which Miss Willard gave an excellent performance of the wife, while the other players were more than adequate. The play was too strong for some sensitive souls in the audience, who called for an ounce of olivet when the word "mistress" was heard.

"The Truth About Blayds" was capably acted, and the portrayal of the old humpback of a poet by Mr. Wingfield was

conspicuous for its unexaggerated realism. As for the poet's Boswell, played by Mr. Clive—the personation was singularly true to life. We all have known the type.

Then there is the Spanish play, "The Romantic Young Lady," a delightful trifle, with witty dialogue, and just enough of the fantastical. It was to be expected that Miss Willard would shine brilliantly as the heroine, but Miss Belmore's grandmother, a character more French than Spanish in her views of life—she might have stepped out of a novel by Henri de Regnier—and Miss Ediss's orabbed old retainer, were equally worthy of praise, as was Mr. Tearle's portrayal of the novelist whose hat blew into the drawing room at night.

Concerning a French composer who recently visited Boston and gave pain to some by his music, Ernest Newman wrote on Feb. 2 in the Manchester Guardian: "Milhaud is one of the many young composers of the day who could be genuinely humorous in music if they would not try so doggedly to be funny. He labors at his little jokes with the solemn seriousness of a metaphysician. Unfortunately those who heard his music in Boston took him seriously."

Let us quote Mr. Newman—from the same article: "I thought our own British shop ballad had achieved the proud pre-eminence of being the world's worst writer of sentimental litanies; but the American product can evidently give it 75 yards start in a hundred and beat it easily."

AMERICAN "IMMATURITY"

As the World Wags:

The learned and liberal Mr. Herkimer Johnson must have smiled at a recent reference to the silly notion that intelligence tests applied to drafted men during the world war demonstrated that 47 per cent. of American adults are mentally not above 13 years of age, and 26 per cent. not above 10 years old. Army officers and psychologists have protested against the extension of the conclusions drawn by some persons from the intelligence tests applied to the drafted men in such fashion as to imply the mental immaturity of nearly half our adult population. It tickles the vanity of some persons to fancy themselves the natural superiors of their neighbors, and the tendency of these clever folk, who, of course, believe themselves to belong with the 53 per cent. of adults well above the mental development of the 13-year-old child, is to demand that they shall enjoy the privileges of superior wisdom. Most of us have our intellectual immaturities; many of us our mere insanities, yet remain essentially useful members of society, graced with a modesty, born of our consciousness of personal deficiencies, that saves us from intellectual arrogance. There is much in the present condition of the world, to which its master minds have brought it, tending to nurture the self-respect of the humble.

As the World Wags:

High-brows should be cautious when traveling in Maine. My friend John Doe requested reservations in a Maine hotel and signed his name "John Doe, Ave. Louis Pasteur, Boston." Great was his surprise on arriving at the hotel to find two rooms reserved, one for "John Doe" and one for "Ave. Louis Pasteur." X. Boston.

STATISTICS IN ART

As the World Wags:

So Longin' Lamb would have us believe that the peerless G. Bernard Shaw is an inferior writer because he uses 124 indefinite verbs as against only 57 definite ones. That man has missed his calling; he should be a C. P. A. Pray, what college does he attend? Only a freshman in a business or barbers' college would think of ranking an author's art in such odd statistics. Next, this degenerate namesake of dear old Charles Lamb will be determining the relative literary merit of the Encyclopaedia Britannica and "Main Street" by counting the number of semicolons. I confess that I have never vivisectioned Mr. Shaw's verb forms nor estimated the number of words he uses to the square mile.

THE GOLDEN BIRD

(From the Nation & the Athenaeum)
If Joy, the Golden Bird, would fly,
Do not close a hand upon her;
She belongeth to the sky.
With all the winds of heaven on her:
Only when her wings are free
Bird of Lovely Life is she.

He who Joy of Life would store
Heart of his be widely open;
Throw the key out with the door,
Throw the hope out with the hopen;
Give her, as she finds in sky,
Place to dip and soar and fly.

She will come again, I wist;
She of thee shall not be frightened;
She shall sing upon thy list,
By her shall thy dark be lighted;
By her freedom thou art given
Right and room in joyous heaven.
JAMES STEPHENS.

PERHAPS IT'S THE FASHION

As the World Wags:

My eyes fell on this advertisement in a Boston newspaper:

DEEP CUTS IN

WOOL HOSE

Has it come to this? Don't they wear out quickly enough? E. K. B. Brookline.

SOPHIE BRASLAU

By PHILIP HALE

Sophie Braslau, contralto, accompanied by Mrs. Ethel Care-Cold, and Albert Spalding, violinist, accompanied by Andre Benoit, gave a concert last night in Symphony hall. Songs: Moussorgsky, The Orphan, The Classicist, On the Dneiper; Wolf, Eternal; Josten, Weihnachten; Schubert, Erlking; Kramer, The Faltering Dusk; Coleridge-Taylor, Thou Art Risen, My Beloved; Strickland, Ma Lil' Bateau; Tigenfriz, As We Part. Violin pieces: Corelli-Spalding, La Follia; Saint-Saens, Prelude to "The Deluge"; Schumann, At the Fountain; Brahms-Hochstein, Waltz, A major; Schubert-Spalding, Hark, Hark, the Lark; Chopin-Spalding, Waltz in B minor, Waltz in G major; Weber-Spalding, Rondo Brilliant.

Mr. Spalding's version of Corelli's variations on a ground-bass is effective. He played it eloquently. Has any one within recent years or did any one in the last century play the version by Farinelli, the uncle of the great singer: the version known as Farinelli's Ground? The character of each variation was deftly differentiated from the others by Mr. Spalding, with constant beauty of tone whether the variation demanded breadth, tenderness, or agility. The audience, though it was small, was appreciative, and Mr. Spalding was recalled several times. The smaller pieces also gave pleasure, so that he was obliged to add to the program.

It is a pity that Miss Braslau who has an uncommonly rich, beautiful and commanding voice falls so readily into the pitfall of exaggeration, both as regards tonal force and the matter of interpretation. One might say that she jumps deliberately into this pitfall. The pity of it is that she can sing artistically, when she does not strive to sing "with great expression." Thus her delivery of the quieter measures of "The Classicist" was charming; there was no straining after effect; the voice was not forced, and the singer did not call in the aid of disturbing facial play or clenched hands.

Her mistaken view of dramatic intensity was shown by her performance of the greatly abused "Erlking." She made the narrator as excited as the father (a deep bass—we were tempted to cry out, "Beaver!"). The Erlking's tempting of the child was lacking in cool, subdued malignity. Why should the line: "Who rides, etc.," be a thunderous question as from one commanding the rider to check his speed? Is there any reason for singing "There in his arms," in a wildly dramatic spirit? Must the voice break into a sob on the word "dead"? But few sing the Erlking with true dramatic effect. Mme. Povla Frilish is the only one we know who in recent years has turned the song into a little cantata without mistaken emphasis and grotesque ventriloquism.

Miss Braslau's treatment of "Il Segreto per esse felice" from "Lucrèce Borgia," sung as an encore, was even more extravagant, with the introduction of all sorts of incongruous ornamentation, flourishes, prolongations in attack, staccato echoes, and what not besides. Maffio Orsini, dear Miss Braslau, was a gallant cavalier, and he should sing this song with jaunty elegance, not as if it were a vulgar tavern ditty, allowable in a concert hall only if it is ornamented flamboyantly.

It is needless to say that the more extravagant Miss Braslau's singing, the more she relied on sheer vocal force—as if she had said to herself, "many a true word is shouted from the chest," the heartier was the applause. And so perhaps she is wise in her generation.

CLARA CLEMENS

At her recital last night in Jordan hall, Clara Clemens, mezzo-soprano, sang this program, with the help of Michael Raucheisen, accompanist:

Liebestraum Liebt
The Violet Cornelia
A Single Tone Cornelia
Gretel Pittner
Edward Loewe

From Art My Queen..... Brahms
Serenade..... Brahms
Ever Lighter Grows My Summer..... Brahms
Lullaby..... Brahms
'neath Willow Trees..... Brahms
Requies..... Mason
The Shorelark..... Hummel
The Roses are Dead..... Brahms
Forte La Gaita Allegra..... Fernandez
Nebbia..... Respighi
Mira La Bea..... Pedrell
Goodbye..... Gubrilowitch
Near to Thee..... Gubrilowitch
Mysterious Night..... Rachmaninoff
Parasha's Ravery and Dance..... Moussorgsky

Since last she sang in Boston, Mme. Clemens has made progress in her art. Often, now, she can let her noble voice give forth tones of the beauty and vitality nature meant it to possess. Frequently, too, she can sustain a melodic line unbroken; a smooth legato she can at times achieve. And emotionally, as well as technically, Mme. Clemens has made great gain; to songs of poignant feeling she now can give full utterance. With Respighi's "Nebbia" last night she made a deep impression, and Brahms's "Timmer leiser" she sang with a pathos truly moving.

It would prove a pity if Mme. Clemens were to rest content with the improvement she has already secured in her vocal technique, for technique after all is what she needs to bring her great gift of voice and music to their full worth. One striking technical fault that sadly mars her work today she could easily overcome if she set her keen mind to the task; after the first line or two of nearly every song she forgets to sing many consonants except the finals of each line (and these she speaks rather than sings), thereby letting her tones, deprived of this valuable help, slide far back in her throat. Mme. Clemens evidently knows better, since at the beginning of each song she sang with sonorous tone, with each word vocally sounded. But presently she forgot, to the damage of both tone and diction. It is the part of technique, of course, not to forget, and Mme. Clemens has talent enough to make the acquiring of this needful technique well worth her while. From the technical point of view, by the way, she sang most successfully of all a charming song by Mme. Helen Hopekirk.

The program proved attractive. Mr. Rauchslen showed himself a more sympathetic accompanist at the end of the evening than he had appeared at the beginning, when, in two or three songs, he seemed bothered by the slow tempo Mme. Clemens liked. The audience, of gratifying size, applauded heartily, and asked for encores, and would have Mr. Gubrilowitch's second song again.

R. R. G.

March 3, 1923

17TH SYMPHONY

By PHILIP HALE

The 17th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Monteux conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. The program was as follows: Mendelssohn, overture, "The Hebrides"; Glazounov, Symphony No. 4, E flat; Albeniz-Casella, Spanish Rhapsody for piano and orchestra (first time here); Casella, "Pupazzetti" (Five Pieces for Marionettes, first time here); Casella, "Italia," Rhapsody (first time at these concerts).

Alfredo Casella, pianist and composer, who yesterday made his first appearance in Boston, although this is his second season in the United States, played the piano part of The Spanish Rhapsody and conducted his "Pupazzetti" and "Italia."

His music was not unknown here. "Italia" was played here at a "Pop" concert some years ago; excerpts from his "Convent on the Water" have been performed twice at Symphony concerts; his cello sonata has been played here, and five extraordinary pieces for string quartet were produced by the Burgin Quartet last month. We have not heard his Symphonies, Suite, "Pagine di Guerra," "Elezia Eroica" or "A Notte Alta."

"Italia" was one of his early pieces (1909) before he became known as a leader in the ultra-modern school. "Pupazzetti," originally written for piano four hands (performed here by Messrs. Maier and Pattison on two pianos), were orchestrated comparatively recently. The orchestration of the Spanish Rhapsody is dated 1922.

The original score of this Rhapsody was lost. Georges Enesco, who visited Boston this season, orchestrated the accompaniment and the Rhapsody with a young Spanish pianist, Alejandro Ribo, was performed in Paris in 1911.

This Rhapsody in its present form is noteworthy chiefly by reason of Mr. Casella's orchestration. Neither the "Catalonia" played here in 1919 nor this Rhapsody justifies the praise heaped on Albeniz as a composer after his death. Some of his piano pieces have greater individuality. Perhaps his reputation in time will rest on them and

his opera "Pepita Jimenez." Surely not on the orchestral compositions that are known to us. For in this Rhapsody the more striking treatment of dance tunes only leads one to exclaim: "How much better all this was done by the Chabrier of the 'Espana!'" Mr. Casella's orchestration gives brilliance, but the music itself seems thrown together in a rather haphazard manner, giving one the idea of superficiality. Rhythm, dash, and instrumental color make at times an intoxicating effect, but the color does not give solidity to the development of Albeniz's ideas.

Mr. Casella's "Pupazzetti" are said to be examples of musical irony in accompaniment of a Punch and Judy show; music that should remind one of the angular motions of puppets. They are short: A Little March, Cradle Song, Serenade, Nocturne, Polka. They might have more significance if a Punch and Judy show were set up on the stage for action during the playing of the music. As music, pure and simple, they are not amusing, and the interest excited is due to the audacious harmonic schemes. Yet there is a certain beauty in the Cradle Song and the Nocturne, nor is the Polka without an appropriately vulgar jollity. We doubt if Mr. Casella, reckons the five pieces among his more important works.

But he may well be proud of the first part of his "Italia" in which he evokes the feverish, superstitious, tragic side of Sicilian and Neapolitan life. Using folk themes he does much more than construct a pot-pourri. Here by harmonic originality and by eloquent orchestration he would suggest moods to the hearers even if there were no explanatory program. This music is not photographic in realism; it is emotionally poetic. The second part, intended to evoke the turbulent life of Naples, with the introduction of tunes by Denza, Costa and Tosti, will undoubtedly always be more popular, the music is so spirited, and one may add, so recklessly noisy, in the endeavor to translate Neapolitan characteristics into literal music.

Mr. Casella played and conducted modestly and effectively. They do him grievous wrong, who, amazed by his later works, call him a poseur. The man is sincere, terribly in earnest, broad-minded, not puffed up by his own compositions, not discouraged when they are not understood, much less appreciated.

Mendelssohn's beautiful overture and Glazounov's Symphony were greatly enjoyed. The latter is more characteristically Russian than later symphonic works of this fertile composer; it is more interesting, fresher, melodically and contrapuntally. When he wrote this symphony Glazounov had original ideas galore. Perhaps there were too many of them for a constantly artistic work. It is a pity that he did not save some for later use. And in the Scherzo and in the Finale one is reminded of the fact that Glazounov wrote sumptuous ballet music. By the way, is "The Love of Three Kings," on which he was said to be at work five or six years ago, a ballet or an opera?

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of next week's concerts will comprise Handel's Concerto No. 6 for string orchestra and string quartet, and Liszt's "Faust" symphony (chorus the Harvard Glee Club; Arthur Hackett, tenor).

Years ago one Plutarch of Chaeronea collected the apophthegms or remarkable sayings of kings and great commanders and sent them to Trojan the Emperor wishing him prosperity. It must be admitted that many of these sayings are pointless, and must have seemed flat and insipid even at the time they were uttered, as stupid as the jests laboriously collected by Bacon, possibly to prove that he could not have written Shakespeare's plays.

We were talking about collections of this nature with Mr. Herkimer Johnson at the Porphyry. He said that for some time he had been gathering noteworthy sayings of men and women in the theatre. His Isidora Duncaniana is especially rich. He rejoiced in the breaking of Pola Negri's engagement to Mr. Charles Chaplin, because it inspired Mr. Chaplin to say in a fine burst: "I'm too poor to get married just now. This is a working world and we've all got to stay busy and keep away from climaxes of sentiment." Noble, too, was the saying of Mme. Negri: "I'm too poor to get married just now."

"And yet I thought," said Mr. Johnson, "that Mr. Chaplin received \$500,000 a year for his cinematographic work, or is it \$1,000,000? When I begin to figure sums over \$100 or \$200 I am lost in wonder and amazement and my brain refuses to work. But I did not know that Mr. Chaplin had yet reached the climax of sentiment. I believe the closing scene in a film play is called the 'fade away.' How appropriate is this term now that poverty prevents Miss Negri and Mr. Chaplin from being happy!"

A WISH

I hope, when my old bones shall be interred
In soft, brown earth, that none will think it best
To dig me up, that I may stay unstirred,
To sleep at peace and find beloved rest.

I hope that, when my soul at last has fled,
No one to putter 'midst my dust will scheme.

When dark, cool earth forms pillow for my head,
I hope at last to sleep in peace and dream.

SCARAMOUCHE II.

YANKEE ENGLISH

As the World Wags:

Your correspondent, L. X. Catalonia, raises interesting questions as to pronunciation, none more interesting than the one which he does not perceive: whether there may be an American language. It he will read Mr. Mencken's book under that title (let him seek out the second edition) he will probably be outraged, but he will learn some interesting facts of history, and may (though grudgingly) concede that a nation whose severance from the mother country began as far back as 1620 may naturally have acquired some usages peculiar to itself.

But let us take him up on a point or two. He seems to confess himself an Ulsterman—perhaps, therefore, he can explain why there are the two spellings McCarthy and McCarty. The American sees no reason against distinguishing these by two pronunciations. Indeed, there seems to be a tendency here, provincial, he will say, to pronounce according to spelling. Therefore "booyee" for buoy, and here in Boston the modern pronunciation Faneuil, even among old families, as against the old Funnell. In pronouncing unusual foreign names, how is one to know Mr. Catalonia's "eccentric but correct British usage"? For Azores may we use Tennyson's authority, as expressed in the first line of his "Ballad of the Revenge"? It is a three-syllabled word, with the accent on the second syllable. How does one pronounce names anyway, even our own? I have heard animated Boston discussion as to the pronunciation of New Orleans, Arkansas, Los Angeles, Iowa. Local usage is not always accepted, and is sometimes hard to secure. Traveling in South Carolina, I found three different pronunciations, among railroad men, of the familiar junction town Yemassee. The Britisher may know all these things instinctively, but not owning the Oxford dictionary, and possessing only the Century, which is not handy for the pocket, I find myself often at sea.

I am glad to have Mr. Catalonia raise a protest against "would of" and all such modern misspellings of the dialect school. The English of the Yankee farmer, at least, is often singularly pure. Why make a falsity where none exists? Concord. ALLEN FRENCH.

AND EGGS ARE NOW SO DEAR

(From the Union, Shelbyville, Ill.)
Ben Kull of Herborn fell down the steps at his home a few days ago and broke two of his ribs. He was carrying a basket containing about 40 eggs, which were a total loss. E. E. C.

WE WERE AFRAID THIS WOULD COME

As the World Wags:
Two "back-stage" people are discussing razors. One remarks: "I wish some one would explain to me why I can take a razor blade that is dull, lay it away for three or four months and then pick it up and get a good shave with it." Quick as a flash came the answer: "Why don't you ask Henry Jewett? He ought to know 'The Truth About Blades.'" F. E. H.

STREET FIRESIDES

As the World Wags:
Entering New York one notices on these cold nights, when "the wolf-wind" is wailing in the doorways, bonfires blazing in the poorer streets. I counted 10 of them in as many blocks as the train tore through the dreary reaches of Harlem. This sight was common also in Chicago's West side some 15 years ago, and may be still, but certainly it is forbidden to bivouac in the streets of Boston.

There is something pathetic in a group of shelterless wails clustering around a fire, the very symbol of home itself. They do but obey an urge as old as the human race to make supplication to the spirit of the embers. Thus does man respond to his primitive instincts, whether he inhabits the banks of the Congo or the shores of East river. Allston. WILLIAM L. ROBINSON.

"ANNUNCIATION" IS EVERYTHING ON THE STAGE

(From the Portsmouth, N. H., Times)
"Mr. Connors has a great deal of ability. He has a clear voice. His announcement is all that could be desired and he possesses a most magnetic stage presence."

HARD FACTS

(From the N. Y. Evening Post.)
If wishes were horses and promises motors
Then no one would walk and the roads would be gay,
With Jeremy Drudge dashing by in his brougham
And giving Miss Clerk and her coachman good-day.

With fluttering pennants atug at the windshield,
The janitor's wife would gad all about town,
Saluting the charwoman on her high horses,
Agog in a new and magnificent gown.

And Timothy Newsboy would race with Miss Cashgirl
On spirited ponies through concourse and park—
But wishes are moonshine and promises molochills,
And all of us foot it from daylight till dark. BERENICE DEWEY.

RUTH ST. DENIS

Ruth St. Denis, with Ted Shawn and the Denishawn dancers, repeated their entertainment yesterday afternoon at the Boston Opera House before a large and highly enthusiastic audience. The music for the dances was provided by an instrumental quartet conducted by Louis Horst, piano; J. Frolig, violin; Augusto Scalzi, flute, and Peter Kleynberg, cello.

The opening dances, Music Visualizations, was clearly the least interesting portion of the program for, while they were well executed, they lacked clarity and feeling. The music used in these "visualizations" included Beethoven's Sonata Pathetique, Chopin's Revolutionary Etude, Schumann's Soaring, Brahms' Waltz, Op. 39, Liszt's Liebestraum, and Mana Zucca's Valse Brillante.

The second portion was far better. Miss St. Denis appeared in a novel Spanish dance, Granados's Danza Espagnol. In this she was indolent, indifferent, and capricious, maintaining a definite character throughout. There was no swaying design about it, none of the rippling, languorous movements of the tangos. She wove her way about the stage in a sullen, cat-like manner, handling her gorgeous shawl with its great crimson flowers quickly, gracefully and surely.

But it was the character that she held throughout that gave depth to the performance. Ever in the Malaguena, which she danced with Ted Shawn, there was no sweeping ecstasy, no flaming motion, merely indifferent capriciousness.

Miss St. Denis is not content to compose finished pictures, but prefers to add to that living characterizations, thereby giving a richness and color to her work. Particularly good were her Japanese dance, the Dance of the Black and Gold Sari, and the first dance of the Egyptian group, Tillers of the Soil. These were uncommonly skillfully staged and costumed, as were, in fact, the entire series.

The third portion of the program consisted of a dance drama of prehistoric Mexico in which Ted Shawn, as an early emperor, and Martha Graham, as a young girl, danced excellently. This and the last part, Miss St. Denis's oriental dances, were quite the most effective portions of the program.

Miss Edith Thompson

Last night Edith Thompson, pianist, played this program at her recital in Jordan hall:

- | | |
|-----------------------------------|-------------|
| Saenr Monique..... | Couperin |
| Capriccio..... | Scarlatti |
| Le Tambourin..... | Rameau |
| Sonate op. 55..... | Chopin |
| Baigneuses au Soleil..... | de Severac |
| Lotus Land..... | Debussy |
| Minstrels..... | Debussy |
| Triana..... | Albeniz |
| Sonette de Petrarca, No. 123..... | Liszt |
| Au Bord d'une Source..... | Liszt |
| Rigoletto: Paraphrase..... | Verdi-Liszt |

Miss Thompson played admirably last night. She has developed a technique of singular beauty, with tone superbly strong, yet never hard, trills of amazing brilliancy, perfect scales and above all else a wide variety of tonal color; for a melody, too, she produces a tone of exquisite singing quality. The highest pitch of virtuosity, to be sure, she has scarcely reached, but Miss Thompson has facility enough to play as it should be played anything she is likely to want to play, and for sheer beauty of technique she need fear no rivals.

Fine musical qualities as well technical Miss Thompson showed last night. Barring an occasional unsteadiness in the early pieces, which nervousness must have caused, she played with inclusive

rhythm. These same early pieces, otherwise, she played delightfully, with all the color that a modern pianoforte makes possible. If in this ancient music Miss Thompson made no effort to try to suggest a tinkling harpsichord, later she did not try to make her piano do the work of a modern symphony orchestra; to a degree beyond most other

players she respects her instrument. Because of this admirable artistic restraint, however, Miss Thompson did not fall short of eloquence in the Chopin sonata, which she played in the right romantic vein, with stirring warmth and vigor. In the lighter group that followed the sonata Miss Thompson continued to play with that quality of vitality which alone can make a performance worth the listening to. It was this light modern group that the friendly audience of good size seemed to like the best. R. R. G.

So legislative wisdom in South Carolina frowns on billiards and pool. These games of skill are not to be allowed. Why not? If chess were forbidden we could understand the reason, for although old Robert Burton admitted that chess-play is "a good and witty exercise of the mind for some kind of men" he added: "It is a testy choleric game, and very offensive to him that loseth 'he mate.'" He told this anecdote in illustration: "William the Conqueror, in his younger years, playing at chess with the Prince of France (Dauphine) was not annexed to the crown in those days, losing a mate, knocked the chess-board about his pate, which was a cause afterward of much enmity between them."

In our little village of the sixties pool was regarded by our elders as an especially immoral, yes sinful, game. Whereas billiards was tolerated. Why this prejudice against pool? Now that bar-rooms are unknown in South Carolina, the game cannot lead to open drinking.

The great Oxford Dictionary states that the earliest mention of "pool" in English literature is in Thackeray's "Book of Snobs" (1848). Fitzgerald's Omar Khayyam fame spoke three years later of men finishing "a pool of billiards." When "the pool of Siloam" was read aloud in the Old Church of our village the unregenerate pricked up their ears.

This is an age of prohibition. Will pachisi, jackstraws and tiddledy-winks be taboo in South Carolina?

CLIMATIC THEOLOGY

As the World Wags:

The coal famine, which is affecting us of New England, having made its demonstrations as to various affairs of state, now casts a cold revealing light upon the current question as to why the church has lost its hold upon the people. The experiences of the winter under the conditions established by the present administration show that it is the result of the conflict between the natural conditions which confront northern people and the supernatural theories of the ancient dwellers in the near east. The theology of our brethren to the north, of us, the Eskimoes, has within it few and simple articles of faith, the concept of the life beyond much more gripping upon persons inhabiting cold climates than that of the theologies which had their beginnings beneath the hot sun of Asia Minor and northern Africa. According to the Eskimoes, hell is a place of bitterest cold. In the Eskimo experience in his life on earth cold is the ever present evil, and to be damned to a state of congealing immortality becomes to his mind a proper hell.

HEAT AND COLD

To the dwellers in the desert, the shepherds on the rocky hills of Palestine, to the makers of the sun-dried bricks of Mesopotamia, it was the scorching heat that brought its constant peril, and to be damned to a state of everlasting frizzle became to their minds, hell.

It was inevitable that this concept of these southern peoples to whom sherbets cooled in the snow of the Caucasus was the ultimate of refreshment, when adopted and preached to those of the north whose inner flame demanded alcohol and plenty of it to keep alight against the rigor of their climate, would eventually suffer under the growing criticism of experience. To the northern mind heat is a good thing of which there

can hardly be too much. In a theology where fear and favor were established as the inspiration for moral conduct in this world, the punishment provided in the next lacked inhibition. When citizens hitherto law-abiding will gladly commit any or all of the known forms of larceny for a little coal, as we now see them on every side, what will they not do to ensure themselves eternal warmth?

THE RISE OF SCEPTICISM

From such a reasoning from experience arose the scepticism which first appeared openly with the heatless days arranged for by the prior federal administration. With the intermittent days of then elongated and consolidated into the now continuous performance of the present one, the hell of Brimstone Corner has become a rival of Palm Beach in its attraction and the soundness of the Eskimo concept made manifest. No New Englander who survives this seemingly endless winter is going to arrange for life everlasting where it is not hot, nor will he submit himself to preachments to the contrary. When hell freezes over mayhaps things will be different, and with charge of predestined climate come change of northern thought.

Amherst, N. H. ABEL ADAMS.
Dante was more far-seeing in his Inferno: he provided both heat and cold, even ice.—Ed.

IN MEMORIAM

As the World Wags:

I should like to add my word of appreciation, although it seems a belated one, to what "L. M. W." has said of Dr. Herbert Hall. It would be difficult to find words to express his kindness and generosity. They seemed inexhaustible.

And his delightful sense of humor was often better tonic than any medicine. There are many of us who will always remember him by

"That best part of a good man's life, Those little, nameless, unremembered acts of kindness and of love."

Ashmont. E. M. M.

A MUCH-ABUSED WORD

(From the Denver Labor Bulletin)

They say sometimes, "It's cold as hell!" Sometimes they say, "It's hot as hell!" When it rains hard, "It's hell!" they cry;

It's also hell when it's dry; They hate like hell to see it snow; It's a hell of a wind when it starts to blow;

Now how in the hell can any one tell What in the hell they mean by this word "hell."

"This married life is hell," they say; When you come home late, there's hell to pay; It's hell when the kid you have to tote— When he starts to bawl, it's a hell of a note;

It's hell when the doctor sends his bills, For a hell of a lot of trips and pills, When you get this, you'll know real well Just what is meant by this word "hell."

Hell, yes! hell, no! and oh, hell! too; The hell you don't! The hell you do; And what in the hell! and the hell it is! The hell with yours! and the hell with his!

Now, who in the hell; and oh, hell where? And what in the hell do you think I care?

But the hell of it is—it sure is hell— We don't know "Where in hell, is hell." —Submitted for publication, "Oh! Hell."

A PRAYER FOR THE TIMES

(From the Berwick, N. S., Register)

There was a prayer in the prayer-book of Edward the Sixth, which would appear as suitable in Canadian towns, Berwick included, at the present juncture. It was found among Sunday Godly Prayers for Divine purposes, and entitled a prayer for Landlords. It was as follows:

"We heartily pray Thee to send Thy

Holy Spirit into the hearts of them that possess the grounds and pastures of the earth, that they, remembering themselves to be thy tenants, may not rack or stretch out the rent of their houses or land, or yet take unreasonable fines or moneys after the manner of covetous worldlings, but so let them out that the inhabitants thereof may be able to pay the rents, and to live and nourish their families, and remember the poor. Give them grace also to consider that they are but strangers and pilgrims in this world, having no dwelling place but seeking one to come; that they, remembering the short continuance of their life, may be content with that which is sufficient, and not join house to house and land to land, to the improvement of others, but so behave themselves in letting their tenements, that after this life they may be received into everlasting habitation."

ENGLISH SOCIAL CHANGES

We read in the Manchester Guardian that the tendency in England has been to resume pre-war habits, except the extravagance. "Social life is simpler and less expensive than in 1913, and the most exalted people have not the slightest hesitation now in admitting that they cannot afford this or that, while the craving for luxuries has almost gone in their circles." A curious change is taking place. As every one knows, in Paris the old French families neither go out nor entertain except very quietly among themselves. Something of the same sort is happening among the old families here.

It seems that it is no longer correct for young men and young women at good balls to dress without gloves. (Nothing is said about parking cars in cloakrooms.) Dinner and luncheons in private houses become shorter and shorter; costly wines and liqueurs are not "correct."

"The war has had one effect which few people have noticed though every one observes. I mean in the matter of punctuality; the only unpunctual people for social entertainments are American ladies."

THAT PURSUING VILLAIN

To the Editor of The Sunday Herald:

Referring to the question by Frank H. Briggs in The Herald of Monday, I have had the pleasure of seeing and hearing George Thatcher any number of times, and do not recall ever having heard him sing "And the Villain Still Pursued Her." He may, however, have done so. But I wonder if Mr. Briggs has not confused Thatcher with Hughie Dougherty. I have heard the latter sing a foolishly worded ditty one verse of which I recall:

"This girl was from Ohio,
Her name it was Mario,
She flew away to Biscay bay-a-ay,
But the villain still pursued her."

The origin of the saying may, I think, be attributed to Milton Nobles, who wrote (and starred in) "The Phoenix," a lurid melodrama, in which he impersonated the part of an impecunious writer of stories of the "blood-and-thunder" type. During the action of the play he would sit at a table near the front of the stage, with a great roll of paper before him, on which he would write furiously, reciting as he wrote, and the conclusion of nearly every paragraph was, "And the villain still pursued her." If some one of the moving picture producers of the present day could get hold of that manuscript of Milton Nobles, he would be able to produce a real "thriller" with which to construct one of those "absorbing" serials which formerly, when presented at the end of a program, gave an opportunity for the larger part of the audience to leave (having seen that which they came to see—the feature picture), but which are now sandwiched in between the news reels and the feature picture, and which intelligent people are compelled to witness, willy nilly.

E. L. E.

George Thatcher spoke a monologue in which the recurring tag was, "And the villain still pursued her." "The Phoenix" was on the stage for many years—certainly from 1876 to 1899. We never heard Thatcher sing a song with the refrain "And the villain," etc.—Ed.

SCALERO'S QUINTET

A quintet for voice and string quartet entitled "Rain in the Pine Woods," by Rosario Scalero, will be performed at the third and last concert of the Flonzaley quartet next Thursday night. The quintet, composed last summer and still in manuscript, was especially written for Mme. Helen Stanley (who will be the singer on this occasion) and the Flonzaley quartet. "It is safe to say that this is the first instance of a large work in which the composer has considered the voice as an integral part of the harmonic ensemble and treated it accordingly. The music, original and impressionistic, is based on a text by Gabriele d'Annunzio, taken from 'Alcione,' the third book of the Laudi, in which he gives a picture of himself and his Ermione overtaken by a sudden shower while walking in the pine woods. The atmospheric setting of the music, with its under melody of romantic melancholy deepens the vein of serious feeling which pervades the work. One hears in the music the

patter of the rain on the leaves and flowers, the chirping of crickets and croaking of frogs, the distant murmur of the sea, while the tall pines stand silent guard around 'like giant ghosts with hollow, ancient eyes.' The whole is an accurate reproduction of nature with its corresponding symbolisms of mood.

"Mr. Scalero is an Italian by birth. After some years spent at the Conservatory of Turin, he went to Vienna, where he studied composition under Mandyczewski. Upon his return to Italy, he founded and directed the Societa di Quartetto, in Rome, a flourishing association whose aim is to perform chamber and chorus music. In 1919 Mr. Scalero came to America, relinquishing his position as professor of musical form at the Academy of St. Cecilia in Rome. He now makes his home in New York."

IN THE MUSICAL WORLD

In spite of the Ruhr, the Folk Opera of Berlin is bringing out "Ariane and Blue Beard," by Dukas, and "The Spanish Hour," by Ravel.

The town of Treves will hold in April a music festival devoted to the works of living German composers.

Charles Hackett will sing this year in opera at Barcelona, Madrid, Monte Carlo and Paris.

Ida Rubinstein will mime Istar at the Parie Opera to the music of D'Indy.

Roland Hayee of Boston gave a recital in Paris on Feb. 1, and was again warmly praised. One of the critics thought it a pity that a man who could sing Caccini's "Amarilli," G. Faure's "Clair de Lune," songs by Brahms and negro spirituals so beautifully, should include in his program "certain English songs of truly too poor inspiration, destitute of complexity and vigor."

A concert performance of "Faust" in London. "The waltz chorus 'Light as Air,' was as heavy going as if the scene had been laid in a ploughed field after rain."

The death of Mr. Leo Stormont, whose spirited singing of patriotic songs was a feature of the old-time music hall, prompts our wonder as to whether our taste in songs has completely altered or whether there is a lack of songs and singers of the popular and stirring order. Would an audience be moved now by a song such as the famous Jingo song sung by G. H. Macdermott in the 70's? Another old-time singer who carried his audience with him to an absurd degree was Henry Russell, who sang, "The Ship on Fire," "Woodman Spare That Tree," and other touching compositions. It is related of him that on singing the last-mentioned song on one occasion, a man was so moved by the singer's art that he anxiously inquired: "Was the tree spared, Mr. Russell?" And no one laughed. What would be the effect now?—London Daily Chronicle.

It is an odd circumstance of our musical life in London that while we are constantly hearing of the doings of this new decentralizing society or that, we almost as constantly hear nothing of the older societies. I have just received the account of the People's Concert Society, which last October began its 45th series of concerts in various parts of London, and has now started, in addition, a very interesting scheme of concerts for children. In its time this society has given no less than 1546 concerts, largely in the poorer parts of London. The children's concerts in Canning Town have been very successful. About 400 children listen to a well-devised scheme, vocal and instrumental, simple explanations of the music being given, and good use made of a blackboard. The children took the most obvious delight in the affair, and showed no little talent in answering questions, picking out tunes, etc.; no doubt their keenness was partly due to their having to pay for their treat, only 1d. It is true—but that is sufficient to raise an independent feeling.—London Daily Telegraph.

The London Times saw "Moriarty" with John Barrymore as Sherlock Holmes, and thought it might well be called "Sherlock Holmes in Love," for the plot, while principally concerned with the struggle between that detective and Moriarty, is happily rounded off by a representation of the former sighing like a furnace to such good effect that he eventually falls into the heroine's arms in a passionate embrace. Thus Sherlock Holmes is made human and (presumably) picture theatre audiences will be satisfied. But the happy ending in this case rather spoils the character of a hero who, from Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's novels, would seem to be rather an unlikely lover."

The Boston audience does not leave the theatre satisfied until it has compelled the leading actor or actress to make a speech. It insists on hearing from an actor that he is always delighted to be again in Boston; that he is now overcome by emotion in expressing his gratitude for the "ky-ind reception" (here he pulls his tremolo stop); that he thanks the audience in behalf of himself, the leading woman and others in the company, the dramatist, the "producer," the local manager, the scene painter, the costumer, the stage hands. As a rule the actor makes a poor, a pitiable speech.

They are who think that this summons before the curtain is from heavy-handed ushers or dead-heads; they may begin the clapping; one may hoarsely cry, "Speech, speech," but men and women who have paid their way wish to see the actor step out of his role, address them in a foolish manner, and then continue with the play.

There are actors and actresses who will not speak before the curtain. They are unwilling to dispel the illusion. Let the audience clap, stamp and howl; they will not leave the part, not even to express thanks, much less to extol themselves, or give their views about the theatre and dramatic art.

There are others who apparently look forward to the wait after the "scene a faire" that they may speak their own lines, more grateful to their ears than those of the poor devil dramatist.

Some time ago Mr. Winthrop Ames was quoted as saying:

"I think the scheme of no curtain calls in the theatre until the end of the performance is in the line of progress—one which is going to spread throughout America. It already has been adopted by eight plays now running in New York city and I believe it is only a question of a year or two when the curtain call at the end of the act will be a dead thing, at least in New York, which will be all to the good." Mr. Ames was among the first to carry out this policy, which prevailed during the New York run of "Will Shakespeare."

Frees His Mind

About Curtain Calls

This led Mr. George Arliss to free his mind about curtain calls. We remember the time when Mr. Arliss bowed modestly in acknowledgment of a call and did not speak. Of late years he has been an indefatigable speaker during the run of the play in which he happened to take the leading part. As Alexander Hamilton, he indulged himself in comments on American history, delightfully unconscious of the fact that in the play historical accuracy was ruthlessly violated. Mr. Arliss has thought deeply on other subjects than his chief profession. Is he not a vegetarian? Is he not an anti-vivisectionist? What better platforms for his nightly (and matinee) remarks than the theatre stage?

As Mr. Arliss is a well-graced actor, always interesting, except when he attempted light comedy in "The Mollusks" with disastrous results, a man of accomplishments and opinions, let us hear from him:

MR. ARLISS LO 2

"I believe I have a full appreciation of the artistic temperament that prompted this appeal, but I cannot say that I am altogether in sympathy with an effort to educate the public to restrain its emotions in the theatre. Is it not possible that we of the theatre are beginning to take ourselves too seriously? The art of the theatre cannot be too seriously approached, but I doubt whether we are gaining anything by trying to make the audience behave as though they were not in a theatre at all. I will confess that I have always considered there is something supremely simple and primitive in curtain calls—actors standing in a row and bowing and smiling their thanks to an audience for its generous support. But after all, isn't that a part of the theatre? Don't we all have to shed our shell of sophistication when we go to a theatrical entertainment? And isn't that mainly why we go? An audience likes to applaud, it likes to see the actors bow and smile. I am going to have an awful struggle with myself when I go to one of these theatres and see a fine actor work up to a splendid climax and dash off the stage, if I am not allowed to give him a round. Cannot the public be given credit for sufficient imagination to be able to readjust its mind to the story of the play, even though it has applauded? Do we sufficiently realize how wonderfully keen is the imagination of an audience in the theatre? Do they really need all these helpful hints to keep them in the mood of the play? If by eliminating curtain calls, we could keep the minds of the audience pinned to the story until the rise of the curtain on the next act, I might admit the value of this innovation. But it only gives them a little longer to drift away. We know what happens between the acts.

"As the curtain falls, the one lady probably says to her friend, 'Isn't she great?' 'She certainly is—great.' 'Great! The last time I saw her I was with Emily.' 'Oh, tell me whatever's become of Emily?' 'Why, don't you know—' etc., until the very last minute before the curtain rises. Falling a companion to talk to one reads 'What Men Are Wearing' (supplied by a considerable management, especially that one may improve the shipping moments between the acts.) Or one gazes rapturously at the picture of that charming

but unblushing lady who always figures in the program in an extraordinary well fitting corset. But, in spite of this, is not the audience mentally alert enough to come back to the play immediately the curtain rises on the next act and take up just where it left off?

"Whatever else we put into the theatre, don't let us take out the holiday spirit entirely.

"Besides, where is it leading us to? New ideas expand so swiftly nowadays that in a very short time we may see on a first-night program a list of instructions to the audience, something after this style:

NOTICE

"Every member of the audience before being seated is requested to offer up a short prayer for the author. Hungarian hassocks will be found under each seat for this purpose. (The first act is laid in Hungary). The second act is laid in Russia. During the intermission between the first and second acts, patrons are requested to remain silent or speak only in Russian. Patrons wishing to converse, and being unfamiliar with the Russian language, will kindly leave the theatre. The ushers are provided with small slips on which are printed the Russian words for 'Ice-water,' 'Program please' and 'Call the doctor.' In case of emergency, the attention of the usher may be drawn by making the deaf and dumb sign of R on the palm of the right hand, as shown in the illustration. The usher will then immediately pass the patron one of these slips.

"The last act is laid in the Siberian mines. Desiring to preserve the mood of the play, the audience is requested to refrain from speech during the interval between acts two and three, but to give an occasional groan. These groans should be short and deep, not longer than a second and a half for each groan, but they may be repeated from time to time. Patrons on aisle seats are requested to write a little on the aisle side, as though in pain. Patrons in other than aisle seats are requested not to write.

NOTICE TO CRITICS

"Dramatic critics are respectfully urged to co-operate in these instructions, except as regards writhing and groaning. The management deems it advisable that they should refrain from these actions, as, in event of the author or leading actor looking through the curtain and recognizing them, some confusion of ideas might arise. The critics are respectfully informed that in appreciation of this co-operation all work behind the curtain will be suspended from 8:30 to 8:31, both by the

company and staff, when a silent prayer will be offered up for the critics."

It will be observed that Mr. Arliss does not discuss the question: Should an actor address the audience? Is it possible that to quote his own words, he is taking himself too seriously; that it is his duty to relieve the mental strain of the audience by talking to them as Mr. George Arliss, and remind the spectators that after all he is not the character put on the stage by the dramatist?

HAZLITT'S VIEW

Over 100 years ago William Hazlitt, lover of the theatre and the most acute dramatic critic among Englishmen of all time, considered the question whether actors ought ever to sit in stage boxes. He thought not, and gave his reasons.

"Actors belong to the public; their persons are not their own property. They exhibit themselves on the stage; that is enough, without displaying themselves in the boxes of the theatre. I conceive that an actor on account of the very circumstances of his profession, ought to keep himself as much incognito as possible. He plays a number of parts disguised, transformed into them as much as he can 'by his so potent art,' and he should not disturb this borrowed impression by unmasking before company more than he can help. . . . He is the centre of an illusion that he is bound to support, both, as it appears to me, by a certain self-respect which should repel idle curiosity, and by a certain deference to the public, in whom he has inspired certain prejudices which he is covenanted not to break. He represents the majesty of successive kings; he takes the responsibility of heroes and lovers on himself; the mantle of genius and nature falls on his shoulders; we 'pile millions' of associations on him, under which he should be 'buried quick,' and not perk out an inauspicious face upon us, with a plain-cut coat, to say—'What fools you all were!—I am not Hamlet the Dane!'

"An actor, after having performed his part well, instead of courting farther distinction, should affect obscurity and 'steal most guiltily-like away,' conscious of admiration that he can support nowhere but in his proper sphere, and jealous of his own and others' good opinion of him, in proportion as he is a darling in the public eye. He cannot avoid attracting disproportionate attention; why should he wish to fix it on himself in a perfectly flat and insignificant part, viz., his own character?"

But actors who are restless tea-hounds and keep their press-agents busy night and day will no doubt say that Hazlitt was an old fogey.

We live in an age of inventions and revolutions, and it may be that the debut of a music typewriter marks a change in the economy of printed music. In the presence of a few invited guests, Mr. L. Fortoni, the well-known leader of the orchestra at Prince's, Piccadilly, demonstrated the use of a music typewriter of his own invention. Twelve years has he worked towards perfecting a machine, but little larger than an ordinary typewriter, which makes possible a neat and direct copy of any description of musical composition—piano score, vocal score, orchestral score, band parts, etc., ready also for any duplicating process. Thousands of copies of a new work can be produced in a few hours by printing directly upon transfer paper, and at a great saving of money. The mechanism of the Fortoni machine is hardly more complicated than the typing machine in common use. Furthermore, by the simple moving of a lever the instrument can be made to transpose mechanically from one key to another. A miniature piano keyboard occupies the position of the space bar in front of the keys of an ordinary typewriter, a movable indicator pointing to the musical sign required. Sharps, flats, slurs, dots, clefs, bar-lines, marks of expression, etc., can all be written in complete view of the operator. Six different impressions can be operated by one lever, and of levers there are 40, a sliding scale at the side controlling the mechanism. It is understood that the cost of manufacture will approximate that of the ordinary typewriter.—London Daily Telegraph.

TALMADGE AND BALZAC

The latest recruit to the ranks of unwitting scenario writers is Honore de Balzac, whose romance of "La Duchesse de Langeais" has somehow turned and twisted and curtailed itself into the "latest starring vehicle" for Miss Norma Talmadge, called in the curious language of film-makers, "The Eternal Flame." It is even responsible for a

"lyric" about beams and dreams and love-light in the eyes which accompanies the picture and underlines the sentiment with a heavy hand; and it gives the occasion for the flashing of many thousands of pounds worth of diamonds lit by the most expensive electric system in Los Angeles in the hands of an incredible number of electricians.

Miss Talmadge never did believe in spoiling her ship for a ha'porth of anything. "The Eternal Flame," with its unforgetable happy ending, is so very much more the "star" than it is Balzac that one can only be thankful that Miss Talmadge knows her job so thoroughly. She is one of the most competent of the American film actresses—indeed the whole cast is a solidly competent one—and if she never rises to any heights of genius she can break hearts, and crush rivals, and breathe penitence in a nunnery, and return to the world a sadder and a better woman with something very like conviction.—The Manchester Guardian.

Jean d'Udino, writing about music and the cinema in the *Meneutral* (Paris), says that no one can deny the "genius" of the "incomparable" Norma Talmadge. He goes so far as to say that neither Mme. Lussu nor Suzanne Desprez has ever attained the intensity of feeling shown by Miss Talmadge in her film plays. "La Cite defendue" and "Out ou Non."

On the other hand, seeing her in "The Eternal Flame," the London Daily Telegraph calmly says that she gives an adequate rendering of "a part for which she seems hardly well suited" and wears an astonishing number of very beautiful dresses."

WAGNERIANA

(London Daily Telegraph)

Nearly 40 years have passed since Wagner's death, but documents are still being discovered which, it is claimed, throw new light on this or that epoch of the composer's life. Herr Alfred Mensel-Klarbach has just published in the *Deutsche Rundschau* a few letters written by Wagner and by the King of Bavaria, Ludwig II., whose friendship and devotion for the author of the *Niebelung* trilogy is, of course, well known. These letters were written at the time when the King was engaged to the daughter of the Archduke Max, the ill-fated Princess Sophia. The parents of the intended bride looked upon Wagner as a distinctly dangerous character, a revolutionary whose acquaintance with their daughter was most undesirable. Nevertheless, the King appears to have inspired the Princess with some of his own enthusiasm, and we find Wagner speaking of the Princess as "truest of friends." The history of these letters is rather curious. The engagement fell through, as it was found that, as the official communication said, there was no "real inclination of the heart." There was consequently a restitution of gifts, but the letters in question were handed to the author's aunt, the lady in waiting to the Princess.

Another Wagnerian publication of promise is the volume of memories, published by Siegfried Wagner, an extract of which is given by the *Lokalanzeiger*. This relates some of the adventures of the Wagner family in Naples, Siena, and Venice, where Siegfried Wagner was taken to church by Liszt and heard the function enlivened by the organist's rhapsody on popular melody—a performance described by Liszt as a "Saleté, cochonnerie."

STAGE NOTES

"Oedipus Rex" was played in English at Cambridge (Eng.) University on Feb. 2. The London Times said: "The

chorus is formal and austere, never obstructive to the tragedy's movement, never insisting on itself. It neither howls like a pack of hounds nor runs about the auditorium, and, when we remember how often we have seen young women in uncomfortable poses convert a Greek chorus into a detached song and dance, we cannot be too grateful for this masculine restraint."

Temple Thurston's comedy, "A Roof and Four Walls," is concerned with musical people. "Such plays, like novels in which some of the chief characters are inspiring or famous (imaginary) musicians, are apt to seem unreal, and one has to confess in the present instance to a suspicion that Mr. Moody, the music publisher, who goes down to the hero's country cottage in order to hear some of his compositions, was not altogether unjustified in feeling sceptical about the composer's potential genius. (Incidentally, that composer finds it necessary in another scene to go to his piano to jot down a few notes of his latest inspiration.) On the other hand, it seems perfectly natural when the publisher hears the composer's beautiful young wife sing, that he should at once predict for her a rosy career."

John Drinkwater's new play, "Oliver Cromwell," was announced for production at Brighton (Eng.), on Feb. 19, with Henry Ainley as Cromwell, and William J. Rae, who was Drinkwater's Lincoln in England, as Charles I.

The London Daily Telegraph reviewing Arnold Bennett's recent book of essays speaks of him as a comfortable man, "a very definite, successful, contented, complacent personality."

"There is fame, for example, and material success—both good things," it is vastly amusing, now that the days of drudgery are over, to dust the jackets of poor, laborious reviewers, to put dramatic critics into their proper caddies, and to shut down the lid upon them seething in their own juice. Who says that theatrical managers have a hard time of it? If they have it is their own fault. The rents of theatres have gone up like a rocket? Very well; put up the price of seats. The public cannot afford to pay more? Of course, the public. Poor public! But Arnold managers combine against the public?

Everybody else has combined against the public? Poor public! But Arnold Bennett, you observe, is not asking your own opinion. He is telling you (as he himself would say) every time.

"Nice, warm, complacent world! Very pleasant; very pleasant indeed! It must be wonderfully consoling to live in it, safe from the whispers and the shadows and the gray, assailing doubts; safe, with confetti fluttering under the Chinese lanterns, and a silver goblet of powdered sugar at every perfect meal."

Shaw's "Philanderer" has been revived in London. "The clothes have been brought up-to-date. Mr. Milton Rosmer, an admirable Charlester, did not dare to go heart-breaking in the velvet jacket, cashmere trousers, blue socks and brown sandals that are prescribed for him. One gathers that intellectual philanderers are better tailored than they used to be."

"A Little Bit of Fluff," which failed in New York, now, after a record of over 1200 performances at the Criterion, London, went to the Ambassador's Theatre on the 19th ult.

ON THE SCREEN

The London Times seeing "The Town That Forgot God" found only "some excellent scenes" of a tornado to recommend it. "It is a peculiar blend of a badly conceived tract and a puerile attempt at social satire. As a tract it is worthless, because the religious parts of it are treated with complete lack of taste, and, as a result, its undoubted

moral is so blunted as to be perfectly pointless. It is time that film producers realized that if religion is to be introduced into films at all it should be handled only with the utmost delicacy. As a study of social satire, also, it is spoiled by being overdone. Various typical characters are introduced, all of which are so repulsive that they merely become puppets. . . . There are two admirable pieces of acting, one by Mr. Warren Kretch as one of the few virtuous people in the film (who is, incidentally, half-witted), and the other by Mr. Bunny Grauer as a very young hero who goes through all kinds of misfortunes in quest of virtue, ultimately to end his film career garbed in a morning coat and obviously wealthy, in the manner of the good boy in certain kinds of religious fiction. His performance is excellent, and he can fairly take rank as the foremost 'infant phenomenon' of the month."

Sir Hall Caine recently patted himself on the head incidentally when he wrote apropos of the screening of his novel "The Prodigal Son": "In my humble and perhaps partial judgment the film you have founded on the 'Prodigal Son' is an honor not only to the Stoll Company but also to the British cinema industry. Work so sincere and human can hardly fail to reach the hearts of a great public, and to contribute in some measure to that purity of purpose which must give the British film in general its rightful place among the moral and spiritual forces of the world."

JOYOUS LIARS

(The London Times sees "The Young Idea," by Noel Coward).

Gerda and Sholto are a pair of shocking young liars. Gerda, being the girl, lies perhaps just a shade better than Sholto, who imperils the lie by going into fits of laughter over it. Besides, Gerda, can lie in her natural voice, while Sholto can only do it falsetto. Sometimes their lying is antiphonal, but more often in unison. Either way, it is fast and furious when they come from Allassio to visit their father in Leicestershire in the secret hope of winning him back to their mother, Jennifer, whom he divorced by arrangement umteen years ago. He is now living in domestic unhappiness with Cicely, so savage and tartarly, who flirts under his very nose—and under the children's noses, which is more to the point. Can they not get Cicely to elope? They secure an accomplice by pitching a tale. "We are so unhappy at home," wails Gerda, "Mother drinks like a fish." Exactly like a fish," corroborates Sholto. But Cicely takes all trouble off their hands by arranging an elopement for herself. At the last moment she falters, but the dear children, who have been hiding behind the curtains, rush out and entreat her to stay with such unbearable fulsome that she finally decides to bolt, Sholto obligingly carrying out her bag.

The dear children now transfer their genius for mendacity to Allassio. They have brought papa back to mama, who has, however, just promised her hand to Mr. Hiram J. Walkin, whose name indicates his nationality. What a contretemps? The children, however, have a klib lie to meet it. They assure Mr. Walkin that their father is not divorced,

as generally supposed, but a lunatic, eating the buttons off chairs. "Say, young man, are you trying to put it over on me?" "Oh! no, Mr. Walkin. I wouldn't do that, even if I understood it." Of course, Jennifer and her husband are reconciled and the dear young liars are triumphant.

They are played by Miss Ann Trevor and Mr. Noel Coward with an immense sense of fun. Mr. Herbert Marshall is the husband and Miss Kate Cutler and Miss Muriel Pope are the wives, and the three, in their several ways, show as keen a sense of fun as the other two. Then there is Mr. Ambrose Manning with an American sense of fun as good as any Britisher's, and Mr. Clive Currie (not to go tediously through the whole list), who shows his sense of fun by making up like Mr. Harry Tate.

Mr. Noel Coward calls his brilliant little farce a "comedy of youth," and so it is. And youth pervaded the Savoy on Thursday night, applauding everything so boisterously that you felt, not without exhalation, that you were in the midst of a "rag." But an infusion of youth is no bad thing for the first-night public, which is as a rule, perhaps, just a little antique.

ARTHUR NIKISCH

A life of Nikisch, "Arthur Nikisch, Leben und Wirken," by Ferdinand Pfohl and others has been published by Bote & Bock in Berlin. It has a sentimental rather than a historical value. "The various contributors in describing a different epoch or a different aspect of the great conductor's career, draw their inspiration from Nikisch's greatness, and search with passionate earnestness for details and episodes which appear to them important and significant, because they view them in the light of that greatness and under the stress of personal emotion. And perhaps at the present moment nothing else is possible. Nikisch's intimates cannot be expected to assume

the cool, detached attitude of the historian only a few months after his death. It is inevitable that they should write of him thus, mistaking at times the unessential for the essential, the thing that is of momentary importance for the thing that endures."

It is stated in this life that Nikisch was not a true-born Hungarian. His grandfather, Karl Benjamin Nikisch, came from Lelsnitz in Prussian Silesia, wandered south and finally made Neutitschein his dwelling place. There he married, and there the conductor's father was born.

In his younger days Nikisch paid a good deal of attention to composition. He won a gold medal for a string sextet; he wrote a violin sonata, a string quartet and a cantata while he was still a student at the Vienna Conservatory.

STAGE MORALITY

(A. B. Walkley at Manchester, Eng.)

Speaking of the morals of the theatre, Mr. Walkley said it must not be forgotten that the performance of a play was a public act, and therefore he thought it a sound principle that the state should have surveillance. The prejudice against the stage was not a mere relic of Puritanism. It had existed universally and always, and had sometimes been a very salutary thing. At the same time it was not to be expected that all playgoers' clubs should be Trappist monasteries, and it must be remembered that a drama of pure morals was as impossible as a drama of pure ideas.

Mr. Walkley also dealt with the influence of the stage on the player, his view being that the effect might be a slightly warped temperament, with consequences bearing more hardly upon men than upon women. He made this distinction because women, unlike men, were in most cases called upon to depict upon the stage situations and emotions in which they might conceivably figure, or which they might conceivably feel, in actual life.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY—Symphony hall, 3:30 P. M. Concert in aid of the pension fund of the Boston Symphony Orchestra; Mr. Monteux conductor. See special notice.

Boston Opera House, 8:30 P. M. Mme. Galli-Curci. See special notice.

St. James Theatre, 8:30 P. M. People's Symphony Orchestra; Mr. Mollenhauer, conductor.

Boston Athletic Association, 8 P. M. Queens Marie, soprano, and Boston Symphony ensemble. See special notice.

TUESDAY—Jordan hall, 8:15 P. M. Concert by Suzanne Labrecq, soprano, and Carlos Salzedo, harpist. Arias and songs: Handel, air from "Scipione"; Rachmaninov, La Fiancee du Soldat; old Canadian song, A la Claire Fontaine; Rene-Baton, Il pleut des petates de Fleurs; Woollett, Au Printemps; Godard, air of Leonora ("Tasso"); Carpenter, When I Bring you Colored Toys; Griffer, By a Lonely Forest Pathway; Dickey, Pack Clouds Away; Scott, arletta, harp solos; Couperin, Sarabande; Bach, Bourree; Corelli, Olga; Haydn, theme and variations; Rameau, Rigaudon; Salzedo, variations on an old style theme, Mirage, Inquietude, Whirlwind. Mrs. Dudley Pitts, accompanist.

WEDNESDAY—Jordan hall, 8:15 P. M. Cecilia Society, Mr. Jaccchia, conductor.

THURSDAY—Jordan hall, 8:15 P. M. Third and last concert of the Flonzaley quartet. Beethoven, quartet, F major, Op. 18, No. 1; Tchaikovsky, quartet, D major, Op. 11; Scialero, quartet with voice, Op. 31 (MS), "Rain in the Pine Woods" (Helen Stanley, soprano).

FRIDAY—Symphony hall, 2:30 P. M. Eighteenth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra; Mr. Monteux, conductor. See special notice.

SATURDAY—Jordan hall, 8 P. M. Sergei Rachmaninov, pianist. Symphony hall, 8:15 P. M. Repetition of Friday's symphony concert; Mr. Monteux, conductor.

NOVAES GIVES PIANO RECITAL

Yesterday afternoon Octomir Novaes, pianist, gave a recital in Jordan hall, playing this program:

Airs de Ballet (from Alceste), Gluck-Saint-Saens
Carnival Schumann
Impromptu, F sharp Chopin
Mazurka Chopin
Two Etudes Chopin
Scherezade Chopin
Le Ballet des Ombres Heureuses Gluck-Friedman
La Jongleuse Moszkowsky
Au Jardin du Vieux Sereil Blanchet
10th Rhapsodie Liszt

Unless memory is playing a trick, when Mme. Novaes first appeared in Boston, several years ago, she showed herself a pianist of quiet temperament, but keenly sensitive to beauty, with an excellent technique, notably above all else for loveliness of tone. Stirred no doubt by the fine discontent without which artists would not grow, Mme. Novaes seems this year to have discovered other elements in music than mere beauty. The dramatic today would appear to interest her most. So be it, for what is of greater consequence?

But just at present, in what will probably prove only a phase in her artistic development, Mme. Novaes is paying dearly for her quickened sense of the dramatic, with the sacrifice too often of beautiful tone, and clarity, and finesse in her phrasing. Rousing, in truth, she played the Chopin pieces and the carnival, but frequently with hard, brittle tone, with scant evidence of her clear design, and sometimes at a rate of speed that resulted only in a blur of sound. In the carnival Mme. Novaes took slight advantage of the moments of repose which Schumann wisely planned; in the Chopin pieces she chose to play she laid slight stress on what little cantilena the music afforded. It made for monotony, this continuous striving for the grandiose. As time goes on, it is to be hoped Mme. Novaes will see fit to develop her own individuality, instead of working too constantly to make herself great after the manner of Sofia Menter and Terese Carreno.

A highly blessed young woman, Mme. Novaes has, as well as her great ability, a personality that attracts people to her concerts, and fine people, too, those who know good playing when they hear it. The large audience yesterday applauded Mme. Novaes with enthusiasm, and insisted on a longer program. R. R. G.

Nov 5, 1923

A few days ago we asked in good faith, apropos of a card in a newspaper: "What are 'spiritual bouquets'?"

We received the next day a letter from an anonymuncle who taunted us "with the license of ink," as Sir Toby Belch put it. What were we not accused of! Mocking the dead, blasphemy, atheism—simply because we asked a civil question. We were almost persuaded to believe that we had committed the unknown sin.

Soon afterwards came courteous, informing, reassuring letters. We thank the writers.

"SPIRITUAL BOUQUETS"

As the World Wags:

Apropos of your question: "What are spiritual bouquets?" It has long been the custom among Catholics to express their sympathy on the death of a relative or friend by sending in place of a floral offering, what is known as a "spiritual bouquet."

This is a card (similar to the one enclosed) acquainting the family of the departed one that a mass will be offered for the repose of the soul of the deceased on a certain date. This means much to a Catholic, and one may frequently see in the death notices, especially the New York and western papers, "Masses appreciated" in place of "Omit flowers." This tends to discourage the elaborate display of floral tributes, which in some instances are sent by people who can ill afford them. Dorchester. ALICE K. HOCTOR.

As the World Wags:

"Spiritual bouquets" are prayers for the dead—that he may be loosed from his sins. The Catholic church teaches that flowers are of no avail to the dead, but are simply to please the vanity of the living. No flowers, however beautiful, are ever allowed at a funeral to be brought into the church. The Church thus shows her disapproval of this custom of sending flowers, instead of offering prayers for the dead. A. B. G. Boston.

Strange to say, "spiritual bouquet" is not defined in the great Oxford dictionary. A dear old lady in Virginia, a devout Catholic, once assured us that we would be saved by reason of our "invincible ignorance." We had not then read Thomas Aquinas on "Ignorantia invincibilis," nor did we know that "with regard to the guilt of sins ignorantly committed, invincible ignorance altogether excuses from sin." (We quote from the third edition of the Catholic Dictionary.) This should sufficiently answer the contemptuous anonymunculo.

W. B. B. of South Boston writes: "Spiritual bouquets." The reference is probably to gifts of money which are used to defray the cost of masses for the repose of the dead. See II Maccabees XII, 42, 43.

Fortunately the Apocrypha is at hand. "And when he (Judas Maccabeus) had made a gathering throughout the company, to the sum of 2000 drachmas of silver, he sent it to Jerusalem to offer a sin offering, doing therein very well and honestly, in that he was mindful of the resurrection. (For if he had not hoped that they that were slain should have risen again, it had been superfluous and vain to pray for the dead.) And also in that he perceived that there was great favor laid up for those that died godly. (It was an holy and good thought.) Whereupon he made a reconciliation for the dead, that they might be delivered from sin."

IN PASSING

There was a road a-winding, a little road a-winding,
And over hills and under hills it led me far away,
Past barley fields and hamlets and busy mills a-grinding,
And came upon a city at the closing of the day—
The burnished roofs were blinding at the closing of the day.

There was a woman weaving, a silent woman weaving,
She sat within a shop door and she raised her eyes to mine,
And suddenly the clamor was hushed beyond believing
And all the air was pleasant with the smell of eglantine.
And all her face was grieving for the smell of eglantine.

It was the time when roses, when fettered, redolent roses
Are shaken by the freedom of some passionate nightingale
That wantons from a hillside and through a garden's closes,
Singing of Mytilene and a lovely Theban vale—
Where Itylus reposes in a lovely Theban vale.

We two are long in sunder, forever now in sunder,
For many roads of many lands have led me far away,
But always I shall fancy, or over hills or under,
I see a silent woman at the closing of the day—
What does she weave, I wonder, at the closing of the day?
—The King of the Black Isles.

THE SLOGAN FOR 1924

As the World Wags:

It is, I believe, generally conceded that the influence of a good political slogan is great. For example, few will deny that the slogan "He kept us out of war" was in very great measure responsible for the election of Wilson.

I noticed in The Herald the other day a statement that the powers that be in the Republican party say that Harding is the logical candidate to succeed himself in 1924. I, therefore, suggest that if Mr. Harding should receive the nomination, the aforementioned powers take as their campaign slogan "He kept us out of coal."

The logic of this should appeal to them for it was these same powers who "Kept us out of Wood in 1920."

JOHN B. WARRREN.

TOM TIDLER

As the World Wags:

It may have been mere inadvertence, it may have been sheer intellectual poverty, or a sudden, overpowering craze for some deadly weapon, which led the interviewer of a morning newspaper to quote Mons. Laitre Belloc, pessimistic publicist, as saying that the League of Nations is a "Tom Tiddler's

and for timorous pointings. Again it may have been the learned gent's own imperfect (blasted English, y'know) enunciation.

You, of course, are familiar with Tom Tiddler's (one "d") ground, which Tom sought to hold against his besieging boy-chums.

RALPH WARDLAW GLOAG.

SEEN IN PASSING

As the World Wags:

I passed by a street in Providence today 10 feet wide at one end, and only three feet at the other. Its name is Try street. In other words, try to get through; or try to find a narrower one.

W. L. R.

As the World Wags:

I saw a one horse truck in Boston yesterday. On its side I read, "John Zero, Ice and Coal."

SECOND PENSION FUND CONCERT

For the second "pension fund" concert of the season, Mr. Montoux arranged a program of Wagner's music, with the addition of Andromache's Lament from the third part of Bruch's "Achilles," sung by Mme. Sigrid Onegin.

Wagner.....Overture to "Rienzi"
Wagner.....Prelude to "Lohengrin"
Bruch.....Lament of Andromache from "Achilles"

MME. ONEGIN

Wagner.....Overture to "Tannhauser"
Wagner.....Prelude to "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg"

Wagner.....Songs with Orchestra

1. "Schmerzen"
2. "Traume"

MME. ONEGIN

Wagner.....Death of Siegfried and Funeral March from "Ride of the Valkyries"

Wagner.....Wotan's Farewell and Magic Fire Music from "The Valkyries"

Wotan-CHARLES H. BENNETT

Before even mounting the steps of Symphony hall one felt an exciting atmosphere of expectancy, as of something great to come. Indoors this atmosphere held, but heightened. There was not a seat to be had, nor standing room, and the audience seemed unusually alive. Right through the concert this element of alertness lasted. The Rienzi overture and the Tannhauser caused such rousing applause that Mr. Montoux invited the orchestra to stand and share it. Mme. Onegin was recalled again and again, an honest tribute to her singing, not a teasing clamor for more. The spirit abroad in Symphony hall must have brought content to everybody who had a hand in the occasion. It is rarely enough aroused, in very truth.

But there was music yesterday to rouse it. Do not the throng in Symphony hall, and the enthusiasm it brought to bear, tell a tale? And the moral of that tale is surely this: To draw large audiences and to hold those audiences bound, programs must consist for the most part of music that for the vast majority of music lovers possesses the great quality of being alive—or into which, at all events, a conductor or a performer of genius can still infuse the breath of life. Great music of the past most of us still want to hear; music of the present that may prove great, we needs must hear, if musically we would grow. Music, though, that is emotionally stirring to the people of today, music that can bring thrills of joy or pain to men and women who are living, loving, suffering—this is the music that must make the mainstay of programs if people are to be lured to the concert hall. If, as in the case of Wagner, such music rejoices as well in beauty that is supreme, so much the better. But beauty alone, or an interest of the intellect, except for an audience of specialists, will not serve. Concert-givers who think otherwise imagine a vain thing.

The performance yesterday needs few words. Especially remarkable seemed the brilliant playing of the "Rienzi" overture, the superb close of the "Tannhauser," and the last part of the "Walkure" excerpt. Mme. Onegin, more artistically restrained than she was at her recent recital, by her beautiful voice, admirable technique and warmth of style, brought the audience to a high pitch of enthusiasm. Mr. Bennett sang with taste and intelligence, giving its full value to the impressive phrase where Wotan kisses away Brunnhilde's divinity.

R. R. G.

GALLI-CURCI AT THE BOSTON OPERA HOUSE

Great Audience Enjoys Recital—Enthusiasm Marked

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Song recital by Amelita Galli-Curci; assisting artists, Manuel Berenguer, flutist; Homer Samuels, pianist. Program: Nina (Old Italian). Pergolesi; Pastorale (Old Italian). Veracini; Dupes le jour, from "Louise," Charpentier; Priere et Bar-

carolle, from "Etoile du Nord" (with flute). Meyerbeer; Verborgenhheit, Wolf; Villanelle, Ilue; Si do mon premier reve, Aubert; Valse, from "Romeo et Juliette," Gounod; Nocturne, Gaubert; Scherzando, Gaubert; Manuel Berenguer; Sylvestre, Sinding; My Shadow, Samuels; A Little Prayer, Russell; Shadow Song from "Dinorah" (with flute). Meyerbeer.

The large opera house was crowded in every part, with extra chairs on the stage, all filled. Mme. Galli-Curci stirred great enthusiasm. She added several numbers to the program, including "Silver Threads Among the Gold," "The Suwanee River," "Long Ago" and "Home, Sweet Home." Mr. Berenguer's flute playing was also enjoyed, and Mr. Samuels came in for his share of recognition.

18TH CONCERT BY PEOPLE'S SYMPHONY

The People's Symphony Orchestra, Emil Mollenhauer, conductor, gave its 18th concert of the season at the St. James Theatre yesterday. Mrs. Minerva Allen Wood soprano, was the assisting artist.

Mendelssohn's Overture "Ruy Blas," op. 95, opened a program of note. Rimsky-Korsakoff's Suite three de l'Opera "Snegurochka" (The Snow Maiden) was well received by the large audience. This is the first time it has been played in Boston by a symphony orchestra, although the opera has been performed here twice this year, first by the Russian Grand Opera Company and later by the Chicago Civic Opera Company.

The "Irish Rhapsody" by Victor Herbert aroused enthusiasm, as did also Tschalkowsky's Fantasia for orchestra, "Francesca da Rimini" op. 32.

Mrs. Wood sang the aria "Ah Perfido," Beethoven, well and was accorded due appreciation.

B. A. A. CONCERT

Queenie Mario, coloratura soprano of the Metropolitan Opera Co., with the Boston Symphony ensemble, Mr. Vanni, conductor, will give a concert in the gymnasium of the Boston Athletic Association tonight at 8 o'clock.

Overture "Phedre".....Massenet
(a) Clog dance "Handel in the Strand".....Gralinger

(First time)

(b) Dance of the Gnomes, Opus 13.....Mlynsky

(First time)

Aria L'eta verde passo, from "Loreley".....Catalani

Miss Mario and orchestra

Prelude from "Lohengrin".....Wagner

Songs: (a) Summer Song.....MacDowell

(b) The Night Wind.....Farley

(c) Down in the Forest.....Ronald

Miss Mario

Carmen Suite No. 2.....Bizet

(a) Aragonaise.....(b) Intermezzo

(c) Danse Boheme.....J. Strauss

Valse Voca di Primavera.....J. Strauss

Miss Mario and orchestra

March 6, 1923

Old Mr. Auger is impatient with newspapers, especially those of New York, for picturing "society women" on beaches of Florida or in festival gatherings in cities, little children of wealthy parents, "smart" young women on horseback. And all the women, old and young, are photographed showing their teeth, ostentatiously, as if for the advertisement of some tooth powder or paste; grinning women; women with a fatuous smile. I don't mind the actresses; to look their prettiest, to expose themselves is part of their profession. Then there are those silly beauty contests; the prettiest girl in Putney, Vt., or Ponda, N. Y., or Gopher Prairie. Studying the pictures of these "prettiest" girls, I say to myself, "What frights the other young women in those towns must be. Beauty contests!" And old Mr. Auger fairly snorted in his indignation.

BEAUTY CONTESTS

This roused Mr. Herkimer Johnson from a semi-somnolent state. "Why so hot, Ezra? Don't you know that beauty contests have been held for centuries? I don't refer to the three goddesses stripping themselves before Paris. The unfortunate judge; I say, unfortunate, for his decision brought on the Trojan war. In old times the women of Tenedos were thought to be the most beautiful in the world, though some say the handsomest were in Sparta, where it was told of King Archdamus, that he was fined because when one very handsome woman was offered to him for wife, he chose one that was ugly and rich. The Ephori reproached him for preferring the begetting kinglets rather than kings for the Spartans. You see, manly beauty was also esteemed, and there was a contest at Elis, where the conqueror was given the vessels of the goddess to carry; No. 2 led an ox, and No. 3 put sacrificial cakes on the head of the victim. If I am not mistaken, a man named Cypselus of Arcadia instituted contests of

beauty for women, and the first victorious one was named Herodice. The women who contended in these contests were called "goldbearing," not "gold diggers." Having poured out this information, Mr. Johnson settled himself to snooze.

Mr. Gollightly, our old friend Eugene, who does not like synthetic gin, thinks soft drinks and tea poisonous, and so has taken to reading, lifted up his voice. "I read in The Sunday Herald that Miss Gertrude Hoffmann says that in selecting her dancing girls she is fussy about their teeth. This is as it should be. I remember that when American chorus girls disported themselves in London theatres, newspapers spoke of the 'thin long line of American dentistry.' Why is it, by the way, that so many chorus-men in our musical comedies seem to have been chosen for their wealth of gold-crowned teeth?"

ELEPHANT'S FOOT

In boyhood days, reading books of adventure we learned that a roasted or baked elephant's foot was a delicacy. "G. A. B." had the courage to taste it not long ago in Africa. He relates his experience in the Manchester Guardian. He and his companions while they watched the foot of an elephant baking—the elephant was killed because he had gone mad from an ulcerated tooth—they fortified themselves with cocktails. (O blessed land of liberty!)

"When it appeared at the table a strong aroma, arose as of a town whose staple industries were the manufacture of glue and patent fertilizers. However, we each took a ration of the viscous brown mess on our tin plates, sampled it simultaneously, and looked at one another. If imagination can conceive a compound of sealing wax, train oil, blood, and the essence of cast-off boot soles, that about describes the delicacy.

The commissioner flung his plate out into the night with a roar. 'Boyl tell cook kill fowl; make chicken cutlet one time; kill tin sardine, and for God's sake, pass more cocktail!'

"So long as there are philosophers to attack idealism so long will they have half-baked followers to idealize them. The small fry who swim behind new intellectual movements remain pretty constant in their habits, and are always good food for the satirists."

Mr. Rachmaninoff's recital next Saturday afternoon will take place in Symphony Hall, not in Jordan Hall, as was erroneously stated in The Herald of last Sunday.

THE LOST CHORD

(With due respect to the memory of Adolphe Proctor)

Seated one day at my table
I was weary and ill at ease,
And my fingers fidgeted idly
My bunch of office keys.
I know not for what I was searching
Or what I was checking then,
But I struck one cord of fuel,
And the sound was not "Amen."

It flooded the crimson twilight,
Not a bit like an angel's psalm,
And I swore till my feverish spirit
Was finally touched with calm.
It quieted rage and cursing
Like love overcoming strife;
But where was that cord of fuel
I couldn't have told for my life.

It linked all my thoughts and pondering
Into one of perfect peace,
But where was that cord of fuel
My wonder would not cease.
I have sought, but I seek it vainly,
That one lost cord of pine,
Billed from the farmer's woodpile,
But it never came to mine.

It may be that Death's dark angel
Will speak of that cord again,
For surely never in heaven
Shall I find those cord-wood men.

WILLIAM KEENE HILTON.

Damariscotta, Me.

LINE ON DAD

As the World Wags:

How often our "Bettors" (as Barrie calls them) try to impress on us of this century the evil of our ways. Their favorite reference is to the days when they were young—those days of Ivory soap purity and virtue.

Such rot has forced me to look up the records of the past and then it is that I learn the truth about Dad, and even Mama. The Milton News for June 8, 1882, contained a long letter from one who signed himself (maybe herself) "A True Friend." The writer addresses the young men of the town and pleads with them to desist from their wicked course for a while and listen to some sound advice:

"I am afraid that some of you go farther than smoking. Oh, boys, boys, I am afraid you indulge in something stronger than water as a beverage. Oh, stop just a moment and think. Can you deny that you drink beer, cider and even stronger poisons? for they are poisons!

Do you want your face to become bloated and red? Do you want to become that dreadful, loathsome thing, a drunkard? I have noticed that two or three of you already show signs of drinking. Oh, stop while there is time. . . . Prove yourselves men, true men, gentlemen. Do your best for the sake of yourselves and those who love you. In the present course of action the way to prove yourselves men? I appeal to you as you value your manhood."

A few weeks later there is a similar appeal made to the young ladies of the town because of their "lewd actions." Almost each edition contains some reference to the riotous manners and sinful behavior of the young people—our Fathers and Mothers. INQUIRY.

PLAYS CONTINUING

COLONIAL—Ed Wynn in "The Perfect Fool," fifth week.

LOLLIS STREET—"Lightnin'," comedy, eleventh week.

MAJESTIC—Gertrude Hoffman in the revue, "Hello Everybody," second week.

PLYMOUTH—"Just Married," farce, eighth week.

SELWYN—"The Fool," drama, fourth week.

SHUBERT—"Elsie," musical comedy, third and last week.

WILBUR—"Listening In," a mystery comedy, third week.

"ELDEST SON"

By PHILIP HALE

COPELY THEATRE—First performance in this country of "The Eldest Son," a domestic drama in three acts and four scenes by John Galsworthy.

Sir William Cheshire.....H. Conway Winfield
Freda Studdenham.....Catherine Willard
Christine.....Jessamine Newcome
Ronald Keith.....H. Mortimer White
Harold.....Reginald Sheffield
Joan.....May Ediss
Dot.....Phyllis Cleveland
Mabel Lanfame.....Katherine Standing
Bill.....Noel Tearle
Lady Cheshire.....Daisy Belmont
The Reverend John Latter.....Gerald Rogers
Jackson.....Warwick Buckland
Old Studdenham.....E. E. Olive
Young Dunning.....L. Paul Scott
Rose Taylor.....Stephanie Day
Charles.....Percy Groves

This play in view of the authorship is surprisingly conventional. One knew from Freda's face and voice at the very beginning, that Bill, the eldest son of Sir William Cheshire, a fine old "Crusted Tory, proud of his lineage, had done her wrong. One was sure after Old Studdenham, her father, had made his appearance, that he would figure in the third act and say in what Arcturus Ward called, a play-acting voice, that Freda was too good for the likes of Bill; that he would spurn the proffered consolation of sovereigns and Bank of England notes. The subject is the old one of caste, the heir, having had temporary madness, a wastrel but not wholly a blackguard, proposes to wed the girl who is to have a child by him. This time she is the lady's maid in the house; this time her father is a highly respectable head-keeper who had served the Cheshires for "five and twenty years," a phrase dear to many English writers of melodramas.

But Mr. Galsworthy brings in irony. Sir William had insisted that young Dunning, an under keeper, should wed Rose, a village girl, who was about to be a mother. Sir William was shocked when Dunning was unwilling. He would not allow such immoral goings-on, especially on his ancestral acres. What would Mrs. Grundy say? But to Sir William the idea of Bill wedding Freda—a girl far too good for Bill—was preposterous. No, Bill must have a career, go into Parliament, marry a girl of good family, especially Mabel, the guest from Ireland. If he should marry Freda, what would the neighbors say? The Cheshires, highly respected for some centuries, would have to go away and hide diminished heads. Prestige would be lost.

After the mess is known to the family, there is discussion as to what is to be done; a discussion in the true Galsworthy manner. Much might be said on each side. Only the disagreeable Dot is inclined to approve the marriage. Lady Cheshire wrings her hands and rolls her eyes up to the ceiling. Sir William storms till the spectator anticipates an apoplectic stroke. Bill is dogged in determination, although the audience suspects him of not being in love with Freda now his passion is spent. Freda is honestly in love. Fortunate girl in that her father took her away, for Bill, as played last night, is a singularly unpleasant person, snapping at everyone, abominably rude, especially to the amiable Miss Mabel.

And when the play is at an end, what is the conclusion? Does "love

level ranks and therefore?" Would not a marriage have made husband and wife miserable, even in Canada where they purposed to go, with Bill disinherited, penniless, without a trade or a profession. Mr. Galsworthy leaves the audience up in the air. Yet, a good name is worth something, if only for the sake of the child to be born. Freda, so be sure, was brought up, as she said, not to whine. You do not hear her saying even to Bill: "Make me an honest woman." And so we are far from "Caste," which the young people in "The Eldest Son" were rehearsing. In "Hindle Wakes" the girl solves the question by frankly saying that she does not wish to be made an honest woman. She can earn her own living. "I've la jole!"

Miss Willard played the part of Freda without a too evident attempt to excite sympathy. She was neither modest nor immodest in the declaration of her love for Bill; but there was no doubt of her devotion, of her willingness to spare her lover disgrace or worldly loss. She thought of him, not of herself. Miss Willard does not need words to express her emotions. We have seen few finer instances of facial eloquence than in the scene where Bill tells his mother, who surprises the lovers embracing, that he is betrothed to Freda, that he will marry her. If Bill had looked at her then, his passion would have been rekindled.

Mr. Clive gave a quietly forcible portrayal of old Studdenham. There was no raving; no wild denunciation. Miss Day, as the village girl, gave due emphasis to her one desire to have her good name restored. Mr. White played Keith with the appropriate carelessness. Miss Cleveland over-acted till she made Dot unendurable. Mr. Wingfield had a trying part. No doubt he will better his performance. The pace taken by him and Miss Belmore in the last act was irritatingly slow. We have spoken of Mr. Tearle. Did Mr. Galsworthy intend that Bill should be so snarling, so insufferable a person?

TREMONT THEATRE—Charles Frohman presents "Mister Antonio," by B. Tarkington. The cast:

Trag. John McCabe
Pearl Mary Mallon
The Man Otis Skinner
Antonio Comandante Robert Harrison
Florence Marion Warring
June Ramsey George Riddle
Minnie Riddle Beatrice James
Avalonia Jony Irene Purcell
Bart Wilfred Nixon
Mrs. Jony Rose Stillman
Milton Jony Joseph Brennan
The Rev. Jesse Walpole Ernest Elton
Mrs. Walpole Jean McAlpin
Mr. Cooder Jack McKee
Mrs. Cooder Roberta Bellinger
Capitano Himself

Mister Antonio has come to town leading his mule Capitano and playing his hurdy-gurdy as if carefree and happy. Happy he is, as the audience at the Tremont Theatre last night well testified in its reception of the play. Indeed it was difficult to ascertain whether Antonio or the play was the most entertaining.

Both make use of sentiment, and they use it well. There are those that disdain sentiment, but even though sentiment may rule the heart and overcome the mind, what's the harm?—but here! That's just what this play says. Mr. Tarkington, in his comedy, which now needs no introduction as from his clever pen, makes use of all that can appeal to heart and emotion. The picture of the organ-grinder turning the crank of his music wagon and begging for recompense is an appealing figure on the stage. And to be philosophical—that, to does attract men's sympathies and love.

Masterful in technique as Mr. Tarkington is, and mindful of the value of sentiment, his play cannot but make us wish that such characters existed in real life.

But the plot of this play does not come to more than a light and charming story of exceptional, though amusing, incidents. Antonio wins his bet, everybody's happy at the end. The audience goes away with a warm spot round the heart and a smile for every organ-grinder they may pass the next day.

Mister Antonio, the organ-grinder, is a winning character. But why should this cheap and tawdry Italian, as some snobby persons would say, fascinate such an educated audience in Boston?

That riddle's easy! 'Tis because the part is played by Mr. Skinner. Again we have no need to introduce or even to recall his past success. Otis Skinner is a trade name for the man in the average theatre audience. It is registered as standing for a quality of acting excellent in his portrayal of this role of organ-grinder. Mr. Skinner has been playing on the stage for many years, indeed several of them in this very role. But that stands not against him for he

plays with finished ability that comes only through experience and an intimate understanding of his part.

Mr. Skinner even carries his supporters along with him. Mr. Harrison and Miss Manley give excellent portrayals of their parts. One scene which required acting of good merit, and that alone, was handled magnificently. It was the scene before Antonio discovers June Ramsey sobbing on the steps. Antonio's carefree joking as he ate, unaware of any company, and June's expression of her grief, for a long time without sobbing, was touching.

Mister Antonio and his donkey Capitano have been to Boston before, but they have returned to entertain the staid old Puritan town once more. Indeed, Mr. Skinner suggests that the town might learn a lesson by comparing itself with Avalonia, the Main Street of Tarkington, and the city, town or country anywhere that people live. Mister Skinner heard Boston applaud itself, but not till after it had showed its appreciation of a fine actor in a charming comedy by a clever writer. W. B.

ST. JAMES THEATRE—Revival of "The Passing of the Third Floor Back." In prologue, play and epilogue, by Jerome K. Jerome. The cast:

THE PROLOGUE
A Cheat Viola Roach
A Sinner Adelyn Bushnell
A Painted Lady Barbara Grey
A Shrew Anna Layne
A Snob Flora Frost
A Bully Harold Chase
A Hussy Lucille Adams
A Sinner Mark Kent
A Sinner Houston Richards
A Coward Edward Darney
A Rogue Ralph M. Remley
A Cad Ralph M. Remley
A Passer-by Walter Gilbert

THE PLAY
Joey Wright Mark Kent
Christopher Penny Houston Richards
Maj. Tomkins Harold Chase
Mrs. Tomkins Anna Layne
The Wife Lucille Adams
Jesse Samuels Edward Darney
Terry Larkcom Ralph M. Remley
Miss Kite Barbara Grey
Mrs. Percival De Hooley Flora Frost
Stasia Adelyn Bushnell
Mrs. Sharpe Viola Roach
The Third Floor Back Walter Gilbert

THE EPILOGUE
An Old Bachelor Mark Kent
Two Lovers Houston Richards
A Husband Lucille Adams
A Wife Anna Layne
A Jew Edward Darney
An Entertaining Person Ralph M. Remley
A Maiden Lady Barbara Grey
A Rich Aunt Flora Frost
The Servant Adelyn Bushnell
The Lady of the House Viola Roach
A Friend Walter Gilbert

Long before "The Fool" appeared, "The Passing of the Third Floor Back"

was popular, as a play centering about a salty character, the Stranger, who becomes a Friend, and goes on after his work in one place, is done to other tasks awaiting him. The story is simple, a series, rather, of three pictures of boarding house life depicting the changes brought about by the kindness of the Stranger. It is a play that abounds in clever character parts and interesting lines, both humorous and serious.

Walter Gilbert plays the leading part, made famous by the acting of Forbes-Robertson. It is a beautiful part, but one easily made insipid. Gilbert evidently appreciated this and at times struggled too hard to be convincing and overdid his acting. And this fault was not his alone; several other members of the cast, not content to leave the play symbolic, but at the same time full of real people, embellished it with characters too farcical.

Viola Roach, the landlady of the boarding house, was excellent both as the type of disappointed woman all too well known and in her glorified character later. The part of a little servant girl was delightfully and consistently taken by Adelyn Bushnell. The other players took the parts of members of the boarding house family. Lucille Adams was charming and played prettily the part of "the girl" in spite of a severe cold.

Although only one setting was required it was one of the best yet used by the company and was worked out even to the smallest detail.

MRS. VALENTINO AT KEITH'S THEATRE

Mrs. Rodolph Valentino, before her marriage to the ardent Romeo of the screen, Miss Jean Acker, in a comedy playlet, "A Regular Girl," by Edgar Allen Woolf, is the featured player of the bill at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week. There is obvious deduction that the theme has something akin to the domestic tragedy in the life of the actress.

There is little in the role of Doris, as interpreted by Mrs. Valentino, that is exacting dramatically. That there was natural curiosity to see the actress at close range goes without saying. She is extremely pretty and she wears her gowns becomingly. From this viewpoint the big audience was pleased, as evi-

denced by the remark of an exuberant youth coming out of the lobby: "Rody, how could you?"

Other acts on the bill were Dave Stamper and Edna Leedom, in a funny turn, introducing the irrepressible Miss Leedom in her "cut-up" style and air of affected spontaneity; Oakes and Delour, in a swiftly moving dancing act; Stella Mayhew, back again in a new and up-to-the-minute monologue; Enrico Restelli, making his first American tour, and the outstanding feature of the entire bill, in the greatest juggling act ever seen at this theatre; Hawthorne and Cook, entertaining in a line of "nut" comedy; Bazazian and White, singers and instrumentalists; Carter and Cornish, who are entitled to second honors on the bill in a speedy dancing act that offers steps new to Boston audiences, and Emil Pallenberg and his trained troupe.

March 7 1923 Suzanne Dabney, Soprano, and Carlos Salzedo, Harpist, Appear

By PHILIP HALE

Suzanne Dabney, soprano, and Carlos Salzedo, harpist, gave a concert last night in Jordan hall. Songs: Handel, Air from "Scipio"; Rachmaninov, La Flancee du Soldat; old Canadian song, A La Claire Fontaine; Rhene-Baton, Au Printemps; Godard, Air of Leonora from "Tasso"; Carpenter, When I Bring You Colored Toys; Griffe, By a Lonely Forest Pathway; Dickey, Pack Clouds Away; Scott, Arletta. Harp solos; Couperin, Sarabande; Bach, Bourree; Corelli, Giga; Haydn, Theme and Variations; Rameau, Rigaudon; Salzedo, Mirage, Inquietude, Whirlwind. Mrs. Dudley Pitts was the accompanist. There was a large and very friendly audience.

The great friend of the harping fraternity was John, the disciple, who on the Isle of Patmos saw visions of the New Jerusalem, far more wonderful than those revealed to Sir Arthur Conan Doyle or the Rev. Mr. Owen. John tells us that when the four beasts and the four and twenty elders fell down every one was provided with a harp. He heard the voice of 144,000 harpers harping with their harps. He saw as it were a sea of glass and they that had overcome the Beast stood on it having the harps of God. Now many thought in former days that the "Beast" was the Emperor Nero, who, as a player of the lyre, gave recitals at Rome and abroad. Thus John favored the harp. And when John heard a mighty angel foretell the doom of Babylon, the angel cried: "The voice of harpers and musicians, of pipers and trumpeters shall be heard no more at all in thee." Note the invidious distinction drawn by John, the disciple, between harpers and musicians.

But Mr. Salzedo is an accomplished musician as well as a brilliant virtuoso. He plays musically; his transcriptions for his instrument are musical; his own Theme and Variations, which he played here last season, is musically planned. He has found out new tonal colors for the harp, all of them ingenious; some of them beautiful. By his art he almost persuades us to believe that the harp is an admirable instrument for a recital. Certainly when he plays it, the inevitable boredom is greatly lessened; for, when all is said, when all is performed, the place for the harp is in the orchestra.

Miss Dabney sang an air from Handel's "Scipio" which was produced in London nearly two centuries ago. The march in this opera was long used for the parade of the King's bodyguard. It was so popular that it was introduced into "Polly," Gay's sequel to his "Beggar's Opera," with the words "Brave boys prepare," and a song was made from the march: "We follow brave Hannibal and Scipio." There are five airs in this opera which were sung by the great Cuzzoni and the equally great Senesino. But these airs should be sung in the grand manner, and there are few today who have it. Although the air on the program last evening demands a singer of fuller voice and more emotional feeling than Miss Dabney at present possesses, it was a pleasure to hear the music, for the songs from Handel's operas are sadly neglected even by great artists. By the way, Handel's name on the program was spelled "Haendel" as if the concert were in some German city, and not in Boston.

Miss Dabney was more successful in her interpretation of the simpler songs than those that required sensuous tonal beauty or dramatic expression. Thus her voice was more agreeable in the opening measures of Rhene-Baton's song and in the Canadian folk song than in those that required deep feeling, fire, passion, and nobility of diction. Mrs. Pitts played sympathetic accompaniments.

There are books about collectors of first editions, complete sets of certain authors, incunabula, erotica, Bibles, cook books, arithmetics, almanacs, etc., but is there any psychological study of the collector irrespective of his particular mania? We have read of men who spent time and money in collecting things connected with the hangman's profession, memorabilia of executions by guillotine, sword, axe, garrote; in collecting memorabilia of famous criminals.

Not long ago the furniture of Landru, who burned in his kitchen stove 11 of the women betrothed to him, was sold at Versailles. The prices obtained at the auction were high. When the justly celebrated stove was put up, the bidding ran from 500 to 4200 francs. This latter sum was paid by a gypsy. A lion tamer secured Landru's seal for 400 francs; the ink pot went for 50; a blue ribbon and a harpin for three francs; but a barber, who arranged Landru's hair the morning of the beheading, tried vainly to sell a lock of hair and a piece of beard in a neighboring cafe. Probably there was doubt as to the authenticity.

But what will the gypsy do with the stove; the lion tamer with the seal? In the song Gypsy John invites his guest to dip his fingers in the stew. We associate with the gypsy a pot hung over a fire in the open.

By the way, what became of the silken cord with which the fourth Earl Ferrers was hanged at Tyburn for shooting his steward? As a peer of the realm, Ferrers was entitled to silk instead of hemp. The London Daily Chronicle, speaking recently of Chartley, his home, said: "Nowadays he would probably have been sent to Broadmoor to play billiards, but psycho-analysis and sentiment were little thought of in those days."

OUR CIVILIZATION

Is the man that collects reminders of murderous deeds and consequent executions necessarily morbid? Not long ago about 4000 men and women of London waited in the rain for an hour outside a jail to watch the prison wall at the moment when Mrs. Thompson was hanged. At least 2000 watched the walls of another prison at the time when her lover, who had murdered her husband, was hanged. At the former jail there was a rush through the police to see the official notice of the execution when it was posted. Some were injured in the struggle to get near the notice.

This moved the Manchester Guardian to say: "There is at present in London a negro ohief and his suite from Swaziland, and the appearance and quaint ideas of this visitor from the wilds has amused the Londoners. It is fortunate that the officials in charge of his party did not think of taking him to Holloway or to Pentonville to study one side of our advanced civilization there."

FACTS FOR THE CURIOUS

To Percy Beauregard: We do not know when bi-focal glasses were first worn. Mr. Roy L. McCardell, an authoritative writer, informs us that the monocle was invented on Feb. 2, 827 A. D., by Egbert, the first King of England.

Now, by the way, Mr. McCardell, mentioning Feb. 2, says that on that day in 79 A. D. Pompeii, Herculaneum and Stabiae were smothered in ashes from Mt. Vesuvius. "Pliny, the Elder, who described the cataclysm, said 'the scene baffled description.'"

THE LATE CONGRESS

As the World Wags:

Mr. Abel Adams of Amherst, N. H., is amiss on modern "hysteria," as it is now of hermaphroditic origin and means a deviation from a normal nervous condition. The big sister of a small boy, who sat on the high end of a see-saw plank, said as she jumped on and off the low end: "Don't get nervous!" To quiet ourselves, let's sing (apologizing to Hiram Johnson):

They kept us out of coal,
And raised the price of clothes;
They aided all the profiteers,
While all their victims froze.

They tipped off all the gamblers,
Until sugar prices rose;
They tarified for infant profiteers
And neglected poor soldiers' woes.

Melrose. E. H. JUDKINS.

ENGLISH AS SHE IS SPOKE

(From the London Journal in 1912.)

He—Ripping morning.
She—Top hole.
He—Only drawback is it makes you so beastly slack.
She—Doesn't it. I'm too keepy for words.
He—Going away soon?

She—I suppose so. Scarborough as per usual.
He—I say, that's a shocking, bracing place, isn't it?
She—Oh, yes; but you can give it a miss in baulk. We just rot about on the front.
He—That'd suit me. Only the pater is so beastly energetic; I like to chivy a pill round the links half the blessed day. Suits me just to wuzzle around and have a jolly good old rag in the evening. What?

RECKLESS LIZZIE
As the World Wags:
Yesterday I thought that my stenographer, Lizzie, was rather irritable.

"What's the matter?" I asked, but not in a too solicitous tone.
"Oh, my thumb is so sore," she replied.
"How come?" asked I, in a manner to put her at her ease and yet without invidious familiarity.
"I gave a party at the Automat last night." EINAV.

"Was it fair to reader or publisher to alter a few lines and send in 'Paradise Regained' as a new poem? The reader is said to have reported adversely, finding the diction old-fashioned."

THE IDES OF MARCH
(With apologies to "Anon")
Oh, waly waly in the drift,
And waly waly o'er the snow,
And waly through the melting burn
That overtops my buskins braw!
I put my foot upon a plank,
A trustle friend I thoott, but loshi!
At first it tipped, and syne I slipped
And sat doon in twa feet o' slosh.

Oh waly waly March is bonnie,
On lochs not roads ye gang to kirk,
And busses brash, plunge by and splash
Yir homespun fine and bonnet perk.
Now ilka house is aleak—
I take a shoor-bath in bed,
And friends and foes hae far to seek
For coals o' fire for thir held.

But sune the winds will blaw gey saft,
The clouds drap doon the caller rain,
And my wee terrier gae clean daft
Wi' smells o' gude brown earth again:
Once mair we'll see green banks and braes,
For Spring canna' be far ahint,
In yonder willows gowden haze
I see her flutterin' drap'ries glint.
Boston. C. B. W.

Mch 8 1923

What has led givers of concerts in Boston to spell Handel's name "Haendel"? Miss Dabney so spelled the name of the composer of "Scipio"; the name is so spelled twice on the program of the Apollo Club concert next week; it so appears on the program of Mr. Casella's recital a week from Saturday.

When Handel was young in Germany, his name was Haendel. The name today in Germany is "Haendel," and the French have followed that spelling. At first the spelling in England was "Hendel," and when Handel was in Italy that form and "Hendal" were used by him, but after Handel settled in England, he signed himself "Handel" without the "e." For English-speaking musicians or laymen to insert the "e" is sheer affectation. Do we speak of the "Haendel and Haydn Society"?

The Chicago Tribune, noting the fact that Lillie Langtry, now in her 71st year, wished to return to the stage as a star in spite of jeering friends, remarks that if she would sign a contract as a chorus girl not a word would be said. We had thought that this ancient wheeze about chorus girls was now only to be found in museum and in libraries of historical societies.

We regret to say that the Chicago Tribune speaks flippantly of Mr. Stone's conversion:

"Fred Stone said it was all true about his getting religion and promising to give one-tenth of his income to the church, but added: 'I am not looking for publicity.' We know Fred, and we know he's sincere. But, just the same, that story got all over the first page. Dog-gone it, Fred, you've got to get your press agent converted. What! a press agent cannot be converted? Ah, while the light holds out to burn, the vilest sinner may return."

Colin O'More, "Irish tenor," will sing in Symphony hall next Sunday afternoon. We have received a letter from a "music-lover" in Fall River.

"The name Colin O'More would itself suggest Irish birth and ancestry; but rumor avers that he can lay claim to neither. Rumors which I have heard are that he is an American of German

descent; that 'Colin O'More' is only an assumed name, and that at other periods in his career he has been known as 'Arthur Burns' and 'James Harrod.'
When Mr. O'More gave his first recital in New York—it was on May 25, 1920—it was then said in the Tribune that he came from Little Rock, Ark.; that he was a pupil of Jean de Iteske, and had been commended in Paris for his singing in a revival of "La Belle Helene." In May, 1920, he was taking the part of a Scottish shepherd in "Lassie." The Times said that he had formerly appeared under the name of James Harrod in "The Lilac Domino." He sang here at the Majestic Theatre in that operetta in March, 1915.

There was a revival of "La Belle Helene" at the Gaitte-Lyrique, Paris, in October, 1919, with Marguerite Carré as Helen; Francell, Paris, and Max Dearly, Calchas, but if Mr. O'More then sang he received no attention in the contemporary journals that we have seen. The other men in the cast that were mentioned were Girier, Oudart, Roques, Elain Gibard. Reynaldo Hahn wrote at the time a glowing eulogy of Offenbach: how Volico was never better invoked than by the Barcarole in "Tales of Hoffmann"; that in "La Belle Helene," one breathes the air of the Aegean sea, while the "Evocations" of Orpheus is animated with the hysterical fury of the Misenades, so keenly did Offenbach feel the spirit of antiquity; as he understood the "sadness of joy."

But what if Mr. O'More's name is assumed for stage purposes? There is a good baritone—an Englishman it is said, who once sang here in operetta—masquerading as a "Belgian," though when he first gave a recital in Boston his French was laughable; the French of Putney, Vt., rather than of Brussels, much less Tours.

When Shaw's "Arms and the Man" was staged not long ago at a suburban theatre in Prague, the performance was stopped by Serbian students who whistled and shouted until the curtain was dropped. Czech newspapers had protested in advance against a comedy that poked fun at some of the Balkan armies.

The Flonzaley quartet, assisted by Helen Stanley, soprano, will give its last concert in Jordan hall tonight. The program consists of Beethoven's quartet, F major, op. 18, No. 1, Tchaikovsky's quartet, op. 11—the one with the famous Andante—and Scalero's quartet with voice, "Rain in the Pine Woods" (text by Gabrielle d'Annunzio). Mr. Rachmaninov will give a recital in Symphony hall next Saturday afternoon.

The program of the Symphony concerts tomorrow afternoon and Saturday evening will comprise Handel's Concerto Grosso, No. 5, for string orchestra and string quartet; and Liszt's great symphony, "Faust," with the Harvard Glee Club for the chorus music and Arthur Hackett, tenor. The last performance of the symphony was in March, 1917, in memory of Pauline Agassiz Shaw, when Mr. Townsend's chorists took part, and Mr. Hackett was the tenor.

Fritz Kreisler will play at the Boston Opera House next Sunday afternoon. On the same afternoon the People's Symphony Orchestra will play at the St. James Theatre, and the Boston Flute Players Club will give a concert in Wesleyan hall, Boylston street. Next Monday night the Ukrainian National Chorus, with Mmes. Koshetz and Slobodska in Symphony hall.

When Marie Tempest returned to the London stage on Feb. 14, she appeared in "Good Gracious, Annabelle." The play was a failure. As the Manchester Guardian put it: "It turned out to be a most dismal excursion into the lower depths of American funmaking. So the audience grew chilly against its will, and the gallery was ominously restive." The calls for Miss Tempest were "more dutiful than delirious." When she began to thank the audience for its welcome, a voice rang out: "Only for you." She stopped talking and left the stage. The death of Theodore Kremer at Cologne, almost passed unnoticed here, and yet he was the author of "Bertha the Sewing Machine Girl."

The film-play "Brass" is at the Park Theatre. Does any one recall a comedy, "Brass," by George Fawcett Rowe,

brought out in 1876, at the Park Theatre, New York. It ran there for 100 nights and was honored by a burlesque of it "Cheek," at the Eagle Theatre. Rowe—he died in 1889—took the part of Walford Stray, a great traveler and a tremendous liar. He emphasized each lie by the gag: "Fact, fact, I assure you." Rowe took the play to London the next year, but the audiences were not enthusiastic. They complained of "puerile puns," which was amusing when one remembers how English bur-

lesques at the time were stuned with them. Rowe wrote "The Geneva Cross," and as an actor he won success as Mr. Micawber.
Mary Pickford will not appear as Marguerite in a screen version of "Faust," but will be seen as a Spanish dancing girl in a play by a dramatic critic of Berlin. Nevertheless, "Faust" will be screened. This reminds us that our old friend Vanni-Marcou took the part of Mephistopheles in the operatic version of Berlioz's "Damnation of Faust," at Monte Carlo on Feb. 10.

Elsa Sherwood, pianist, assisted by her pupils, Marguerite Aldrich and Fanny Cantor, will give a concert in Steinert hall tonight.

A Spanish composer, Jeronimo Jimenez, died at Madrid on Feb. 20. Born at Seville, in 1854, he wrote over 80 operettas, besides orchestral works. Strange to say, his name is not in the index to Carl Van Vechten's entertaining "Music of Spain."

Leonard Liebbling writes in the Musical Courier: "An opera singer's wife is the dazed lady who answers the telephone, cooks his pet dishes, sees that he wears his muffler and galoshes, reads the flattering reviews to him and keeps the unfavorable ones out of his sight, saves his money, packs his trunk, stays at home when he is invited to fashionable functions, listens patiently when he praises himself, and refrains from throwing a vase or a pitcher at him when he gives a temperamental exhibition because he has mislaid the pomade for his hair. Do not infer, however, that the lady has no rewards or pleasures. As a suitable recompense for her services, the opera singer's wife is allowed to go behind the scenes whenever he appears and help him dress for the performance."

CECILIA SOCIETY

Last night the Cecilia Society, Agide Jacchia, conductor, gave a concert in Jordan hall. The assisting soloist was Marie Nichols, violinist, who played excellently. Mrs. Rose Thayer Thomas, soprano, and Mrs. Frances Beyer Hogardt, mezzo soprano, sang incidental solos, and the accompanists were Ernest Harrison and J. Angus Winter. This was the program:

- Blessing, Glory and Wisdom and Thanks..Bach
- Anthem for double chorus.
- Wynken, Blynken and Nod...Ethelbert Nevin
- Soprano solo and chorus.
- Violin solos—
- Praeludium.....Miss Nichols
- Berceuse.....Aronsky
- Gopak.....Moushinsky
- Pan.....Miss Nichols
- Choral dance for mixed voices.
- Deep River.....Art. by H. T. Burleigh
- Chorus of mixed voices, unaccompanied.
- St. Mary Magdalene.....Vincent D'Indy
- For mezzo-soprano solo.
- Chorus of women's voices.
- Violin solos—
- Poeme.....Fidick
- Le Concerto.....Daquin-Manc
- Lullaby.....Rogee
- Scherzo.....Grasse
- Miss Nichols.
- On Himalay.....Granville Bantock
- My Love Dwelt in a Northern Land..E. Elgar
- Chorus of mixed voices.
- Cherubim song (No. 8) from the Church
- Russian.....Tchakovsky
- Chorus of mixed voices.

To people with memories it was truly a pleasure to hear the Cecilia Society singing well once more. There were fine attributes of choral singing in evidence last night, a big volume of musical tone, a neat attack and a still more notable release, remarkably pure intonation, and a very considerable variety of nuance. Other choruses, however, in greater or less degree, can sing with these good qualities. But to make a chorus really "sing" in the true sense of the word, to produce from a body of a hundred or two hundred voices the essentially vocal effects of which the human voice is capable, without, too, a distressing appearance of strain, to accomplish this high end a conductor is needed who possesses some practical understanding of the workings of the voice. Such a conductor, Mr. Jacchia, surely must be, for last night he made his chorus—not presumably a body of highly trained singers—sing easily produced, well balanced tones of a wide variety of color, that ranged from a genuine pianissimo to full fortissimo. The chorus sang as well with life, the pretty Nevin song with charm, the Bach with dignity, the rather characterless d'Indy piece with sentiment and fervor, and in a sprightly way the lively part of the Boughton's "Pan"; an air of insecurity hindered the broader part of this attractive dance from making its full effect.

But the performance last night, good as it was, is of no importance in comparison with performances which it is to be hoped may come. Since here is a well organized chorus which has proved its ability to do good work, with an accomplished conductor of genuine power in Mr. Jacchia, is there no way whereby this lucky combination of circumstances can be put to the fine use of

developing a chorus of the first rank—not merely a good chorus, of which there are plenty to supply all needs, but one of those rare choruses which here and there exist, though they are not met with every day, and which can always be developed provided conditions are right? In the case of the Cecilia conditions seem just now not far from right for something quite worth while.
R. R. G.

Mch 9 1923

FLONZALEYS

By PHILIP HALE
The Flonzaley Quartet, assisted by Mme. Helen Stanley, soprano, gave its third and last concert of the season in Jordan hall, last evening. The program was as follows: Beethoven, Quartet, F major, op. 18, No. 1; Tchaikovsky, Quartet, D major, op. 11; Scalero, "Rain in the Pine Woods," for string quartet and voice, op. 31 (Ms.).

Even chamber compositions of mature age have their legends, are accompanied by anecdotes, and inspire controversy. Thus Beethoven's quartet "No. 1" is probably the second in chronological order. It is said that Beethoven, having played the one of last night on the piano to a friend, asked him what he thought inspired the Adagio. Amanda answered, "It pictured for me the parting of two lovers." "Good," replied Beethoven, "I thought of the scene in the burial vault in 'Romeo and Juliet.'" Is it not more likely that Beethoven simply wrote music?

Nor has Tchaikovsky escaped. His Andante in his first quartet is based on a Russian folk song he heard from a man working outside his room as he was scoring "Undine." He was flattered and moved when Leo Tolstol wept while this Andante was playing some years after its composition.

It is hardly necessary to speak of the performance of these quartets by the Flonzaleys. It was flawless, not merely as regards an exhibition of ensemble, but by reason of the rhetorical, aesthetic perfection. It would have been easy for the players to sentimentalize Beethoven's Adagio and Tchaikovsky's Andante, especially the latter. With some to "sentimentalize" is synonymous with "to play with great expression"; but one cannot imagine the Flonzaleys falling into this error.

It is the fashion in some quarters to sneer at Tchaikovsky's Andante as inherently sentimental. He was first made known to us in Boston by this music. Popular as it has been through the years, it has stood the severe test of popularity! It is still fresh and beautiful in its expression of melancholy, of haunting sadness. In his later years Tchaikovsky, the self-torturer, would scream in the revelation of his own anguish and despair; a personal, not a universal expression, and great and abiding works in music are not harrowing personal confessions, however interesting they may be to students of the morbid. When Beethoven, like John Ford, sat in doleful dumps, his music was serene or joyous. In this Andante Tchaikovsky did not scream, he did not whine. The sadness of it is like that inspired by setting sun or falling leaves. It is indefinable.

Mr. Scalero, an Italian by birth, now living in New York, wrote his quintet for voice and strings for the Flonzaleys and Mme. Stanley. The music was suggested by a long extract from a poem by d'Annunzio. The program stated last night that the quintet is a "wonderfully accurate reproduction of nature with its corresponding symbolism of mood." A woman, Hermione, has been speaking of her sorrows and hopes. She and the poet enter a pine forest with rain gently falling on the trees. The poet no longer hears her words; "but those of a new and unfamiliar language which the raindrops and leaves of the forest are murmuring." The two are under the spell of woodland magic. They live the life of the trees. They wander—who knows whither. And the rain falls on the dream that yesterday was his, and today is hers.

Express in music all the sentiments of the poet and at the same time bring forward the scene and a portrayal of nature so that the hearer can be in full sympathy and understanding would make a severe demand on a genius, and it is doubtful whether a genius would undertake the task. Mr. Scalero's music did not make a deep impression. There were passages that pleased the ear; here and there were measures that might be considered imitative, but there were few measures charged with deep emotion, few of compelling eloquence. To unite in this form is a doubtful experiment. One is

interested in the singer's utterances and pays secondary or careless attention to the quartet; or follows the quartet and is vaguely conscious that the singer is at work.

Mme. Stanley has a beautiful voice.

She sang as a true artist, with appropriate expression, often vitalizing by her warmth of feeling music that was inherently matter-of-fact. Admiring her art, her vocal ease and aesthetic intelligence, her personal charm and authority, one forgot the music in thinking of the singer.

There was a very large and enthusiastic audience. The concerts in 1924 will be on Thursday evenings, Jan. 17, Feb. 14, March 6.

March 10 1923

Harvard Glee Club and Arthur Hackett, Tenor, Assist Orchestra

By PHILIP HALE

The 18th concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Montoux, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. The orchestra was assisted by Arthur Hackett, tenor, and the Harvard glee club. The program was as follows: Handel, Concerto Grosso No. 5, D major, for string orchestra and string quartet (Messrs. Burgin, Theodorowicz, Fourel and Bedetti), edited by G. F. Kogel; Liszt, A Faust Symphony.

After Handel has been idolized for years in England, it is now the fashion in some quarters to underrate him. He is accused of retarding the development of music in that country from the time of Purcell. The irreverent speak of him as a bigwig. As a matter of fact, Handel in these days is known chiefly in England by his "Messiah," which no doubt is performed there, as here, in a perfunctory manner. His orchestral works are seldom named on a program. The wealth of his operatic treasury of airs is little explored.

Whenever we hear a concerto of Handel's we recognize the truth of John F. Runciman's bold statement that Handel is the most superb personage in the history of music. Runciman used the word "superb" in its original meaning. The concerto of yesterday is of the proud, exalted kind. It was Handel's delight occasionally to give the indication "pomposo" to characterize the spirit of a movement; but his "pomp" was not the circus pomp in which Liszt too frequently indulged. There is no tinsel, no smell of the sawdust in Handel's music. The introduction to this concerto has true pomp and majesty. It might serve as a prelude to the magnificent statement: "Belshazzar, the King, made a great feast to a thousand of his lords, and drank wine for the thousand."

As for the Largo, it might be played before a reading of "Paradise Lost." No one, not even Beethoven, has produced the same effect of unearthly

solemnity with as simple means. There is an incomparable serenity, a spiritual beauty in this solemnity, as if it was the utterance of a mighty archangel.

And in the lighter movements of the concerto there is a human touch far different from the Gothic feeling of his contemporary Bach.

The Concerto was finely played. Mr. Montoux may well be proud of his strings as well as of the orchestra which he has formed and moulded into one euphonious, plastic and eloquent instrument.

What a pity that Liszt did not have the gift of self-criticism! What a pity that the "Faust" Symphony could not be put in a duck-press that the superlatives might be removed! It is, indeed, a colossal work, imaginative, with one movement, "Gretchen," charged constantly with beauty of the highest order; there is no denying the ingenuity of the purely orchestral portion of the last movement, which for some reason or other did not have yesterday the ironic bite that has characterized previous performances; but in the first and the third movements there are many measures of an inconspicuously portentous nature—as if one were heard crying—"In the name of the Prophet—fig!" Endless repetitions of trifling phrases weary the ear and check the attention. There are countless passages—so many that they lose impressiveness—and dull curiosity as to what is to follow.

The Glee Club sang with an imposing tonal body in the forte and fortissimo passages, and with a regard for the nuances elsewhere. Mr. Hackett again sang the solo measures intelligently. His voice has such a beautiful quality; he uses it, as a rule, so skillfully and ef-

fectively that it was disappointing to hear yesterday occasional unsteadiness of tone.

The concert will be repeated tonight. There will be no concerts next week. The program of March 16 and 17 is as follows: Beethoven, Overture to "Coriolanus," and violin concerto (Mr. Burgin); Koechlin, Three Chorales; Goossens, Scherzo "Tam O'Shanter"; Debussy, Suite, "Printemps."

MISS SHERWOOD'S CONCERT

Miss Elsa F. Sherwood, pianist, assisted by her pupils, Miss Fanny Cantor and Miss Aldrich, gave a pleasant concert last Thursday night in Steinert hall. The composers represented were Kern, Schuett, Schumann, Chopin, Maybury, Backer-Grohdahl, Beach, Paderewski, Rubinstein, Rachmaninov, Wagner-Liszt. There was a fully appreciative audience.

AGASSIZ THEATRE—The Idler Club of Radcliffe College presents, "It's So, If You Think So," a parable in three acts, by Luigi Pirandello, translated from the Italian by Arthur Livingston.

Lamberto Landisi.....Vera Michele
Signora Frola.....Ethel Woodworth
Ponza.....Kathleen Middleton
Signora Ponza.....Florence Scully
Commendatore Ogazzi.....June Wellman
Amalia.....Dorothy Leadbetter
Dina.....Lonia Daly
Strelli.....Katherine Osborne
Signora Strelli.....Florence Lanchetina
The Prefect.....Elsie Cronheim
Centuri.....Sylvia Ripley
Signora Centuri.....Katherine Miller
Signora Menzi.....Edith Bane
Butler.....Martha Allen

The Idler Club of Radcliffe must believe it's so, for in choosing this play by an Italian dramatist, now much discussed by people interested in drama, and the real theatre, this organization of amateurs have faced a real task. They are indeed amateurs, for attention is at present being directed away from the commercial theatre to the university clubs and other companies interested in the theatre solely for the theatre. The young women of Radcliffe have undertaken a great task, and they have performed creditably. This play is one which presents many different problems to the producer, actor and audience. To create the atmosphere of small town gossip and interest in other people's business is not easy. To portray a character either gossipy and humorous or tragical and forceful without overdoing also requires care. But to present to the audience successfully, through the co-ordination of these two groups of endeavor the problems contained in the play with the full force of the dramatist's purpose in writing the play—that is the accomplishment of the Idler Club.

"It's So, If You Think So," presents, even in the title, a series of problems. The play, itself, gives many more. These are best summarized by Lamberto Landisi, the humorous, yet philosophical onlooker in the complication. "What can you find out?" he says. "What can we really know about other people—who they are—what they are doing?" Pirandello, with a wink at his reflection in the mirror, asks us what we really can believe of what we hear. Must we feel or hear to believe? Or on the other hand must we believe all we hear? Still looking at his image in the glass he asks whether he is himself or whether the reflection is—whether he is the image and the image he, or whether either of them is really he. It is quite complicated, indeed.

Taking such an enigmatical theorem, the clever Italian creates a drama of strong, gripping interest and inserts it into a world of humorous tattling chat-boxes. Even while laughing at the subtle irony in the play, you realize that the dramatist is pointing his finger at just such gossips, and, if you happen to be one, you feel a sense of guilt steal over you.

This is the way of Luigi Pirandello. He asks himself a question, imagines a gripping dramatic situation, knits the two together cleverly into a well-constructed, intensely interesting plot, and throws it up to the public as if to say, "and what do you think of that?" This Italian of recent spread of fame is always asking questions. He is as bad as a young child in that way, but his questions mean something; and if they accomplish nothing else they make those who are capable think and think hard. Would that the Pirandello tribe would multiply by itself and spread over the earth!

Brook Pemberton, the New York producer, first introduced America to Pirandello when he presented the now famous "Six Characters in Search of an Author." The Idler Club of Radcliffe entertains Mr. Pirandello at tea, as it were, in producing a play less tragic and compelling, but equally interesting.

To these two should the American theatre be grateful.

As hostess at afternoon tea, the dramatic organization of this woman's college elicits Miss Katherine Searle, the coach. Here is a hard job well done.

In the receiving line stand Miss Michèle as Fandisi, ever humorous and philosophical. Quite a winning character well portrayed. Miss Woodworth as Signora Frola gives an excellent portrayal of sorrow and grief in just such a part as holds the audience on the edge of its seat in "Six Characters in Search of an Author." Evidently a strong, compelling picture of hopeless misery is a characteristic of Pirandello. Miss Middleton, who plays Ponza, the son-in-law of Signora Frola and the second of the two main characters in the play, is quite excited in her part and creates a strong impression in the minds of the watchers of the length to which such a fierce temperament may be carried. These three, in the main roles, stand out. Excellent support for an amateur company was given to the principals and especial commendation earned by excellent costuming.

The Idler Club of Radcliffe may be amateurish, but it is to their credit. Any one wishing to see a play not of local importance, or of importance to Boston, but of national theatrical importance given by a capable company should see this comedy on the foolishness of gossip.

G. W. B.

March 9, 1923

For as those who have nothing grateful to them at home frequently spend their time in the forum, though they have no occasion that requires it; so some men, because they have no business of their own worth employing themselves in, thrust themselves into public affairs, using politics as a diversion.—Plutarch.

MRS. AAGOT L. WRIGHT

Many of the older generation interested in music were gleaved when they read that Mrs. Aagot Lunde Wright had gone before them. She and her sister Sigrid—who, a widow, now lives in Norway—came from Christiania to Boston when they were young and glowing with health. They took an earnest part in the musical life of this city and were conspicuous for their singing of Scandinavian folk songs, although their programs were not confined to them. They sang the folk songs and the art songs of their countrymen with a peculiar gusto, heartily and with unforgotten sentiment. Sigrid married, if we are not mistaken, Harry Souther of Cohasset. Aagot married Dr. J. Homer Wright, distinguished, honored by research work in his profession. In private life, as in her art, she was honest, unaffected. She was an entertaining companion, with a keen sense of humor, and in spite of her long illness, she was brave, cheerful, always thoughtful of others.

CLIMBING THE HILL

(For As the World Wags)

The midnight hour descends, and it is chill.

Pull up your collar, push your hat down tight.

Remember, oh, my lad, we've yet the hill

To climb, ere daylight puts an end to night.

Oh let's not tarry at the tavern door;

Forget the lights and come with me away,

List not to him who says "have one drink more"

Or we'll be waiting 'til the break of day.

I know the tempest hurls itself with-

out, And thunder rumbles in amongst the trees;

Come leave yon tavern with a lusty shout!

Forget the tankard and the staling lees!

We have a fight to make! Must I alone

Grapple my way to reach the mountain's height?

Must I go staggering over stump and stone

Unalid through the blinding, blistering night?

Empty the tankard, ye who are my friend,

Be off with me until we reach the top!

And when we're at the allotted journey's end

Together may we drink and we need never stop.

—K. S.

ADD "JOHNSONIANA"

Mr. Herklimer Johnson, in sullen mood, remarked yesterday at the Porphyry: "When I am tired and trudging along a city street, and some wealthy friend going in his car in my direction waves his hand gaily or shouts,

"Ah, there, Herklimer," I wish that Mayor Curley would follow the example of Lycurgus, who did so much for the improvement of Athens. As you may remember, Mr. Auger"—here Mr. Johnson pulled his oratorical stop—"Lycurgus was the author of a law that no woman should go to Eleusis in a coach, lest the poor should appear more despicable than the rich, and so be dejected and cast down; and that whoever should ride in a coach contrary to this law should be fined 6000 drachms."

THE BREWER'S MAN

(From "Dublin Days" by L. A. G. Strong)

Have I a wife? Bedam I have!

But we was badly mated;

I hit her a great clout one night

And now we're separated.

And mornin's going to my work

I meets her on the quay;

"Good mornin' to ye, ma'am," says I;

"To hell with ye," says she.

CONCERNING CELLAR WINDOWS

As the World Wags:

The cellar window is a lowly thing in more ways than one. However, I have observed that in many homes there is at least one cellar window that it worth particular attention. This was first impressed on me when I recently noticed that one of my good neighbors (at least I always thought he was good) had carefully painted the glass in one of his cellar windows. Now, having been in his cellar in days gone by, I happen to recall that the window in question is located in what is commonly known as the cold-closet. Then again in another house. One window of the cellar is carefully draped with Nile green sunfast which I recognized as once having graced a window higher up. While waiting for my wife as she attempted to induce a new washerwoman to work for her, my eyes espied that cellar window again. This time carefully covered with an old newspaper, which served its purpose well. Even the washerwoman has got one cellar window which receives particular attention. I hate to be curious, but what do you suspect is the mystery of the cellar window? BEN HART.

Reading.

JUDGE HAYDEN

As the World Wags:

Judges sit in solemn dignity every day as befits the majesty of the law; but when it comes to getting at the dry bones of a human problem, commend me to Chief Justice Albert F. Hayden of the Roxbury court.

During the two terrible months that are gone, questions of non-heating of apartments were occurring almost daily in his court on the criminal and civil side. It did not take him long to sense that this was not a "psychological" question. The chill of zero weather in unheated apartments, where heat was part of the contract of tenancy, struck terror into the hearts of numbers of people. Complaints came pouring in. The criminal law was invoked; the statute making it a criminal offence to fail to provide heat in such cases was called into action.

The judge announced that he would take a "view" of an apartment complained of. Throwing aside his robes, he presented himself at this frigid apartment house and interviewed each tenant in the building; went into the cellar, inspected the boiler and piping, and noted conditions all over. He returned to his court, wrote an opinion and rendered a decision. That settled this question in short order. Needless to say, the suffering tenants sent up a sigh of relief; there was one man who sensed the need of action with unerring accuracy, and showed courage and resourcefulness in a time of need.

Those who are privileged to watch him as members of the "Home Circuit," as the Roxbury attorneys call this court, have daily evidence of his resourceful method of handling human problems and getting at the cause. Once satisfied as to the cause of a condition, he strikes at it. His decisions in domestic relations cases are models of justice and human sympathy.

JOHN J. O'CONNOR.

Boston.

We have received several more letters about "spiritual bouquets." As this is Sunday, let us turn for a moment from considering the pomps and vanities of this world.

SPIRITUAL BOUQUETS

As the World Wags:

The "Spiritual Bouquet" of my convent childhood was a favorite form of gift to a beloved sister-teacher. One or more girls joined together to make it, thus: Each kept a list of prayers said, masses heard, Holy Communions offered, "acts" performed, and so on, for the "intention" of the said sister. At the end of a set period the lists were pooled, every item carefully counted and the

total results, mostly written in gold with perhaps a surrounding wreath of roses or any beautifying touch the artist selected might choose for further adornment, were presented to the person one so desired to love. Great was the rivalry on these occasions of what might be termed "spiritual contests"; the "acts" being in my recollection perhaps the most fragrant blossoms in my bouquets as they were certainly the most difficult ones to gather! For the benefit of those to whom the term is obscure and who have not read Agnes Repplier's most charming "In Our Convent Days," let me say that an "act" meant a temptation forsworn, such as, for instance, not to "answer back"; a kindness shown, especially meritorious when applied to a companion one did not care for, and a forerunner perhaps of the present-day scout's "kind deed a day"; a bit of self-denial, as the foregoing of a favorite dessert, and if you gave it to some one else you could count it as two "acts" and so on.

Among the letters on this subject in your column, I saw none which mentioned this type of spiritual bouquet.
Boston.
CONSTANCE PURDY.

ST. FRANCOIS DE SALES
As the World Wags:
May I add one more spiritual bouquet to your heap? In St. Francois de Sales' "Introduction a la vie devotte" he speaks in chapter 7 of the "Bouquet Spirituel." The paragraph is too long for your patience, but he says that those who have been in a beautiful garden do not willingly leave it without four or five flowers "to smell them and keep them the day long; so our mind having through meditation considered mysteries we should choose two or three subjects to remember the rest of the day, and smell them spiritually." He says above that: "One should cull a little bouquet of devotion." This is hastily written, but I felt sure that you would like the gentle 17th century religious bouquet.
Boston.
E. A. C.

FOR THE LIVING AND THE DEAD
As the World Wags:
A spiritual bouquet is an offering of a collection of spiritual good works. The sender promises to say or have said a definite number of novenas, rosaries, stations of the cross, to offer his communions, aspirations, assisting at Benediction and mass, having masses said for his intention and other forms of devotion for the spiritual welfare of the person to receive it.
May I add the sending of a spiritual bouquet is not limited to those who have passed away, but is a delightful and much appreciated way to show love and appreciation to our friends whilst they are still living.
INTERESTED CANADIAN.
Newtonville.

FOR BRIGHT EYED BOYS
A railway train was traveling 50 miles an hour. The wind was blowing at the rate of 30 miles an hour from the opposite direction. A man put his head out of a window and his hat blew off. A minute later the train was brought to a standstill. How far behind the man's compartment was the hat found?

BALLADE OF LOST ILLUSION
I cannot sing of good gods, but of great;
Nor think your faiths are stronger than your fears;
Nor say the heron seeks no other mate,
Forgetting and forgot by yesteryear's;
Nor shall I hold that honor more endears
The recreant debtor of his rightful debt;
Nor yet deny, for any lover's ears:
They never shall forgive whose lips have met.
They see and marvel and they name it—fate;
Heart calls to heart across the barriers;
With fumbling fingers they unbar the gate;
They swear vain vows which Heaven never hears.
What reck they now of pillows wet with tears?
Pulses are thunder and flesh flamed and yet
A little knavish whisper flouts and sneers:
They never shall forgive whose lips have met.

For all love's days and nights are profigate,
And all love's ways are wanton till death nears;
And the lone heir of dead desire is hate
Beggared with kisses, bitter with arrears.
And the soul smarts of little, crafty jeers,
And when appears the shadow of regret,
And wisdom, wan with many griefs, appears,
They never shall forgive whose lips have met.

L'ENVOI
Princess and all ye heavy-handed peers,
Learn now this rhyme and nevermore forget—
For life's a wind and love a vane that veers—
They never shall forgive whose lips have met.
—The King of the Black Isles.

THE SEX OF STREETS
Domestic servants from Canada, Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island way usually speak of a clock as "she." Railroad locomotives and motor-cars are often called "she." Not long ago Sir John Lavery, eager to paint and brighten London, said, "As for the poor old Strand, it is certainly time something was done about him. He's been getting very shabby lately." Is one street masculine, another feminine? How about Atlantic avenue? Or any one of the streets in the "small of the Back Bay," sometimes known as "Fairlyland"?

AND SOMEBODY BRING A COMB
(From the Weekly Bulletin Leaflet of a Congregational Church)

THURSDAY
Regular Meeting of the Woman's Society.
11:30 P. M.—Program. Traveler's Aid. Speaker, Mr. Bayard C. Eckard. Reports from officers and delegates. REMEMBER Your Towels for the Shower for Miss Margaret Beard.

UNLIKE TUT
Wilfred Scawen Blunt, traveler, poet, diplomatist, revolutionary and horse breeder, left these directions in his will for burial:
"I wish to be buried with the least possible delay and in the simplest manner, being laid in the ground and wrapped in my old Eastern traveling carpet, and without coffin or casket of any kind, at a spot in Newbuildings Wood known to my executors, without religious or other ceremony, or intervention of strangers, but by the men employed on my Newbuildings estate."

Nov 11 '573

"Face Upon the Floor"
Awaits Composer
It was a pleasure to be reminded last week by the newspapers of Boston and New York of Mr. H. Antoine d'Arcy's verses entitled "The Face Upon the Floor." How the vagabond in Joe's bar-room, asking for a drink, told his sad story; how he was an artist who received \$1500 for his picture "The Chase of Fame;" how a woman's eyes petrified his brain—her name was Madeline, not Miss Gorgon—

"Did you ever see a woman for whom your soul you'd give,
With a form like Milo Venus, too beautiful to live;
With eyes that would beat the Koh-i-noor and a wealth of chestnut hair?
If so it was she, for there never was another half so fair;"

How a fair-haired boy whose portrait he was painting, ran away with Madeline—possibly because he thought the portrait did not do him justice.

"Say, boys, if you give me just another whiskey, I'll be glad,
And I'll draw right here a picture of the face that drove me mad.
Give me that piece of chalk with which you mark the baseball score—
You shall see the lovely Madeline upon the bar-room floor.

"Another drink, and, with chalk in hand, the vagabond began
To sketch a face that well might buy the soul of any man.
Then as he placed another look upon the shapely head,
With a fearful shriek, he leaped and fell across the picture dead."

Here is the subject for a dramatic cantata, a subject for any young American composer.

Mr. R. G. Fraleigh of Everett writes to us: "In my home town, Red Hook, N. Y., in the rural cemetery there is buried that once famous Madam Anna Bishop Shultz, an English girl. You will remember her as being a rival of Jenny Lind. I took a picture of her grave once and gave it to B. J. Lang, at one of our Cecelia meetings. He knew of her and spoke about her ability and work. She is buried right beside a fence without any mark at all. It's a very pretty cemetery, well kept. I was wondering if we couldn't get the singers of this country to put up some

The "Ukrainian National Chorus," Mr. Koshetz, conductor, will give a concert in Symphony hall tomorrow night. Now the Paris Journal of Feb. 16 announced concerts in that city by the "Ukrainian National Chorus," Mr. Kirtschenko, conductor, at the Theatre des Champs Elysees on Feb. 20, 21, 24, 25, 27 and March 1, 2, 3. Are there two "Ukrainian National" Chorus? Which is the original, simon-pure one? Songs by Koshetz ("Kochitz" in Paris), Leontovich, Lyssenko, Stetzenko, are on both programs.

Mr. Galsworthy calls "The Eldest Son," produced at the Copley Theatre last Monday, "a domestic drama." The theatre itself that night had a domestic appearance, for near us many were munching candy and empty boxes and wrapping paper were thrown gayly on the floor. An Englishman named Chapman wrote last month to the London Daily Chronicle a letter breathing out indignation: "To complain of eating in theatres (presumably when the curtain is up) is scarcely snobbish, and surely the disturbance caused by the rustling of paper and the cracking of nuts is but a sign of the bad manners of those responsible. There can be no legitimate complaint about eating during the interval, but the reason for it is hard to find. The truth is that it is just a bad habit into which some theatregoers have fallen, and, like most bad habits, is not founded on reason. Not one in a hundred is hungry! We go to the theatre to exercise the brain, to elevate the mind or stimulate the imagination. To feed the mind and the body at the same time isn't fair—it gives neither operation a sporting chance. The fact that the 'intellectuals' are to be found in the cheaper seats of the house is precisely the reason why one would expect them not to conform to a more senseless custom."

Yet in the good old days of the theatre the cracking of peanuts in the gallery punctuated the lamentations of the heroine and the sinister mutterings and staccato "Hal ha's!" of the villain. The shucks were thrown on the floor. But we do not remember seeing the occupants of orchestra seats munching chocolates (drops or in bars) while Booth as Richelieu was launching the curse of Rome, or Fechter was exclaiming: "Bawleen, I loafe you!"

sort of a small stone just to tell who and what she was. I would be glad to do all I could, and if we could do something we could take pictures of the stone and send it to anyone who would give a dollar toward it. As a musician myself and apparently the only one who cares or remembers, I wish something could be done.

ANNA BISHOP
Ann Bishop, known as Mme. Anna Bishop, was the daughter of a singing teacher named Riviera. She was born in London in 1814. At first she was a pianist, but when she married Sir Henry R. Bishop in 1831, she appeared as a singer. In 1839 she toured in concert with Robert Nicolas Charles Bochsa, a harpist, who was harpist to Napoleon, Louis XVIII and the Duo de Berri. Operas by him were performed at the Opera Comique, but he was detected in extensive forgeries and fled France. In England he was dismissed from the Royal Academy of Music. He ran away with Mme. Bishop and traveled with her until he died in Australia in 1856. Mme. Bishop came to New York—she had been there in 1847 and for some years afterwards—by way of South America. She married Schulz. In 1865 she was shipwrecked between Honolulu and China. She died in this country in 1884. She sang here at Handel and Hayden concerts on Dec. 24, 31, 1848, and Jan. 7, 1849, and was heard here not infrequently in after years. The Boston Journal in 1869 spoke of "her classic features, her bewitching eyes and mouth, of her voice, which still retained its peculiar purity." The Daily Evening Traveler said that her voice was "under the best possible control of a mind that understands and is capable of appreciating the great works of the immortal Handel." In 1850 she opened Tripler Hall in New York, then one of the largest music halls in the world. It was built for the debut of Jenny Lind in New York, but was not ready in time. It was on the west side of Broadway nearly opposite Bond street.

MUSIC AND ATHLETICS
International committee for the Olympic games at Paris in 1924 has decided to revive the ancient tradition and add competitions in the arts to the athletic events. To this end international juries have been formed in literature, architecture, painting, sculpture and music. Edward Burlingame Hill of the Harvard University division of music has been invited to represent the United States on the jury of music with these foreign representatives: Cyril Scott, England; Stravinski, Russia; Manuel de Falla, Spain; Szymanowski, Poland; Malpiero, Italy; Honegger, Dalcroze, Gustave Doret, Switzerland; Bela Bartok, Hungary; Vianna da Motta, Portugal. Other American representatives are: Mrs. Wharton, literature; architecture, Arthur Brown; painting, John Sargent and Walter Gay; sculpture, Frederick MacMonnies, Richard Brooks and Andrew O'Connor.

SPECULATORS 100 YEARS AGO

We are indebted to Mr. Zephaniah W. Pease, editor of the Morning Mercury of New Bedford for the following excerpts from the files of the Mercury of 1823:

"Boston, Jan. 11.
"Mr. Mathews—Such was the anxiety to obtain tickets, we ought perhaps to say cards, for Mr. Mathews's first At Home and seventh appearance in Boston, that Meropians Hall was crowded before 11 o'clock on Tuesday morning, when they were sold at auction to protect the public from the impositions of forestallers and regraters. Boxes went as high as \$16 above the usual price, and so greatly did the demand exceed the supply, that hundreds who came to purchase amusement went away disappointed and without any other consolation than the hope that the entertainment would be repeated. On Wednesday evening every seat in the theatre, and not only every seat, but every air hole at the back of the boxes was occupied at an early hour; and we will venture to say that however high expectations had been raised, they were completely realized."
"Forestallers" and "regraters." Good old words. "Forestaller,"—one who buys up goods before they reach the public market," goes back to the 12th century. Carlyle used it in his "French Revolution." To "regrate" was "to buy up market commodities, especially victuals, in order to sell again at a profit in the same or a neighboring market." It's a 14th century word. "Speculator" in the modern sense was used by Ham-

ilton in 1778. Originally it meant one who speculates on abstruse or uncertain matters.

The Mercury in 1823 had more to say about Mathews—he spelled his name with one "t": "It is stated in the Boston papers that this comic actor pocketed about \$6000 during his late visit to that city, for amusing the people 16 evenings—in addition to which, the premium paid for the choice of seats in the theatre amounted to \$2000—which last sum has been vested in the fund for the relief of decayed actors."

MUSSOLINI AND MUSIO
(London Daily Telegraph)

ROME—Signor Mascagni returned from his South American trip a few days ago, and was immediately invited to give his impressions to Signor Mussolini, and the meeting was arranged furthermore to discuss some important plans which Signor Mussolini is revolving in his mind for a solution of the present musical crisis in Italy. By order of Signor Mussolini a campaign was started in his Milan paper, the Popolo d'Italia, advocating a return to the classical traditions of Italian music and larger public and state support for composers and high-class productions. There is talk of founding something like a state theatre for music in Rome and perhaps some other Italian towns, and encouraging the constitution of subscription theatres with a mixed participation of private capital, communal and state funds. Signor Mussolini, who is an amateur of the violin, is very fond of music, and wishes to give all the state help possible, in order to place

Italian music once more on the high level it occupied in the past, and which, to his mind, is still capable of occupying. For this reason he had the interview with Mascagni and his assistant minister, Signor Acerbo, was present at the conversation, from which important results are expected. Extensive notes were taken, and Mascagni was asked to draw up a regular plan for the best system of state subvention and encouragement to musical composers.

VARIOUS NOTES

Miss M. M. Morgan of South Wales, a soprano, only 11 years old, has already won 200 Elsteddof prizes for singing.

Speaking of "Vissi d'Arte" in "Tosca": "There is reason to believe it and other favorite melodies of the kind were born long before the operas were thought of. Puccini has written so many melodies of this pattern that one suspects him of possessing a handy pocketbook full of tunes sketched at odd moments and ready for future reference."

"The Dancin' Poisoners" (Kingsway Theatre, Feb. 13): "This is an African native tragedy in one act, by Frank Worthington. The tragedy is quite an ordinary one. The wife of a native chief (described on the program as probably a half-caste) has contracted a passion for a young man of the tribe, and obtains from a kind of witch doctor a poison to rid her of her husband. The latter, however, becoming suspicious, strangles his wife's lover and banishes his wife, who thereupon takes the poison herself. The more ambitious piece, 'Circumstances,' was the work of A. Munro-Spencer and Douglas Ainslie. It deals with a gentleman burglar, and the first act ends in a state of confusion that the two other acts barely succeed in unravelling. The new 'Raffles' is confronted by his hostess after stealing a necklace from one of his fellow-guests, and imposes silence on her by recalling a number of discreditable incidents that seem to have happened to the two of them before the play opened. More than that, he demands a kiss for old times' sake. The husband is exceedingly annoyed when he stumbles on this embrace in the dark, and the act ends with the amateur burglar dismissed the house—not for his theft, but for his kiss—and the wife banished for ever. The tangle is eventually straightened out."

"Until all the brass band music written before 1905 is collected and burnt the bands will not have a real chance of healthy development."

Ben Davies, who made his first appearance 40 years ago in "Esmeralda" gave his first song recital in London on Feb. 10.

Poor W. K. Stanton: His quintet was played in London last month. "There is not likely, on its merits, to be a second time; for this is one of those compositions which serve their purpose of instructing the composer by merely being written."

Felix Weingartner will conduct three concerts in London next May.

Funds have been raised in London to bring the Staats Opera of Vienna to London for six weeks in the summer, but apparently there is no theatre for the performances, as Covent Garden is "in the hands of the jazz," Drury Lane is not available, and the Alhambra and the Empire are not large enough.

Anthony Bernard, who has just returned from Paris, where he accompanied Roland Hayes at his recital at the Salle Gaveau, tells me that the hall was absolutely packed with a remarkably enthusiastic audience, who at the end of the program refused to leave the hall until Mr. Hayes had sung at least four of their favorite spirituals. His German group also received very warm applause—a remarkable fact considering the present state of affairs. Mr. Hayes is giving a recital in Vienna at the end of March.—London Daily Telegraph.

Walter Rummel "approaches Bach in a manner that can only be described as ostentatious. Busoni may 'transcribe' Bach, but there is only one Busoni in this wide world, and Mr. Rummel's ploughing through a paraphrase of that master pianist had as much relation to Busoni's vision of Bach as Degas to Giorgione."

When Ballila Pratella's "Tre Danze di Guerra" were performed at Rome some one was displeased because a funeral procession went to the graveyard to a dance movement. He asked if a laparotomy operation would not some day be shown in the theatre to the music of Debussy's "Cape Walk."

Here is a story that may or may not be true. Weingartner recently conducted one of his operas in Berlin. In rehearsal he stopped the first clarinet

and said: "My friend, you play that phrase too slowly." "But," answered the clarinetist, "when we play that phrase in 'Tristan and Isolde' we always take it that way."

READING PLAYS

(A. B. Walkley in London Times)

I suppose it is very reprehensible, but I cannot get myself to like reading plays. There are ingenious and confident persons who either do not know or deliberately ignore this failing of mine, and who send me their MS. plays to read. They soliloquy my critical observations on the work, and trust that, if I should happen to think it a masterpiece, I will recommend it to managers or to one of the play-producing societies that abound in London. A few send stamps for the return of the precious MS.; the majority do not. What singular notions of good manners these people must have thus to intrude upon the privacy of a perfect stranger! As to the expenditure in postage, that is perhaps a minor evil; what is really serious is the task thrust upon me of tying up parcels, a thing at which I have all my life been a hopeless failure. Apparently, anyone who has written a play ceases for the time to behave like a reasonable being; he is excited, exalted, irresponsible, and the proper treatment for him is a rest-cure.

And even the people who do not write plays themselves, but only invite, aid, and abet others to write them, seem a little feverish. There is, for instance, the British Drama League. This, I learn from one of its post-cards, is "the only organization in the country ready to deal in a practical and disinterested fashion with any theatrical problem which may arise." Well, tying up returned MS. plays is the particular theatrical problem which "arises" in the case of the correspondents I have referred to; the organization is understood to be numerous, and must certainly contain some member who can make a better job of it than I can. I recommend, then, my correspondents, before they approach me, to try the British Drama League. It is even possible that it will never come to the tying-up process. The league may publish their plays for them in "The British Drama League Library of Modern British Drama," of which the first four volumes have been, I am sure with the best intentions, sent to me by the publisher, Mr. Basil Blackwell, of Oxford. "It is hoped," says Mr. Blackwell, of the drama league, "that the library will take its place as the recognized representative series of modern British drama." It seems a modest hope. You

are to understand that "no real renaissance of our drama can take place without a new impulse towards the writing of plays." I guess that this truism was introduced for the sake of dragging in that precious word "renaissance," without which no self-respecting manifesto about dramatic reform would be complete. "Take place" would have vexed a famous Times editor, Mr. Deane, who waged bitter war against that phrase-of-all-work. (Don't write "a marriage will take place," he used to tell his staff; but "a marriage will be solemnized.") What he would have said to "renaissance" I hardly like to imagine.

A SHAKESPEAREAN CRUX

To the Editor of The Herald:

The following proposes a simple solution of a famous problem in Shakespeare's "Measure for Measure."

The passage occurs in the duke's address to Escalus I. 1. 9-11 and as printed in the First Folio, reads:

"Then no more remains But that, to your sufficiency, as your worth is able,

And let them work."

The trouble with the second line is too many words. "But that" and "as" are wholly superfluous; one corrupts the sense, the other mars the rhythm. If the exceptive "But that" could unite with the duke's definite statement that the character of Escalus is equal to his ability, surely, someone among the generations of textual scholars that have given their days and nights to the elucidation of this problem would have discovered the secret of uniting them. It cannot be done. It is impossible to combine them in any form that calls for clear expression.

Theobald, as far back as 1733, recognized this difficulty, and thought to overcome it by a rather curious arrangement. Assuming that some words had been left out by the compositor, he divided the line, put in words between the half-lines and increased the 13 beats or stresses of the original to 20, which read as follows:

"But that to your sufficiency (you add 'Due diligence' as your worth is able." The Cambridge editors—and many others—adopt this division, and omitting the bracketed words, fill in the

space with dots, thus virtually marking the passage as being hopelessly corrupt.

Here is the point: There is nothing in the address on which to base the presupposition that some words may have dropped out of the text or indicate a flaw in the sequence of thought. On the contrary, there is much in the theme which distinctly challenges the validity of the divided line and shows it to be absolutely wrong. Stripped of the interpolations, bracketed words and dots; and with "equal" substituted for the misprint "able," the line is as clear and rhythmical as any in the play. In the passage it would read: "Then no more remains—To your sufficiency your worth is equal, And let them work." In support of this simple emendation, the duke's closing words show how fittingly they unite with those of the revised text in commending the ability, character and sound judgment of Escalus:

"The nature of our People, Our Cities Institutions, and the Terms

For Common Justice, 'rare as pregnant in

As Art, and practise, hath enriched any That we remember."

It is this related meaning—joined to faultless expression—which gives the proposed reading a soundness that is hardly open to question.

CHARLES J. DELAMAINÉ.

Dorchester.

SHAKESPEARE AND LONDON

(Daily Telegraph)

A foreigner who visited today the theatrical world of London might be surprised at one phenomenon which, from its very familiarity, has ceased to cause any particular astonishment to ourselves. In the theatres that belong more or less to the West end he would find a multiplicity of plays of every kind—drawing-room melodramas, so-called comedies, American detective plots, farces, disguised under other names, and magnificent panoramas of gorgeous scenes mainly in the East. But if the foreigner knows anything of our past dramatic history, he might be intrigued to find that our great dramatic poet was unrepresented in any of the programs. To a larger extent now than was the case two or three years ago, Shakespeare seems banished from the contemporary stage, and we appear rapidly to be drifting back to the older time when Shakespeare spelt bankruptcy. Many as were the arguments used to prove that acting managers were a wholly unnecessary evil, it still remains true that these much criticised officials had the daring to produce the national dramatist and even to run his plays at a loss. Sir Herbert Tree used to give us a week or a fortnight devoted entirely to Shakespeare. Sir George Alexander, though with less frequency, now and again presented the habitués of St. James's Theatre with pieces like "Much Ado About Nothing" and "Twelfth Night," while, if we look still farther back, the great and lasting glory which surrounds the personality of Sir Henry Irving was largely due to the faithful representation of the works of the Elizabethan poet staged with all the magnificence of the Lyceum. Nowadays the story runs on different lines. There is much talk about a national theatre, and there is undoubtedly a wide extension of dramatic activity in the provinces. There are repertoires doing honest and intelligent work as well as a very considerable number of energetic amateur societies which serve in their different fashion the cause of drama. Moreover, as distinct from a past era, schools are devoting themselves to the reading and acting of Shakespeare. But in the midst of all this fervor and enthusiasm Shakespeare has been temporarily banished from the London stage, and in the greatest capital of the world, in a country whose paramount distinction it is to have produced a consummate poet-dramatist, not a single play of Shakespeare seems attractive enough to merit reproduction.

Not a single theatre, did we say? Happily there is one. "The Old Vic" has for years past remained faithful to its original program, and at the present moment is, with splendid courage, producing the second part of "Henry VI," a difficult historic play, which, however, contains some interesting characters. Here is an example which shines like a "good deed in a naughty world." For the "Old Vic" can look back on many years of faithful effort, and, though other theatres should turn traitor, it can never disavow its ancient inspiration.

GRAMOPHONE AND BROADCASTING

(The London Times)

It may be worth while to emphasize a fundamental distinction which lies between the dissemination of music through the gramophone on the one hand and the wireless set on the other.

Both multiply the music for innumerable listeners, but the former can only do it through specially prepared performances. You cannot, probably never will, record the actual performance, say, of a symphony at Queen's Hall by its means. The artists must play and sing into the machine; they must be specially placed at carefully calculated distances from the receiver, they must develop a different technique and behave in a way different from that of their ordinary performance before an audience. That casts a certain artificiality on the gramophone record, and makes even the best efforts more or less repellant to musical hearers.

But it may be suggested that the artist is always conscious of his audience and that the man with a broadcasting delivery is merely conscious of a wider audience than the other who sings or plays to the few hundreds seated before him. There is a greater difference than that, however. The audience physically present contributes to the performance not only by applause and outward signs of appreciation, but also by an undefinable but quite definitely communicated sympathy. It is the audience as often as not which makes the performer "surpass himself," or may sink him to a level of which he is ashamed, and that not by any conscious playing up or playing down to their level, but by a subconscious contact of spirit.

The artistic significance of the immense strides which the wireless discovery has made is that for the first time science has provided a means by which people at a distance may enjoy the originals of musical performance. It is as though the old invention of the camera obscura had been carried to a point at which the pictures in the national gallery could be projected on to its screen so that every tint and every

detail of brushwork were present to the eye. How many masterpieces should we retrieve from America by establishing the right wave-length! Apart from the commercial interests of performers which are obviously furthered by the reproductive work, one hopes, therefore, to see the wireless invention concentrating more and more on the original; that is, the dissemination of actual performances of music given before a present audience. The experience of the opera showed that box-office returns have nothing to fear from this; theatres and concert halls will not be emptied by allowing listeners-in. Indeed, it is pretty certain that if 40,000 people in various parts of England were to hear Vaughan Williams's London Symphony played by the Queen's Hall orchestra this afternoon there would be some thousands anxious to go to Queen's Hall next time it is in the program, simply because the man who has listened-in wants the closer contact, the actual part in the music, which is got by coming in.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY—Symphony hall, 8:30 P. M. Colin O'More, tenor. See special notice. Boston Opera House, 8:30 P. M. Fritz Kreisler, violinist. See special notice. St. James Theatre, 8:30 P. M. People's Symphony Orchestra; Mr. Mollenhauer, conductor. See special notice.

Wesleyan hall, 551 Boylston street, 8:30 P. M. Twelfth concert of Boston Flute Players Club; Georges Laurent, director. Rimsky-Korsakov, quintet for flute, clarinet, bassoon, horn and piano (Messrs. Laurent, Mimmart, Laus, Hess, Samarra); Pfitzer, music for oboe, clarinet and bassoon (Messrs. Speyer, Mimmart and Lane); Mouquet, Pan and the Birds, arranged by Mr. Laurent (Messrs. Laurent, Hess and Samarra); John Beach, Naive Landscapes—I Heard the Waters Telling Their Beads, Fairy Piper, Summer Night (Messrs. Laurent, Speyer, Mimmart and Beach); piano pieces, Chedwick, The Frog Pedagogue, Oracienne, Aileen, Lenda (Mr. Samarra); Roussel, divertissement, Op. 8, for flute, oboe, clarinet, bassoon, horn and piano (Messrs. Laurent, Speyer, Mimmart, Laus, Hess and Samarra).

St. James Theatre, 8 P. M.—Eighteenth Century Italian Symphony Orchestra; Mr. Martino, conductor. See special notice.

MONDAY—Symphony hall, 8:15 P. M.—Ukrainian National Chorus; Alexander Koshetz, conductor. Soloists, Nina Koshetz and Oda Slobodskaja, soprano. See special notice.

TUESDAY—Jordan hall, 8 P. M. Third concert of the Apollo Club; Mr. Mollenhauer, conductor, assisted by John Barnes Wells, tenor. Part songs: Heka, Morning in the Dewey Wood; Fair, Sun's Song; H. J. Stewart, Song of the Camp (with baritone solo. George S. Dane); Ippolito-Ivanov, Bless the Lord, O My Soul; Cadman, The Blizzard (with solo by Walter L. Bord); H. W. Lewis, The Foggy Dew; Old Irish, The Next Market Day; James, The Victory Riders; De Koven, The Rustling Chorus from "Robin Hood" (with solo by Leverett B. Merrill); Dvorak-Spross, Mammy's Lullaby; Handel, Hallelujah! Amen, Mr. Wells's songs: Handel, Where'er You Walk; Pergolesi, Nina; Wilson, Philis Has Such Charming Graces; Old English, The Sellar's Life, arranged by Burleigh, Nobody Knows the Trouble and Go Down Moses; Harris, song from Omar Khayyam; Wells, Two Little Meggies and Kitty; Speaks, Sylvia; F. Bridge, Love Went A-Riding.

THURSDAY—Jordan hall, 8:15 P. M. Concert by Josy Kiri and Paul White, violinists; Alfred DeVoto, pianist. Joan, prelude; Bach, concerto in D minor for two violins; Chausson, poem, Mr. White; Vieuxtemps, concerto, E major, Miss Kiri; Godard, suite for two violins.

SATURDAY—Jordan hall, 8 P. M. Alfredo Casella, pianist. See special notice.

RACHMANINOFF

Yesterday afternoon Sergel Rachmaninoff, pianist, before an audience that filled Symphony hall, played the Chopin F minor fantasy, a waltz, a nocturne and a polonaise, and for a curiously assorted second group, the Schumann Carnival, a prelude, G-sharp minor, and a serenade of his own, an arrangement he had made of a "Liebesleid," by Kreisler, a "Fairy Tale," opus 4, by Medtner, and an arrangement by Schulz-Euler of the "Beautiful Blue Danube" waltz.

Unless perchance this last piece inspired him to something finer still, Mr. Rachmaninoff did his most uniformly beautiful playing in the pretty pieces he himself wrote or arranged, and in the "Fairy Tale." Here he brought exquisite tone to bear, delicacy and color, too, and incisiveness of rhythm. Earlier in the afternoon, however—though in the view of many music-lovers to say so is no less than heresy—Mr. Rachmaninoff played not so steadily well. The opening passage, to be sure, of the fantasy he set forth superbly, and the waltz he played with high skill. The big episodes, though, of the fantasy, the polonaise and the Carnival, which cry out for dramatic fervor, got yesterday instead, or so it seemed to some listeners, an application of uncontrolled nervous energy, effective enough, but which led sometimes to unclear technique, uncertain rhythm and, in the Carnival, to a strange capriciousness of design. Perhaps Mr. Rachmaninoff played it without design, as though it were an improvisation; certain moments of casualness would tend to make one think so, but various "sought" effects on the other hand seem to spoil the theory.

The audience appeared not to like the Carnival much. On the other hand they applauded the Chopin pieces with enthusiasm, whereupon Mr. Rachmaninoff, after many recalls, played what sounded like an arrangement of the Weber F-minor rondo, at a faster pace than any other pianist has even imagined it. Still more warmly the audience liked the Rachmaninoff pieces.

R. R. G.

March 12/1923

We heard a man the other day in a fit of enthusiasm praise something as a "slangwhanger." Here was a sad misuse of a word. He should have called the thing a "honeycooler," or if it was of a high degree of excellence, a "lalapalooza." As it was, he described the inanimate thing as "a noisy, abusive talker or writer." It was said that Jeremiah Black's contributions to magazines belonged to the spittoon order of literature; slangwhanging would have been a more polite and as expressive phrase.

Washington Irving, in "Salmagundi," wrote: "These knights, denominated editors, or slang-whangers . . . may be said to keep up a constant firing 'in words.'" A few years afterward "slangwhanging" was defined in Hugh Murray's "North America" as making violent political harangues to the multitude. John Quincy Adams did not hesitate in 1841 to speak of "slang-whanging rascals."

In John Pickering's entertaining "Vocabulary or Collection of Words and Phrases which have been supposed to be peculiar to the United States of America," published here in 1816, we read under "Slang-whanger": "This word, which is of very recent origin in America, does not denote merely a 'writer'; it means also a noisy talker, who makes use of that sort of political or other cant, which amuses the rabble, and is called by the vulgar name of slang. It is hardly necessary to add, that this term (as well as slang-whanging) is never admitted into the higher kinds of writing; but like other cant words, is confined to that familiar style, which is allowed only in works of humor." Stately, genteel Mr. Pickering, we are not objecting to the word, but to the misuse of it.

Turning a page or two in Mr. Pickering's dictionary, we find that in 1816 the word "spry" for nimble was frowned on by some as "a word which has neither use nor dignity."

There is a quotation from Edward Augustus Kendall's "Travels Through the Northern Parts of the United States."

"In Franklin Place, apartments are occupied by the Boston Social Library. By 'social' is here intended 'society,' for by a perversion of language the Society Libraries, of which some account has been given in a former chapter, are so-called."

JAZZ ENGLISH

Mr. A. B. Walkley recently contributed to the London Times an article on the jazz style! American and British English. He began: "In the new comedy at the Royalty there is a reference to an American gentleman who is learning English. It was painful to note that the audience laughed heartily at the unseemly jest." Then Mr. Walkley described many Englishmen as waking up to their duty. "They apply themselves with wet towels round their heads to the study of books like 'Main Street' and 'Babbitt,' to acquire the lingo."

An American, Mr. Henry Clews, Jr., has published in London a book, "Mumbo Jumbo," a protest against democracy, written as Mr. Walkley maintains, in American English. Mr. Walkley quotes a passage, saying that Mr. Clews has revived the Rabelaisian catalogue style, which "never became a popular way of writing, because people remembered that life is short." (Mr. Walkley, Thomas Bailey Aldrich would have objected to your use of "people" for "persons.") Here is a specimen from Mr. Clews's book of "the more resilient and tremendously more vivid and brilliant American English."

"Beelzebub, enthroned on his steam-roller of machine solence and communism, is at our garden gate with his over-increasing hordes of disciples and dupes; necromancing matoids, 'atry' jukes, scientific hoodlums, literary mocos, mechanized submen, egocentric reformers, serialized smorting democrats, gold brick swamies, wily-nilly silly Fabians and Shavians, I. W. W. defectors, militant vulgarians, news-defiliants, press-phobians, gutter and parlor Socialists, apostate middle-mental Engelists, Tolstoyists, Russellists and Kropotkinists; beetle-browed mephitic syndicalists, semitic Marxists, megalomaniacal inter-nationalists, half-fool collectivists, paranoiac Bolehevists, manic-depressive Babouvists, Proudhonists, Bakunists; processional caterpillar Saint-Simonists and Owenists, prohibitionists, mongrel environmentalists, baboon evolutionists, fetishized mechanomentalists, snide Cubists, sterile feeble-minded expressionists, buffoon Dadaists, monkey-hearted futurists, morosophists, commercial suggestionists, mass-educationalists, professional altruists, proletculturists, canonized lady-kin feminists, female cocka-lorumists, octopus monopolists, hoopoe psychoanalysts, fanatical idealists, fee foxing psychiatrists, venal spiritualists, belching optimists and self-boasting philanthropists."

Does Mr. Clews err "on the side of understatement?" Mr. Walkley thinks so, and wishes that Mr. Clews would let himself go. "There are moments in his present mood of sobriety when he comes dangerously near the tame. As for example:

"He is ever-increasing herds of baffled, etandardized, Taylorized super-slaves, with engraved visiting cards of 'Mr. and Mrs.' as reassuring symbols of democracy; repeating the same gesture from dawn of youth to sunset of age, and mumbling about liberty, self-determination and equality in unholy stinking factory hells of shrieking, grinding machinery, which whitmanized, woolworthized, pullmanized, barnumized Marainettis, Stravinskys, Stanley Lees, Piccabas, Sandburgs, Cocoteaus, Tristan Tzaras, Stardaless, Huel-senbecks, Woolley-West and Tenderloin idealists rant, rave, squeak and squawk over as Valhallas for super-mon."

And so Mr. Walkley concludes that the jazz style of American English by its "intimate and modest charm must peculiarly appeal to jazz-dancers and amateurs of jazz-bands, who are notoriously the most prim and fastidious of preofslans."

LE COUP DE GRACE

He told me that he loved me,
He put his arms around me,
He kissed me and he soothed me,
And I believed him then.
But soon I felt him changing;
Himself he was estranging;
With other maidens ranging.
I was but one of ten.

Oh, the hate I bore him after
I had sensed the dire disaster!
Of my soul he had been master,
He had been my Man of Men.
And yet that hate so glaring
With time became less flaring
And I, in turn, less daring;
And so I smiled again.

Even now he still is spooning;
To little maidens crooning.
His methods have been booming
Though after summers ten.
But I no longer feel that loss;
Those little maids belong to us.
You say I married him? Of course!
That's how to treat such men.

P. M. B.

COLIN O'MORE

Colin O'More, a tenor new to Boston, gave a recital yesterday afternoon before an audience that all but filled Symphony hall. He had the help of Emilio Rose Knox, a violinist who played very agreeably and much to the liking of the audience, and Carl Brunner, an exceptionally able accompanist.

Mr. O'More sang Handel's "Where'er You Walk," the Bach air "My Heart Ever Faithful," Duparc's "Chanson Triste," "Le Passeur," by Hue, Pessard's "L'Adieu du Matin," the cavatina from "Romeo et Juliette," four Irish songs, "The Snowy-broasted Pearl," "The Low-backed Car," "The Dear Little Shamrock," and "The Nine-penny Fiddle," "The Brown Bird Singing," by Haydn Wood, "In Rose Time," by Frank Gray, "The Little Lilac Garden," by H. O. Osgood, and Edwin Schneider's "Thine Eyes Still Shine."

Miss Knox played two movements from Lalo's Spanish Symphony, some Tartini variations on a Corelli theme in which Kreisler had taken a hand, an Auer arrangement of a Chopin nocturne, and Sarasate's "Gasteau's." Both performers gave encores.

Mr. O'More had to sing but very few notes to make his possession evident of a singularly beautiful voice, a voice of excellent volume and of exquisite lyric quality throughout its extensive range. By the end of his first song, furthermore, Mr. O'More had made it clear that he has taken the pains to acquire a remarkably skilful technique, notable for its even scale, a smooth legato, a firm control of breath which enables him to support solidly strong, high tones, and, above all else, for that judicious treatment of consonants whereby voices gain in lustre and enunciation in clarity. Mr. O'More, indeed, sings in English with a beauty of diction comparable only to Mr. McCormack's or Mr. Roland Hayes. In French he is not so supremely excellent, and to his advantage he might work to bring the neatness of his attack up to the high level of his technique otherwise.

Musically, as well, Mr. O'More showed himself able to do good work. The Bach air, for soprano, which no soprano can make sound well, he contrived to sing with apparent ease and even with effect. The lovely song of Duparc he sang with distinction, and the lively Hue song with charm. But Mr. O'More has a tendency, which he would do well to guard against, to sing at too slow a pace. The Handel air he thus made all but logy, and he spoiled the rhythm of the little Pessard song, which will scarcely bear the removal of one good quality. The Irish songs, too, he deprived of their rhythm, for which long held high notes, sometimes interpolated, in no wise made compensation. The possessor of a voice like Mr. O'More's, and, when he chooses, of a style like his, shows poor judgment in having resort to these unmusical tricks and manners.

R. R. G.

Raffaele Martino's "Italian Orchestra" Plays at St. James Theatre

All praise to Mr. Raffaels Martino, who gave, last night in the St. James Theatre, a concert different from other concerts. To the eye it was different as well as to the ear, for when the curtain of the stage were drawn apart, there sat Mr. Martino's "Italian 18th century orchestra" in what looked to be a glade in the midst of a wood. Bravely dressed out in white perruques, silk stockings, silk or velvet smalls and velvet coats, by what purported to be candle-light the players proceeded to give a concert of 18th century music and earlier music still, for an orchestra mostly of strings, with a wood-wind instrument or two and sometimes a harpsichord or piano—in a church concerto by the unfamiliar del Abaco, the piano probably taking the place of an organ.

There was a Passacaglia by Lully, a Largo by Corelli, a minuet by Boccherini, not so attractive as the minuet everybody knows, played as an encore; a pretty "Canto Amoroso" by Sammartini, a violin solo with accompaniment for strings, which might have been written today, and, best of all from the view of musical worth, a concerto in B minor by Vivaldi for four violins with accompaniment, one of those Vivaldi concertos which Bach liked so much that he transcribed 16 of them for the clavier. The four violinists and the orchestra played it delightfully.

There were also solo pieces. Miss Florence De Napoli, a pretty figure in a Watteau-like costume, played on the harpsichord from Rossini and Martini. Mr. G. Sgambia played with purity of style and sweetness of tone in the "Canto Amoroso" and also a melody

from the time of the troubadours in the 12th century—for which time the melody had an astonishingly well-defined contour, and there was also a sonata by one Mascitti for flute (P. do Modena), bassoon (G. Bonalgnore) and harpsichord, a sprightly piece charmingly played.

For an encore in the course of the evening there came the "Rameau" Tamburin, with wider variation of tempo than the character of the music is usually thought to demand.

In other music as well Mr. Martino sometimes allowed himself greater rhythmical license than some might think judicious. On the whole, however, he played this ancient music with quick sympathy for its old-time flavor, and yet at times with something approaching an emotional warmth that did away with the monotony that must needs have been lurking not far away.

The concert proved so attractive that it is much to be hoped that Mr. Martino will see his way presently to a broader field. As well as Italian music, why not some French, and some Bach? There must be music of Haydn, too, and of Mozart that would suit. The audience was large and very enthusiastic.

R. R. G.

FRITZ KREISLER AT BOSTON OPERA HOUSE

Enormous Audience at Farewell Recital for the Season

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Violin recital by Fritz Kreisler; Carl Lamson accompanist. Program: Recital of romantic music for violin; Sonata, O minor, Grieg; Scotch Fantasy, Bruch; Siegfried Paraphrase, Wagner-Wilhelm; Waltz Caprice, Chabrier-Loeffler; Rondo Capriccioso, Saint-Saens.

An enormous audience greeted Mr. Kreisler as he appeared to give his farewell concert for the season. Every part of the auditorium was filled to overflowing, and the number of stage seats was even greater than that needed for the Galli-Curci concert of the Sunday before. Mr. Kreisler's playing aroused the usual enthusiasm and he was obliged to give several extra pieces.

MIQUELLE PEOPLE'S SYMPHONY SOLOIST

The People's Symphony Orchestra gave its 19th concert of the season at the St. James Theatre yesterday, Stuart Mason conducting. Georges Miquelle, violoncellist, was the assisting artist.

Symphony in D Major (Kochel No. 504) Mozart
Old Dances for the Lute freely transcribed for Orchestra.....Respighi
Entr'acte Symphonique from "Messidor" Bruneau
Concerto for 'cello and Orchestra....Lalo
Fantasia for Orchestra....Viggo Arntzen
Overture to "William Tell".....Rossini
The Respighi number is arranged in old-fashioned style with harpsichord, which part will be played by Paul H. Luke.

TUESDAY, MARCH 13, 1.

As the World Wags By PHILIP HALE

Mr. Bertrand Russell, a philosopher, whose peculiar brand of philosophy was not appreciated by the English government during the war, addressing the Independent Labor Party in London on March 7th, said, or was thus reported: "I don't agree that every one should work. . . . Let us insist on the right to be lazy and to live."

Two great Americans anticipated Mr. Russell. Walt Whitman as far back as 1855 exclaimed: "I loaf and invite my soul."

Artemus Ward writing a story, "Pyrotechny," for Tom Hood's magazine thus declared himself:

"Industry is a very fine thing.
"Yet do not frown, 'do not weep for me,' when I state that I don't like it.
"It doesn't agree with me.
"I prefer indolence.
"I am happiest when I am idle.
"I could live for months without performing any kind of labor, and at the expiration of that time I should feel fresh and vigorous enough to go right on in the same way for numerous more months."

HARROD-O'MORE

Last Thursday The Herald published a note from a "Music-lover" in Fall River. "The name Colin O'More would itself suggest Irish birth and ancestry; but rumor avers that he can lay claim to neither. Rumors which I have heard are that he is an American of German descent; that 'Colin O'More' is only an assumed name."

We have received a letter from Mr. Arthur F. Hadley, the manager of Mr. O'More.

After saying "It is a well known fact that 90 per cent. of the people in professional life use assumed names, and these names are selected to denote the line of work in which they specialize," Mr. Hadley shows just indignation: "that any person, however jealous of the success of Colin O'More, should attempt to instill in the minds of the public that he is of German ancestry because of the well known prejudice against that nation. Close inspection of Mr. O'More as he walks on the stage will disclose a slight lameness gained during the recent war, and if our friend from Fall River is sufficiently interested to conduct an investigation I feel sure he will find that Colin O'More was not doing the 'goose-step' or singing the 'top tenor' part in 'Deutschland Ueber Alles' during the recent altercation. And this despite the fact that Deems Taylor of the New York World said 'that his diction in English, French and German was excellent.' As far as I am concerned, in the capacity of manager of Mr. O'More, I have never advertised him as an 'Irish tenor.' He was born in America 30 years ago and is of Irish extraction. His love for Ireland and for the folk-songs of Ireland have endeared him to thousands of Irish people, so we are willing to let the public decide as to whether Colin O'More is an 'Irish tenor' or not."

Mr. O'More first sang in Boston as "James Harrod" in "Fair Helen," a wretched version of "La Belle Helene," at the Majestic Theatre, in October, 1919. He took the part of Paris, and then, of all the company, came the closest to the Parisian traditions.

LOST YEARS

Dr. Van Doren, professor of English at Columbia University, stated recently if members of his class are to be believed, that he had not read a newspaper for more than two years. Poor man! Think of what he has missed. His colleague, Brander Matthews, even goes so far as to write for the newspapers, and he is in excellent company here, in England, France, Italy, Germany—wherever there are intelligent men and women.

COMRADES IN ASPIRATION

As the World Wags:
"Inspired by the thrilling Russian voice
Which calls to us to say what we desire;
To say in what if anything our choice
Is not as theirs; to what high aspirations
higher
Than had their spirit flown
Would soar our own."

Thus inspired on these points, to quote the already fading lines of one whose publishers neglected to have him shot in the preface, an eminent ex-statesman envisioned our wagon hitched to the Dlo-scur of the Bolsheviks. His answer to the Slavic appeal was resonant with the definitions of the indefinite and the infinitudes of the indefinite which distinguished the utterances of the master minds of Internationalism even to this day.

Only recently from the welter of still voiceful Holy Russia has anything come forth bearing on that parity of aspiration and endeavor of the two great democracies referred to by the orator.

BROTHERS IN BOOZE

We are recently advised that though Comrade Lenin is contemplating the manufacture and distribution of vodka by the state as a beneficial economic measure, the campaign against moonshine vodka and bootleggers is being waged vigorously.

Here the contemplative mysticism of oriental thought seems to have the jump on the concrete mental processes of the West. In passing, how truly marvellous must be the stowage of the Russian bootlegger in his national footgear!

It appears that the peasants in all the provinces are said to be the greatest distillers of vodka in the home; just as with us, the rural inhabitants in all the states are the greatest home-brewers and fermenters of those beverages their mothers used to make from the raw materials nearest to their hands. Here perfect parity prevails. It is said that in many cafes in Moscow an order for tea given with a dropping of either eyelid is productive of a pot of vodka. The customs of our larger cities seem in line with this.

In one matter the Holy Russians lead us by at least a neck. High as Haman are the aspirations of Dr. Semashko, the Wayne B. Wheeler of their government. He asks the death penalty for all offenders against the prohibition laws, declaring that they should be hanged. Mr. Wheeler will doubtless seek like legislation of the next Congress, and parity will be maintained.

Amherst, N. H. ABEL ADAMS.

HEAD HUNTERS OF N. H. (Headlines in local journal) NEW HAMPSHIRE ROAD BUILDERS PICK HEADS

THE NIGHTS ARE GROWING WARMER

(From the Antigo, Wis., Daily Journal)
Nearly every one of our district attended a stripping bee at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Masek Saturday evening. After the stripping was completed a dainty supper was served. Then began the fun!

CHANSON DE MYSTERE

They say heard melodies are sweet,
But those unheard are sweeter far;
And two may dream and never meet
Beneath one star.

And two may live their whole lives
through,
Wanton with joy for roses blown,
Who might have gleaned but weeds and
rue,
Had they but known.

So little comes upon the sight
When pent by day in golden bars,
But, oh, the vistas of the night
Beyond the stars!

—The King of the Black Isles

(From the Atlantic Monthly, March, page 350)

"Tusitala revealed in the unconventional, and if he met any one who was 'goody-goody' he might go far enough to scandalize this 'unco quid.'"

"SPITE CORNER"

By PHILIP HALE

ST. JAMES THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "Spite Corner," a play in three acts, by Frank Craven.

Isabel Burgess.....Lucile Adams
Ann Coolidge.....Anna Layng
Eben Gooch.....Mark Kent
Cap'n Parker.....Ralph M. Remley
Elizabeth Dean.....Adelyn Bushnell
Mrs. Douthett.....Viola Roach
Nathan Lattimer.....Harold Chase
Mr. Nelson.....Houston Richards
John Lattimer.....Walter Gilbert
Madame Florence.....Barbara Gray
Mr. Dana.....Edward Darnay

"Spite Corner" is an amusing play of village life, with characters true to nature, while the dialogue is constantly entertaining. A village is the scene of the events, but there is no "wronged" girl, no mortgage to be lifted at the last minute to the discomfiture of a skinflint, no male quartet. We do not hear "By heck," "I swan" or "Gosh all hemlock." The villagers for once are not theatre country people. There is not even a comic stage driver or hired man.

The story is simple. The Lattimers saved their money; the Deans were not practical. Of the surviving Lattimers, old Nathan has the reputation of a hard man; young John goes to the city and does not prosper. Before he left it was prophesied that he would not amount to anything. Elizabeth is the last of the Deans. She keeps a millinery, small ware, shop. John and she pledged their troth before he went away. Five years pass and correspondence cools and stops. She waits his return. The neighbors make merry over his absence.

He finally comes back, but incidentally asks Elizabeth in the course of conversation, if she is married. His apparent indifference hurts her to the quick. She will have nothing to do with him.

Old Lattimer wishes to buy the Dean shop, Elizabeth's home, the first house built in the village, so that he can put up a brick block. Elizabeth will not sell. Villagers urge her. A handsome offer is made. She is not to be moved, so there is an attempt to boycott her. A milliner is imported to undersell her. The meat man refuses her provisions. Only a sharp-tongued spinster, Mr. Gooch, a quiet, soft-spoken philosopher, and her assistant, Isabel, stand by her. John would be her friend, but she will not have him. The imported milliner, though she sells "hussy clothes," a fresh, slangy young person, is inclined to be friendly.

Fortunately Old Lattimer has a second stroke and dies. His property goes to John. Elizabeth has finally sold her shop and she purposes to go to New York where as Mr. Gooch informs her there are some good hotels. (She talks of going to the Hoffman House, but Mr. Gooch advises her against it, for it has been torn down.) John has told the villagers that the shop must remain. He will make it a memorial house and put a tablet on it, just as, according to Mr. Dana, the meatman, they have them "at Lexington and Concord where Lincoln was shot." A fire, with the actors here stepping into burlesque, brings about the desired happy ending. Mr. Craven might have turned the

Lattimer-Dean feud into a Montague and Capulet tragedy-comedy. He might have turned John into a gay seducer, repentant at the last bringing from the city a wedding ring. Or he might have had a melodramatic scene between Old Lattimer and John with the familiar gag: "Wed the girl, and you'll not have a penny of mine." He was content with writing a simple drama true to life. In one respect he yielded to a tradition of rural plays: he brought in the acid spinster, but he took care to provide her with good lines.

"Spite Corner" was on the whole well acted. In many respects the performance was excellent. Mr. Kent gave a capital portrayal of Eben Gooch, who is in a way the *deus ex machina* of the play. His Gooch was unconscious of his dry wit, his philosophic outlook, his kindness of heart. No one in the audience thought for a moment that Mr. Gooch was being portrayed by an actor. Was he not there in flesh and blood? Capital was the opening scene in which Miss Layng, Miss Roach and Miss Adams figured, though Miss Adams's announcement for a few minutes was indistinct. Any one that has lived in the country, was reared in the country, recognized Cap'n Parker as played by Mr. Remley, and although Mr. Richards as Mr. Nelson had little to say, the way he stood and looked, was true to life. We have seen him in the village store listening to the more important men as all were waiting for the mail to be distributed.

Miss Bushnell played Elizabeth with singular understanding of her loving, proud, resentful, stubborn character. She gave due emphasis to her lines; she expressed naturally her various and conflicting sentiments, not reproaching John in the manner of a virago, not mushy when her love triumphed over resentment. Mr. Gilbert was young, manly, natural. His part is not a complex one.

The play was warmly received by an audience that filled the theatre. The performance of the orchestra, led by Mr. Hector, was thoroughly appreciated.

FOURTH 'VILLAGE FOLLIES' HERE

SHUBERT THEATRE—"The Green-wich Village Follies"; devised and staged by John Murray Anderson, book by George V. Hobart, lyrics by Irving Caesar and John Murray Anderson, music by Louis A. Hirsch; produced at the Shubert Theatre, New York, Sept. 12, 1922; first time here, with Alfred Newman conducting, and a cast comprising as principals John E. Hazzard, Carl Randall, Savoy and Brennan, Frankie Heath, Lucile Chalfant, George Rasely, Ula Sharon, Yvonne George, John Sheehan, George Christie, Fortunello and Chrlino, Alexander Yakovlev, Marjorie Peterson, Grace Kay White, Julia Silvers and Louis and Frieda Berkoff, Russian dancers.

Boston has waited seven months for this revue, the fourth in Mr. Anderson's series, and by far the best. Admirable entertainment in every way, with deft, intelligent and neatly contrasted scenes, each satisfying according to its fashioning and its interpretation.

The modern revue must be colorful, animated, generous in novelties, richly pictorial, profuse in display of feminine pulchritude. All of these "The Greenwich Village Follies" possesses, and something else besides. There are, of course, the usual skits, such as "They Never Do," "Life Among the Advertisements," "Shakespeare Shaken Up"—these frequently have pungent wit, pointedly stressed by the players. There are songs by Miss Chalfant, a beautiful soprano, much given to trills, effective with high notes, and by Mr. Rasely, a tenor with a voice of which he might well be proud if he were less inclined to be overmodest about the whole business of singing.

There is wonderful toe dancing by Ula Sharon, quite the prettiest, most graceful, most brilliant of the present generation of her ilk; Yakovlev whirls and leaps like a bounding Arab; the Berkoffs, the male member especially, show prodigious speed and nimbleness in Russian postures, and, more frequently than all the others, Mr. Randall dances in many sorts of step, aided by walking stick and gray roller hat, much as Mr. Cohan capered in years gone by.

Bert Savoy and Jay Brennan, who have received far less free advertising of late than the Messrs. Gallagher and Shean and yet remain thrice as amusing, enlivened at least two spots in the evening's long program. In certain measure, they are the Russell Brothers of today's stage, Savoy especially. As a female impersonator he may lack the fascinations of Julian Eltinge, but as delineator along very broad lines of a type of women still existent along Broadway, he is unique. To him some one must be a foil, and Mr. Brennan is it. Mr. Hazzard has his best moments

in "The Old Timers," "when songs were songs and stars were really stars." Here, in brave imitation of Tony Pastor, holding forth at Koster and Bial's in a sad, sad ballad, with colored slides, entitled, "Good-Bye to Dear Old Alaska." Here Mr. Hazzard had his chance, and well he utilized it. His gestures, his intonation, his frantic pantomimic appeals to the slide manipulator in the gallery when the refrain appeared upside down on the screen, were richly comic.

Among the women Miss Heath stood forth as a comedienne of many resources. As a querulous wife, squabbling with a mean-souled spouse, or as Juliet, holding closely to the text and spirit of the famous balcony scene, she was effective. Miss George, who had some of Gilbert's talent for physical portraiture, sang "Mon Homme" and other French numbers dramatically.

What then remains? Two of the most beautiful, most impressive interpretations yet disclosed in any of these abounding revues, two digressions into the field of artistry which came quietly into sound and view, which will linger in memory long after the catchiest musical measure, the cleverest patter, have been forgotten. The first, "The Nightingale and the Rose," adapted by Mr. Asdersen from the story by Oscar Wilde, recited by Mr. Christie and given by Miss Chalfant, Mr. Rasely and others, was remarkable above all other merits for the exquisite art of Miss Sharon as the nightingale. Nothing of finer, deeper appeal than her dancing and pantomime is conceivable. The other was the pictorial and choral arrangement of the first movement of Beethoven's immortal "Moonlight Sonata." It is staged and sung behind a filmy picture which softly vanishes to disclose the chorists seated and the violinist, Herman Rosenberg, standing. Mr. Newman, the conductor, was at the piano, and his playing urged strings and voices to an exaltation of musical expression which was genuinely thrilling, artistically perfect.

It is for such moments as these, above all others, that we should give high praise to John Murray Anderson. W. E. G.

WILBUR THEATRE—"It Is the Law"

—a play in four acts by Elmer L. Rice, and conveniently though somewhat redundantly announced on the program as a melodrama. The cast:

Ruth.....Miss Alma Tell
Lillian.....Miss Rose Burdick
Theodore Cummings.....William Ingersoll
Justin Victor.....Ralph Kellard
William Elliott.....A. H. Van Buren
Albert Woodruff.....Arthur Hohl
"Sniffer Evans".....Alexander Onslow
James Dolan.....Walter Walker
Edward Harley.....George Wellington
Ellen.....Miss Constance Hope
Baker.....O. W. Goodrich
Fisher.....John F. Roche
Byron.....Charles P. Bates
Tates.....Jack Thorne
Benson.....James Linhart
Dennison.....Joseph Destefani
Page.....Thomas Hood
Gordon Travers.....Hans Robert

According to current definitions, "It Is the Law" is a thriller. Two men die at the mouth of a pistol (or should one say, more accurately, the same man dies twice?); there is a hero and a villain and his "tool" and a detective and three policemen and a prison warden and a district attorney and a Governor with a pardon and, of course, a heroine. And the heroine's wit saves the day. And the villain (he's a most awful villain) gets his in the end. And the two girls (Rose Burdick and Alma Tell) are as pretty as they should be and wear charming gowns throughout. The same as always.

All of which gives quite a wrong impression of the play. For the general option is distinctly novel. "It Is

the Law" that no man may be placed in jeopardy of his life more than once for the same offence. Think of a probable, or even possible, method by which such a condition might arise and you have the play. Incidentally, you should be entitled to some of Elmer Rice's royalties. For it will tax your wits and your ingenuity not a little. To be sure, one is "let in on" the game fairly early: the surprise element is rather in abeyance. But there is sufficient to make up for it. Truly, at times, "the suspense is awful."

Quite as truly, at times, the suspense is anything but awful. It is, rather, a minus quantity. The opening lags a bit—in contrast with the similar scene of good comedy which ushers in the second scene of act II. As for the "big" moments of self-abnegation in the warden's office, the audience sat dry-eyed and restless, while there is much prating of "not buying my freedom" at the cost of uncle's good name, and not letting him stand in the way "if love comes"—both on the part of the hero. Indeed, the hero is most heroic. Once a hero always a hero, as it were.

But perhaps this is a trifle unfair. Certainly the play holds the attention during a large part of its course. Some of the plotting is rather ingenious. And much of the acting is good. Moreover, like all true American plays, "It

Is the Law' is delightfully unmoral. The hero does one or two things which are rather frowned upon in polite society, but in this sort of play this is the law. The motives of some of the characters (even the heroine) are not so unmistakably clear as the reputation of the person might seem to demand. What of it? In these plays one does not inquire too closely. It is the law. Last, but not least, the play, the performance and especially the excellent acting of Mr. Hohl as the villain were loudly applauded by the audience. For in Boston—once again—it is the law.

W. R. B.

ARLINGTON THEATRE—First performance here of "Her Temporary Husband," a farcical comedy in three acts by Edward A. Paulson. The cast:

Dr. Gordon Spencer.....George Parsons
Kate Tanager.....Betty Linley
Judd.....Harry Allen
Blanche Ingram.....Virginia Hammond
Tom Burton.....William Courtenay
Clarence Topping.....Henry Mortimer

It is as unmannerly to examine critically the theme of a farce as it is to inquire for the wine cellar of a collapsible bungalow. It just isn't done. The foundation of the now place at the Arlington does not bear the weight of investigation. Blanche Ingram, comedy and twenty-three, is prevented from marrying her fiancé by one of those freak wills, so common in plays and novels. To circumvent this obstacle she picks a husband from a sanitarium for incurable old men. She is assured that the octogenarian cannot live more than three months.

Tom Burton, debonair and handsome, and needless to say, played by William Courtenay, cherishes a secret passion for the lady. By bribery and the aid of false whiskers he substitutes for the elderly bridegroom. Complications naturally ensue, and the girl's fiancé, who is obviously a cad, is thwarted by the virtuous Mr. Courtenay. His disguise is abandoned. Then follow a noble renunciation, a reconciliation, and the customary osculation.

Rather conventional farce this, and none too sprightly, yet it seemed to please last night's audience. Doubtless Mr. Courtenay, who has a loyal Boston following, provided much of the merriment. He is a skilled farceur, and one cannot quarrel with him on the grounds of his pulchritude.

The other players admirably maintained the broad spirit of farce, making the most of hopelessly unfunny lines. Virginia Hammond was decorative as Mr. Courtenay's prize, and the piquant Betty Linley, last seen here in "The Circle," was particularly pleasing in an insipid role.

MAY YOHE IS AT KEITH'S THEATRE

The program at Keith's Theatre is composed of more than the usual number of bright and interesting acts. Of unusual interest is May Yohé's number in which she introduces her "Synco-pators," a jazz band as noisy and rhythmical as possible, and appears herself to sing melodies that made her popular when she first appeared on the stage. She has arranged her numbers well and was enthusiastically received by the large audience.

First on the bill were Ralito and Lamont, talkless jugglers, with a good assortment of stunts. Then Martha Pryor, assisted by Bob Geraghty at the piano, sang vivaciously several new songs of southern flavor. Danny Dugan, with Madelyn Meredith, were delightful in a dance program of striking grace and originality. With them was Freddie Sanborn, a clever performer on the xylophone. Jones and Jones, colored comedians, made a hit with their dialogue that concerned a bit of everything. Effie Weston, as a dancing flapper, and Donald Kerr, as the male of the species, were highly amusing. Lou Handman, composer of "Blue," played their accompaniments and some of his own compositions.

Dave Seed and Ralph Austin called their number "Things and Stuff," and it was all of that. They kept the house in an uproar with their antics. Claude and Marion had an entertaining version of the "henpecked husband" scene, and the Dias sisters and Powell did some clever tight-rope work to end the vaudeville program. The usual news and comic reels were given.

THE UKRAINIANS

Last night the Ukrainian National Chorus, Alexander Koshetz, conductor, gave a concert in Symphony hall, with the help of Oda Slobodskaja, soprano, Nina Koshetz, mezzo-soprano, and Nicholas Steinber, accompanist. The program:

Early Morning.....A. Koshetz
Behind the Mountain.....A. Koshetz
From the Mountain and the Valley.....A. Koshetz
On the Mountain.....A. Koshetz
The Ukrainian National Chorus
Arioso from "Oprichnina".....Tchakowsky
Divinites du St. J.....Glinka
Der Kuss.....Beethoven
Aria from "Tosca".....Puccini
Aria from "La Cida".....Massenet
Mlle. Slobodskaja

Our Lady of Potchiv.....Leontovich
Young Ullana.....Koshetz
The Stars.....Koshetz
Lullaby.....Koshetz
Kolomejka.....Koshetz
The Ukrainian National Chorus
Over the Steppes.....Gretchaninoff
Song from "Tsar's Bride".....Rimsky-Korsakoff
Eastern Roman.....Rimsky-Korsakoff
Widmung.....Schumann
Mme. Koshetz

Hey! Near Boryspol.....Koshetz
The Little Tula.....Koshetz
Jachil's Daughter.....Koshetz
In the Garden Stands an Eldenbush.....Lysenko
Mushrooms.....Lysenko
The Ukrainian National Chorus

This chorus out a gallant show, three rows of men and women dressed out in vivid blues, greens and reds. What is more to the purpose, they made their tone as brilliant in color contrasts as their garb. Other choruses—though, to be sure, not many—can sing with a musical nicety equal to these Ukrainians; but never a chorus of them all can afford to stand near these singers when variation of color is a question. By means of closed mouths they produce amazing effects; and, of course, they have in their favor the deep bass voices which abound in Russia.

But after all it is not the voices which make this chorus remarkable; with the exception of their deepness, they are nothing extraordinary, and the sopranos indeed at times sound shrill. Nor is it their unusual skill that one will remember about them. It is their vitality that tells. They sing as though they mean what they sing. When they mark a rhythm they mark it till every listener feels it too. But it is vitality does it, mind, not extravagance. An object lesson!

Mr. Koshetz led his forces with a refreshing absence of display. Miss Slobodskaja, her voice once at its ease, overcame the handicap of a bad method and sang with a dramatic warmth that brought her two encores. Mme. Koshetz was also encoored, and, for the matter of that, so was the chorus. Mr. Steinber made his accompaniments sound little less than orchestral. Since Mr. Koshetz brings his chorus here to sing musio of their country which we should hardly hear otherwise, it would be folly to complain because they do not sing from Bach's B-minor mass. But, nevertheless, the fact remains that to many listeners too much of this nationalistic musio, despite its interest and charm, by force of its very exoticism pall; it says after all, to western ears, but little. There must be musio by Russians of a wider experience of the world, like Tchakovsky, Glinka, Mussorgsky and the rest, which would add variety to Mr. Koshetz's programs.

R. R. G.

PLAYS CONTINUING

COLONIAL—Ed Wynn in "The Perfect Fool." Sixth week.
HOLLIS STREET—"Lightnin'." Comedy. Twelfth week.
MAJESTIC—Gertrude Hoffmann in the revue "Hello Everybody!" Third and last week.
PLYMOUTH—"Just Married." Farce. Ninth week.
SELWYN—"The Fool." Drama. Fifth week.
TREMONT—Otis Skinner in "Mister Antonio." Comedy. Second and last week.

THE REPROBATE

By PHILIP HALE

COPLEY THEATRE—First performance in America of "The Reprobate," a comedy in three acts by Henry James. The Henry Jewett Players.

Cubit.....E. E. Clive
Mrs. Freshville.....Jessamine Newcombe
Pitt Brunt, M. P.....Gerald Rogers
Mr. Bonsor.....H. Conway Wingfield
Paul Doubleday.....Reginald Sheffield
Blanche Amber.....Catherine Willard
Mrs. Doubleday.....Daisy Belmont
Capt. Chanter.....Charles Hampden

This comedy was produced by the Stage Society at the Court Theatre, London, at a matinee on Dec. 14, 1919.
Cubit, Ben Field; Mrs. Freshville, Athene Seyler; Pitt Brunt, M. P. Lawrence Hanray; Mr. Bonsor, Bramber Willis; Paul Doubleday, Nicholas Hannan; Blanche Amber, Meggie Albanesi; Mrs. Doubleday, Suzanne Sheldon; Captain Chanter, Herbert Bunston.

The comedy was printed in 1895. James wrote a preface for it in which he said that the play "was designed for audiences unaccustomed to beat about the bush for their amusement—audiences, to be perfectly honest, in country towns." It was therefore thought eminently proper that the comedy should be seen in Boston.

The unexpected happened. When the play was produced, it was found that there were no laborious analyses of character, no intricacies of style, nothing that was peculiar to Henry James, the novelist. Here is a story told in plain language, even if the story is told in a manner that is somewhat confusing, especially when the performance is noisy instead of being politely brisk. How many in the audience last night were wholly clear about that bundle of letters? Letters, letters who had the letters? Nevertheless, there was Henry James, writing in a staccato manner, writing a play that does not need to be translated into English.

Paul, on account of Nina, who used to sing in music halls, was considered a reprobate, and so his stepmother and the bachelor guardian, Mr. Bonsor, literally kept him under lock and key until by the power of auto-suggestion he believed he was a hardened sinner. One day, having resisted temptation, he came to the conclusion that he was in reality a good young man. Then he asserted himself. He saved a man from Nina's snares. There was a foolish member of Parliament at hand to console her and won Blanche Amber, who had encouraged and aided him in his declaration of independence.

As the story is thin and not in itself amusing, the success of a performance must depend on the clearness and speed of the dialogue. There are passages of pleasing verbal battledore and shuttlecock, as in the scene between Paul and Nina where the latter, who, when Paul says she has acquired the habit of virtue, answers "Yes, that's the worst of it; you've got to go on." On the other hand, there are passages, not a few, where the conversation is insignificant and tiresome. James wrote other plays and proved conclusively that a man may be a brilliant novelist and yet be devoid of any instinct for the theatre.

Perhaps it is not fair to judge "The Reprobate" from the performance last night. (There was also one in the afternoon). The sudden departure of Mr. Tearle from the company necessitated a change in Mr. Jewett's plans. "The Reprobate" had not been sufficiently rehearsed. Mrs. Doubleday was constantly prompted, and no one, except Miss Willard, Mr. Sheffield and Mr. Clive, was wholly at ease. There was much screaming, possibly from nervousness. There was the racing about the stage that is supposed to be a feature of farce comedy. Miss Newcombe waved her arms and was vociferous, physically vivacious, but there is more to the part she played than restlessness with a high-pitched voice. We like to think of Mr. Bonsor—if it is necessary to think of him at all—as a more pompous person, slower and more pontifical in speech than he was represented, nor was the portrayal of Mr. Brunt and Capt. Chanter authoritative or even interesting. What humor there was in the butler was due to Mr. Clive, not to Mr. Henry James.

On the whole, a sad evening. No doubt the comedians had made up their minds that the piece was hopeless and they wondered why they were playing it.

APOLLO CLUB

The Apollo Club gave a delightful concert last night in Jordan hall. There was nothing "difficult" or "modern" about the program. It was melodious, tuneful and emotional. There were plenty of "old favorites" scattered about among the more ambitious numbers and the fact that these same old favorites were rapturously applauded by the audience, which was insatiate in its demands for "more," proved that for that evening musio of a severely classical order was not in demand.

The choir sang with the even balance of tone, the delicacy and distinction that marks the work of this organization and it also displayed a spirit and energy that was refreshing.

It touched high water mark, perhaps, in "The Blizzard," a roaring chorus full of the very breath of the North, whose splendid spirit of masculinity atones for somewhat feminine lines. Then there was Bayard Taylor's well-known "Song of the Camp," in which

Each heart recalled a different name
But all sang "Annie Laurie."

which aroused immense enthusiasm. The "Suomi's Song," a weird, Finnish folk song, was artistically rendered, and the "Lullaby," to the haunting musio of "The Humoresque," went home to the heart.

The soloists were in especially fine fettle. Mr. John Barnes Wells, tenor, sang a number of songs exceptionally well, providing a real treat. His voice is sweet and true. In the good old negro spirituals, "Nobody Knows the Troubles I've Seen" and "Go Down Moses," and the Irish pieces he was at his best. He was hardly robust enough for the sailor ditty, which savors of tarry flats and a

black whaler.
Mr. Leverett B. Merril gave us the inimitable "tallor song" from "Robin Hood" in a style that carried us back to the days of Tom Karl and the old "Bostonians." What more can be said? Somehow, they don't seem to write light opera as they did in those days. Every one went home humming it—with a background of "humoresque" for good measure.
J. E. P.

NOTES and LINES

By PHILIP HALE

So the Moscow players are coming to Boston, after all. Will there be a rush to see them? When Augustin Daly's company played at the Vaudeville Theatre, Paris, in September, 1886, Francisque Sarcey, "Oncle" Sarcey of the Temps, wrote, according to the story handed down: "An American company is playing at the Vaudeville. As I do not understand English, I do not go to the performances."

Is this merely a legend? Judge Daly, in the life of his brother, quotes Sarcey as cruelly remarking that the pieces of the company might be witnessed by any young girl; but in the same sentence the judge quotes M. de Blowitz, who accused Sarcey of staying away from the performances altogether.

Mr. Otis Skinner was in Daly's company at Paris. It would be interesting to hear from him about this Parisian adventure. Two of the Parisian critics agreed that Mr. John Drew looked like a "hairdresser's apprentice," but the majority praised him warmly; one wrote: "He is a handsome fellow, whose faultless dress is not his sole merit, for in his love scenes he exhibits warmth without ceasing to be a man of the world."

It is said that the acting of these Moscow players is so natural, the ensemble so perfect, that with the aid of the synopsis of the play on the bill, every line can easily be understood. We shall see; we shall see!

"The whirligig of time brings in his revenges." When Chaliapin first appeared as Bolto's Mephistopheles in New York he was savagely attacked by critics for his indecent nakedness in the Walpurgis scene. This week his performance was applauded as a triumph of tragedy. The New York horizon has broadened, possibly through the publication of "best-selling" and "sexy" novels in the mean time. Or does Mr. Chaliapin now wear a flannel chest protector; red, of course, which we are told is the Demon's favorite and distinguishing color.

A young girl, Sylvia Lent of Washington, D. C., fiddled in New York last week. Is she a daughter of Mrs. Lent, a pianist of Washington, who long ago played here at a Symphony concert?

Ruth Pierce Posselt, the 8-year-old violinist born in Medford, gave a recital in New York on March 6 in Carnegie hall. She received respectful attention and not merely as an infant phenomenon. Mr. Max Smith of the American sounded the loud trumpet in her praise. He could not recall in all his experience "an instance of early development that to him seemed so remarkable." "With eyes closed you might have supposed you were listening to a grown-up woman, yes, more than that, indeed, a man accomplished in the mechanics of his art."

Melrose has her Farrar; Medford, her Posselt; now let us hear from Methuen.

We spoke a few days ago of George Fawcett Rowe in "Brass" and as Micawber. Mr. Lansing R. Robinson writes to The Herald: "His brother James is (and has been for over 30 years) manager for R. G. Dun & Co. Mercantile Agency in Milwaukee. Both talented boys. The usual English stuff in those days: to Australia raising sheep; failure of course; then both to the United States seeking adventure. Jim could act as skillfully as George, but inclined otherwise. I have heard him recite at many a meeting of harmonious souls (with unlimited bowls) in the good old period you mention, and he made us weep or laugh, at will. We wondered what he could find in the dreary atmosphere of commercial credits."

Paul White and Josy Kryl (Mrs. White) violinists, will play in Jordan Hall tonight. Mme. Kryl studied with Auer and Sevcik, but the war brought her back to this country. She and Mr. White studied with Tsyane in Cincinnati when he was conductor of the Cincinnati Symphony orchestra. Mr.

White was graduated at the New England Conservatory with the highest honors. He and his wife played with the Cincinnati orchestra and in many concerts in the West. His compositions have been performed by various orchestras.

There are no Boston Symphony concerts this week. Alfredo Casella, the distinguished composer and pianist, will give a recital Saturday afternoon in Jordan Hall. His playing of Mozart's D minor concerto with the Boston Symphony orchestra in Cambridge was said to be remarkable for clarity and tonal beauty. What a pity he did not play it in Boston. Instead of the flashy, inconsequential rhapsody of Albeniz! At his recital he will play music by Scarlatti, Beethoven (sonata op. 31, No. 2), Franck, Castelnuovo-Tedesco, Albeniz, Ravel, Debussy, and 11 of his own "Children's Pieces."

Next week is for pianists. William Bachaus on Sunday afternoon will play in Symphony Hall pieces in C sharp minor. Alexander Chigrinsky will play in Jordan Hall on Wednesday night; Marion Carley in the same hall on Thursday night, and on Saturday afternoon Elly Ney will hold forth in Symphony Hall and Messrs. Maier and Pattison will play solo pieces and music for two pianos in Jordan Hall.

Shakespeare's "Tempest" has been given in English for the first time in Rome at the Teatro del Piccoli, the children's marionette theatre. The propriety of the performance has been questioned, on the ground that it is degrading the work of a poet to have a great play performed by wooden figures for the amusement of children. These attacks were largely inspired by the fact that "to boom the production, a criticism of Silvio d'Amico on the production in Italian of 'The Tempest' by the same theatre two years ago was mutilated and passages attacking the propriety of this method of presenting Shakespeare were omitted."

But this is an old trick of press agents, as we all know.

Shakespeare's "Tempest" translated into French by Bouchor, with music by Chausson, was performed at a marionette theatre, Paris, in 1888. No one was then disturbed. Coquelin Cadet was not ashamed to speak a prologue and take the role of Trinculo. The Ariel resembled a Tanagra figure, while Miranda had "the fine grace of a figure of the first Italian Renaissance and the perfume of virgins in that happy 15th century which brought beauty to flower in the world for the second time." Anatole France wrote a charming essay about this production, and in another one, devoted to marionettes, he said that "Julius Caesar" was performed by puppets in the time of Queen Elizabeth. It was not Shakespeare's tragedy.

We have received further information about the surprising mental development of the girls at the New York Hippodrome. Not long ago we were assured that they spend their spare time in reading books of an improving nature. We are now told that they no longer invest their earnings in jewelry, to hock it in summer so as to pay board bills; they are known in savings banks; they purchase United States treasury certificates.

No press agent is needed for "The Fool" as long as Mr. Channing Pollock's voice holds out.

Mar 16 1923

We have commented on Mr. Bertrand Russell's clarion cry to laziness. It was said by Francis I. of France that he was so incensed by Dante calling Hugh Capet the son of a butcher that he ordered the passage to be cut out. Our old friend, Pierre Bayle doubted the order. Why should Francis be so lazy as to put the burden on another when he could cut out the reference himself, or at least throw the book away, and Bayle said that if the king had given the order he would have been as effeminate as a certain Sybarite.

Who was this Sybarite? Perhaps the one mentioned by Timaeus. This Sybarite went into the country. Seeing husbandmen digging, he said that he himself felt as if he had broken his bones by the sight. Some one who heard him replied: "I, when I heard you say this, felt as if I had a pain in my side."

There were Frenchmen in the time of Henry IV. who said that Dante's word "butcher" should not be taken literally; that the poet meant to say that the father of Hugh Capet was a mighty warrior. Dante's statement, it is true, was false, but it was long believed, for as some one said years ago, and the saying is true today: "Lie boldly, print all sorts of foolish and extravagant stories, and you will find many who will

copy them. If, after a time, some one refutes them, there will then be occasion for you to revive these stories."

As for the appellation "butcher," we remember that "Brick" Pomeroi in his scandalous newspaper was never weary of so calling Gen. Grant, even after the civil war.

HOT AIR

As the World Wags:

Our town has successfully passed the crisis in the coal shortage situation. Many of the citizens became so "hot up" (mostly under the collar) over President Harding's recent "psychological" speech that furnace heat was not needed for several days. Furthermore, I believe that the recent mild weather was caused by the scalding criticism and heated epithets that have filled the air. Being a staunch Republican, I rejoice in the resourcefulness of our President. WHISTLY DOLE.

Shirley.

SKETCHES IN GERTRUDE STEIN'S PRESENT MANNER

(Parl'd Leonard in the Morning Telegraph)

I. THE LOTUS FLOWER

He did not come because he was not coming but it avenged the bright sunlight. Seing is believing we must believe of course. So we took an apartment on the other side of a town and sent the cat to the Bide-a-Wee.

II. MACHINERY

Whither do we drift whither whither. The white dress flutters helplessly from the line the line, but this picture should be good on the road. The man in the next office is saying so. Talk talk talk but she will get even with you yet.

III. AND THEY READ NO MORE THAT DAY

Sing song sing song words droning best seller. The brook beside them also goes on forever. There is too much sense in this one if you get what I mean. Pastoral scene completely pastoral including bull exit hastily.

CONGRESSMEN, COAL, COUE

(Inspired by "Otto Grow")

He clutches the covers of sacrificed "bills."

He burns up the desk-load of letters and such,

And the train to his home-town over the hills

Receives him, the tardy, and longing so much

For respite from strain of Congress' long session.

When, after the trials of train and of travel,

Not bettered by Congress one jot or one tittle,

His presence not helped that snarl to unravel,

He views with concern the coal-yards so little

Supplied with the fuel we talk of so much.

Down on to the platform of the home station

He steps with his hat in hand, face all a-smile,

To find, NOT the crowd of his anticipation,

But rather a round-up from more than a mile

Of vehicles plenty, assorted, queer-styled,

All ages, all patterns, all types are the rigs,

But one thing in common they all do possess:

CAPACITY stretched and enlarged very big,

From their presence so forceful one could but guess

They came for the letters and bills he's destroyed

To now use for fuel in place of the coal

He promised to send them so long, long ago;

The menace such suffering can bring to men's souls,

PSYCHOLOGY now may confront at the POLLS:

'TWILL force Congressmen all to practice Coue. WOOD B. RYTE.

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"KERLES LOVE"

As the World Wags:

Two clippings from your column have been forwarded to me in the South relating to the song "Careless Love."

The song "Kerles Love," which I sang at the Harvard Musical Association in January was a negro love song given me by Miss Jean Taylor, who has arranged the piano accompaniment. She heard it in Tennessee. Here are the words:

O 't was love, love, kerles love, (bis)
You have broken the heart of many a poor gal

But you'll never brake this heah heart o' mine!

O I cried las' night jes' like a chille (bis)
Yes, I cried las' night jes' like a chille,
But I'll neva' cry dat a way no mo'—

The song does not come from my Kentucky songs, though I alluded to its similarity as regards the words to my "Hangman's Song," the refrain of which is:

"O 't's hard to love, and it's hard to be beloved,
And it's hard to make up your mind;
You have broke the heart of many a poor girl,
Poor girl, but you'll not break mine."

LORAIN WYMAN.

Alken, S. C.

WATSON, WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF THIS?

(From the Exeter, N. H. News-Letter)

Yesterday noon's alarm was for a fire near the Gale shoe factory, quickly extinguished. It started, probably from carelessness, in a bed.

Blunt left to Mr. Hilaire Belloc his Froissart's Chronicles in four volumes (1574 edition). If it is Lord Berners' translation, this edition is not the first.

Josy Kryl and Paul White

At their concert last night in Jordan Hall Josy Kryl and Paul White, violinists, with the help of Alfred De Voto, accompanist, played a prelude for two violins by Juon, Bach's D minor concerto for two violins, and a suite in six movements by Godard. Miss Kryl played a vieux temps concerto, that in E major, and Mr. White played Chausson's "Poem."

They must be unusual people, Miss Kryl and Mr. White. With the opportunity open to exploit themselves in a recital apiece, at which each could display his abilities in a little Bach or Tartini, a concerto and a group of showy trash, they preferred to unite their forces in a single concert really worth while at which they could bring forward music not often heard, and above all else the splendid Bach concerto for two violins. Verily they shall have their reward, for it is a prophecy the reverse of daring that their concert will be remembered long after the every-day "violin recital" has been forgotten.

The Bach concerto alone would make it memorable. Noble music, the first two movements, noble in simplicity and honesty, and of an inevitableness in its melodic course which nine composers out of ten today would snail at as obvious. The concert-givers last night played it with appreciation, something too austere perhaps, but without the smear of sentimentality with which some noted players have sullied its purity. The audience liked it well.

Mr. White did justice to the impressive opening of the Chausson poem, but like all other players he could do little with certain pages which presently come, as poetic precisely as a column out of the telephone book. When Chausson found himself again Mr. White played well, although he distinguished himself rather for a smooth technique and fine musical qualities than for real poetic fervor. Mr. De Voto, of course, played admirably; he always does.

And so did Miss Kryl. If her tone was not always as beautiful as could be wished or her intonation always true, she knew just the way to play the vieux-temps concerto.

To make this music live, music of a bad period to be sure but amazingly good of its kind, a player must feel its pompous stride. He must give its melodies their proper accent; he must do its rhythms justice; he must understand that its bravura passages are not just ornament, but an old-time mode of dramatic expression. A violin concerto of vieux-temps, thus fittingly performed, as well as a Rossini air, can make its effect today. Miss Kryl knew how; she has a feeling for the "grand style," and the audience liked her concert. Both she and Mr. White played encores.

R. R. G.

Mar 17 1923

It is a pleasure to note the increasing activity in the musical world. Here is Mme. Johanna Gadski suing Mr. Henry Edward Krehbiel, the music critic of the New York Tribune, also the Tribune itself, for libel. She wishes to recover \$250,000 from each, or is it \$250,000 in all? Of course, music critics are rich beyond the dreams of avarice; with money in the bank, bundles of stocks and bonds, motor cars, villas at Newport, Palm Beach, Capri and on Corfu—now that William Hohenzollern does not visit the island—not to mention three or four motor cars and a steam yacht;

so neither Mr. Krehbiel nor any other irritator of sopranos would feel the loss of even half a million.

But Mme. Gadski may find out that a law suit is more expensive than having her jewels stolen for the sake of publicity. We doubt if she will have the courage to sing her complaint in court or to answer in Wagnerian phrases under cross-examination.

Meanwhile, in Italy, our old friend Pietro Mascagni is about to fight a duel with Sig. Mocchi, who was his manager in Brazil—where the nuts come from. Sig. Mocchi was so rude on his return as to speak disrespectfully of Sig. Mascagni as a conductor. Hence the noble rage of the latter. Has he yet bitten Sig. Mocchi's ear, in the Sicilian manner shown in the pleasing scene where Turiddu and Alfio meet, just before they go out to fight off stage?

Mascagni would not be the first musician to fight a duel. We would not have annual performances of "The Messiah," by the venerable Handel and Haydn Society, if Johann Mattheson's sword had not come in contact with a brass button on Handel's coat in Hamburg. Why did not Mr. Tauscher, the gallant spouse of Mme. Gadski, challenge Mr. Krehbiel? There used to be good shooting in the vicinity of New York.

We remember the night when Mme. Gadski first sang in Boston. It was at the Boston Theatre on April 2, 1895, and the opera was "Lohengrin." She was then girlish and slight, a rather appealing Elsa. Dear Lord, how the years have flown! And now Mme. Gadski is suing the man who fought valiantly for Wagner when his music was not in fashion! But she was never discreet in her comments on other singers. For example, the laurels of Mme. Ternina disquieted her sleep. And, like the late Emil Fischer, she was not always enthusiastic over the musical conditions and the social life of this country. America was to these German singers only Tom Tiddler's ground. "Deutschland Ueber Alles" was their motto. They condescended to live here—during the profitable season.

SURGERY ON THE CAPE

As the World Wags:

As evidence that the tree wardens on Cape Cod are on the job and up to the minute, I submit the following extract from the annual report of the tree warden of the town of Barnstable:

"Thirty-two trees were run into by automobiles and the injuries treated."

CHESTER A. CROCKER.

Marston's Mills.

LA SANS-GENE

"M. C." sends to The Herald an old song by Despreaux satirizing the costumes dear to French women in the time of the Directory. We quote verses that are pertinent today. Unfortunately the linotype knows not accents—grave, acute or circumflex:

Grace a la mode,
On s'en va sans facon;
On s'en va sans facon:
Ah! qu'est commode!
On s'en va sans facon
Et sans jupon.

Grace a la mode,
On n'a plus de fichu;
On n'a plus de fichu:
Ah! qu'est commode!
On n'a plus de fichu;
Tout est dechu.

Graco a la mode,
On n'a plus de corset;
On n'a plus de corset:
Ah! qu'est commode!
On n'a plus de corset;
C'est plus tot fait.

Grace a la mode,
Une chemis' suffit;
Une chemis' suffit:
Ah! qu'est commode!
Une chemis' suffit;
C'est tout profit.

Grace a la mode,
On n'a qu'un vetement;
On n'a qu'un vetement:
Ah! qu'est commode!
On n'a qu'un vetement;
Qu'est transparent.

Grace a la mode,
On n'a rien de cache;
On n'a rien de cache:
Ah! qu'est commode!
On n'a rien de cache;
J'en suis fache.

"C. H. P." of Concord writes: "About 550 B. C. Laotsu, the Chinese philosopher, said: 'If the government is meddling, then will be constant infractions of the law.'"

A DEMON EXORCISED

As the World Wags:

One good thing has come of the coal famine: It has driven the Coal Goblin from my bins. You know about the Coal Goblin? He is a dreadful being, with black, unbrushed canine teeth,

hairy body, sinewy arms and legs, has hands and feet armed with long, sharp, grimy nails. He loves a full coal bin, where he can hide in congenial gloom, night and day, and disappears when the bin begins to sound with hollow emptiness. For more than 30 years a careful householder, I have dreaded him when toward bedtime I gave the last care to the furnace. Time and again I've heard him stealthily moving in the coal, and felt the gooseflesh beneath my undergarments as I expected his sudden leap when I turned my back upon the bin and stoked the furnace. A bracing reminder that I am no longer a child to be afraid of the dark and its haunting horrors has usually enabled me to get upstairs without actual panic and recover assurance and the power to laugh at my terrors as I settled down with my book in front of the glowing logs in the library. Whenever my daughter has an errand to the cellar at night for apples or older, I caution her to beware of the Coal Goblin. Her mother protests, but the girl laughs and does her errand without betraying fear. This morning the saucy minx, who has so often laughed at my terror of the Coal Goblin, owned at breakfast that she, too, feared those hairy arms and grimy claws. Do you know, I've spoken of the Coal Goblin to grown men, one of them a brave officer of the A. E. F., and I think every man of them has owned to a sneaking fear of the creature. It is a comfort to think that for this winter, at least, I was free of that terror, that never once did I hear that blood-curdling movement of the coal which is the sign of his stealthy preparation for the leap to my unprotected shoulders.

PATERFAMILIAS TIMIDUS

As the World Wags:

I do not understand it, but among "This Evening's News" in the Transcript of March 9 and under section of "Deaths" was this item:

"Statement made that Armour, Morris packer merger will be completed within a week."

What's the significance?

DOC

March 8, 1923

Over the wide world archaeologists are digging up mummified and petrified men of centuries ago, not to mention "Skillingtons." There is no rest in the grave. Le Rire of Paris recently published a picture of our old friend Tut, starting from his wrappings and addressing Englishmen with picks and shovels! "Don't dig any more. There's no oil here."

Isn't it about time for some one in New York state to exhume another Cardiff Giant?

They are still exercised in New York over Kaufman's picture representing the Saviour at the marriage feast at Cana being rebuked by Messrs. Volstead and Anderson for turning water into wine.

Who was the French painter that some years ago represented the Saviour as appearing at a Parisian feast? Was his name Bernard? The picture made a great stir at the time.

EGYPTIAN KINGS WERE BURIED

(Sara Teasdale in the N. Y. Evening Post Literary Review.)

Egyptian kings were buried

With all their golden gear,

Cup and chest and chariot,

Couch and battle-spear.

Centuries of solid night

Pass them as an hour goes by!

When the chamber is unsealed

The gold looks gayly at the sky.

But when the kingly body lies

Like a bit of blackened leather;

All the wrappings round the king

Cannot keep his bones together.

All the unguents and the spice,

All the power of pride or tears

Cannot keep the human body

Past its few small years.

"C. B. W." sends us the following little story, which seems uncommonly apropos at present:

THE FOUR REFORMERS

(Robert Louis Stevenson)

Four reformers met under a bramble bush.

They were all agreed the world must be saved.

"We must abolish property," said one.

"We must abolish marriage," said the second.

"We must abolish God," said the third.

"I wish we could abolish work," said the fourth.

"Do not let us get beyond practical politics," said the first. "The first thing is to reduce men to a common level."

"The first thing," said the second, "is to give freedom to the sexes."

"The first thing," said the third, "is to find out how to do it."

"The first step," said the first, "is to abolish the Bible."

"The first thing," said the second, "is to abolish the laws."

"The first thing," said the third, "is to abolish mankind."

ADD "HORRORS OF PEACE"

As the World Wags:

Could one say, and yet live, that Germany is Degoutte with the Ruhr situation?

E. BRECK.

SPIRITUAL FLOWERS

As the World Wags:

To me flowers seem of themselves "spiritual bouquets." Earthy they are and fragile and short of life, but such a touching example of God's work and beauty as ever to inspire thoughts of Him. They adorn in great numbers the altars in Catholic churches on feast days and on all other days they may be seen to some extent. We do not know or seek to know why they are excluded from the Catholic church at funerals, if they are. We have a fear that neither A. B. G. nor W. B. B. in the reasons and explanations they give, can be held to be speaking ex cathedra. There are subtleties involved in the matter of gifts and offerings which it would not be well for them to try to illuminate. Some of the mammoth set pieces ought to be excluded everywhere as in such form they are usually objectionable to people of refinement and good taste.

But all we really wanted to do was to quote some lines we learned at school. They are ever in our memory. The expression, "spiritual bouquet," revives them very fresh. It may be that the Catholic church teaches (but we do not think so) as A. B. G. says, that flowers "are simply to please the vanity of the living." Primarily, they are among the finest evidences of God himself. To A. B. G. these lines are respectfully commended:

"Were I, O God, in churchless lands remaining,

Far from all voice of teachers and divines,

My heart would find in flowers of Thine ordaining,

Priests, sermons, shrines.

"Your voiceless lips, O flowers, are living preachers,

Each cup a pulpit, each leaf a book,

Supplying to my fancy numerous teachers

From lowliest nook."

ANONYMUNCULE.

THE LOADED CANE

As the World Wags:

"Whether by accident or design," my cane is heavily weighted at the end. This would form so dangerous a weapon of offence that remembrance is forced to the remark one made as to a set of skeleton keys which I formerly utilized in business; on my showing an office by aid of these to a Pinkerton manager, he advised: "Young man, you better not fall into hands of the police; with these on you, you would get it hard!" I could not successfully have pleaded the cane's medicinal qualities according to the Indian formula: Seeing a white man stroking the head of another as a massage-cure for headache, he grunted: "White man's many strokes, ache come back; Indian's one stroke with this" (pointing to his tomahawk, like my cane, a cure for all earthly ills) "ache no more."

An Indian's closer connection with such was related by an acquaintance after "hefting" mine; prospecting near the Yaqui Indians of Mexico, he has one as boy for his tent. This boy "jes' nachully" lifted everything he wanted which was not riveted down, which the prospector ignored till his skillet was missing. A skillet has such multifarious uses in primitive housekeeping that the loss could not be endured. On asking the boy, he replied: "Me take him home." On being told to go home and fetch it, he said flatly: "He come, he stay." The prospector chanced to have a rattan cane, heavily loaded at one end, and this he applied smartly to the boy's shoulders, affrighting him with the superhuman strength of the spectre who could thus get such heavy blows out of a light rattan. Accordingly, he ran home and brought back not only the skillet but everything else he had stolen from the prospector. Evidently he told his tribe, for next morning the prospector found outside his tent a great heap of junk, being the great assortment of chattels taken from other prospectors. Doubtless a legend survives among the Yaquis of the magical thief-beater.

ALFRED ELA.

SPEEDING THE PARTING GUEST

(From the Chicago Lutheran Messenger)

During our Circuit meeting, the pastor's family had the honor of having the vice-president of our Synod, the Rt. Rev. H. C. Holm, as their guest. He is a man everybody likes. It gave a little extra work, but was highly appreciated.

THEY SHOULD PROSPER

"W. L. R." saw recently in Hartford, Ct., that Wise Smith & Co. and Sage Allen Co. keep flourishing department stores opposite one the other on Main street.

Small, Maynard & Co. of Boston have published two volumes of peculiar interest to all who are interested in the theatre: "The Best Plays of 1921-22 and the Year Book of the Drama in America," edited by Burns Mantle, the third of the series; and "The Old Drama and the New," by William Archer.

Mr. Mantle, in his introductory remarks says of his purpose: "We held originally that inasmuch as this work was intended to serve the play-going public as a year book of the drama in America, it should represent the popular or so-called commercial theatre, which is the theatre of the people. To do this it should be concerned with the most popular as well as with the 'best' plays judged by the higher literary standards, because it is the popular plays that represent the preferences and tastes of the public which it is our hope to reach." He, therefore, thinks the book's title should read "The Best (of the Successful) Plays."

But Mr. Mantle found that there were several plays which had achieved long runs and therefore "represented the public's choice of the type of entertainment that best reflected its taste," which he did not feel was entitled to inclusion in his list of 10. Among these plays not deemed worthy of inclusion, in spite of their popularity, was "Kike," which "offers little in the way of readable dialogue or dramatic story."

What plays did Mr. Mantle call the best?

"Anna Christie," "A Bill of Divorcement," "Dulcy," "He Who Gets Slapped," "Six Cylinder Love," "The Hero," "The Dover Road," "Am-bush," "The Circle," "The Nest."

Well, no one would dispute the inclusion of "Anna Christie," even though excellent play as it is and admirably acted, it did not have a long or very successful run in Boston. How about the other plays? Some of them have not been seen here. Mr. Mantle includes "The Circle," which met with harsh criticism from some of the London critics. "The Dover Road" and "He Who Gets Slapped" did none too well in Boston. Is it that the local public is no longer appreciative of what might be called polite comedy, and of plays of an unusual, exotic nature?

Quotations and a running synopsis of the 10 chosen plays, with little sketches of their authors fill about 365 pages. Then comes a list of plays produced in New York from June 15, 1921, to June 15, 1922, with names of theatres, dates, casts and a short synopsis of each play, from Culbertson's "Goat Alley" to "Raymond Hitchcock's Pinwheel."

There is a statistical summary, with number of performances. The places and years of birth of certain actors and actresses are given—the birth year of an actress is like Easter, a moveable feast. There is a necrology, also an index.

Review of Season in Chicago

A few pages at the beginning of the book are given to Mr. O. L. Hall's review of last season in Chicago.

Mr. Hall says that as a market for the wares of the theatre, Chicago has steadily grown in importance, "multiplying its playhouses, providing a refuge for many a needy management in quest of a paying public, and taking many players into citizenship for an entire season."

"As a scene of theatrical experiment, Chicago's importance has steadily diminished. Shunned by managers, authors and players with something new on their hands, the metropolis of the Midwest has become merely a notable terminus for the drama outward bound from New York." . . . The great playgoing public of the Midwest takes pride in its independence, which is more imaginary than real. It is a chauvinistic public, eager and willing to sustain local enterprise. It regards with an amused toleration the East's pretensions to infallible judgment in the theatre, and it is thrilled by the spectacle of an eastern semi-failure finding large popular success in the West. Likewise it takes a lively interest in the Chicago failure of a play that has been loudly acclaimed in the East."

And so in Chicago, "Enter Madame," "The Emperor Jones," "Nice People," "The Bad Man" and "Lilliom" gained hearty support. "Mary Rose" was a failure. The 10 best plays in Chicago, as named by Mr. Hall, were "Lightnin'," "Nice People," "The Bad Man," "Anna Christie," "The Intimate Strangers," "Enter Madame," "The White-Headed Boy," "The Detour," "Mr. Pim Passes By," and "Lilliom." The sum of attendance at 50 plays and 30 musical shows was about 4,500,000.

Mr. Mantle's substitute title, "Year Book of Drama in America," should be dropped. Nothing is said about interesting plays or failures brought out in "repertory" theatres or "Little" theatres in cities of the United States. The book concerns solely New York, and, in a slight degree, Chicago. Nevertheless it is a useful book for reference, incomplete as it is. It is not necessary to agree with Mr. Mantle's critical opinion concerning the merits of plays. He certainly has a right to his opinion, and he is not dogmatic in expressing it.

Who would have the courage to name the 10 best plays seen in Boston in the season of 1921-22? It would be more amusing to name the 20 worst.

ARCHER VS. LAMB

Mr. Archer's "Old Drama and the New" is, first of all, most readable even when it is irritating, possibly because it is often irritating. The book is the substance, with some slight changes, of his two courses of lectures on the drama, to audiences mainly composed of teachers, for in 1920 and 1921 Mr. Archer was invited by the Education Authority of the London County Council to give

these lectures. There is an article in the nature of an introduction on the essence of drama. Then "The Elizabethan Legend" is considered. The remaining lectures have for a title, "The Restoration to the Renaissance."

Mr. Archer believes that there is more "wild and futile chatter" about the drama than about any other art. Everyone is as good a judge as his neighbor. People will modestly confess that they have no expert knowledge of music and painting; they "know what they like," but with regard to drama, "they not only know what they like, but they know what you ought to like, and more especially, what you ought to despise." Men without a scintilla of dramatic intelligence often devote themselves with great ardor to the production and criticism of drama. "How many thousands of plays have been written by men who had no conception of what a play really is! . . . A more remarkable fact is that some of the most highly esteemed dramatic criticism in the language (and I fancy in other languages as well) has been written by men who had no clear conception—or perhaps a clear misconception—of the real nature of drama. Are there, I wonder, color-blind painters and critics of painting?"

"The Elizabethan legend must be destroyed," shouts Mr. Archer. He has no patience with Charles Lamb, Hazlitt, Swinburne who, to his mind, have written most preposterously about Elizabethan plays. Poor Lamb! Some of his favorite actors were only "funny men," who carried their "mugs" through every part they played. Then there is the misguided criticism of Lamb in his "Specimens," and Swinburne gave us "The Lamb Doctrine through a megaphone." Topsy turvy criticism; monstrous over-valuations! And so Mr. Archer examines five Elizabethan "Masterpieces" by Webster, Ford, Tourneur, and Beaumont and Fletcher and holds them up, as plays, to contempt in a derision, though he admits that there are passages of poetic force and beauty. For the Elizabethan drama was an impure, whereas the modern drama is a pure form of imitation, and the Elizabethan, like the old Italian opera, is impure by reason of gross conventions, characters on the common earth bursting into recitatives and arias.

Some of Mr. Archer's views of the modern drama will be discussed in the Herald next Sunday.

ANNA BISHOP'S GRAVE

The Herald of last Sunday published a letter from Mr. R. G. Fraleigh concerning the neglect of Mme. Anna Bishop's grave in Red Hook, N. Y. We have received the following letter from Mr. Richard Aldrich, the accomplished music critic of the New York Times: "Red Hook is my home town, too. And while Fraleigh is a well known and respected name in Red Hook and its environs, Mr. R. G. Fraleigh, who writes to you from Everett, Mass., gives a wrong impression about Anna Bishop's grave. She is buried in a rural cemetery. I suppose you would call it, the

good-sized Lutheran cemetery, in the middle of the village. I believe the grave is 'right beside a fence,' but what of it? Somebody has to be beside the fence.

"But where Mr. Fraleigh is most off in his statement that there is no mark at all over her grave. There is a large granite monument, not an ordinary tombstone. Her name and some inscription (I can't remember what) are carved on it; also the name of her son, Augustus; and due credit is given to Sir Henry R. Bishop. I have examined the monument carefully, but have found no mention of Bocha on it.

"So a proposition to put up 'some sort of a small stone' would, I fear, not be well received.

"As a patriotic citizen of Red Hook, I would mention that it is also the birthplace of Sheridan Shook, who loomed large in the show business more than a generation ago, and was A. M. Palmer's partner."

It will be remembered that Bocha, the harpist, ran away with Anna Bishop, when she was Sir Henry's "lawful wedded wife."

IN THE THEATRE

many a Shakespearian the first of Henry IV is the best of the "fores," and they will be zealous in the O. U. D. S. for their intentions to produce it. The play is too long to be seen on the London stage, except occasionally at the Old Vic. Yet the grandeur of the present generation is familiar with it, for Phelps was seen in it, both at Sadler's Wells and later at Drury Lane. On such occasions his performance of Falstaff would be for a while the talk of the town, for there was no Shakespearian part in which he won so much applause. But at times he was to be seen as Hotspur, and in this character his rich, melodious voice, the perfection of his elocution in his delivery of the splendid blank verse, and the vigor and humor of his acting brought him golden opinions from all sorts of people.—London Daily Chronicle.

Lola Fuller's company of youthful dancers gave a fantastic ballet at the Coliseum, London, last month. "In the fifth and last part, a troupe of witches, attired after the manner of Mother Redcap, cross and recross the stage, executing fantastic steps and indulging in extravagant gestures. Behind them is a screen upon which all their movements are reproduced with the most brotesque effect."

Marie Tempest, commenting before the O. P. Club, London, on the rejection of "Good Gracious, Annabelle" by the London public, said that if she was a fool, she was one of many others. She saw the play in New York, where it was produced by the Granville Barker of the States, and ran for a whole season, and then for another in Chicago. She had played it in India, New Zealand, South Africa and Australia. In big cities where there were no mean judges. She had tried it, too, in Cardiff and Brighton. She believed that everywhere it was liked, and that was her only justification for producing it in London.

SUNDRY MUSIC NOTES

The Daily Telegraph said of Roland Hayes, back in London, who gave the seventh of Lady Dean Paul's (Poldowski's) Concerts Intimes that the program contained nothing but "lovely things," that "hardly any other artist but Mr. Hayes could have carried out quite in the same way." Songs by Mozart, Caccini, Paradisi, Galuppi, Debussy, Duparc, Wolf, Burleigh, Quilter. "Mr. Hayes's voice is of the kind we call silvery, and he has a knack of lifting one phrase into another without apparent effort—as in the 'Eviva Rosa' of Galuppi and in the negro folksong, 'Didn't it rain'—that is a rare joy. Too few of our own well-known singers get through one complete phrase without some kind of illegitimate side-tracking."

"Liszt's music passes from the sublime to the portentous with a suddenness that is amazing."

Maurice Ravel's orchestration of Moussorgsky's piano-pieces, "Paintings from the Picture Show"—the orchestration was made for Koussevitzki in 1922—has been heard at the latter's concert in London last month. The Daily Telegraph said: It came last on the program, not, as one might have supposed, when the audience was a little jaded after much fine and exciting music, but when the appetite had just been whetted by some slight and brilliant pieces of Prokofiev, Rachmaninov, and Rimsky-Korsakov. Had there been no trains and tubes to catch one believes the audience would willingly have heard those brilliant satires all over again. It is easy to prophesy a permanent place for them in the modern repertoire. Clearly M. Ravel has studied his Moussorgsky to some purpose; no ironio touch is missed and everything glows with inspiration. "This is the third time these piano pieces have been orchestrated.

"A Peevish Subscriber" wrote on March 9 to the New York World: "The article 'In Darkest Mahler' by Deems Taylor, in this morning's World, struck a responsive chord in my outraged soul. Why any good orchestra conductor—and Willem Mengelberg is that—should select the programs he has presented since assuming his conductorship of the Philharmonic Orchestra this winter

is beyond me. If that fine orchestra is to be turned into a glorified brass band, using all the known noise-producing instruments of torture, I for one will gladly resign my 10 years' holdings of seats."

A WORD OF WARNING

"In an interview at Los Angeles with Reuter's correspondent, Nazimova, the famous kine-ma actress stated she intended to give up acting for the 'movies' and to return to the stage because 'she craves applause.'"—News Item.]

O filmed and famous beauties,
(And male performers, too)
Before you change your duties
Consider what you do!
You say your temper chafed is,
You miss the man who claps!
But silence has its safeties
As well as its mishaps.

The stalwarts who inherit
The older drama's cause,
They oft insist on merit
Before they give applause;
With cheers and acclamation
They show their kind regards—
But loud disapprobation
Is also on the cards.

Now, those who pay to witness
Some modern movie pet
They never doubt the fitness
Of anything they get:
Though staler and infermer
Become the ancient shams
They never make a murmur
But lap it up like lambs.

Ye Monarchs of the Movies,
Who seek the old career,
Beware—your present groove is
A somewhat safer sphere!
I say no more at present
Beyond this final word—
Applause is very pleasant;
But not so nice "the bird!"
—Lusio in the Manchester (Eng.)
Guardian.

CONCERNING JAZZ

To the Editor of The Herald:

Why all these undeserved tirades against the modern dance orchestra? One cannot pick up a newspaper or magazine without having his eye rest upon some well-intended yet meaningless quip against "jazz." Everybody, editor and column conductor alike, seem to feel constrained to ridicule the type of music furnished to the dancing public of today.

First of all, what is jazz? Certainly it is not the mere syncopation of common melody—we had that years ago in the "cake-walks" of other days—neither is it applicable to an unwonted increase of tempo, the "galops" of the past had a little something, metronomically speaking, on the one-steps of today. It is perhaps true that the introduction of the saxophone family into the modern dance orchestra was the first step along different lines. This introduction might have been effected quietly enough were it not for the discovery that the soprano member of that family could be prevailed upon to rend the atmosphere with a really novel, insistent quality. During the war (it would hardly be proper to exclude this much-blamed cause) entertainers were compelled to visit camp after camp, with very little guarantee of a good piano, for accompaniment purposes, if, indeed, any at all. It is, then, probably not too much to assume that the revival of banjos and mandolins was largely occasioned by the dearth of the bigger, more cumbersome instrument.

All this has led to a different method of orchestration. In no way, however, affects the standard of dance music, with the exception, of course, of those misguided leaders who still insist on the ear-splitting screech of the soprano saxophone. On the contrary, the standard of dance music has been raised very appreciably in the last 10 years. Ten years ago music for the dance orchestra of that period could be played by any high-school student. Its technical difficulties were not past the limits of the mediocre player. The music itself consisted of cheap wispy-washy ballads converted into three-four time for waltzing—you remember, the waltz held full sway. A comparison of that orchestra with the one employed today results very favorably for the jazz orchestra. Gone are the sentimental try-this-on-your-piano ballads, and the orchestration for the modern dance orchestra calls for a musicianship immeasurably superior to that considered adequate a decade ago. The "blues" which we hear today are not signs of musical retrogression, but are, rather, the carefully planned dissonances of the skillful harmonist. Anyone who can listen diffidently to the music of the better grade of jazz orchestras, such as Mc-

Inelly's, Tinker's, etc., must indeed be hopelessly and helplessly conservative. Final reason. Considered terpsichorally, the muslo of today, contrary to popular belief (that is, the belief of editors, paragraphers and cartoonists), is less likely to fatigue one than the music of the old days. The old two-step was played at a very lively tempo; so was the schottische. At the end of the evening, the interminable one-two-three of the two-step had quite exhausted the dancer. On the other hand, the fox-trot, played at a more moderate tempo, and lending itself as it does to a wide and varied series of steps, can be danced to all evening without any great expenditure of energy. Until some real reason is advanced against the modern orchestra, let us have a respite from those crass flings at the jazz orchestra, and let us remember that the musicians in the dance orchestra of today are infinitely superior to those of ten years ago.

JOHN F. MACDONALD.

Newton.

SELWYN AND CRITICS

(Charles Pike Sawyer in the N. Y. Evening Post)

It was a little disconcerting to find awaiting the Mirror on his return from the balmy airs of Florida a statement from Edgar Selwyn that he "believes

the time should come, and will come, when dramatic critics will cease to function." But there is a little relief in his next statement that he does not carry this belief so far as to recommend that the newspapers discontinue their dramatic columns, or that they cease to tell the public the sort of play which is tenanted each playhouse in the city.

"There is no form of amusement in which the public is so interested as the theatre," this very clever author and producer says. "It is therefore as important that newspapers carry theatrical news as it is that they run a sports department. As a consequence of this, any newspaper would be incomplete if it omitted news of what is going on in the theatrical world." The question naturally arises as to how the public is to get the news if the critic is abolished, and whether managers would be satisfied to see in print that so-and-so appeared last night in so-and-so at such-and-such theatre.

"But," says Mr. Selwyn, "it doesn't help the public and it doesn't help the newspaper to continue a campaign of destructiveness for a play, just because the play does not suit the taste of a single individual. While I realize that the dramatic critic has some standards by which to judge a production, he ignores these standards when a play offends his personal taste, and frequently the general public reverses his opinion, generously patronizing a play which has been unmercifully 'panned' by a critic."

And right there is the crux of the situation. A critic must have a standard by which he judges plays and players, in farce, comedy, or drama. And—more often than not—he must abandon that standard as far as the author is concerned. A very small percentage of plays produced in New York are intended for serious people. By far the larger number are intended solely for amusement, and the only standard for them is whether the amusement exists and whether it is clean and wholesome, with a brief statement as to its character and the ability of the people on the stage to carry out the intention of the author.

When, on the other hand, managers produce plays of the great dramatists of old, or the serious efforts of the younger playwrights, they must expect serious consideration of both plays and players, and the application of the standard formed by years of observation of the work of acknowledged leaders in both fields. The critic would fall in his duty to his readers if he dodged the issue. What the public wants is the opinion of an experienced critic of plays and players just as it does in the allied arts—literature, music, painting, etc.—and will be satisfied with nothing else.

In concluding his statement Mr. Selwyn says: "In my opinion wholesome entertainment is the chief purpose of the theatre. If I succeed in giving that in any play I shall ever write (and he has succeeded more than once) I shall be thoroughly satisfied." But when he says, "the public should be told the type of play to be expected in a certain theatre; whether that play is well cast and well produced, and then left to decide for itself whether or not it wants to patronize it," he does not know the reading public, which wants opinions as well as facts. Only the Gradgrinds insist upon facts.

THEATRE SPEECHES

(A. B. Walkley in the London Times)

Can nothing be done to restrain actors and actresses, playwrights and producers from making first-night speeches? The habit has increased, is increasing and ought to be diminished. Hardly a first night passes now without some boy

or girl in the gallery squalling "Speech! Speech!" and an immediate response from the stage. Why should the tall be so indulgently allowed to waggle the dog? For the demand for a speech never proceeds from the majority of the house, which is quietly busy with its cloaks and wraps and merely anxious to get home, but from the noisy minority. Some allowance must, no doubt, be made for different standards of manners. It would be too much to expect from the hot, indisciplined, elbowing throng in the gallery the easy nonchalance of the comfortably seated people in the stalls. But they have ample scope for the self-realization and self-assertion which seem vital needs in their time-honored privileges of vocal criticism. They can cheer or they can boo to their hearts' content. Why should they be permitted to impose their will on the whole house by loudly demanding what the house, as a whole, assuredly does not want?

The matter rests with the people on the stage. If they would only keep their mouths tight shut the nuisance would soon cease. But they are all, as a rule, deplorably eager to speak. After delivering the author's lines for a couple of hours they wish to utter something of their own. The result is almost invariably a painful contrast between the art in which they are accomplished experts and the art in which they are raw amateurs. Indeed, it is notorious that stage-players make the very worst of public speakers. Trained as they are to recite from memory, they are naturally inclined to resort to the same practice in speech-making. And so, for choice, they offer a series of laboriously prepared impromptus which smell villainously of the lamp. Or else, more bold, they trust to the inspiration of the moment and the trust proves mis-

leading for the moment, rarely inspiring them with anything else than puerile flights of criticism—"this wonderful play," "my brilliant fellow-workers," and so on—which is more discreet to leave to others. Occasionally they exhibit a pathetic degree of self-delusion. I have heard an actor (or an author) declare that this was the crowning moment of his life, that he little dreamed when a tiny tot in Kentucky (of wherever) that he would one day stand upon that historic stage to enjoy such a glorious reward of his labors from the great public of this grand city, etc.—and retire broken down with emotion from a bored house which was wondering to itself what the queer play had been about and how the players had managed to struggle through their parts. I suppose the excitement and strain of a first night induce a condition of hyperaesthesia in the actors. I have been present at a musical comedy production when the author, the purveyor of lyrics, the leading funny man, the producer and the manager made each a speech and the prima donna made two in addition to being publicly embraced by the other speech-makers in turn. And yet with all this display of exuberant hysterical emotion, I had an uneasy feeling that it was only part-

ly genuine; there was a suspicion of arrangement, of "fake," at the back of it.

I had no such feeling about Miss Marie Tempest's speech at her recent first night. She was obviously sincere, and, indeed, any insincerity would have been impossible, unthinkable, in the presence of that excited audience, all warm with the joy of seeing their old favorite, after a lapse of years, once again among them. And she was probably wise in not trusting to the inspiration of the moment. On so especially important an occasion it was well, if she spoke at all, to be prepared. But she need not have prepared a literary, not to say didactic exercise. The Return of the Prodigal is a serviceable figure, but it will hardly bear embroidery. Nor did the occasion seem to call for geographical and statistical information about Australia. A few simple words would have sufficed. But I cannot help thinking she would have done better still not to speak at all. A little roguish pout and smile and shake of the head—the sort of thing she can do like no one else in an assumed part—would effectually have answered the cry from the gallery. As it was, the speech gave an opportunity to the interruptors, and the curtain had to be rung down in the middle of it. When she resumed her discourse, in response to the repeated cheers of the house, she went on precisely at the point where she had left off—with the oddest effect. If she had refrained from speaking, she would have the precedent of other great actresses. Duse does not speak. Sarah does not speak. When Sarah was last in London, on her first night at the Princes Theatre there were the usual cries of "Speech! Speech!" from the gallery, but they were blandly disregarded.

But I suppose, after all, nothing can be done. The theatre is a strange place. A vast concourse of people assembled in it is never amenable to reason. Emotional rules, and will find utterance. The "wise passiveness" counselled by the

sage is unattainable there. The audience, unconsciously, is beset by the desire to assert itself, to make its presence felt, to be seen and heard as well as to see and hear. Everybody seems to need a paragon, an occupation over and above that of watching the play. Some munch chocolate. Others crowd the bars. The gallery cries "Speech! Speech!" What an odd, confused spectacle we must all present to the actors, who, we are apt to forget, are looking at us from the stage. I should not be surprised to learn that we bore them, even more often than they bore us.

OLD VIOLINS AND NEW

(Ernest Newman in the Manchester (Eng.) Guardian.)

Mr. W. W. Cobbett, who has for many years done much to encourage English chamber music, is now bent on encouraging English violin makers. He offered, a little while ago, four prizes for the best home-made violins; and on Monday, before an audience of well-known musicians at the Aeolian hall, the instrument that won the first prize was played behind a screen by Mr. Albert Sammons, alternately with a Strad. I could not go to the demonstration myself, but some days before I bet a friend—though I knew nothing of either of the violins—that the majority of the audience would vote that the Strad was the new instrument and the new instrument the Strad. So it turned out. I based my prediction on previous experiences of the same kind. There have been other public demonstrations of violins new and old, and in each case, I think, the audience has voted wrong. I particularly remember the demonstration in Berlin, some 10 or 12 years ago, of the "New Cremona" violins, and the book in which the two makers of these instruments claimed to have rediscovered Stradivari's secret. After the master's death his successors and pupils put together the many violin backs and bellies that were found in his workshop, but apparently they did not succeed in producing a single Strad. The theory of the "New Cremona" people was that the two halves have to be of woods perfectly attuned to each other, and that Stradivari selected the right back and the right belly either by an abnormal acuteness of hearing or by some sixth sense. The new makers claimed to do the same thing by science—it was a mere matter of vibration numbers. Plain unvarnished violins of theirs, made a few hours before the demonstration, were voted by the hearers to have the genuine Strad tone.

One does not quite know what to make of it all. It would be very comical if it turned out that, after all, violins become poorer with age, instead of improving, as is popularly supposed. Indeed, I could never understand the argument from old age, for it is evident that Stradivari's violins were regarded as the best even in his own day. There is certainly a good deal of self-delusion in our judgments upon many musical things. I have known musicians become fretful—even angry—under a planola performance because they could see it was a planola that was being played; they fumed over the "mechanical" nature of the tone, the phrasing, and what not; and I have known them to be completely deceived when they had not the least idea that the performance was being given on a planola. I remember one case where, after a friend of mine had played some song accompaniments on the planola at a recital, and the fact was announced afterwards, a lady in the audience refused to believe it, and swore to my friend's face that she saw him playing by hand. Only yesterday a colleague who was sitting by me at a concert sympathized with a cellist for having to play with a duo-art accompaniment; but I am prepared to wage him a box of cigars that if two such performances were given behind a screen, one with a duo-art accompaniment, the other accompanied by a living pianist, he would not know which

was which—unless he cunningly decided that the better of the two must be the duo-art.

Perhaps if we heard some of our most admired singers behind a screen, alternately with some of the winners at the competitive festivals, our voting, would be hopelessly wrong. Too often, I fancy, we hear what we expect to hear. It may really be that the average Strad is no better than the average good violin of today. To settle the question, though, we ought perhaps to have a large number of public experiments. A single experiment depends too much on the mentality of the performer; he may quite unconsciously put more of himself into one instrument than into the other.

IN FILMLAND

(London Daily Telegraph)

We very readily admit that very few films made in this country have yet reached the level of the best American films. Mr. Wyndham Standing, the English actor, after playing for certain producers here, declared on his return

to New York last month that we have not yet acquired "the tricks of the trade," and this statement is by no means exaggerated; yet we have only to recall with what vehemence the tocsin of alarm was sounded in California two or three years ago when the first German films made their bow on the other side of the Atlantic to suspect that the great American film industry may not be so sure of its unassailable supremacy as it professes to be. Various indications point to the fact that it is determined at all costs to prevent any encroachment on its positions. So soon as it was discovered that the merit of the German-made films had been grossly exaggerated the agitation against the "foreign" film died a natural death.

The very extent of this anxiety, at the mere threat of competition, should act as a spur to British producers. Prior to the war, it should never be overlooked, they were actually among the chief purveyors of the American picture houses. California has learned almost all she knows about the "tricks of the trade" in the intervening years, and there seems no valid reason why this country should be less apt in acquiring similar knowledge. The defects of the British climate can no longer be invoked as an excuse for poor workmanship. It is coming to be more and more the practice to produce pictures in studios illuminated entirely by artificial light. Consequently the occasional fog which invades a London studio cannot be now cited as a serious deterrent. So far as outdoor scenes are concerned, bad weather, which lasted for more than a week consecutively, prevented a producer last month from taking certain pictures in the neighborhood of Los Angeles. He would have been no worse off here. That the quality of British films is steadily improving is undeniable, but the question is of such supreme importance that one would like to expedite the rate of advance very considerably. As promoter of Imperial commercial relations and, therefore, as a consolidator of the empire, certainly nothing more effective than the film has yet been devised by the wit of man.

For the past year or two, ever since, in fact, Lord Howard de Walden publicly proclaimed the importance of the historical film, there has been a perfect deluge of more or less convincing screen reconstructions of the past. Naturally enough, the period of the French revolution and the first empire dominated by the overwhelming figure of Napoleon hold out almost irresistible attractions for the screen producer. Last week, under the title of "A Royal Romance," a private view was given to the London trade of yet another version of the story of "L'Algon," the eagle's ill-fated legacy to the world. All these Napoleonic films suffer by reason of the apparent difficulty of finding a forcible incarnation of the central character. The various actors selected for the part have each had, it is true, a vague physical resemblance to the traditional figure of the Emperor, but the camera, with its searching, cruel eye, completely destroys the illusion. By far the best of the different versions is the "Agony of the Eagles." In spite of this very imperfect translation of the French title, "L'Agonie des Aigles."

B. A. A. CONCERT

Frances Peralta, dramatic soprano of the Metropolitan Opera Company and the Boston Symphony Ensemble, Mr. Vannini, conductor, will give a concert in the gymnasium of the Boston Athletic Association tonight at 8 o'clock. The program will be as follows:

- Overture "Il Guarany".....Gomez
- (a) Eastern Romance.....Rimsky-Korsakov
- (b) Mock Morris.....Grainger
- Aria, "Madre pietosa," from "La Forza del Destino".....Verdi
- Mrs. Peralta and orchestra
- Violoncello solo: (a) Nocturne.....Chopin
- (b) Spring Song.....Popper
- Mr. Langendoen
- Three dances (first time).....Cyril Scott
- (a) Gavotte.....(b) Eastern Dance
- (c) English Dance
- Aria, "In guile and morbide," from "Manon Lescaut".....Puccini
- Mrs. Peralta and orchestra
- Incidental music to "Faust" (first time).....Coleridge-Taylor
- (a) Dance of the Witches.....(b) Helen
- (c) Messalina (d) Devil's Kitchen Scene
- Aria, "Tu che Le Vanita," from "Don Carlos".....Verdi
- Mrs. Peralta and orchestra

PEOPLE'S ORCHESTRA

The 20th concert of the People's Symphony Orchestra will be given this afternoon at 3:30 at the St. James Theatre, Mr. Mollenhauer conducting, assisted by Carl Faellen, pianist. The program is as follows:

- Lalo (Overture "Le Roi d'Ys")
- Schumann (Concerto in A minor)
- Mr. Faellen
- Dukas ("The Sorcerer's Apprentice")
- Rimsky-Korsakov (Cavatina of the Tsar)
- From the opera "Snegurochka."
- Liszt (Hungarian Rhapsody No. 2) in D minor.

This completes the regular season of 20 concerts, but an additional concert, a testimonial to Mr. Mollenhauer, will be given on Sunday afternoon, March 25.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY—Symphony hall, 3:30 P. M., William Bachaus, pianist. See special notice. St. James Theatre, 3:30 P. M., People's Symphony Orchestra. Mr. Mollenhauer, conductor.

TUESDAY—Steinert hall, 8:15 P. M., William D. Strong and Herbert R. Boardman, music for two pianos: Schuetz, Impromptu, Rocco, Bernard, Nocturne op. 61; Saint-Saens, Scherzo, op. 87; Boardman, Rioluto, F minor op. 5 (arr. for two pianos, max. first time); Aubert, Berceuse op. 8 and Air de Ballet; Charlier, Espana; Converse, two poems, "Night and Day."

WEDNESDAY—Jordan hall, 8:15 P. M., Alexander Chigrinsky, pianist. Haydn, Variations in F minor; Bach, Chromatic Fantasia and Fugue; Beethoven, "Pathetic" Sonata; Grieg, Sonata op. 7; Scriabin, Etude op. 2; Glazounov, Gavotte, op. 49, No. 3 and Valse, D major op. 42, No. 8; Chigrinsky, Minuet, E minor; Chopin, Fantasia Impromptu op. 66, prelude D flat major, Scherzo, B minor, op. 20, Liszt, Etude, D major and Venezia e Napoli (No. 3 Tarantella).

THURSDAY—Jordan hall, 8:15 P. M., Marion Carey, pianist. G. Faure, Theme and Variations; Bach, Partita in B flat; Grovlez, Nocturne and Etude; Chopin, Espana; Beethoven, op. 67; Chopin, three etudes, G major, E flat minor, flat major; Mendelssohn, Scherzo; Liszt, Spesslitz and Hungarian Rhapsody No. 11.

FRIDAY—Symphony hall, 2:30 P. M. 10th concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Monteux, conductor. See special notice.

SATURDAY—Symphony hall, 2:30 P. M., Elly Ney, pianist. See special notice. Jordan hall, 8 P. M., Concert by Messrs. Maier and Pattison, Pianists. Schubert, Andantino and Scherzo from Sonata in A major, and seven Little Waltzes; Weber, Perpetual Motion (Mr. Maier); Chopin, Mazurka, C sharp minor, Tarantelle, Nocturne, D major, Etude, C major, Scherzo, C sharp minor (Mr. Pattison); music for two pianos, Stravinsky, Three Little Pieces; Bar, "Moy Meli"; Casella, fox trot; Franck, Prelude, Fugue and Variations (by request). Symphony hall, 8:15 P. M. Repetition of Friday's Symphony concert, Mr. Monteux, conductor.

LECTURE-CONCERTS

Two talks on modern and contemporary French composers by Jeanne de Mare, with musical illustrations by her, John Barclay, baritone, and Frederick Bristol, pianist, will take place at the home of Mrs. E. Sohler Welch, 125 Beacon street, Tuesday afternoons, March 20 and 27, at 3:30 o'clock.

The subject on March 20 will be Debussy and Gabriel Faure. Piano pieces by Debussy (two and four hands); Faure's Quintet and "Dolly" (for four hands); songs by Debussy and Faure.

On March 27 Satie, Ravel and "The Six" will be discussed. Piano music by Satie, Ravel, Milhaud, Poulenc, Auric, Honneger; songs by Ravel, Honneger, Milhaud, Poulenc.

Tickets may be obtained of S. Q. Endicott, 418 Beacon street, Boston.

CHINESE MUSIC

Dr. Yuen Ren Chao will give a lecture on Chinese music, with pianoforte and vocal illustrations, at Craigie House, 105 Brattle street, next Thursday, at 3:30 o'clock. He lectured at Harvard on Chinese music (under the auspices of the division of music) in January of this year; also on Chinese poetry and music at Columbia University. Dr. Chao took his bachelor degree at Cornell University (1914) and his doctor's degree at Harvard (1918). In 1919-20 he was instructor in physics at Cornell; in 1920-21 he acted as interpreter for Bertrand Russell in China. He is now teaching Chinese at Harvard University. He is taking courses at the Harvard department of music. His knowledge of occidental music is hardly inferior to his familiarity with the music of his own country. Tickets for the lecture may be had at Amee Bros., 21 Brattle street, or of Mrs. Charles E. Inches, 5 Craigie circle, Cambridge.

Marcel Grandjany, harpist, will give a recital in the Copley-Plaza salon next Tuesday afternoon at 3 o'clock. The recital will be under the auspices of the Alumni Society of the American Conservatory of Music, Fontainebleau, France.

ALFREDO CASELLA

By PHILIP HALE

Alfredo Casella gave his first piano recital in Boston yesterday afternoon in Jordan hall. The program was as follows: Scarlatti, Four Sonatas; Beethoven, Sonata D minor, op. 81, No. 2; Franck, Prelude, Choral and Fugue; Castelnuovo-Tedesco, The Cypress Grove; Casella, 11 Pieces Enfantines; Albeniz, Evocation, El Puerto, Triana; Ravel, Jeux d'eau; Debussy, La Cathedrale engloutie, Prelude, Sarabande, and Toccata.

Although Mr. Casella is classed among the radicals of the Italian-French school his taste as a conductor, pianist, and writer on musical subjects, is catholic. He delights in playing Mozart's concerto in D minor and has written

cadenzas for it. Not long ago he published an article in praise of Rossini, a surprising article to come from one ignorantly ranked with "revolutionaries" and "anarchists." To find the names of Scarlatti and the Beethoven of a comparatively early period on his program was not therefore unexpected. Nor was his Scarlatti the composer of the too familiar Pastorale and Capriccio, but of little sonatas that must have been unknown to many in the audience. How beautifully he played them! They were not modernized, as some think they should be performed, saying Scarlatti would have written them in that manner if he had lived until the day of concert grand pianos. There was no laborious attempt to reproduce the tinkling and acidity of the 18th century instruments. They were played with a delightful quality of tone, a light feathery touch, and the appropriate fleetness. A most musical performance!

And this might be said of Mr. Casella's playing of the music by Beethoven and Franck. It seems strange to us today that there should have been question about the writing of the sonata, yet we are told that a certain Dolezalek asked Beethoven if this or that passage were correct, to which Beethoven replied: "Certainly it is correct, but nothing will go into that hard Bohemian head of yours." Perhaps this is only a legend, as the saying that the theme of the finale was suggested to Beethoven by the beat of a passing horse's hoofs.

The name of Castelnuovo-Tedesco is seldom seen on programs in this country. Mario Castelnuovo, born at Florence in 1896, is a pupil of Pizzetti's. It is said of him that he is about the only one of the young Italian composers who has escaped the influence of Debussy. He has written ingeniously for the piano, and among his more important works are "Stelle cadenti," suggested by Italian words, and "Coplas," with Spanish arguments. His "Cypress Grove" may be a tonal illustration of some verse, or passage of prose, and so have greater significance than if it were merely absolute music. There are some charming measures in it; the piece has "atmosphere"; but like many "atmospheric" compositions, which excite mild curiosity at the time and put one in a pleasant mood, it left no definite impression.

Mr. Casella's "Pieces Enfantines" would not be enjoyed by children, unless they were extremely sophisticated, uncomfortable companions for the older generation. The little canon is skillfully made; "Hommage to Clementi" is amusing to those who have been condemned to the "Gradus ad Parnassum" or any page of five-finger exercises. Of the others, the "Siciliana" and the "Lullaby" are the most pleasing to those enamored of conventions.

Some one said recently in conversation that there is now a craze for ugliness in painting, music, the theatre—especially in the matter of scenery and stage settings—and literature. Was Thomas Hardy a prophet when he wrote nearly 60 years ago apropos of Egdon Heath: "It is a question if the exclusive reign of this orthodox beauty is not approaching its last quarter. The new vale of Tempe may be a gaunt waste in Thule."

Mr. Casella gave a brilliant performance of the three pieces by Albeniz. For once "Triana" was something more than sound and fury. Nor did he make Ravel's "Jeux d'eau" too watery. It was a great pleasure to hear him, for he is a most musical virtuoso; absorbed in interpretation, not anxious for display; with a poetic soul and a fiery nature under artistic control.

When a composer and a pianist of his reputation gives a recital one would expect to see the hall filled to overflowing.

But Jordan hall happens to be in Boston. An audience of fair size was enthusiastic.

MAR 19 1923

WILLIAM BACHAUS

Yesterday afternoon William Bachaus, pianist, gave a recital in Symphony hall. Because either he likes the key above all others, or else just from a whim, he chose to play a very long program of pieces all in the key of C sharp minor. The Rachmaninoff prelude, Beethoven's sonata opus 27, No. 2; Schumann's Symphonic Studies, a prelude by Chopin and a nocturne, two studies, the Fantasia Impromptu, a mazurka and scherzo, and Liszt's 12th Hungarian Rhapsody. He played encores as well, for the audience applauded with enthusiasm.

In that audience yesterday there were undoubtedly some few persons blessed with the possession of absolute pitch. They, one may guess, must have found the steady insistence on one key tiresome; to others not so blessed it could matter little. Many more people must have been tired by the long continued minor, which indeed,

especially in the Chopin group, grew wearing. There was another element in evidence, however, which proved irksome. Because he was playing in a single key, Mr. Bachaus, perhaps with the high aim of consistency, elected to play for many minutes in a single mood, a deliberate mood of sluggish pace, that left as much of poetry in the first two movements of Beethoven's romantic sonata as might be found in a two-foot rule. For the last movement changing his humor, Mr. Bachaus played this music as though it told of alarms and excursions, wars and commotions. And so he played the symphonic studies.

With the Chopin group, however, Mr. Bachaus altered his frame of mind once more, and for the better. He proved himself indeed an admirable player of Chopin, not whining and moaning on the one hand, nor trying on the other to make of Chopin an unduly heroic soul. Finding the golden mean, he played delightfully, the mazurka above all, with exquisite rhythm, the first study brilliantly, and with fine fervor in the impromptu and the scherzo.

Better still he played the Hungarian Rhapsody, with an amazing mastery of technique, but without a hint of unbecoming display. He brought more than technique, though, into action. He showed himself sensitive to the rhapsodical content of this music as honest as any Liszt wrote—who, when he dealt with his native rhythms, idioms and cadences, forgot to pose or to try to be grand. Feeling Liszt's passionate outburst just a right, Mr. Bachaus played it superbly. If to the wild stirring poetry he added a technique of singularly dazzling beauty, where lies the harm in that?

R. R. G.

MANY ATTEND LAST PEOPLE'S CONCERT

The People's Symphony Orchestra, Emil Mollenhauer, conductor, gave its 20th concert of the season at the St. James Theatre yesterday. Carl Faelten, pianist, was the assisting artist.

The largest audience that has attended any of these concerts heard a performance that was fully deserving of such support aside from the fact that it was the last regular concert of the present season. Continuously demonstrating its enthusiasm, the gathering showed a feeling of good will that seemed to transcend the footlights and enter the music.

The opening number, Lalo's Overture "Le Roi d'ys," of note in itself, was followed by Schumann's Concerto for Piano and Violin in A Minor, op. 54, played by Carl Faelten. Mr. Faelten, who, with his brother, founded the Faelten pianoforte school of Boston and who was for a number of years previously a director of the New England Conservatory of Music, was greeted enthusiastically and given an ovation of applause at the conclusion of his solo.

"The Sorcerer's Apprentice," Dukas, interpreting the results of an apprentice's tampering with magic during his master's absence, was well portrayed. Rimsky-Korsakoff's Cavatina of the Tsar from the Opera "Snegurochka," arranged by Joseph A. Marr, a short, sweet melody consisting mainly of solos for the violin and violoncello with a light accompaniment, was well received, and was repeated.

Liszt's well known Hungarian Rhapsody No. 2 in C minor concluded the program.

There will be a testimonial concert to Mr. Mollenhauer next Sunday.

March 20, 1923

The Daily Chronicle of London says that Englishmen are no longer beef-eaters. Last year Australian lamb and mutton were the fashion (for there are fashions in foods). "Retailers are willing to pay twice as much for lamb as they pay for frozen beef." It appears that in war time mutton was scarce, and beef was eaten till all grew sick of it.

This is sad news. For many years beef and the Englishman have been inseparably connected, although Sir Andrew Ague-Cheek believed that the eating of it did harm to the wits. The ancients, admitting beef to be a strong and hearty meat, thought it bred gross, melancholy blood; "good for such as are sound, and of a strong constitution." Old Robert Burton quoted Aulianus and Sabellicus as preferring beef of Portugal: "We commend ours; but all is rejected and unfit for such as lead a resty life, any ways inclined to melancholy, or dry of complexion."

And now the characterization of the Englishman by Renault in "Venice Pre-

served"—a man demanding beef and a sea-coal fire is no longer true; and Henry Fielding's song:

"Oh, the roast beef of Old England! And oh, the old English roast beef!" will, perhaps, need annotation in future anthologies.

Has mutton been so eulogized in English prose and verse? Thackeray in an imitation of Horace's "Persicos odli," etc., asks Lucy to serve a leg of mutton. Was it Charles Lamb, meeting in a stage coach some one who began to speculate about the approaching turnip crop, said he thought it would depend largely on the number of legs of mutton? Both beef and mutton are mentioned by Matilda in "The Rovers," that burlesque by Canning, Ellis and Frere of German plays in fashion at the end of the 18th century.

"Dinner—it is taken away as soon as over, and we regret it not! It returns again with the return of appetite. The beef of tomorrow will succeed to the mutton of today, as the mutton of today succeeded to the veal of yesterday. But when once the heart has been occupied by a beloved object, in vain would we attempt to supply the chasm by another."

NAPOLEON AT BREAKFAST

Napoleon, in spite of the old saying, was a hero to his valet, Louis Etienne St. Denis, otherwise known as Ali, whose memoirs recently appeared in an English translation. Napoleon was content with simple dishes. He preferred a good soup, very hot, and a good piece of boiled beef to his cook's complicated triumphs. But what a breakfast!

"Boiled or poached eggs, an omelette, a small leg of mutton, a cutlet, a file of beef, broiled breast of lamb, or a chicken wing, lentils, beans in a salad, were the dishes which they habitually served at his breakfast." He topped off his meals with a piece of Parmesan or Roquefort cheese. He ate sparingly of fruit.

JAMES RHODES

So James Rhodes, an English poet and translator, is dead. He was the man that wrote the verses in the Spectator of March 16, 1867, on the death of Artemus Ward, verses that were long attributed to Swinburne.

Is he gone to a land of no laughter,
This man who made mirth for us all?
Proves death but a silence hereafter
From the sounds that delight or appal?

Once closed, have the lips no more duty,
No more pleasure the exquisite ears,
Has the heart done o'erflowing with beauty
As the eyes have with tears?

II

Nay; if aught be sure, what can be surer
Than that Earth's good decays not
with Earth?
And of all the heart's springs none are purer
Than the springs of the fountains of Mirth?

He that sounds them has pierced the heart's hollows,
The places where tears are and sleep;
For the foam-flakes that dance in life's shallows
Are wrung from life's deep.

III

He came with a heart full of gladness
From the glad-hearted world of the West—
Won our laughter, but not with mere madness,
Spoke and joked with us, not in mere jest;

For the Man in our heart lingered after,
When the merriment died from our ears,
And those that are loudest in laughter
Are silent in tears.

YOUTH IS THE TIME FOR VIR- TUOSITY

(From the N. Y. World)

Mr. and Mrs. John C. Demarest of Spring Lake Farm, Bergen county, N. J., celebrated their 73d wedding anniversary Saturday. Demarest is 95 years old and his wife is 91.

Demarest was asked to place his arm around his wife so a photographer could take their picture.

"It's too much trouble to hug her," he said, and his wife agreed, saying "hugging is all foolishness, anyway."

OH, WHY SHOULD THE SPIRIT OF MORTAL BE PROUD!

As the World Wags:

Scientific investigation proves the ingredients of a man are:

Fat enough for a bar of laundry soap.
Iron enough for two nails.

Sugar enough to fill a tea cup.
Lime enough to whitewash a chicken coop.

Phosphorus for a box of matches.
Potassium to explode a toy pistol.

Sulphur to rid a dog of all his fleas.

But all of this junk can be bought at any corner drug store for 39 cents. MRS. TUT.

Has any one of our readers in New England heard the saying: "If ever you meet three ladies walking together it means fine weather"?

'TORCH BEARERS'

By PHILIP HALE

TREMONT THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "The Torch-Bearers," a satirical comedy in three acts by George Kelly. Presented by Rosalie Stewart and Bert French.

Fred Ritter.....Arthur Shaw
Jenny.....Mary Glidea
Paula (his wife).....Mary Boland
Mrs. J. Duro Pampinelli.....Edward Reese
Mr. Spindler.....Helen Lowell
Nelly Fell.....Douglas Garden
Mr. Hosselrose.....William Castle
Teddy Sparring.....Rose Mary King
Florence McCrickett.....Booth Howard
Mr. Twiller.....J. A. Curtis
The Stage Manager.....Madeleine Massey
Mrs. Sheppard.....

Mr. Kelly, well versed in the ways of vaudeville, has taken advantage of his skill. The give-and-take of his dialogue and the "feeding" of Fred Ritter by Paula and other characters, are vaudevilian in their readiness and effect. But Mr. Kelly has done more than this: He has written two very amusing acts at the expense of amateur performances. The subject is an old one. The Vokes family was not the first or the last company to turn rehearsals of amateurs into a "screaming" farce, but Mr. Kelly has ingeniously given a new view to these proceedings, often lamentable, often intensely funny to outsiders permitted to witness them. When he came to his third act his invention failed him, for the act is talky, with an unnecessary excursion on the manner in which a "little theatre" might be of benefit to a community, if mistaken women did not attempt to dictate and patronize. Thus Ritter is compelled to deliver an address. The act is not only talky; it is dull.

Paula takes suddenly the place of a woman who is prevented from acting by the thoughtless, selfish death of a husband. Paula is a silly, affected thing as acted by Miss Boland, so silly that one wonders how Ritter, a fine fellow, could endure her prattle when she is only his wife and not ambitious to shine on the stage. Mrs. Pampinelli, who has much to say about the technique of acting and has lofty ideas concerning the theatre—we suspect her of being a prominent member of a Drama League—flatters Paula, and in this is aided and abetted by Mrs. Fell. There is a rehearsal at Ritter's house. In the second act the audience is behind the scenes and sees the ludicrous adventures of the amateurs making their entrances and exits. Here we are in the land of burlesque. One actor loses half his moustache; Paula trips as she enters; there are falls and tumbles, while the stage manager sits with few words and with an expression of utter contempt. It's all funny, but not in the manner of a "satirical comedy." Paula believes that all she has to do after this performance is to see the New York managers, who will vie with each other in securing her.

She cannot understand how her husband can be so cruel as to laugh at her, to joke in a horrid manner about her dismal failure. He not only is cruel to her, he is brutally rude to Mrs. Pampinelli and Mrs. Fell. She finally is reconciled to the idea of staying at home, when her husband assures her she will long be remembered by that one performance.

The first two acts were played in a spirited manner and set the audience a-roaring with laughter. That the third act was not so well received was not the fault of the players. Mr. Shaw's portrayal of the cool and ironical husband was in the vein of true comedy; a delightful performance. Miss Boland overacted. We do not believe for a moment that Paula was the woman represented last night. And there were others who forgot that a farce should be played with straight faces, with desperate seriousness. Miss Skipworth and Mr. Howard hit the right key. Miss Lowell turned Mrs. Fell into a caricature. The contempt of the stage manager was well expressed by Mr. Curtis. As an extravagant farce "The Torch-Bearers" is well worth seeing; but it should not be dignified by the title of "satirical comedy," and Mr. Kelly should write a better third act.

COPLEY THEATRE—Revival of "When Knights Were Bold"—farce in three acts by Charles Marlowe:

CAST

Mr. Isaac Isaacson.....Charles Hampden
Mr. Peter Pottlebury D. D.....H. C. Winfield
The Hon. Charles Widdicombe.....R. Sheffield
Sir Bryan Dallymote.....H. Mortimer White
Miss Isaacson.....Katherine Standlog
Wittle.....Gerald Rogers
Sir Guy De Vere.....E. E. Clive
Millicent Eglington.....May Edles
Marion Eglington.....Roberta Ely

Kate Pottlebury.....Helene Higgins
Parker.....Warwick Buckland
Alice Barker.....Daisy Belmont
Lady Rowena Eglington.....Catherine Willard
Hoo. Mrs. Waldergrave.....Jessamine Newcombe
Herald.....L. Paul Scott

"When Knights Were Bold," that gay and fantastic farce, a trifle old-fashioned, perhaps, with familiar mock heroes gleaned from the variety employed by Mark Twain in his "Conceitful Yankee" and, oddly enough, Ivanhoe, has turned up again at the Copley. It was last played there three seasons ago. The current revival is a happy event, providing as it does excellent entertainment for the Copley's sorely tried but loyal audiences.

Sir Guy De Vere, merriest of philanderers, is taunted beyond endurance by his house guests and his inamorata for his unbecoming levity—such light conduct dishonors the memory of his valorous ancestors, they insist. In a dream Sir Guy is borne back, garmented in his dinner clothes and bathrobe, to the 12th century.

The burlesque which ensues is not difficult to imagine. Anachronisms are humorous, even in serious dramas, but they are uproarious in farce. New quips have been interpolated which are pretty bad. Here is one of the original "nifties." Sir Guy is given a drink of sherry-sack, and, finding it distasteful, instructs his servant to "give the sack to the fellow who made it."

The chief part, that of the unromantic Sir Guy is delightfully played by Mr. Clive. He seems patterned to such a part, that of a "jolly ass." Catherine Willard, as Lady Rowena Eglington, is sufficiently picturesque. The company's juvenile, Reginald Sheffield, is a graceful and pleasing player, and he adds verve to the ensemble, which, save for the ladies, is not too plentiful. Good work is done by Miss Standing as a lovely Jewess, suggesting Scott's Rebecca. E. L. D.

PLAYS CONTINUING

ARLINGTON—William Courtenay in "The Temporary Husband." Farce. Second week.

COLONIAL—Ed Wynn in "The Perfect Fool." Seventh and next to the last week.

HOLLIS STREET—Lightnin'. Comedy. 13th week.

PLYMOUTH—"Just Married." Farce. 10th week.

SELWYN—"The Fool." Drama. Sixth week. Extra matinee on Friday afternoon, April 6.

SHUBERT—"Greenwich Village Follies." Second week.

WILBUR—"It Is the Law." Melodrama. Second week.

"THE GREAT DIVIDE"

At the St. James the Boston Stock Company presents "The Great Divide," William Vaughan Moody's once famous play, with the following cast:

Philip Jordan.....Houston Richards
Polly Jordan, his wife.....Lucille Adams
Winthrop Newbury.....Edward Darney
Ruth Jordan, Philip's sister.....Adelyn Bushnell

A Boy.....Harry Lowell
A Mexican.....Sid M. Leonard

Dutch.....Harold Chase
Stephen Ghent.....Walter Gilbert

Lou Anderson.....Ralph M. Remley
Burt Williams.....Arthur Finnegan

A Contractor.....Sid M. Leonard
An Architect.....Lionel Bevans

Mrs. Jordan, Philip's mother.....Anna Layne
Dr. Newbury, Winthrop's father.....Harold Chase

When "The Great Divide" was first produced it was rated as "hot stuff." That was way back in 1906, when Mr. Moody had Margaret Anglin and Henry Miller to play his leading roles. Moreover, the public of that time had not been fed and refed (stuffed, even), with just this sort of emotional fireworks (a dangerous diet, this), as have our modern audiences. Mr. Moody is dead now—has been these 10 years. And it is always wise to speak well of the dead. But the fact remains that "The Great Divide," despite not a few excellent moments, is today none too interesting a piece.

The reasons are not far to seek. For one thing, the date is stamped all over the back; and plays, like ladies, are best left undated. Then, too, while a lot of time is devoted to showing what the characters do, very little is spent showing just why they do it. All of which disappoints the present-day public. Popular interest in psycho-analysis undoubtedly has rendered much more difficult the task of the playwright who would please—what others are there? We have long been taught that the motive is more important than the deed. At length the present generation is beginning to make active application of this principle in its dramatic life. On countless occasions the rolling pin or the sauce pan has threatened the head of a bewildered husband. And many a man has been called something far worse than "Buttercup"—"though he could never tell why." Human beings continue to react in much the same general way. Only by imputing various

motives can we arrive at that variety which is the spice of human existences.

Much of this, however, Mr. Moody failed to recognize. By that much does "The Great Divide" fail to be a strong play—or a novel one. Not that he never hints at depth of characterization—rather it is lack of clarification. The second act is by all odds the best. In the first Mr. Gilbert, as the hero, failed utterly to hit his stride, with the result that the melodramatic—we intend no disrespect by this word; it is good melodrama—climaxes were lost entirely. The last, as in so many plays of this kind, degenerates into a breakneck race to get all the explaining done before 10:30. This it succeeds in doing, but leaves the audience in a rather bewildered state of belief that "it all comes out right, anyhow." As it undoubtedly does.

After the first act Mr. Gilbert and Miss Hushnell do some consistent acting, and Mr. Remley contributes an excellent character sketch. W. R. B.

"SPICE OF 1922"

SHUBERT-MAJESTIC — Edward T. Bloom presents "Spice of 1922," in two parts and 13 scenes. Book and lyrics by Jack Lait. A revival. The cast includes El Brendel, Arman Kaliz, Flo Bert, Florence Browne, Sam Hearn, Alice Ridnor, Johnny Berkes, Martha Throop, Arthur Corey, Betty Jones, Thomas Morris, Evelyn Downing, James Taylor, Elsie Wacht, Dolores Suarez, Alice Harris, Eddie Fox, Maris Chaney.

Spice is not lacking in the revival of the musical revue, "Spice of 1922," which opened at the Majestic last night. In places the spice is spread a bit thick. The first act affects one as does the taste of a boiled potato with too much salt on it. The show improves as it moves on—just as the heart of the potato tastes better after the salt-covered surface is removed.

Scene follows scene in quick succession until near the intermission, when a decided improvement takes place. All through the play runs the censor (Sam Hearn) who makes a pretence at "cutting" the show to shreds. The first scene to arouse one's attention is the Garden of Eden scene, which is passionate and grotesque. To relieve the mind afflicted by the troubles of Adam and Eve, comes little Alice Ridnor, who entertains greatly. Flo Bert and El Brendel continue the act. Je Vous Aime, a take-off on marriage, relieves the mind a little, and, as the finale of the first act, "Two Little Wooden Shoes," sung by Martha Throop and Alice Ridnor, which is both catching and pretty. The singers in Dutch costumes are attractive.

After the intermission the entertainment improves. "The Lady of the Cameo" scene is charming and El Brendel and Flo Bert, who follow, are amusing. The scene in Montmartre, with its accompanying song, "Little Side Street in Paris," is the most effective scene in the show. Casey at the bat is an excellent comic take-off on the poem. El Brendel as Casey is really funny. Georgie Price in black-face makes much more of a success than in his first appearance when he was in white-face. The finale is approached by an effective

IS IRENE FRANKLIN

Irene Franklin, famous for her character songs, heads an exceptionally entertaining bill at Keith's this week. Miss Franklin has personality of just the right sort to put over successfully such "kid songs" as "I've Lost My Dog," and the always popular "Red Head." The trials of a first-class waitress were told in "The Waitress from Childs," and the feminine commuter's hardships were wailed in "I Want to Go Back." In this case it was to New Rochelle, with a joke or two about Yonkers which seemingly, was lost on a Boston audience. There are plenty of effective places around Boston from which one may commute.

Tom Douglas & Co. offer a "Comedy of Youth" in which Mr. Douglas has a sort of "Seventeen" role which he handles very well indeed. The enunciation of several of his company might be improved on, excepting Herbert Hodgkins, in a "kid brother" part. Gordon Dooley and Martha Morton are billed as "Famous Babies from Famous Families." Dooley does some eccentric dancing and trick falls that the audience delighted in. Miss Morton is a most refreshing little lady. Their act is good.

Lester Crawford and Helen Broderick in their act, "In a Smile for Two" say some very funny things together and offer old but interesting jokes. The audience liked them very much indeed. The Browne sisters do some unusual work with their accordions. Then there is Mabel Ford, herself a clever dancer, assisted by a jazz band and two dancing couples.

The remaining acts are exceptionally good this week.

Mr. Merrill Rogers wrote to Mr. Heywood Brown:

"Speaking of Cain and Abel in the movies, I once saw a Biblical film covering this episode. When Cain started after Abel with a club, a large and enthusiastic audience began to register excitement, and when Cain actually caught him and beheaded him they cheered."

This misguided audience should have lived in the second century and joined the heretics known as the Cainites, most unpleasant, not to say abominable people. They revered Cain and other bad men in the Bible, including Judas Iscariot. They led shocking lives.

Josephus, the learned Jew, tells us that all of Cain's descendants went from bad to worse. He also says that Cain was the inventor of weights, measures and land marks.

We note that the author of the film scenario put a club in the hand of Cain. There has been a dispute as to the deadly weapon. Some say that Cain used his teeth. A stone, the jawbone of an ass, a pitchfork, a scythe and a bill-hook have been named. Saint Chrysostom preferred a sword.

And so various causes for the murder, besides the one generally accepted, have been assigned. Some say that the brothers were disputing over religious subjects, but Eutychius, the patriarch of Alexandria, thinks that a woman, Azun, the sister of Cain, was the cause. At any rate, after the murder, the patriarch assures us, Cain married her and she shared his exile. This version would surely give what the press agents call "heart interest" to the film play.

FACILIS DESCENSUS AVERNI

(For As the World Wags)

One day last week I left this world at Harvard Square

And descended into Hades with hundreds hurrying there.

Its entrance now is easier far than at the time

Aeneas bore a golden bough; I paid a dime.

No chimaeras breathing fire nor hissing hydras waited.

Just women in glass cages, the place is "Elevated!"

To Stygian shades the traffic so increased of late

Old Charon's boat's too small and much too out of date.

His agents herded us in cars, poor mortals jammed

And pushed and pulled, to torture surely we were damned!

Entrained, we rode through subterranean channels dank,

Emerging next to daylight near the River's bank.

Across a bridge with many towers we rushed, and then

Deep, deeper down to Pluto's realms we plunged again.

A glimpse we had in crossing of crimson sunset sky

Hung flaming o'er the Basin as we hurtled by.

Fast frozen was the river and blanketed with snow,

Reflecting every tint of a marvellous afterglow:

'Long efore the trees of ice were gold and rosy, too;

The windows of the houses shone a brilliant hue.

We seemed poor sinners, snatched from punishment below

To see—an added torment—what Gods could bestow.

To be shown the gates of Heaven in that evening glory and hush,

Then whirled to our doom at Park Street, Hell of the five o'clock rush.

MARION STREETER.

WAS RALPH "BONES" OR "TAMBO"?

(From the Chicago Herald Examiner.)

The issue is, of course, not new. Ralph Waldo Emerson, late in life, resigned from the minstrelsy.

DEADLY WEAPON IN IOWA

(From the Burlington (Ia.) Gazette.)

Burlington police are searching for an alleged forger, aged about 55 years, who is wanted in Iowa City, Ia., and who came to Burlington on Saturday night. He is about 5 feet 10 inches in height, smooth face, wore a soft brown hat and a dark coat. It is suspected that he carries a fountain pen.

ON BEACON STREET

As the World Wags:

Aroused by the clangor of fire apparatus in the early morning hours, dwellers on upper Beacon street, looking out, found the aristocratic mansion of one of their neighbors the scene of alarm. A pall of heavy black smoke hung over the vicinity, driven from the windows in such violent puffs that even the layman could tell there was a roaring fire behind it, yet a lady in the house across

the street opened her window to see shrilly if it was a chimney fire. The hurrying men and directing officers paid no attention to her, and she called more loudly to be heard over the pumping engines and the shouts of command.

"Is it a chimney fire?"

A ladder company raised its gigantic aerial ladder to the roof, hose crews plunged into the building with their ladders trailing behind them, there was a crash of falling glass as a window cracked under the heat.

"Yoo-hoo! Is it a chimney fire?"

A hoseman, busy with spanner and coupling, raised his head.

"No'm," he shouted, "it's a smoky lamp!"

The window banged shut in vehement disapproval. B. S. H.

"HIS NAME WAS A TERRIBLE NAME, INDEED"

As the World Wags:

My old school teacher told me the other day that he had personally known in Florida a gentleman whose actual and full name was:

Enos Jacques Hernandez MacLoughlinianianous. He was wont to abbreviate this to "McLaurin." He was a blend of Spanish, Cuban and Greek blood. He may have had some Scotch in him too, as all this occurred before the recent aridation of the country. W. L. S.

SAVE THE CHARLES!

As the World Wags:

I hope an enlightened public opinion will not allow our officials and architects to destroy the breadth of our beautiful river by placing an artificial island in it. Let them build a new bridge, by all means, without heavy towers, but with bronze tablets bearing names of soldiers. It would seem as if we ought at last to have a monument without our American love of hugeness and ostentation, and with something of the Greek restraint and simplicity. Cannot we use the money, left to the city, to preserve our natural beauties instead of destroying them? M. B. Cambridge.

A LANDLORD'S PLEASURES

S. F. A. writes: "I received a letter from one of my tenants yesterday. I now send it to you."

We print it verb. et lit.

"Sir when you rent tenements to other folks you can fit them up for them! Bud you thought I could do it for nothing then because I did not want to pay full month for the last month you thought you would be funny & get it others can be funny to so compare accounts & if their eney thing more your Dew will settel yours in haist."

W. D. Strong and H. R. Boardman Well Received

William D. Strong and Herbert R. Boardman played music for two pianos last night in Steinert hall. The program was as follows: Schuett, Impromptu-Rococo; Bernard Nocturne, Op. 51; Saint-Saens, Scherzo; Boardman, Risoluto, F minor (Arr. for two pianos, MS. first time); Aubert, Berceuse Op. 6 and Air de Ballet; Chabrier, "Española"; Converse, "Night and Day."

Bernard is a composer who might be ranked with the highly respectable, sufficiently accomplished but not inspired composers of France. There is an organ suite of his that shows originality. Aubert is remembered here as the composer of that singularly dull opera "The Blue Forest," which for some unknown reason the late Henry Russell inflamed on the audiences of the Boston Opera House. Converse's poetic "Night and Day," inspired by Walt Whitman, has been played in its original orchestral form at Symphony concerts.

The character of the performance is best described by the title of Mr. Boardman's piece, "Risoluto," and like that piece it was honest and straightforward, accurate and painstaking. Probably the two pianists have not played together long enough to display elasticity, or to indulge in effective nuances. The Scherzo of Saint-Saens, for example, calls for elegance and grace as well as dash and speed. The audience was greatly pleased. The pianists, after the first and second group, recalled, played light pieces of a second-rate salon nature, nor were the pieces of Aubert of a higher order. P. H.

March 22 1923

The death of Henry Edward Krehbiel is a loss not only to the New York Tribune, for which he wrote valiantly for over 40 years; not only to the city where he had watched the development of the art he unselfishly loved and influenced, it is a loss to the nation, for

his reputation was great, his work unacknowledged throughout the land. He was a man of unusual attainments, interested in all that pertained to music; but his passion was music, and he was identified with that art, so that few in the later years remember that he was a brilliant reporter at the beginning of his career, a man of weight in expressing editorial opinions.

His manner of writing about music was as noteworthy as the solidity of his knowledge, his surprising memory, his zeal for accuracy, his independence of opinion, his honesty, his courage; for his articles, written at leisure, or in the "red-pepper hours of journalism," were distinguished by clarity, force, and a peculiar elegance of style. He could thunder and lighten in righteous wrath; he had the gift of irony, or sarcasm. He could be humorous, too, never in elephantine manner. His criticism was constructive. It was also destructive in attacking shams and fads that offended his sense of beauty. He was on the side of composers wronged by sensational interpreters.

By some he was unjustly called a reactionary. Some spoke of his prejudices. He was a reactionary in that he respected and cherished the noble works of the past and was unable to find beauty in modern, affected, laborious or flippant ugliness. He was prejudiced; but always in favor of that which was pure in music and in the performance of it. Just and tenacious of purpose, he was not shaken by roaring popular applause, by entreaties of "patrons" and "patronesses," by sneers or threats of the envious and malignant. He was fortunate in having behind him the enthusiastic support of the Tribune. It appreciated his devotion and honored it.

He was a delightful, joyous, sympathetic companion, a tried and loyal friend. Stimulating in conversation, he was not arrogant. Even when he recognized the humble ability of musician or colleague, he was encouraging, ready in aid, never pontifical or scornful, when he saw that there was an honest desire for information and improvement. To some of us he was more than a friend.

Not given to self-delusion, he could have said before his death, looking back on his long years of unremitting toil:

"I have fought a good fight; I have finished my course; I have kept the faith."

The German operatic invasion is apparently an assured fact. Wagner's "Ring" was first given here as a complete cycle in April, 1889, at the Boston Theatre. The chief singers were Lilly Lehmann and her husband, Paul Karsch, Mme. Bauman-Triloff, Felice Kaschka, Sophie Traubmann, Louise Meislinger, Alvary, Fischer, Sedlmayer, Beck, Anton Seidl conducted. Has "Rhinegold" been performed here since '89? We doubt it.

There was much talk in the spring of '89 about Wagner's philosophy, about the esoteric meaning of his "music-drama." Only the irreverent dared to call them operas. Walter Damrosch came on before the opera company and gave six lectures on the "Ring" in the old Chickering hall. There were other lecturers in the Wagnerian vineyard that spring. Dr. Louis Kelterborn gave four lectures. And so the faithful and the curious attending the performances were prepared to dilate with the proper emotion. Max Alvary, an ideal Siegfried in looks and bearing, but a wretched singer, was a matinee idol.

Women of Boston, young, middle-aged, white-haired, swooned at the mere mention of his name. There was no other god but Wagner, and Seidl was his prophet. Down with the Italians!

The craze lasted for some years. Today no one speaks or writes seriously of Wagner's "philosophy." His gods and goddesses and heroes are operatic characters, not symbolic creatures. People go to hear his operas for the sake of the music and no longer hear them on their knees. They even laugh when the bird in "Siegfried" falls through the fault of stage hands. The dragon is no longer viewed with awe. There is criticism of the ships in "Tristan" and "The Flying Dutchman."

Nor is this merely a post-war attitude. For though Wagner was great, he, too, was mortal.

Two unfamiliar pieces will be played at the Symphony concerts this week: A group of three Chorales by Charles Koechlin, known here chiefly, if not solely, by some charming songs; and a Scherzo, "Tam O'Shanter," by Eugene Goossens of London. Goossens has a commanding position in the ranks of the younger British school, while Koechlin is highly esteemed in Paris as a teacher of composition as well as a composer. The program will also include Beethoven's overture to "Coriolanus" and his violin concerto (played by the excellent Mr. Burgin), and Debussy's Suite, "Printemps."

Tonight Miss Marion Carley, pianist, will play music by G. Faure, Bach, Groves, Chabrier, Beethoven, Chopin, Mendelssohn and Liszt, in Jordan Hall. She made a pleasing impression when she first played here.

Elly Ney, pianist, will play in Symphony hall next Saturday afternoon at 2.30 o'clock, and at 8 o'clock Messrs. Maler and Pattison, pianists, in Jordan hall will play solo pieces and music for two pianofortes.

Next Sunday afternoon Erika Morini, violinist, will play in Symphony hall,

and a complimentary concert will be given to Mr. Mollenhauer by the People's Symphony Orchestra, at the St. James Theatre. Next Monday night the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Monteux conductor, will give an extra concert.

"F. H. B." writes: "Do you remember when Harry and John Kernell sang at the Howard Athenaeum:

"Sailing, sailing over the mountain main. I'd like to find the man who borrowed, Who borrowed my watch and chain. Sailing, sailing, up before the judge There's many a man got 30 days For taking too much budge."

Daniel Cassidy has been condemned to death for shooting his son-in-law during a family party at Sunderland, Eng. The son-in-law, one Mr. Quinn, was playing a melodion. Why did counsel for the defence put in a plea of insanity?

CHIGRINSKY GIVES

Alexander Chigrinsky, pianist, gave a recital last night in Jordan hall, playing this program:

Variations in F minor, No. 20.....Haydn
Chromatic Fantasia and Fugue.....Bach
Sonata, Op. 13.....Beethoven
Sonata, Op. 7.....Chopin
Etude, Op. 2.....Schubert
Gavotte, Op. 49, No. 3.....Glazounoff
Valse in D major, Op. 42, No. 3.....Glazounoff
Minuet, E minor.....Alexander-Chigrinsky
Fantasia-Impromptu, Op. 66.....Chopin
Prelude, D-flat.....Chopin
Scherzo, B minor, Op. 20.....Chopin
Etude, D-flat.....Liszt
Venezia e Napoli (No. 3 Tarantella).....Liszt

By his exquisite performance of the Haydn variations Mr. Chigrinsky led expectation high. Most musically he played the tormentingly difficult little things, and with charm as well, and taste, all with lovely tone; few pianists could do better. To the Bach fantasy, too, Mr. Chigrinsky brought charm, a gentleness this music does not usually call for, but in its reticent way not ineffective, though quite without the fervor which Miss Elly Ney may be expected to fetch into play on Saturday. With the Beethoven sonata, however, he took liberties, quickening the allegro to a presto, the adagio to an andante, and the allegro of the rondo to something not much slower than a presto. If a pianist chooses to run the necessary risk, there is no law against it. But the burden of the proof lies on the pianist that his way betters Beethoven's. Granting a considerable variation of taste in matters of tempo, a player, whatever his repute, will not have an easy job of it to convince persons who know their Beethoven that on adagio should go at a dog-trot, or that any movement should scamper so fast that its rhythm gets lost by the way.

So Mr. Chigrinsky set forth the Beethoven sonata. Less perversely he played the music that came after, but still not with the musical intelligence one would have expected from the man who played the variations so delightfully. He failed to find the poetry of the Gleg sonata, of emotion he gave no sign, and even in the salon pieces which suited his mood best he showed no understanding of the proper way to develop a long climax. Of an unusually excellent technique, however, he proved himself a master, a technique notable for the purity of its pedalling and for a singularly beautiful, if not warmly colored, tone. It is much to be hoped that Mr. Chigrinsky will give thought to what he is about. There is no believing that a man of his beautiful technique and manifest musical abilities cannot play better than for the most part he played last night. The large audience, by the way, liked Mr. Chigrinsky's minuet so much that they would have it again.

R. R. G.

Mar 23 1923

Apropos of the naughty young western woman who kept her temperature up to 114 for a fortnight or so, to the amazement of learned physicians, the New York Times recently published instances of incredible fasters who had baffled investigation.

We regret to say that the name of Abaris, the Scythian, the son of Scythus, was not included in the list, for, as we are credibly informed, carried an arrow round the whole earth with-

out eating anything. We are not inclined to accept the theory advanced by some that he rode on this arrow, as on a horse, so that rivers, seas and inaccessible places caused him no hindrance. This arrow, by the way, according to the credulous, once belonged to Apollo, who with it slew the Cyclopes.

If Abaris, this Hyperborean, did not ride on the arrow, as early settlers of New England flew gaily on broomsticks to gatherings of witches, why did he carry it round the world? Perhaps it was a divining rod, like the one which, in the hands of Jacques Aymar, the country stonemason, astonished the wise men of France in the 17th century, until astrologers showed that the magic power was in the time of Aymar's birth, not a family talent, for Aymar's brother could do nothing with the rod, while Jacques discovered hidden springs, misplaced landmarks, and detected thieves and assassins.

This, however, is neither here nor there. Whether Abaris rode on the arrow, or merely carried it, he ate nothing journeying around the world. He therefore should have been mentioned by the contributor to the Times.

POETA NASCITUR

As the World Wags:

I used to think that I wrote poetry, but various editors dissented vigorously. Glancing through this month's Atlantic Monthly, I found (p. 343) the following definitions of poetry:

"Poetry is a silver of the moon, lost in the belly of a golden frog."

"Poetry is the cipher key to the five mystic wishes packed in a hollow silver bullet fed to a flying fish."

"Poetry is the achievement of the synthesis of hyacinths and biscuits."

Now I know that I haven't, thank Heaven, written poetry.

Cambridge.

VEE DEE.

SONG

(After the old Irish)

She under the cool, dewy valleys,
With the mist to be wreathing and oweeping,

And her feet in the heavy red clover,
And her feet in the dabbled white clover

White and silver like trout to be leaping.

She skirting the rim of the ocean,
With the dawn on the sands to be lying,
While east flies the soft purple sea wind,

Or north runs the dun speckled south wind,
And her tresses like smoke to be flying.

Sure the honey grows sweet in her footsteps,
And her laughter's the water that's leaping—

By the blush of the morn on the mountains,

By the hush of the moon on the mountains,

The heart of me's gone from my keeping.

MICHAEL.

WELL, HE GOT IT

(From the Warner (N. H.) Independent and Times.)

Does it pay to advertise in the Warner paper? I should say it did. Last week I advertised for a violin in any condition. A Mr. E. K. Cogswell saw my ad in Keene and sent me a violin by parcel post. It looked as if it had been kicked by a mule and I wouldn't say but what it had.

JAMES J. MURPHY.

As the World Wags:

The reporter of a suburban newspaper referred the other day to a "lot of barking and whelping dogs" at some one's heels. Probably they were "lying-in" wait for him.

K. NINE.

WITH APOLOGIES TO FONTAINE
FOX

As the World Wags:

A suggestion for a proper sign to be placed upon the one-man car which ambles between the North and South stations, Boston, at irregular intervals during the day:

"Toonerville Trolley Which Misses All Trains."

W. S. CLINTON.

FOR WEEK-END ONLY

(From adv. in Chicago Tribune.)

ONLY \$900.

LOOKS LIKE NEW.

At this exceptionally low price this car should not last over Sunday. Call see this beautiful bargain and be convinced. Terms arranged. Joseph G. Glaser, 1144-48 Michigan-av.

ADD "MANNERS AND CUSTOMS"

As the World Wags:

The drummer—pardon me, district sales representative—exhibits certain peculiarities in his native habitat. He leaves his overcoat in his hotel room, but always wears his hat in the steam-heated lobby. One speculates vainly on the reason. Perhaps he takes a queer delight in snatching his bowler from his head when a lady enters the elevator as he rides to his floor.

Some yapps, afflicted with a chivalry complex, remove their hats in office building elevators if a girl stenographer happens to be on board, but that, I think, is "coming it on a bit thick."

Allston.

WM. L. ROBINSON.

MARION CARLEY

Whether or not one fancied all the pieces on Miss Carley's program in Jordan hall last night, when she arranged that program nevertheless Miss Carley showed a long head. With fine sagacity she opened her concert with the Faure theme and variations, which probably she herself likes much but which had only a slender chance of pleasing an audience. This wandering, straggling music—or so for the most part it seemed to a person who did not know it, quite wanting the charm of Faure's songs—out of the way, Miss Carley played the Bach Partita in B flat before she made her excursion among the moderns, or near-moderns, with a nocturne and "Fileuse" of Groves, pretty music and harmless, though not precisely stout of body. And then to end her group she played Chabrier's stirring "España."

A Beethoven Sonata Miss Carley played, of course, and a big one at that, Opus 57. But since she wanted to play it, or felt she must, she treated it with fitting respect by giving it a place by itself, directly in the middle of the program, the place of honor. Thereby it gained in effect. Since, too, she wanted of course, to prove her skill with Chopin, she showed her good sense by choosing three pieces that have not been heard in concerts twice a week for the last 50 years; the brilliant study in C major, the songful study in E-flat minor, and one in A-flat major. For the rest, she played the little Mendelssohn scherzo in E minor, Liszt's curious "Sposalizio," music which can never prove dull since a listener must needs be wondering at every note why the "Marriage of Saint Catherine" (if Saint Catherine it was) ever called it forth, and one of the less familiar Hungarian Rhapsodies, No. 11. A skillfully devised program, in all truth!

Miss Carley has gifts which should take her far. But even if she never improved on her accomplishment of last night it would always prove refreshing to hear her play, for she is a person who does not confuse playing the piano-forte with breaking stone by the side of the road. There is a school of Boston teachers blessed with the knack of showing their pupils how to secure beautiful tone. God preserve them! For they are needed.

R. R. G.

Mar 24 1923

BOSTON SYMPHONY

By PHILIP HALE

The 19th concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Monteux, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. Richard Burgin, the concertmaster, was the soloist. The program was as follows: Beethoven, Overture to "Coriolanus" and Concerto for Violin; Koehlin, Three Chorales; Goossens, Scherzo, "Tam O'Shanter"; Debussy, "Printemps," Orchestral Suite. Surely the overture to Collin's tragedy "Coriolanus" must be reckoned among Beethoven's greatest works. It matters not whether he wrote it with Collin or with Shakespeare in mind, there was Plutarch, who had sufficiently portrayed the stern and noble Roman. The music is Roman in its pride; its force, with the appeal of the Roman matron urging patriotism first of all to turn the son from his fell purpose. Compare for a moment the modern Honegger's treatment of a Roman subject, the fight between the Horatii and the Curiatii, with Beethoven's; the one with his swollen orchestra; the other not even employing trombones; the one diffuse in portrayal, the other with few strokes as short as the conquering Roman sword. Note the simplicity in the overture of the final wall, again Roman in its brevity and simplicity. Thus Beethoven, whose spirit was not unlike that of Coriolanus, is Roman, as Gluck in his overture to "Iphigenia in Aulis" is Greek.

The "Coriolanus" overture is a greater work than the concerto that followed it. Not that one should object to the stately introduction that announces the coming of the virtuoso; we like the pomp and ceremony of these old-fashioned introductions; but there are endless repetitions in the first movement that fritter away the general effect. The second movement is, indeed, beautiful, but the chief theme of the finale is Beethoven at his worst. Invented by another, it would be called vulgar, or what is even more damning, common. Mr. Burgin gave an admirable performance; musical, tasteful, euphonious, brilliant. The cadenzas—the first too long, perhaps too elaborate—were by Leopold Auer.

Charles Koehlin is known here chiefly, if not solely, by some charming songs, but he has written much for or-

chestra and chamber. The first Chorale—the three were performed for the first time in this country—of a solemn, impressive nature, served to display the efficiency of the brass choir and the bassoons. The second, which at times is Parsifalian in mood, has more obvious beauty. The third, for full orchestra, is of a rich nature. They are interesting to musicians rather than to the general public. Yesterday they were favorably received, although they have not the elements of immediate popularity.

We believe that Goossens's "Tam O'Shanter" was also played for the first time in this country. It was composed six years ago, and may be said to be in Goossens's earlier manner. At the beginning, rhythm and the figure for the bassoons lead one to think that "The Sorcerer's Apprentice" served the Londoner as a model, but Dukas is quickly forgotten. The Scherzo is short, apparently designed to picture only Tam's wild ride. There is little or no treatment of the details in the ballad; no church scene intended to reproduce the horrors seen by Tam or the delirious dance of "Cutty-sark." The scherzo is amusing.

Though the composer of "The Eternal Rhythm" and the Sinfonietta may look upon it only as a diversion of his youth—possibly an early sin. It was played with the requisite vigor and dash.

When Debussy sent on his "Printemps" from Rome in 1887—it was written originally for orchestra, piano and chorus (without words)—the judges in Paris pronounced it too modern and shapeless. It would be interesting to compare the original with the orchestral version published in 1913 and played yesterday. The first section is the exquisite Debussyan manner and it was beautifully played. Here we have the freshness, the longings and the languors of spring. In the second section the composer in his joy and his hot blood dances to a tune—yes, a tune, not a melody—that would rejoice the frequenters of cabarets and the applauders of comic opera. It's all very gay and heel-clinking, but it is not easy to recognize Debussy.

The concert will be repeated tonight. Bruno Walter, recently of Munich, will conduct the concerts next week, by invitation of the trustees. The program will be as follows: Weber, Overture to "Euryanthe"; Mozart, Symphony in D major (K. 385); Beethoven, Concerto for piano, G major, No. 4 (Arthur Schnabel, pianist); Strauss, "Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks."

Mr. Herkimer Johnson called at The Herald office yesterday to protest against the abuse of the word "angle." "It is cruelly overworked," said our estimable friend, the world-known Earnest Student of Sociology. "Viewed from this angle," "From this angle, we judge," snorted Mr. Johnson in his indignation.

"The user seldom sees or judges things from either a right or an acute angle; almost always from an obtuse one. When did this use of the word come into fashion? Is it jargon, journalistic? At any rate the word is overworked, to be classed with the phrases, 'It's a far cry,' and 'There are preachers and preachers.' Two other words are worked to death, 'vehicle' for drama or comedy, and 'featured' applied to this or that poor devil actor of the screen.

"I heard some one not long ago," continued Mr. Johnson, "object to the verb 'broadcast' in connection with radio service. It does not seem to me his objection was well taken. The verb first meant to scatter seed, etc., abroad with the hand. Isn't there a hymn by Montgomery, 'Sow in the morn thy seed. . . Broadcast it o'er the land? Soon it meant to scatter or disseminate widely anything—doctrines, pamphlets, opinions. Didn't the Right Honorable Edmund Burke in a fine burst speak of some one squandering a sum over his India field with 'a broad-cast swing of his arm'? But noun and verb were at first hyphenated. By the way, do not the linotypes in The Herald office admit the existence of the hyphen? I am aware of the fact," said Mr. Johnson in his most pontifical manner, pulling the Daniel Webster stop, "that some one has called hyphens regrettable necessities, to be done without when they reasonably may, but I am an old fogey and like the pomps and vanities of the older English language.

"PEDUNCLES"

"I read some time ago in the Daily Chronicle of London, a most readable newspaper, in an article dealing with French military movements in the Rhineland, that the 'peduncles' between three of the Rhine bridgeheads had been occupied. 'Peduncles'? 'Peduncles'?

he word floored me. Consulting the dictionary, I found that a peduncle was the stalk of a flower or fruit, or of a cluster of flowers or fruits; also a stalk-like process in an animal body. But what has that to do with a bridge? Frenchman told me that if you describe two semi-circles side by side you have a peduncle between them; that the French apply the word to spaces between bridgeheads. But if we are speaking or writing English, why not spaces? We have too many words as it is. Reading about the progress of the huge Oxford Dictionary, I learn that from 'W' to 'Wash' Dr. Bradley, the editor, has found 2559 words with—here Mr. Johnson looked at his notebook—"14,787 quotations, while Dr. Craigie, the editor of 'U,' not half-way through the letter, has found 6220 words with 26,034 quotations. Yet masters of English prose, as Hobbes, Swift, DeFoe, were content with what seems to our modern writers a ridiculous and contemptible vocabulary."

THIS TRAGIC WORLD

Headlines in the Evening Star of Washington, D. C.)

MISS ELLA BUCKLEY FOUND IN WRECKAGE, DENUDED OF ALL LICENSE PLATES.

As the World Wags:

Like my fellow-townsmen, your correspondent, "Loc. cit.," I have received an anonymous communication. It reads "Keep cool and dry." Entirely unnecessary advice, I say. The severe winter and a merciless coal company have combined to keep me cool, and prohibition has done the rest. STAT. QUO. Lexington.

A THOUGHTLESS PISTOL

(From a Local Journal.)

AUBURN, Me., March 20—While waiting for an Interurban car, Officer Francis of New Gloucester started to examine his 25-calibre automatic pistol. Without warning the gun was discharged, causing a bad wound in his shoulder. He was rushed to a Lewiston hospital.

WHERE ARE THE GOOD OLD TIMERS?

(For As the World Wags.)

Has Laura Blackburn wintered,
Her bin devoid of coal;
And is her finger splintered
Splitting wood to keep her whole?

Has Arthur Gordon Webster
Been rocketed away,
And to the moon, forever,
With nothing more to say?

Did Joseph Smith give over
Writing letters now and then,
Or will he, like the clover,
In summer come again?

Did Mike Fitzgerald, Cape man,
Discover in the sand
The secret of the slape man,
To swallow out of hand?

Now Abel Adams raising
A wholesome sugar cane
Without a drop, amazing,
Of anything but rain.

Where are the good old-timers
That solaced with delight;
The knockers and the rhymers,
The pluggers for the right?
OLD STONE MILL.

ORIGINS OF FURNITURE

This is a world of wonders. A Mr. Lovett lecturing at a London museum on the naturalistic origin of common articles of household furniture:

"A sight of a woman of prehistoric times sitting on a rock nursing a baby gave the idea, he said, for the first arm-chair. The pieces of wood, modelled on her arms, were still called 'arms,' the woman's lap gave the suggestion for the seat, and the two back legs took the place of the rock on which she sat. "When talking of pieces of furniture, people seldom thought, said the lecturer, that they were really speaking of animals. The couches, with end pieces representing cows, that had recently been brought to light at Luxor, in Egypt, were an illustration of that theory. "The knife, the saw, the axe, the gimlet and the chisel were all invented in the Stone Age, and the man who first thought of notching flint for the purpose of getting at the marrow in the bone was a man with a great mind."

An Englishman recently deplored the fact that few distinguish between the English and the German concertina. The latter is only "a glorified toy"; the English instrument, not only has "a rich, deep, sonorous tone, resembling, at a distance, a small pipe organ," the use of it develops "an unusual strength of hand and forearm, and a remarkable sensitiveness of the finger tips." We have often wished that a concertina virtuoso would be engaged for concerts of the Boston Symphony orchestra.

Many of us are tired of hearing concertos by Beethoven, Brahms, Grieg, Liszt, and the rest of them. There are concertos for concertina and orchestra by Molique and Regondi. Why not import an English virtuoso? He might appear on the stage in the costume of a costermonger.

ELLY NEY, PIANIST,

By PHILIP HALE

Elly Ney, pianist, gave a recital yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. Her program read as follows: Bach, Chromatic Fantasia and Fugue; Beethoven, Sonata, C minor, op. 111; Schubert, "Wanderer" Fantasia; Brahms, Rhapsody and Three Intermezzi op. 119; Chopin, Ballade in A flat, Polonaise in A flat.

Years ago Thomas Heywood wrote a sort of encyclopaedia of women in which he devoted a section to the cruel and tyrannous. This was long before the day of traveling pianists of the female sex, or this section would have been considerably enlarged.

Mme. Ney is a pianist of indisputable parts, but she must be ranked with

those characterized by the Germans as formidable. Undoubtedly in private life she is a model of amiability. What possessed her to frame the program of yesterday. To follow the Chromatic Fantasia with Beethoven's op. 111 was a sufficient tax on the patience and endurance of the audience. Then came the merciless infliction of the "Wanderer" Fantasia.

Perhaps she thought that the dignity of Symphony hall would suffer if she did not present a "massive and concrete" program. Is her motto as a pianist, "No Frenchman need apply"? Are there no Russians or Italians worthy of her attention? Could not her excellent qualities as a pianist be revealed in compositions of less magnitude than those chosen? Is she a Minerva of the piano frowning on music that is emotional and sensuous?

In her Amazonian way she played brilliantly, also musically as far as phrasing and control of dynamic gradations was concerned. Noteworthy was the manner in which she built up the increasing force in Bach's fugue, maintaining artistically one degree after another.

Yet there are humbler pianists with varied and engrossing programs of less pretensions that give more pleasure at the moment and are remembered gratefully.

WAGNER IN BOSTON

Maria Lorenz-Hollischer, one of the principals of the Wagnerian opera festival at the Boston Opera House April 2, made her first appearance in Wagnerian roles in Karlsruhe, her native city. This debut was most successful. She was likened by the critics to the greatest Wagnerian singers. During a Richard Strauss week in Karlsruhe she attracted the attention of Strauss, who procured her an engagement at Vienna in 1921. This was followed by a number of appearances as guest in the larger cities of Europe, where her voice and acting won her the highest commendation.

Another leading soprano of the festival will be Elsa Aisen, famous in Europe as Bruennhilde. Her mother was French; her father, a Norse landowner.

Of the tenors, Robert Hutt and Henry Bollman will be heard in important roles. Mr. Hutt comes here after five years with the Berlin State Opera, with experience gained in cities of Europe where he has frequently appeared for special engagements. He will be heard here as Lohengrin and Siegfried, parts he has taken at Covent Garden, London; in Brussels and in this country. Henry Bollman, tenor, is the grandson of an American citizen who fought in the civil war. Mr. Bollman was born in Hamburg, studied voice for two years and a half with a French teacher, and later went to Italy, where he perfected himself.

Another notable member of the company is Frederick Schorr, baritone, from Hungary. He will be heard as Hans Sachs, Wolfram and in other leading roles.

"The Merry Widow" was revived in London last month. The Times, admitting that it is always doubtful as to how a musical comedy of such comparative antiquity is likely to bear revival, said there was no doubt as to the success of this revival. "There has not been a great advance in the level of musical comedies since 'The Merry Widow' first came to charm the eye and ear, and it is a significant commentary on musical productions of the last few years that the tendency seems to be to return to the style of musical comedy of which 'The Merry Widow' was so good an example."

We spoke last Sunday of Mr. William Archer's savage attack on the Elizabethan dramatists in his "The Old Drama and the New," published by Small, Maynard & Co. The sub-title of the book is "An Essay in Re-valuation." To prove that the playwrights in the time of Elizabeth and James were "deplorably infected with the crudities and brutalities of their period"—only Shakespeare in his best work soared immeasurably above them—to prove that "the minor Elizabethan drama, with all its vigor and lustiness, with all its lyric and rhetorical talent, is an essentially barbarous product—much more so, at any rate, than any other dramatic literature, ancient and modern"—he quotes freely from plays by Beaumont and Fletcher, Ford, Webster and Tourneur and holds the excerpts up to ridicule. Like Poe's ghoul way up in the steeple, he dances and he yells in his derision. How could Lamb, Hazlitt, Swinburne and some men of today say a good word, much less praise enthusiastically, dramas made up of madness, crime, horror, sexuality, ridiculous, incredible situations, and stilted, blatant dialogue? Much that he says about the nature of these old plays is true, especially with regard to the excerpts he has carefully chosen for his purpose. It is true that poetry is not necessarily drama. But Mr. Archer does not recognize the amazing spirit, vitality of many of these old plays. Of course, as he insists, it is harder now to write a good play, good, according to modern conceptions and requirements, than it was in the Elizabethan days, when audiences were not offended by loose constructions, by absurdities, as thinking that dressing a woman in male attire disguised her from those nearest to her, by soliloquies, by a defiance of all reasonableness in the matters of time and space.

Yet have we not in the playhouse today lost appreciation of poetic fancy, freedom and superb wildness of imagination?

Stresses Absurdity of Elizabethan Drama

When Mr. Archer comes to the comedy of the restoration and traces the history of the drama to the present day, he still has his thesis in mind; the absurdity of the Elizabethan drama and the sin of admiring it at all. Restoration tragedy is almost as absurd as the Elizabethan; "Venice Preserved" is impossible, in that it leaves out of account "any rational imitation of human actions or of human speech." The Restoration comedy is considered from the moral and the technical point of view. It is not defensible from the former, and this view prevents Mr. Archer from an unprejudiced opinion as to the purely artistic side. Wycherley's "Country Wife" is "surely the most bestial play in all literature." Congreve never showed skill in the treatment of his material. Mr. Archer, doubtful about the wit of Mr. Congreve, preferring that of Sheridan, yet warms in praise of Moliere. "She is the one great creation of this whole literature; a creature as living as Rosalind or Imogen, as Emma Woodhouse or Beatrice Esmond"; and the covenant between her and Mirabell is "one of the summits of English prose."

What Mr. Archer has to say about the more modern playwrights and those now contemporary is most interesting. Wilde was "the most exquisite stylist that had written for the stage since Congreve," but he treated the dramatist's art with "contemptuous insincerity"; very bad plays, clothed in shimmering robes of tinsel, not without some admixture of real cloth of gold. "The Importance of Being Earnest" is on a different level, though at the last it degenerates into poor farce. There is keen criticism of the plays by Pinero, Jones, Barrie, Granville-Barker, Shaw, whose "Candida" is "a little masterpiece"—"this is the most powerful intellect at present expressing itself in dramatic form, not only in England, but in the world; he might have been the greatest dramatist of his time had he chosen to discipline his idiosyncrasies and subdue the sophist and the jack-pudding to the thinker and the artist." Galsworthy's "Silver Box," "Strife" and "Justice" are three of the finest plays of our time.

There is too little about Synge; there is due attention paid to Lennox Robinson, a much lesser man. There are about 30 lines concerning the theatre in America. Eugene O'Neill is a dramatist of "highly original, though rather sombre and violent genius. His 'Anna Christie' and 'The First Man' are works of astonishing power."

Mr. Archer, even on the last page of this most readable book—there's not a dull page in it—cannot resist a parting fling at the poor Elizabethans, and he ends by saying: "Let us not ridiculously reverse the saying that a living dog is better than a dead lion by jeering at living lions while we bow down and worship dead dogs."

ACTING NOT LIFE

Mr. Stark Young in his book, "The Flower of Drama," declares that acting is not life, but art; the actor is never anybody else but himself.

"People may go on saying till doomsday that this disguise of himself, this reproduction of actual persons, is what they judge an actor by. But their experience and their preference in actors do not bear this out. Great actors do not bear themselves. Duse, Bernhardt, Chaplain, Grasso, Nijinsky are always themselves under their various parts. And Charlie Chaplin, who never loses his identity for a moment, is the best-known and final proof of this point.

Chaplain could have done what he did in Boris and have called it Belshazzar, and people would have said the same thing, that he did not act Belshazzar, he was Belshazzar. What actually happens is another matter. Chaplain is not Boris; he is himself. And if he were Boris, it would only mean that we should have to find another Chaplain to act this Boris Chaplain before we should have art; before we should, in Coquelin's words, have added to nature that lustre and relief that would make it art.

"Actors remain artists, therefore, in proportion to the extent to which they remain themselves and translate into the terms of themselves the thing to be created. They are firmly fixed at the centre. They remain themselves, even though it may not be their immediate selves. And so it follows that their art depends wholly on what these selves of theirs profoundly are. The greatness of a man's acting will depend on the extent to which the elements of life may be gathered up in him for the spring toward luminous revelation, toward more abundant life. Art is a perpetual growth of life in other terms than itself. And the individual quality of the actor must always determine the quality of the terms in which his particular art expresses life. That the sensibility and intelligence—to use the old terms—of an actor, his gift, his soul, his music, his miracle of talent, are what measures his achievement, is indisputable. And though these may be partly born and partly acquired, they can never be overlooked or taken for granted. If you amount to nothing, your art in the end amounts to nothing; that is a fact almost biological in its brutality certainly. The actor's business is to remain forever; but to cause to grow, in himself such flexibility and fluidity and eloquent magnetism of body, and such sympathy of the imagination, as may be translated into compelling presentations of human character and living. Only through this translation of the character into himself can an actor profess to be an artist at all and the lord of another's soul."

PERSONAL

Alexander Akimov, bass, who will give his first recital in Boston Thursday night in Jordan Hall, was graduated in 1914 at the Petrograd Imperial Conservatory with the diploma of "Privileged Artist." (In 1910, while a student, he had sung at the 50th anniversary of the Conservatory.) Invited to become a member of the Petrograd Opera he sang there until May, 1919. The revolution came. He left

Russia and toured in Europe. In this country he has given recitals with success in New York, Chicago and Detroit.

Clement Antrobus Harris, writing to the Chesterian of February, speaks of Messrs. Maier and Pattison, "whose unity of conception was a marvel, and who unearthed a wealth of music for two pianos, delightfully new even to veterans of the concert auditorium."

Mr. Zanotti-Blanco contributed to the same number of the Chesterian an informing article about Vincenzo Tommasini, first made known to us in Boston by his string quartet, composed in 1910, and played here by the Kneisel Quartet.

The Sackbut of January published a study of Eva Gauthier's art by Ursula Greville.

John McCormick will take the tenor role in Mussorgsky's "Fair of Sorochintzi," announced for performance at Monte Carlo.

John Steel, tenor, who will sing in Symphony hall on Sunday evenings, April 1, first became famous after his return with the A. E. F. division from France. He soon became a member of the Ziegfeld Follies company and met with brilliant success for more than two seasons.

Mr. James Agate, the dramatic critic of the Saturday Review, recently came across a musician in a London street, who was playing a "phono-fiddle," an instrument with two strings, the E and G of the ordinary fiddle, and two small metal horns like gramophone trumpets. The man held the instrument between his knees and was thrilled by his performance. The spacing and fingering of the notes were the same as those of a violoncello. Mr. Agate asked him if he was doing well. "No same as two years ago. Then I used to make as much as a couple of quid an hour. But those times are gone. I've been playing all afternoon and haven't reached five bob yet."

"I forbore to tell him," says Mr. Agate, "that during seven years my books have brought me in exactly one shilling and five pence per day of 10 working hours, or that no conscientious artist can live who is not also a good card-holder."

This street musician hoped to go on the halls with a "turn" composed of the phono-fiddle and a violoncello made out of an aeroplane-propeller. And Mr. Agate, considering his case, was moved to say:

"He was of the brotherhood of artists, who are of two kinds—those who live in garrets and those who live in gutters. There is no other sort. Show me a poet who possesses a mahogany dining table groaning with things to eat, and I will show you a man who is no longer an artist but a traitor who has sold his art to some devil of a publisher, or even of a public."

Col. Henry Mapleson asserts that he is 72 and still lively and cheerful. He is writing his memoirs. We doubt if he will tell all his experiences or even hint at some of them.

Mr. Michel Fokine, explaining the relation of the ballet to the drama before that august body, the Drama League in New York, said that Isadora Duncan, as a naturalist, had gone too far. Thus he agreed with sundry mayors and police commissioners. But Mr. Fokine was speaking of art, not of public speaking, not of personal behavior.

Late one recent afternoon, as I walked along Piccadilly on the way to my bridge club, I heard the familiar strains of "A che la morte" pleading high above the traffic. I halted at the corner of Dover street and listened. The executant, whoever he might be, was an artist. He had all the fire and passion of the best Italian opera-singers, dwelling on the top-notes in the fine old rapturous way, and giving out the worn tune with that languor and sensuousness which make it sound a new thing at the thousandth time of hearing. Verdi is rubbish, of course. Nobody who has a friend who knows a man whose brother-in-law rents half a studio in Chelsea would dream of maintaining anything else. Strangely enough, I can never get the musical highbrows to explain to me why their "rubbish" should stir me so strongly whilst their great masters—Scriabin, for example—leave me comparatively cold.

JAMES AGATE.

Mme. Schumann-Heink purposes to give concerts for charity in leading cities of Germany and Austria.

A hitherto unpublished letter of Beethoven to Dr. Kanka, a lawyer, has appeared in the Neue Zeitung. In it Beethoven complains vigorously about the irregularity with which he receives the pension promised him in 1810 by Archduke Rudolph, Prince Lobkowitz and Prince Kinsky, to keep him in Vienna.

When Mr. Mengelberg of Amsterdam is conducting in New York. Dr. Buck leads the Concertgebouw orchestra. Some of the Dutch journals regret that a foreigner is called instead of a native conductor, as Evert Cornelis.

Alfredo Casella has written for Il Pianoforte of Turin the eulogy of the late Giacomo Orefice.

Harry Swer, a 13 year old English lad deaf from birth, has been able to distinguish rhythm for the first time in his life by means of wireless.

The masters of the Russian Ballet (the memoirs of Cav. Enrico Cecchetti) by Olga Rastser has been published by Hutchinson, London, 21s. net. It was in 1837 that Cecchetti was definitely engaged for the Imperial Ballet Petrograd, but he is known here in connection with Diaghilev's Ballet Russe. It appears that the role of the Grand Eunuch in

"Scheherazade," with its ironical comedy, was distasteful to him.

Godfrey Tearle has been playing Gringoire in Besant and Pollock's version of the familiar play.

"CAIN AND ABEL"

(Heywood Brown in the N. Y. World)

It is old stuff, of course, for the foes of censorship to taunt the guardians of books and motion pictures with "What are you going to do about the Bible?" The sting of this inquiry has been supposed to lie in the assumption that nobody would think of blue pencilling Holy Writ. Full credit should go, then, to the National Motion Picture League, which is at least consistent. We have at hand the current motion picture bulletin of the society, which announces its purpose as follows:

"The following list of indorsed pictures is published for the purpose of stimulating a greater demand for pictures not only suitable for adults, but wholesome for children of all ages."

Under the heading "Church Films," we find in the bulletin this significant paragraph:

"Cain and Abel. The Holy Bible Series, chapter 2, reel 1; producer, art-class; exchange, National Non-Theatrical Motion Pictures. Remarks: biblical story as told in Genesis IV. The following elimination is suggested: Scenes of Cain hitting Abel on the head and killing him."

This is shrewd as well as consistent. Such methods of censorship cannot fail to help the back-to-the-church movement. Sunday schools should profit even more. A thoroughgoing and rigorous censorship will bring about a condition under which the only place to hear exciting, human, colorful, truthful stories will be in the church. Seekers of sensation will then absent themselves in large numbers from the films of William S. Hart and pack the church to hear the uncensored remarks of Bishop Manning.

Instead of eliminating the story of Cain and Abel, the film producers should have been allowed to revise it a little. Abel is merely stunned. To his cot in the hospital comes a contrite Cain, murmuring, "I didn't know my own strength." As he hovers about the invalid the Red Cross nurse places a warning finger at her lips. Abel stirs, his eyes flutter, he speaks.

"My, my," he exclaims, "but I must have slept soundly!"

You see he has forgotten all about the blow and his year of coma. Getting up, Abel attires himself in the simple costume of the day and, arm in arm, he and Cain walk out into the sunlight. Spring has touched the tree tops of the Garden of Eden with fond fingers and the reunited brothers frolic down a great lane of apple trees as the house orchestra softly plays "Mother Machree."

* MUSIC AND DRAMA ABROAD

Robert Evett and Reginald Arkell of London are at work on a musical play dealing with the life of Catherine of Russia. Jose Collins will take the part of the extraordinary woman immortalized in a line of Byron's. The music is selected from the works of Tchaikovsky.

Vincent d'Indy brought out at the Schola Cantorum last month "Der Frelschuetz" for the third time at least, thus marking his disapproval of Parisian opera houses suppressing this masterpiece.

"Lysistrata," a new musical comedy, words and music by Raoul Gunsbourg, has been produced at Monte Carlo. It is needless to say that the comedy of Aristophanes has been greatly changed. Vanni Marcoux was in the cast.

Ernest Newman, hearing Stravinsky's "Sacre du Printemps" again, finds his respect for it diminished. "Stravinsky is primitive man suddenly endowed with the latest musical technic. It is thus that the Scythian of 2000 years ago would have expressed himself in sound had he had the means to do so."

Ben Jonson's "Volpone" was played at Cambridge, Eng., on March 5. Mr. W. A. Darlington wrote an article for the Daily Telegraph explaining why he could not agree with Mr. Pepys that the play is most excellent, "the best, I think, I ever saw," wrote Mr. Pepys. "We have lost the taste for 'humour' as Jonson understood the term. Persons on our stage must be characters, not embodied characteristics."

Ben Jonson was not for all time, but for an age. His plays are outmoded now; we go to see them acted much in the same way as a modern girl will go to a fancy dress girl in the tight stays of her ancestress. The old fashions are picturesque enough to be worth a little discomfite now and then."

Milne's "The Great Broxopp" was produced in London on March 6. It was coolly received.

K. C. Spiere wrote to the Daily Telegraph: "In order to be spared a future charge of plagiarism, may I be allowed to mention that some time ago I completed a light comedy named 'Forty Winks,' which apparently has a good deal in common with Mr. A. A. Milne's latest play, 'The Great Broxopp.' The principal character in my piece is represented as having begun his career as a grocer's humble assistant, who is awarded the prize in a 'missing word' competition. Later he becomes the proprietor of certain wonderful inventions named, respectively, Pocket's Pancreatic Panacea, Pocket's Pills for Pallor, and Pocket's Pastilles for Perfect Pronunciation. I cannot perhaps expect that these will ever achieve the popularity of Broxopp's Beans for Babies or Chillingham's Cheese for Chickens, but as I still cherish the hope that one of these days they may be put on the market, I am anxious they should make their appeal without any taint of imitation."

"Anna Christie" will be produced in London on April 10. "Tangerine" will be seen there.

The Gultrys will play in London in June.

At the new Scala Theatre on April 11 will be presented the Italian marionettes—the "Teatro del Piccolo."

The recent revival in Leipzig of Siegfried Wagner's "Schwarzschwanenreich" seems to have brought down upon its composer's head the whole thunder of the critics. "Lasting almost three hours, never exciting, never enlivening, and, worst of all, never arousing one to a spirited opposition, the work is at best a great bore."

"In an age which wearies itself with interminable problems of sex and psychology, it is a mental refreshment to turn to a musical comedy such as 'Sylvie,' an adaptation by M. Pierre of the novel of Gerard de Nerval's. It was produced for the first time last night (March 8) at the Trianon Lyrique Theatre, Paris, before a crowded house, which gave unmistakable evidence of keen appreciation of an altogether delightful performance. There is an old world piquancy in this story of conflicting and hopeless love, and it loses nothing of either its tragic aspect or its rustic character in its stage presentation. The music, by Fred Barlow, is in ideal harmony with the charm of the general setting of the piece and the delicate artistry of acting and singing. Mme. Yvonne Farcot took the title role and M. Pierre Bertin himself that of the hero, so unfortunate in his two loves."

Ethel Smyth's new opera, "Fete Galante," will be produced at the Birmingham Repertory Theatre, June 2.

On March 7 "The Immortal Hour," by Rutland Boughton, at the Regent Theatre, King's Cross, was played for the 156th time, and it is claimed that this is a "record" number of performances for a "romantic" opera in London, the previous best being Sullivan's "Ivanhoe," which was played 155 times.

Laurence Binyon's new poetical play, "Arthur," founded on the familiar legend, was announced for performance at the Old Vic on March 12. Elgar has written music for the play.

A suite, "The Bluebird" (after Maeterlinck), by the Russian Ilya Satz, who died in 1912 at the age of 37, was performed in London on Feb. 24.

ONE JAMES THORNTON

Correspondents of the N. Y. Herald are discussing the question whether James Thornton was ever the partner of Charles B. Lawlor, singing "The Upper Ten and the Lower Five," and Thornton is mentioned as the poet and composer of "Anne Rooney is My Sweetheart" and "When I Was Sweet Sixteen."

We remember Thornton as the "author and composer" of "I'm the Man That Wrote Ta-Ra-Ra-Boom-de-ay." 'Tis the grandest song that was ever penned by man.

In Shakespeare find its equal if you can. Shakespeare could write a play, but he never saw the day That he could write Ta-ra-ra, Boom-de-ay.

CHORUS

I'm the man who wrote Ta-ra-ra, Boom-de-ay; It has been sung in every language night and day; I wrote it in a garret while out with Booth and Barrett; I'm the man who wrote Ta-ra-ra, Boom-de-ay.

Thornton's song was copyrighted in 1892. The title page says it was arranged by William Lorraine.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY—Symphony hall, 3:30 P. M. Erika Morini, violinist. See special notice.

St. James Theatre, 3:30 P. M. People's Symphony Orchestra. Complimentary concert to Emil Mollenhauer, conductor.

MONDAY—Symphony hall, 8:15 P. M. Extra concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Monteux, conductor; Mme. Ferrabini Jachia, soprano. See special notice.

THURSDAY—Jordan hall, 8:15 P. M.—Alexander Akimov, bass. Handel, Shall I in Mamre's Fertile Plain, from "Joshua"; Schubert, Death and the Maiden; Tchaikovsky, Couplets from "Pique Dame"; Beethoven, In questa tomba; Gomes, "Di sposo," from "Salvator Rosa"; Schubert, Death and the Maiden; Tchaikovsky, Couplets from "Pique Dame," The Disenchantment, Moussorgsky, The Flea; Rubinstein, The Prisoner; Schumann, The Two Grenadiers; Engel, Cradle song; Moussorgsky, Verla's song, from "Boris Godunov"; Dvorak, Biblical song; Lane Wilson, False Philis; Rimsky-Korsakov, Song of the Viking Guest, from "Sadko." Arthur Fiedler, accompanist.

FRIDAY—Symphony hall, 2:30 P. M.—20th Boston Symphony Orchestra concert, Bruno Walter, guest conductor. See special notice.

SATURDAY—Symphony hall, 8:15 P. M. Repetition of Friday's Symphony concert. Mr. Walter, conductor.

A pane of glass which had a couplet scratched on it by Dean Swift in an inn was sold at auction recently in London.

It was said at the time that Burns wrote several of his poems on glass, and some of them are still in existence. The hymn, "Our Blest Redeemer, Ere He Breathed," was scratched on a pane in the church at Hoddesdon in Hertfordshire, and was seen there for many years until a workman, it is thought, destroyed it in renovating the building.

This recalls the contemptuous quatrain on a window pane which already bore some foolish man's name.

Where'er we see a fellow's name

Written on the glass,

We know he owns a diamond,

And his father owns an ass.

ECCELESIASTICAL CANDOR

(From a church bulletin board)

Morning Service at 10:30 A. M.

Subject,

"The Three Great Failures."

Choir.

Sermon.

Organ Offertory.

"DICTIONARY WORDS"

As the World Wags:

In Mrs. Wharton's novel, "Glimpses of the Moon," somebody is said to be surrounded by a "carapace of self-sufficiency." My first thought was that carapace was typographer's hieroglyph for caprice. Afterward I consulted a dictionary, although I am not a lover of dictionaries. Sam Johnson is not one of my legendary heroes. In fact, I have an animus against dictionaries. Carapace turned out to be the shell of a turtle, armadillo or crab.

Why these words that crack against the wall? I suspect they are foisted upon us by writers who are fond of turning the pages of a dictionary, dredging in it, so to speak. There is high precedent for this. Kipling used to do it. But the danger is of dredging up dictionary words. Carapace is such an one. It might have been a word, and if so, it would have been a pretty word, but it really isn't a word. "Shell" would have been better, plain shell, without mention of the armadillo or crab—and for the reason that shell is coin of the literary realm and carapace isn't. Carapace is a distinction without a difference, a house without a tenant, a body without a soul—in short, a shell. It makes work for the writer who had to look it up, and it makes work for the reader who has to look it up, and then, when all is said and done, it is inferior to shell, which neither would have had to look up. It is a dictionary word, and the proper place for dictionary words is in the dictionary.

Barrett Wendell quoted Swift's appreciation of Lord Falkland, who "when he doubted whether a word was perfectly intelligible or not, used to consult one of his lady's chambermaids, and by her judgment was guided whether to receive or reject it."

Lord Falkland plainly had the proper contempt for dictionaries. Nor is he alone. Mark Twain, as is well known, misspelled words deliberately out of sheer hatred for the dictionary, as he frankly said. Then when he got a carbuncle on his nose, and the dictionary retallated upon him by saying that a carbuncle was a kind of jewel, Mark pointed out that humor is out of place in a dictionary.

It is significant in this connection that (according to the New International) the first dictionary giving English definitions of English words was issued in 1616. Shakespeare died that year. Nobody has done as well since with the help of a dictionary as he did without one.

I have a theory that Shakespeare died

of the dictionary.

Boothbay Harbor, Me.

R. M. H.

ADD "FOLK-LORE"

As the World Wags:

In your issue of March 20, I notice your question, "Has anyone of our readers in New England heard the saying: 'If ever you meet three ladies walking together it means fine weather'?" No; but I have noticed it "means" got off the sidewalk.

JAMES H. WEEKS.
Belmont, N. H.

AND THE OLDER THE WARMER

(From the Journal, Middletown, O.)

A penny for every year each person is old will be the contribution of everybody in Thursday night's audience in observance of "Birthday Night." Dr. Biederwolf extended an especially warm invitation to old people for this service.

FIRE

There have been loves like wan old altar lights,
Loves like soft candle-gleams that fall on lace;
Loves like the noonday sun, that burns and blights;
Loves like the young moon's silver pallid face.

Our love was like a match struck in the dark,
That lit your eyes, and glorified your hair
One instant, till the wind put out the spark—
One instant—but what radiance was there!

—Deirdre.

LONG RUNS

"F. E. H." adds to the list of long runs of plays in this country recently mentioned in The Herald, "Monte Cristo," with James O'Neill. "I have, or had, a letter from him written about 1897, in which he said he had appeared over 3000 times as Edmond Dantes; that he had never missed a scheduled performance. He acted the part several seasons after that."

Mr. Percy Maokaye, in Theatre Arts Magazine, writing about his father's spectatorium, says: "Until the recent extraordinary run of 'Lightnin', his play 'Hazel Kirke' held for 40 years the record for the longest continuous New York run of any play in English."

THE O'MORES OF LEIX

As the World Wags:

It is a good sign of the rise of the Irish in the social and artistic life of the United States that men of other ancestry, ambitious of success, assume Irish names—as in the case of the tenor who is now singing under the name of "Colin O'More." It is not so long since men of any and every stock arrested for brawling or drunkenness used to give Irish names as befitting their offences. And on the stage an Irish name was low comedy stuff; nothing more. Now, the boot appears to be on the other leg (no intention to refer to bootlegging). Now those who want to impress the public with their fitness for doing a good job as singers, as serious artists, are beginning to assume Irish names. This is a compliment to the Irish.

The O'Mores or O'Moore's are an ancient family. The man who chooses their name chooses well. They ruled over the territory of Leix in the "ould times." Rory Oge O'More led a rebellion against Queen Elizabeth, and if leading a rebellion is not a guarantee of true Irish blood, show me what is! Then there was another Rory O'More, a nephew of the former, who was a leader of the Irish rebellion of 1641; and there was Patrick Sarsfield, Earl of Lucan, a grandson of Rory Oge, who was one of Ireland's most distinguished soldiers in the fight against William of Orange. I do not remember that any of them were ever famous as singers, but they have had their deeds celebrated in song, as in Sir Charles Gavan Duffy's ballad about "Rory Oge, who heads the Rapparees." DENIS A. MCCARTHY.
Arlington-Hights.

MAIER, PATTISON

Yesterday afternoon Guy Maier and Lee Pattison, pianists, gave a concert in Jordan hall. Mr. Maier played the Andantino and Scherzo from Schubert's A major sonata, eight of his little waltzes, and Weber's "Perpetual Motion." Mr. Pattison played a Chopin group, a Mazurka in C sharp minor, the Tarantella, the E major Nooturne, and the C-sharp minor Scherzo. Together they played three little Stravinsky pieces for two pianos, an Andante, Balalacka and Galop, Arnold Bax's "Moy Mell," a fox trot by Mr. Maier himself, and by Frank, a Prelude, fugue and variations.

The printed program read a little differently, for it announced a fox trot by Casella. But the music got mislaid. Mr. Maier explained. The only copy probably in America. Since a fox trot there must be, Mr. Pattison proceeded forthwith to write one. Why not, Mr. Maier queried. Schubert wrote waltzes

and landlers. Bach wrote in the dance rhythms that were popular in his day. Why should not an American follow their example?

Why, to venture a step further, should an American do anything else? All music which holds its own springs more or less directly from the soil. Our American soil has not been favorable for folk-songs, but at all events we have dance rhythms beloved of the people, rhythms which are, be the fact gratifying or the reverse, peculiarly American. To urge young American composers to make use of their birthright is not to wave the American flag unduly, nor yet to clamor hysterically for "100 per cent. American" music. Until they do give over writing like Germans or Russians or the French, whichever happens to be in fashion, and contrive to write music that a listener might guess to be the work of Americans, they may depend upon it that their efforts will not come to a hearing as often as they might like.

Mr. Maier has surely the right of it, and Mr. Pattison shows good sense. Another time, though, it is to be hoped he will, like his illustrious predecessors, make full use of the worth of "native rhythms and yet succeed by art in not letting his music sound too much like the "real thing." It is for the serious musician, after all, to better the popular models.

To speak of Mr. Maier and Mr. Pattison's ensemble would run to repetition. They played delightfully, and excellently indeed they played their solo pieces. Each player added an encore, and the audience would have Mr. Pattison's dance once more.

R. R. G.

March 20, 1923

That old game of choosing a few books for life on a desert island is going merrily on. Now comes "A Book Lover" of Freeport, L. I., who writes to the New York Herald that he would be content, "outside of the Bible and a dictionary of course, with just five books: Mary Johnston's 'Prisoners of Hope,' J. J. Mitchell's 'Amos Judd,' Katherine Cecil Thurston's 'The Masquerader,' H. S. Harrison's 'Saint Teresa,' Honoré Willis's 'The Heart of the Desert.'"

Is this "book lover" a mad jester? We asked Mr. Herkimer Johnson, an omnivorous reader, if he had read these books. He shook his head. "I've heard of Mary Johnston; I've seen a play founded on 'The Masquerader'; I've heard of Mr. Harrison. Are these novels best sellers? I suppose they are recommended as 'wholesome.' I have little time to read contemporaneous fiction outside of the stories in the Saturday Evening Post. They contain so much valuable information. Recently I learned in this manner surprising facts about pig iron and steel, protective societies against burglary, how young women in millinery shops talk about conduct and life. What books would I choose for a desert island library? Ah, that's a hard question. I should want the great Oxford dictionary, Bayle's critical dictionary, Artemus Ward, Fleiding's Novels, Rabelais, Jeremy Taylor's 'Holy Dying,' 'Moby Dick,' all of Hazlitt, Casanova, Cellini—in fact at least 300 or 400 more volumes. I don't think I should box my set of Patent Office Reports for transportation."

It is not always easy to tell whether Mr. Johnson is in serious or jocose mood. He is certainly more amusing when he is serious.

"THE PITY OF IT"

(For As the World Wags)

Poeta nascitur, non fit,
I'm not, it licks me to admit,
One of these chosen few;
Else on the first spring violet,
I'd rhyme a tinkling triolet,
And get in the "Who's Who!"

C. B. W.

Boston.

"OVER THE WINDMILL"

Several correspondents have asked us the origin of the phrase: "She threw her bonnet over the windmill," saying they have found it in stories by Cabell, Locke, Walpole, Anatole France.

It's an old French saying. In Phillibert Joseph Le Roux's "Dictionnaire Comique" (Amsterdam, 1718) we read: "One usually finds at the end of tales and fables for children 'I threw my bonnet over the windmill, and don't know what became of it; it is said when one does not know how to say anything more about a subject, or when one does not wish to say all that might be said.' Later, the phrase meant to brave public opinion. Hector France in his 'Dictionnaire de la Langue Verte' says that the expression probably comes from the fact that women enraged and no longer able to contain themselves snatch their bonnet from their head without caring what those who see them may say or think. And so a young woman who snaps her fingers at the conventions, and strays more or less from the narrow path is said to have thrown her bonnet, etc.

is the French phrase in the older meaning to be found in 17th century literature? It is not mentioned in Cotgrave's French and English Dictionary—the revised edition of 1678—that storehouse of curious sayings, though there are many saws and wheezes about windmills and throwing things. Thus for a man to throw his girdle to the ground is to give one's whole estate to one's creditors; to throw the helve after the hatchet is "after one loss to adventure for another;" "he that goes into a mill cannot avoid being milled;" "he that hurts himself to help others will die of thirst at the mill-tail."

The Daily Chronicle of London asks, say rather shouts: "Do Men Dislike Clever Wives?" Not necessarily, but they are afraid of them—lest they find out their husband's deficiencies and no longer swing the censor with pungent and grateful incense under the nostrils of the expectant spouse.

TRAVELERS TELL STRANGE TALES

Mr. K. M. Lindsay, ex-president of the Oxford Union, having returned from the university debating tour, related his adventures to the London Daily News. A contemporary quotes from the London Journal: "My first night in America was spent in a hotel of 22,000 rooms." Is it not possible that the American linotype here went astray? Or did Mr. Lindsay wish to impress the readers of the News?

EIGHT O'CLOCK

(From Housman's "Last Poems")
He stood, and heard the steeples
Sprinkle the quarters on the morning town.
One, two, three, four, to market place
and people
It tossed them down.

Strapped, noosed, nighing his hour,
He stood and counted them and
coursed his luck;
And then the clock collected in the tower
Its strength, and struck.

We have received the Bulletin of the New York Academy of Sciences and Affiliated Societies for March 26 and were rejoiced by seeing this announcement on page 2:

Wednesday, 28 March, 8:30 P. M.
TORREY BOTANICAL CLUB
At the Museum of the New York Botanical Garden
Mr. A. W. BLIZZARD
Onion Smut

Will the busy, self-appointed censor, Mr. Sumner or Judge Ford, bestir himself for an injunction?

THERE'S ONE IN EVERY TOWN

As the World Wags:

There is a musician in our town whose family name is Legion. Though I've never been introduced to her, her first name must be Versatile, for she hums a seventh part to the sextette in "Luola di Lammermoor" with as much ease as she gladsomely constructs a trio from Gallagher and Shean. Her musical repertoire is unlimited. I have yet to discover her missing even one grace note. To show that hers is not a narrow appreciation, she trills with Galli-Curci one night, and next morning warbles "Mighty Lak a Rose," remarking after the applause that the latter is just too dear and sweet for words." In that one respect she is inconsistent, for she knows all the words and enunciates them clearly. When her complete familiarity with every musical work, classical or popular, sacred or profane, is coupled with the really remarkable carrying power of her voice, I ponder as to why she refuses to give her talent to the public from the concert stage. Instead, she hums in my ear and beats time on the back of my seat with her toe. Some day I hope to meet the lady formally. I pray that I may be in a high geared, speedster-type steam roller at the meeting. One with big, long, crunchy spikes in each wheel.

C. T. M.

ERIKA MORINI

At her recital yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall Erika Morini, violinist, played, with the help of Harry Kaufman, accompanist, Spohr's concerto No. 3, D minor, the well-known Svendsen romance, a Beethoven Rondino touched up by Kreisler, the Tartini variations on a theme by Corelli, to which Kreisler had also lent a hand, a Barcarolle by Tschalkovsky, a Waltz Caprice by Wienlawski, "La Capricieuse" by Elgar and Sarasate's "Carmen" Fantasy.

There were more pieces added, since the audience greatly fancied Miss Morini's playing. Well it might. Miss Morini has much to recommend her. She can play many notes in a short space of time all strictly in tune, so one may assume she has a fine tech-

nique. She plays with a tone that, though it sounds hard in fortissimo high passages, for the most part has beauty and warmth. Her phrases she turns with elegant grace. So musically indeed she plays, so persuasively, that for the moment she can make dress seem like gold—a greater feat, if not so worth her while, than doing full justice, as Miss Morini did, to the vigorous sturdy music Tartini made from the Corelli theme.

Musically too, and tastefully, Miss Morini played the Spohr concerto. She has yet to acquire, however, the stride, one may almost say the strut, that fits this music of an artificial day. Spohr himself has told how it should be performed; the first movement seriously, says he, yet with passion; the adagio should be mild and serene, the third movement agitated and imperious. Considering what he gave them to do with, of his interpreters Spohr asked much, but nothing less after all, will do. Miss Morini's quiet grace and smoothness would scarcely have contented Spohr.

But what is Miss Morini to do? In music of worth that suited her, like the Tartini variations, she showed herself yesterday a musician of genuine temperament. But music of the 17th century she cannot play all the time. There is nothing to be made of trash but effect, and of modern concertos which probably appeal to her little is to be made without an orchestra. What remains at her disposal? Nothing but the sonatas for piano and violin, and the music which composers are writing today—two varieties of musical effort which violinists will rarely touch. Why? Miss Morini herself, it is safe to guess, would do finely with music that expresses this present year of grace.

R. R. G.

FOR MOLLENHAUER

Saint-Saens' "Hall California," which has only been heard before publicly at the Panama-Pacific exposition in 1915, was given by the People's Symphony Orchestra yesterday afternoon at the testimonial to Emil Mollenhauer at the St. James Theatre.

An audience which filled the auditorium enthusiastically received the piece, which has been described as a "symphonic episode celebrating tonally the completion of the Panama canal." Mr. Mollenhauer himself conducted throughout the afternoon, and Fred Pope, the well known baritone, was the soloist.

The program opened with Volbach's symphonic poem, "Es Waren Zwei Koenigskinder," a fairy tale in music, and Mr. Pope followed with the "Gloria a te" by Buzi-Pecola. Then came Rudolph Nagel's "Caprice," dedicated to Mrs. Marie Dewing Faeten. Mr. Nagel is well known to Boston music lovers, having been a member of the Boston Symphony Orchestra for many years.

Succeeding "Hall California," immediately after the intermission, Tchaikovsky's martial overture, "1812," was

given and heartily applauded. This work portrays the retreat of Napoleon's army from Russia, and was first given in Moscow by an enormous orchestra, reinforced with cannon, which was stationed in the square in front of the cathedral.

March 27, 1923

"THE MIRACLE MAN"

By PHILIP HALE

ST. JAMES THEATRE—"The Miracle Man;" a play in four acts, based by George M. Cohan on the story by Frank L. Packard. Played by the Boston Stock Company.

"Doc" Madison..... Walter Gilbert
Martha Higgins..... Anna Layne
Hiram Higgins..... Harold Chase
Harry Evans..... Edward Darney
Michael Cogan..... Ralph M. Rensley
Betty Higgins..... Viola Roach
The Patriarch..... Mark Kent
Bobby..... Harry Lowe
Helena..... Adelyn Bushnell
David..... John J. Geary
Mary Holmes..... Lucille Adams
Eddie Holmes..... Houston Richards
Tom Holmes..... W. M. MacDougal
Ellas Newton..... Lionel Beras

In many villages, and not only in New England, there have been "natural bone-setters," "natural healers," often ignorant men, who have worked surprising cures. Sometimes one is induced to go to a city, as has happened in Boston, where he is expected to do wondrous things. Men of intelligence and wealth, despondent, having no confidence in physicians of high standing after they have consulted them, followed their advice, taken their prescription, put a blind faith in the miracle worker. Sometimes they are really helped; sometimes they die, as they would have died if he had been a great authority, a member of many medical societies. Have these "natural healers" some mysterious power, or are they merely endowed with horse sense and a keen insight into character? In

the past were they anticipators of good Mr. Cane? Christian Scientists before that sect was known.

Mr. Cohan's miracle man, the Patriarch, went so far as to heal by absent treatment, and so Cogan, alias the Flopper, forsook his evil ways when he heard that his mother could walk, after she had received a letter and was constantly in the thoughts of the Patriarch. And so Tom Holmes, the scoffer, became a believer and kindly disposed towards all, after he saw his son without a crutch. Madison, the brains of the crooks, who were to exploit the miracle man's singular ability—after Cogan and Evans, faking physical disabilities—were healed in a surprising manner—was the last to give in and tear up the checks given by patients who had come from near and far. Helena, the pseudo grandchild, was moved to repentance, soon after she had been in the Patriarch's house.

It is a simple play of village life, with visiting crooks resolved to impose on the benevolence of a lovable, white-bearded old gentleman and the credulity of the despairing sick and crippled. There is one dramatic moment, when the boy Eddie Holmes is cured while the audience expects to see Cogan carry out the plan of a pretended cure. There is also a moment of suspense when Madison is about to tell the Patriarch the truth about the grandchild. Mr. Cohan easily solves his self-imposed problem by making the Patriarch say he knew all about the deception from the beginning, but wished to bring Helena and her three confederates into the light (with a capital L). The dialogue is natural, not without humor—and humor is the natural speech of many. The only question at the end is this: How long would these walkers for years in the paths of sin be happy in the village, "Doc" Madison with his Helena; Evans with his Betty; Cogan with his Mary? But Mr. Cohan was not obliged to answer this question. He started them all in the righteous way, and it would not be his fault if the men forsook it, the village and their wives.

The performance was smooth, well-balanced, plausible. It is not necessary to particularize, but it may be said that Mr. Kent succeeded in portraying the sweetness and dignity of the Patriarch and persuaded the audience that his alleged miraculous powers were real.

The play next week will be "Turn to the Right. At the Friday matinee John E. Hazzard, the author, will take a role in it.

So President Harding shocked the natives and visitors at St. Augustine by appearing at a film theatre arrayed in white flannels and white shoes. For it seems they are fussy at St. Augustine, and expect men to don at night a hard-bolled shirt and at least a dinner coat if not a swallow tail.

There was a time when statesmen of the "golden remote, wild West" always wore a bolled shirt, more or less decorated with tobacco juices, for a waistcoat was regarded as not essential, a long broadcloth coat and leg boots. These are, indeed, degenerate days.

COURTEOUS EMPLOYERS

As the World Wags:

In re: William L. Robinson's "Some yapps afflicted with a chivalry complex, remove their hats in office building elevators if a girl stenographer happens to be on board," etc.

It might be well to inform Mr. Robinson that most men treat their stenographers with greater courtesy than they do their wives. And if these men, as Mr. Robinson complains, remove their hats in the elevators, it is merely that they are getting into the atmosphere of the well conducted office as quickly as possible.

M. W. HOYT.
Boston.

THE OLD MAN AT THE CROSSING

(From L. A. G. Strong's "Dublin Days")

I sweep the street and lift me hat
As persons come and persons go.
Me lady, and me gentleman:
I lift me hat—but you don't know!

I've money by against I'm dead;
A hearse and mourners there will be.
And every sort of walking man
Will stop to lift his hat to me.

BIRTH CONTROL IN LYNN

(From the Lynn Item)

Mrs. C. D. Brown and a committee of directors of the Society for the Prevention of Children will stage a card party Thursday afternoon, March 29, at the Phillips Beach Neighborhood house. The scalp and bridge will be featured. The proceeds will benefit the Lynn branch of the society.

The "COLD POTATO"
Hutchins
1827 the
gaged for Ganna Walska says that Mme. but he is Enrico Caruso "received the Diaghilevato" when they first sang.

When did she first hear this phrase? She might have said that the two singers were given the "icy mitt," or, as The Herald has suggested editorially, were handed a lemon. Is it possible that the phrase used by Mme. Walska had its origin in the "give him a cold potato" speech in "Rip Van Winkle"?

SONGS FOR THE LABORING MAN

Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, M. P., said at a "Merrie England" Fair held recently by the Independent Labor party that when a people could not sing good songs it was incapable of sound political thinking. "Their Socialist movement must remain a purely mechanical and a hard economic thing unless it was inspired by good music."

Yes, yes. But who is to select the songs for the Independent Labor party? There's Felix McGlenon's "I've Worked Eight Hours This Day," but that would be as mockery to the host of unemployed in England. A more cheerful ditty is the song about Mr. Gilligan, who

"Was only a workman in Shaughnessy's yard
Till they made him an overseer."

Let us all join in the chorus, although Mr. Gilligan in this country is now a sober and a saddened man:

"Gilligan's on a tear again,
He'll stay till Saturday night;
Just give him all the room he wants,
Or else he'll raise a fight.
'Tis once in ev'ry month he throws his money left and right,
But he'll go to work again on Monday morning."

BECKY AND THE KING

As the World Wags:

To mention Thackeray and Mutton is to recall Lord Steyne's protest at Becky Sharp's extravagant ambitions: "Gad! I dined with the King yesterday, and we had neck of mutton and turnips." William IV, dull even in his dishes, must have been the monarch alluded to; not his predecessor, the First Gentleman and the greatest gourmand of Europe, Cincinnatl.

G. W.

No. The King with whom Lord Steyne dined was George IV. After Becky had been presented at court, she ordered the finest portrait of him that art had produced. "She chose that famous one in which the best of monarchs is represented in a frock coat with a fur collar, and breeches and silk stockings. Smiling on a sofa from under his curly brown wig." It was a few days after the presentation that Steyne told Becky of his dining with the King and reproached her for striving after what was not worth the having. At the beginning of the chapter, Thackeray pays sarcastic homage to the "First Gentleman of Europe": "Others have seen Napoleon. Some few still exist who have beheld Frederick the Great, Dr. Johnson, Marie Antoinette, etc.—he it our reasonable boast to our children, that we saw George the Good, the Magnificent, the Great." Furthermore, George IV did not die until 1830, and Becky and Steyne were talking not long after Waterloo.

BOSTON VS. STOCKHOLM

As the World Wags:

Better late than never. The Boston streets are to be cleaned at last and we shall no longer be obliged to walk through ankle deep tons of slush. Perhaps our city authorities believed that nature would do what they were too dilatory to do themselves.

A young man just home from his bridal trip to Sweden was astonished at the filthiness of our thoroughfares and contrasted them with the cleanliness of the city of Stockholm. He referred to the carelessness with which the streets there were kept free from mud. After every snowstorm the shovel brigade, he said, was sent out to remove the white envelope and dump it in the water so that it might not cause sickness or death. Much as he loved his native Boston, he almost wished he lived in that foreign land with its advanced ideas of sanitation. Boston used to be pure as the beautiful snow, before it became wedded to dirt, but now, but now, alas, it has degenerated into a disgusting slushhole. Give us less oratory, florid oratory and more common sense.

BAIZE.

Dorchester.

ADD "AMAZING MARRIAGES"

(From a local newspaper)

Miss Anne de Bow and Mrs. Carlton B. Engel were married on Wednesday at the home of the bridegroom's parents.

FOURTH SYMPHONY MONDAY CONCERT

For the fourth Symphony concert of the Monday series last night in Symphony hall, Mr. Monteux planned a curious program. He began with the

Rimsky-Korsakov Suite, "Scherzade," to which he brought next three Bach movements, a prelude, an adagio and a grotte in rondo form for violin alone, arranged for strings by Sigismund Bachrich. In turn came Mme. Ester Ferrandini Jacchia, soprano, to sing an air from Godard's dramatic Symphony, "L'Assaut," and also, of all things, the aria, "Ritorna Vincitor," from "Aida." To close, Mr. Monteux played, for the first time in Boston, Respighi's "Ballad of the Gnomes."

Old Respighi one day, wearying of his flashing fountains, Gregorian modes, clouds and mists, and stately ancient dances, feel the need of a change? If so, he made a marked one, when he took it into his head to dabble in diabolism. Not to put too fine a point upon it, he seems scarcely the man for the experiment. He had everything to do with, to be sure, a "poem" by Carlo Clausetti of quite sufficient wildness to inspire him to sounds of darkness, and, it goes without saying, amazing skill in orchestration. But what of it? Of what avail are snarls and growls and thumps on drums if they only make a noise? A din alone, even though clamor be now the fashion, is scarcely

competent to stir terror; imagination, for that, must direct the din, and power must propel it. A respectable aim, though hardly the loftiest, it has always been in art, to try to make people shiver. But if the attempt goes awry, if people fail to thrill and shudder, of the effort what is left to commend it? Little enough. Some people, to be sure, may have reacted as they should to this "Ballad" last night. If so, they were in a minority, to judge from their behavior. It is not everybody, after all, who can deal convincingly with the devilish. Let Respighi, pray, go back to his Roman fountains.

The rest of the concert needs few words. Mme. Jacchia, more at home in the opera house than the concert hall, might have found more grateful and less taxing music to sing than the airs she chose. The very large audience applauded the Russian suite with a heartiness that resulted in the orchestra's standing to acknowledge the acclaim. They also showed themselves mightily pleased with the Bach suite.

R. R. G.

PLAYS CONTINUING

ARLINGTON—William Courtenay in "The Temporary Husband." Farce. Third and last week.

COLONIAL—Ed. Wynn in "The Perfect Fool." Eighth and last week.

COPLEY—"When Knights were Bold." Farce. Second and last week. Next week, "Disraeli."

HOLLIS STREET—"Lightnin'." Comedy. 14th week.

MAJESTIC—"Spice of Life." Second week.

PLYMOUTH—"Just Married." Farce. 11th week.

SELWYN—"The Fool." Drama. Seventh week. Extra matinee on Friday, April 6.

SHUBERT—"Greenwich Village Follies." Third week.

TREMONT—"The Torchbearers." Comedy. Second and last week.

WILBUR—"It is the Law." Melodrama. Third and last week. Saturday afternoon "To the Ladies."

SPECHT ORCHESTRA

There wasn't the slightest possible shadow of a doubt what the audience at Keith's Theatre last night liked best on the program. It was Paul Specht and his orchestra, "masters of rhythmic syncopation," according to the bill. Mr. Specht's players, furnished forth with every conceivable sort of band instrument, from piano and banjo to trombone and saxophone, gave an exposition of jazz, tuned up to about 16 stages of amplification. They imitated modern orchestras, from the colonial to the style of 1923. They played Tosti's "Good-Bye" with such expression that Tosti himself would never have recognized his own composition. They played the "Yankee Doodle Blues" as half a dozen different nationalities might have interpreted that work. They played "Silver Stars" and "My Buddy" and "Way Down in New Orleans" with everything that rang and jingled and squawked and whooped until the audience fairly went delicious with pleasure. Recall followed recall until one lost count. The theatre management tried in vain to make an opportunity for the next act. Folks wanted Specht and Specht's music and nothing else would do. Switching the lights on and off and setting the stage only made them the more determined. Specht himself finally had to come out and beg them to desist.

Then, and not until then did Frandlyn Ardelle and Adelle Riche get a chance to start in their snappy comedy, "The

Life Saver." Up to that time the show had dragged a bit, but "everything went" thereafter.

It is a corking bill, too, with a lot of clever turns. Ardelle is good and Mr. and Mrs. Jimmy Barry are very funny in "The Scandals of Hensfoot Corner." Jimmy's impersonation of a country sport being a gem.

Maryon Vadie and Ota Gygi and their company give some really fine interpretative dancing and violin playing. Windsor McKay, the cartoonist, puts an animated menagerie of his own drawing (on the screen, of course), through their paces, in person. Others on the bill are Maxine and Bobby, the comedy dog; Gertrude Moody and Mary Duncan, in a song and patter turn; Murry and Maddox in a lively little sketch and Paul and Walter LaVaire, acrobats.

March 28 1923

Sarah Bernhardt

Sarah Bernhardt was more than a great actress; she was a remarkable personage. When a distinguished visitor in this country was asked some years ago to name the most illustrious women then living, he named with her the Empress Dowager of China and Mary Baker Eddy, and no one disputed his judgment.

It is often said that an actress leaves no enduring monument. Only old theatregoers remember the idols of their youth and when they glow in praise of them and mutter, "You should have seen —" they are looked on half contemptuously, half pityingly by the younger generation. Yet Sarah Siddons, Adrienne Lecouvreur, Peg Woffington, Rachel, Charlotte Cushman are still something more than names. Mme. Bernhardt in her lifetime had achieved immortality.

It is the privilege of the old to remember Mme. Bernhardt when she was in the fulness of her power; when her voice was of pure gold; when it blazed in passion, or caressed in tenderness. A haunting voice; there was none like it. In her portrayals she could be feline and dangerous; a sorceress; the incarnation of hate and revenge; superb in pride; irresistible in tender emotions, in simple affection, in heart-breaking repentance. A word, a gesture, and the soul of the spectator was shaken. Her repertoire called for the expression of all sentiments, emotions, passions.

She reached the height of her artistic glory as Phedre in the tragedy of Racine, as the heroine of Hugo's "Hernani," and as Napoleon's son in Rostand's play. It is a question whether her art did not suffer by her appearance in the plays of Sardou, "The Caligula of the Drama," although they brought her wealth and fame. Nor is it to be denied that in her later years her art was often mannered; that her tirades, once magnificent in their volcanic spontaneity, became perfunctory and almost ineffective. But she had been long on the stage; and at times only her indomitable will triumphed over physical disability.

An extraordinary woman, gifted in a diversified and extraordinary manner. Her eccentricities, her weaknesses were long ago forgotten. Her enthusiasm, her patriotic fervor, her generosity—reckless as it often was—her devotion to her family, and, above all, her courage that endured to the end should long glorify her name, even when the art that in the last years of physical suffering kept her alive with spirit undaunted will be only a tradition.

If the life of Sarah Bernhardt were to be written in full by a competent, sympathetic, critical biographer, it would be a singularly entertaining book. He would first of all be obliged to sift the rich material, for there are legends concerning her which have been accepted as facts. She entered the Paris Conserva-

...lost. Bernhardt, and there the st honor she won was a second for tragedy.

How many remember that after a short stay at the Comedie Francaise and at the Gymnase, she played the part of the Princess Desirée in "La Biche au Bois" ("The White Fawn") under a false name at the Porte-Saint-Martin? What name did she assume?

Is she one of the characters in Daudet's "Nabob"?

Some of our readers may remember a book "Sarah Barnum," purporting to be written by Marie Colombier, but it is attributed to Paul Bonnetain.

Has any one made a collection of the many caricatures at her expense? It should include the cartoon that appeared in Judge when she visited this country for the first time, representing her as a cat on the roof. The caricaturists here and in Paris were not gentle with her. Perhaps Coll-Too thought he was complimentary when he drew her in a painter's blouse, one hand holding palette and brushes, the other resting on a human skull. On the floor were gold coins and the tragic mask.

It is said that her mother was a Berlin Jewess; her father was a lawyer of Havre. It was he that saw to her baptism, put her in a convent, and cared for her until he died. He left her by will 20,000 francs on the condition that she should be married by the time she was 21. The natural heirs brought up this condition unfulfilled. She said she would marry the first "super" or stagehand and leave him the next day. There was a settlement. Sarah took back to Paris from Havre 10,000 francs.

Her son was born soon after she left the Gymnase and before she played in "The White Fawn" and sang a duet with Mme. Ugalde. This was between 1862 and 1867. It was in 1874 at the Comedie Francaise that she made a sensation and revealed herself a great tragedienne as Phedre; the year that she first exposed a bust in the Paris Salon.

Who now remembers her balloon ascension, the talk about it, and the little book in which she described her emotions?

When her sister Jeanne, whose birth certificate spelled the name "Bernardt," visited this country with Sarah, she took minor parts and was hardly noticed. She left the stage and lived in Brussels on a pension granted by Sarah, and was the mother of Saryta Bernhardt, who created the part of the Princess in "L'Aiglon." Jeanne died at Paris in 1900. At the time that Sarah rested in a padded coffin, Jeanne decorated the walls of her own parlor, dining room and bed chamber with painted gibbets.

Is it true that Sarah as a false friend and with malicious intent advised Mme. Duse to make her first appearance in Paris (1897) in "La Dame aux Camellias," expecting and hoping that her rival would fail? That the Parisian public would compare her unfavorably with Sarah in the part? Mr. Victor Mapes has discussed the question at length in his "Duse and the French," published by the Dunlap Society. We do not like to believe that Sarah stooped to so mean a trick.

A JOHNNY-ON-THE-SPOT

(From the Western Springs Times.)

Alex Rossengren, the well known painter and decorator, fell this week, breaking his collarbone.

Have your paper hanging and interior decorating done now, A. J. O'Brien, Box 192, Western Springs.

HOW TO LOSE A HUSBAND

(By Dandelina Fiddlestick.)

The first man I married was an old fish named Judson Judberry. He was wealthy, with one foot in the grave, and mother told me how to put the other foot there. Mother was wrong, but I forgave her, for the old man is alive now. It is the stimulation of signing the monthly alimony check that keeps him pepped up, I think. I married him in June and I was a beautiful country girl, with rosy cheeks and everything. We came to his home, where his first wife had died but a short time before. He helped me down from the buggy, and walked in the house ahead of me. "The kitchen wants your attention," he told me. "And I need a bowl of soup. Fix things up." I sat down and wept, then and there, in my beautiful organdie bridal dress. Within 10 minutes I had mother on the 'phone. She came over and prepared the meal, for I was already a hysterical wreck. I needed no hot water bottle to know I was going to have a high fever, such was my anguish.

(To be continued.)

FOR OUR HALL OF FAME

Mr. George Fish is secretary of the Illinois Game Protective Association. His address is care of the Marine Bank of Springfield, Ill.

This reminds us that Mr. Orrin A. Cash has filed a petition in bankruptcy; Mr. Henry Rude lives in Pleasantville, N. Y., and Mr. C. R. Lenz is an optometrist in Lincoln, Ill.

MORE ABOUT ABARIS AND HIS ARROW

As the World Was:

Abaris, the Hyperborean, to whom you allude so pleasantly this morning, has interested me ever since the day when as a boy I read of him in Anthon's Classical Dictionary. Years later there occurred to me an interpretation of his wonderful "journey around the whole earth without tasting food"—an interpretation interesting in itself, and truer to all the recorded data than any other thus far presented. Jamblicus states that Abaris "was a disciple of Pythagoras." Pythagoras was a philosopher greatly interested in cosmological speculations, in fact, famous to this day for his reported doctrine as to a "counter-earth" opposite to the earth we see and stand upon. Cicero's explanation of this as probably nothing other than a current misunderstanding of a true Pythagorean doctrine touching what we call the northern and southern hemispheres is doubtless correct. It should further be remembered that the Greeks considered their Apollo worship to have been derived from a people in the highest North, the Hyperboreans, who still at stated times sent sacred offerings to Apollo's shrine on the island of Delos. Now a journey around the earth at our latitude is far shorter than at the equator. At the latitude of Stockholm it is yet shorter; and shorter yet it would grow with every degree of progress toward the north pole. At some point in such a progress it would become so short that even a pedestrian could traverse it "without tasting food." All that is necessary, therefore, to account for the origin of the Abaris tradition is the early appearance in barbarian Greece of an enlightened itinerant priest of Apollo coming from the North and the supposition that he attempted to instruct his hearers in a true conception of the spherical earth. The famous "arrow," which he is reported to have carried with him was, of course, a magnetic needle. W. F. W.

Brookline, March 23.

Has our correspondent read the article about Abaris in the celebrated Mr. Bayle's Critical Dictionary? There is interesting matter therein. We firmly believe that the "arrow" was a divining rod. Some accent the name of Abaris on the first syllable, some on the second.—ED.

George Leigh Mallory Gives Review of Risky Venture

Mr. George Leigh Mallory talked last night in Jordan hall about the attempts to climb Mt. Everest and the part he took in them. He was introduced by Mr. Allston Burr, who spoke of various mountain heights reached by men before 1921. Then becoming pleasantly personal he told of Mr. Mallory's prowess as a oarsman at the university and his gallant bearing in the late war, serving in the artillery—all an excellent preparation for the attack on Everest.

Mr. Mallory told in detail the preliminary study of the mountain to find where the ascent was most practicable. It is not easy to reach even the base, for there must be a long detour as the dwellers in Nepal do not look with a friendly eye on white visitors. He talked for a little while about the better disposed but dirty Tibetans, and how a lama gave him blessing.

The various camps were described, the life in them, the plans and routes for reaching the summit. The final struggles, and the necessary abandonment when his party stood over 27,000 feet above this level of the sea. He told a vivid story, but with charming modesty, the modesty of a brave man. The need of oxygen after a certain height was reached was explained and the contrivance for inhaling it was shown. His simple narration of the death of a number of porters buried by an avalanche and his own sensations when swept down under the snow moved the audience. More than once Mr. Mallory paid a fine tribute to the porters employed, who worked, not merely for pay, but took a keen interest in the expedition sent out by the English Alpine Club and the Royal Geographical Society.

The lecture was richly illustrated by stereopticon views, examples of excellent photography, many of them beautiful in their portrayal of snow and ice and glaciers, wind swept plains, tropical vegetation and blooming flowers. The

photographs of mountain peaks were taken at so high an altitude that there was little realization of the enormous height of Everest and other mountains. The hall was well filled with a deeply interested audience.

March 24, 1923

Some of us are old enough to remember Mr. Louis Harrison in "Photos." We see him now in Roman costume leaning on a pillar and exclaiming "Come, see how Dionysius can die," and then the pillar collapsed and Dionysius fell on the floor. Was he not in "Horror" with Mr. Dixie? We remember his reading aloud from a newspaper in "The Pearl of Pekin": "Thieves broke into the house of Rutherford B. Hayes. They escaped losing nothing."

In many other burlesques, comedies, farces, he was a joyous apparition. And now he has a part in the banquet scene in "To the Ladies," a comedy which will be produced at the Wilbur Theatre next Saturday afternoon. He plays a Tammany Hall politician, who, in the absence of a distinguished orator, is called on to speak at a trade banquet.

"To the Ladies," which was produced at Rochester, N. Y., on Feb. 13, 1922, with Helen Hayes and Otto Kruger in the leading parts, is a satire on business methods. The play takes up "some of the factors in the general dumbheadedness of American business" and has "fine fun with the childlike faith of our great merchants in mottoes and catchwords."

The banquet in which Mr. Harrison will appear is an annual affair given by John Kincaid's Sons, piano manufacturers. Mr. Lawrence Reamer wrote, when the play was brought out in New York at the Liberty Theatre, Feb. 20: "The speaker who had kept at it for 45 minutes; the waiters, who smashed the crockery at all inopportune times; the political speaker, who must be an incident of every such occasion; the man with the sawmill laugh and the cougher who will not stop in the important minutes; all these elements of the large dinner were most amusingly revealed. . . . It was indeed most natural and indigenous humor; it was, moreover, new to the stage. This act alone settled the fate of 'To the Ladies' as a comedy certain of entertaining the public for months to come."

Isabel Irving, William Seymour, George Howell and Percy Helton were in the original cast.

An Austrian motion picture, "The Queen of Sin," is shown this week at the Lyric Theatre, New York. The scenario is dated 3000 B. C. The destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah is shown. Nothing is said about the character of the oracles in those cities, and at the time of writing we do not know whether Lot's wife is turned into a pillar of salt in the full view of the audience.

Have the London audiences no sense of humor? When "The Bad Man" was produced in London early this month many in the gallery "booed" it—on the grounds of morality! This led the Daily Chronicle to say that the gallery in London is becoming a menace to the enjoyment of rational persons. "They boo at good plays and bad, they occasionally revert to the age of barbarism, and boo at individual actors. And, worse than any of these, they seem to have lost the ability to sit quiet through any scene which is played with less than the full power of the actor's lungs. Any attempt at quietness and subtlety sets them coughing and shuffling their feet; and then, a minute or two later, half a dozen of them begin calling out that they 'can't hear.'"

The trouble with booing is that it is seldom judicious. We have seen plays in Boston this season that might well have been booed. One of the delights in attending Sunday orchestral concerts in Paris in our student days was to hear the noisy protests from the gallery against music that was thought to be unworthy of performance. The booing and the sarcastic remarks often came from Russians. We see now a singularly handsome Russian woman in the gallery at the Chatelet, shouting against the repetition of the prelude to Saint Saens' "Deluge." "What, that thing? Not on your life!"

And we remember when Rubenstein's "Paradise Lost," a dreary work, was performed at the Singakademie in Berlin, the Englishman, Arthur Somerville, then young and handsome, now a highly respectable and conservative composer, shouting at the beginning of a fugal section: "That's a rotten subject for a fuge."

We relished in years gone by the hoots and yells from the gallery that

recalled the atrocious deeds of the violin in melodrama. They were a tribute to the actor. And in tragedy we have often envied the shout of the bored Bowery boy in the gallery: "Wake me up when Kirby dies."

Mr. Bruno Walter, who will, as guest, conduct the Boston Symphony orchestra concerts tomorrow afternoon and Saturday evening, is said to be sane; thinking more of the composer than of his own glory; not a poseur with wild gestures, wishing first of all to be seen. From his program we should say that he is conservative in his taste: Weber, Overture to "Euryanthe"; Mozart, Symphony in D major (K. 385); Beethoven piano concerto in G major No. 4 (Arthur Schnabel, pianist); Strauss, "Till Eulenspiegel." Mr. Schnabel, born in 1882, educated in Vienna, came to this country late in 1921, and gave his first recital in New York on Dec. 27 of that year.

The orchestra will be away next week. The program for the concerts of April 13, 14, is as follows: Mozart, Overture to "The Marriage of Figaro"; Foote, A Night Piece for flute and string orchestra; D. S. Smith, Pete Galant for orchestra with flute obbligato; Bloch, "Schelomo" ("Solomon"), a Jewish Rhapsody for violoncello and orchestra, and Brahms' Symphony No. 2. The soloists will be George Laurent, flute, and Jean Bodetti, violoncellist.

It is a pleasure to note among the EDUCATIONAL film comedies, "Winter Has Come."

George Arliss thinks of playing Benedick in "Much Ado About Nothing." He is also thinking of Iago and Shylock. There is no harm in thinking about these characters.

Mr. Joseph H. Wheeler of Medford writes that James Thornton and Charles B. Lawlor were partners in 1888 when they were with the Boston Howard Athenaeum Star Specialty Company under the management of Rich & Harris. This company played at the Boston Theatre during the week of Nov. 26, 1888. Lawlor and Thornton introduced "the celebrated English character sketch, 'The Bridge' and 'The Upper and Lower Ten.'" According to the program, Paul Cinquevalli, "equilibrist," then made his first appearance in this country. The Irwin sisters, Flo and May, were seen in a "Protean Sketch" entitled "Home Rule." "First appearance in America of the Australian wonder, Miss Ida Heath, premiere danseuse and character change artist." There were many others in the show. Mr. Wheeler writes that the receipts were "larger than any ever received by any variety company."

Would that we had seen the show, especially "Whirlwinds of the Desert," consisting of Four Arabs and Will Poluski, England's renowned athlete. Poluski—a distinctively English name.

March 30, 1923

Mr. Herkimer Johnson showed us a "Color Card of America," for he has in mind gorgeous waistcoats. Naturally he wishes something Egyptian, for he has read that the excavations in Egypt would seriously affect men's dress. The only colors he found associated with this venerable and mysterious land were named Cleopatra, Rameses and Pharaoh, and they were all blue. Mr. Johnson finds these colors tame. He dreams of a waistcoat that reminds one of a sunset, an omelette with a squashed tomato on it, a sunflower, and a dying dolphin. We pointed out "Titania," a chaste mulberry color, but he shook his head. We are inclined to believe that these "gorgeous waistcoats" are only in his mind, for we happen to know that the highly respectable firm of Messrs. Snipit and Busheier refused him credit a year ago, and Mr. Johnson in spite of his almost constant state of financial stagnation abhors "hand-me-downs."

MR. JOHN AND EAR-RINGS

Mr. Augustus John, described as "a storm centre of British art," will visit us. We hope Mr. Herkimer Johnson can be persuaded to sit for him. Photographs of Mr. Johnson are rare.

Mr. Augustus John, we are told, once wore huge earrings. There's nothing surprising in that. We remember a carpenter in our little village who wore earrings. He said the piercing of the ears helped his eyesight. This was long a common belief. Nor were sailors and fishermen the only ones that sported this ornament. Sir Walter Raleigh, Shakespeare, the Earl of Southampton, the Earl of Somerset wore one or two. Charles I of England wore a pearl earring, even on his way to the scaffold. We are told that the Duke of Portland has it. Old Adam Winthrop, grandfather of John Winthrop, in the portrait painted by Hol-

bein wears one. Stubbes protested, in the 16th century, against the fashion: "Worse than all, they are so far bewitched as they are not ashamed to make holes in their ears; whersat they hang rings, and other jewels of gold and precious stones, but this is not so much frequented among women as among men." Nevers in the opera "The Huguenots" wears them.

There is an attempt in England to revive the fashion for men. We find Mr. John Stuart writing to the Daily Chronicle:

"My wife has pierced ears, and is a constant wearer of earrings. Since our marriage she has caused me to have my ears pierced and to wear plain solid gold earrings. I wear them regularly at home, but rarely out-of-doors, and quite agree with your correspondent that they have a distinct attraction." He is evidently an obedient husband.

And so Miss Doracila Ethelston wishes that men would wear earrings, "a great attraction." Another female correspondent of the Daily Chronicle suggests that men do not wear them because they are afraid of the pain caused by ear-piercing.

We hope Mr. John will wear his earrings in this company, if not rings on his fingers and bells on his toes.

"MY LAST WILL"

(From a poem by the late Sir Walter Raleigh).

What a nuisance then will be
All that shall remain of me!
Shelves of books I never read,
Piles of bills, undocketed,
Shaving-brushes, razors, strops,
Bottles that have lost their tops,
Boxes full of odd and ends,
Letters from departed friends,
Faded ties and broken braces
Tucked away in secret places,
Baggy trousers, ragged coats,
Stacks of ancient lecture-notes,
And that ghostliest of shows,
Boots and shoes in horrid rows,
Though they are of cheerful mind,
My lovers whom I leave behind,
When they find these in my stead
Will be sorry I am dead.

A PREMONITION OF SPRING

As the World Wags:

No wonder that poets, real and fancied, commit indiscreet effusions around Easter time! It gets us all, even I, who am but an obscure book clerk, accustomed to seek my content in the must of old volumes. Today books have died and tree calf is no more than material for mummy cases; Elizabethan dust is choking. This morning the Park street escalator disgorged the same throng as yesterday, and all the mornings of the winter, yet individuals of the host were metamorphosed, or metamorphosing, perhaps. Not one all Mr. Bustle tried to evade the vainglorious stout person and dash to the top prematurely.

Listlessly playing my duster, I became inspired. I would learn the knack of twirling a baton and spend the spring drum-majoring. I practiced a bit then and there. I should have become quite expert if my instrument had not, most unfortunately, slipped from my fingers and encountered the boss' bald spot as he stooped. I was begged to desist.

Now, however, it is several hours later. I am less aspiring. I should like to enter upon a career of innocuous desuetude. I think I shall purchase a Herald and a harmonica and betake me to the Common, use the one for a blanket and the other for a mouthpiece of my soul. Small matter that all I can play is "Over the Waves." I play "Over the Waves" in the most approved hurdy-gurdy fashion. Pan would like it.

Ho-hum! A shambly, bespectacled gentleman examines our window of warped early editions, and turns his feet toward the door. Does he think even "mine Uncle Toby" can hold him today? Poor benighted antiquity! But hold! He passes on. He enters next door.

They sell harmonicas there!

R. E. W.

"CENTENARY" AN ELASTIC TERM

As the World Wags:

The excellent and usually accurate Herald states that this is the centenary year of the Monroe doctrine, and goes on further to state that the same was issued in 1813. But when I see \$14 shoes, 10-cent car fares and \$80 ready-made suits, I ask you candidly, is this 1913?

Boston.

HOW TO LOSE A HUSBAND

By DANDERINA FIDDLESTIX

CHAPTER II.

Within a month I was divorced from old Judson Judberry on grounds of cruelty. He was very nasty about it and brought in a cross-bill, or something like that, and accused our hired man of holding my hand in the dark

by the back gate, but the judge ruled this out as of no consequences.

My next husband was a sign painter for patent medicines. He was traveling through the country. He painted a sign on father's barn and I got acquainted with him. He had wonderful long hair, just the kind you expect artists to have, but I was so innocent that I did not know that this artist was constantly half-drunk. We were married suddenly, after a passionate evening on his part. Six weeks afterward I learned that he was a bigamist. He had a wife and four children living in Torrington, Ct. He deserted me and I have never seen him since. This is the only one of my former husbands who is not paying me alimony. I shall never forget how he took advantage of my girlish impulsiveness and loneliness. I long to meet him—just once more!

(To Be Continued.)

Akimoff Has the Voice and Personality

Yesterday evening Alexander Akimoff, a bass from the opera at Petrograd, gave a song recital in Jordan Hall. With Arthur Fiedler to play his accompaniments, he sang Handel's "Shall I in Mamre's Fertile Plain," Beethoven's "In Questa Tomba," Schubert's "Tod und das Maedchen," an air from Gomez's opera "Salvator Rosa," airs by Tchaikovsky, Rubinstein and Mussorgsky, and songs by Mussorgsky, Gretchaninov, B. Levenson, O. Engel, Dvorak, Lane Wilson and E. Alness.

So, at all events, the program ran, but Mr. Akimoff made changes in it. In the course of the evening, for the matter of that, Mr. Akimoff did various unconventional things, from which the entertainment in no wise suffered. If the set of his waistcoat did not suit him, quite openly he bettered it. To have everything comfortable about him, he strewed the piano with his music, whence he sorted it out as he wanted it; if it was not to be found, he sent somebody to the green-room to fetch it. On frankly pleasant terms with the large audience, he had a word or two to say now and again about an encore or a change in the program, in English at which he was ready, though not with need, to laugh. By his free, pleasant bearing Mr. Akimoff did away with the gravity of the usual song recital. All praise to him!

In making his program, too, Mr. Akimoff felt no necessity to follow the fashion. Every song and air he elected to sing, it is a safe guess, he chose because he liked it. And evidently he likes music which does not appeal to other singers, even Russian singers, since he put together a program unusually free of hackneyed material. If, of course, he could not do without Mussorgsky's "Elegy," at least he thought better of his first intention to sing, "The Two Grenadiers," which has been worked too hard of late; he put a Russian song in its place.

But an unconventional program and a refreshingly natural manner will not of themselves make a concert; the concert giver must be able to sing. Mr. Akimoff can sing. He has a noble bass voice of very long range, and of fine sonority from top to bottom. He has schooled this voice well, so thoroughly and intelligently that in such important matters as attack, breath control, legato, color and diction he surpasses almost all bass singers of the day. In understanding of style Mr. Akimoff is also a singer of note, and he has a strong feeling for the music's dramatic meaning. To Rubinstein's air he gave significance,

the Beethoven song he made more telling than most singers can do, and he appreciated the nobility of Handel's airs to which Mr. Fiedler played a superbly sonorous accompaniment. Mr. Akimoff already sings English well. When once he has learned to sing it with greater ease, he ought, with his great vocal, dramatic and musical powers, to prove a boon to managers in search of singers for oratorio.

R. R. G.

Bruno Walter Is Conductor; Arthur Schnabel, Pianist

By PHILIP HALE

The 20th concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. Bruno Walter conducted as a guest. He arranged this program: Weber, Overture to "Euryanthe"; Mozart, Symphony, D major (K. 385); Beethoven, Piano Concerto, G major, No. 4; Strauss, "Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks." The pianist was Arthur Schnabel.

When Arthur Nikisch rehearsed for the first time the Boston Symphony orchestra, he marvelled at the perfection of the instrument which had been fashioned by Mr. Gencke, and he exclaimed: "All I have to do is to poetize." Mr. Walter, coming to Boston, found the orchestra that had been created and

moulded by Mr. Montoux into a plastic, euphonious, superb instrument, ready for him to play upon.

It was evident, before he arrived, from his programs arranged for New York, Detroit and Minneapolis, that he is not anxious to make a sensation by riding foaming battle-horses. He has not announced himself in trumpet tones as a "specialist." He has not declared Beethoven or Wagner, or Brahms, or Strauss, or Mahler to be the only god, nor pointed to himself as the prophet of this or that deity. He has an enviable reputation in Europe as an interpreter, not a perverter, of Mozart. Perhaps it is characteristic of the man that he chose for Boston a symphony of Mozart that is less familiar than the immortal three; that, looking at the works of Richard Strauss, he chose an early tone poem, not a later one of thunderous speech. Add a familiar overture by Weber, and for a concerto one that is lacking in pyrotechnical display.

There is little to be said concerning the program. And, fortunately, there is little to be said in discussion of Mr. Walter's interpretation of the various pieces, for his conducting was conspicuous for its sanity. He did not attempt to bring out "hidden voices" in order to make unexpected effects; he did not take surprising liberties with rhythm or with melodic figures. Nor did he fume and rage in fortissimo passages. He was thinking more about the music than about himself or what sort of an impression he was making. The memorable feature of the afternoon was the exquisitely fine performance of Mozart's beautiful symphony. The performance of "Till Eulenspiegel" revealed a lyrically and dramatically romantic Till, not the irreverent, cynical, Puckish, obscene jester.

Mr. Walter's personality is pleasing. He evidently enjoyed the music, also the orchestra. There were no extravagant semaphoric gestures; no bodily appeals to the audience; no suggestion of "Now I'll show you how this thing should go." The performance of the orchestra was brilliant throughout, but this orchestra has contracted the habit of being brilliant.

Mr. Schnabel, who played here for the first time, is evidently a well-equipped and musical pianist.

The concert will be repeated tonight. There will be no concerts next week. The program for April 13 and 14 will be as follows: Mozart, Overture to the "Marriage of Figaro"; Foote, A Night Piece, for flute and string orchestra; D. S. Smith, "Fete Galante," for orchestra with flute obbligato; Bloch, "Schelemo" (Solomon); Jewish Rhapsody for violoncello and orchestra. Brahms, Symphony, D major, No. 2. The soloists will be Mr. Laurent, flute; Mr. Bedetti, violoncello.

It was stated in nearly all the obituaries of Sarah Bernhardt—that she was the only member of the theatrical profession who received the cross of the legion of honor.

Mr. Arthur de Gulchard of Boston writes to The Herald: "A mistake. Marie Laurette (Marie Allouze-Luguet) was the first and only actress before our 'divine' Sarah to receive the legion of honor, some time in the '80's. She was remarkable as the mother in 'Michael Strogoff.' She had a long stage career."

Lyonnet's "Dictionnaire des Comediens Francais" spells her maiden name Allouze-Luguet. It was on July 12, 1883, that she was named Chevalier de la Legion d'Honneur, as president, director and founder of the Orphelinat des Arts. She founded this institution for orphans of painters, musicians, comedians and literary men, and directed it for 23 years. Born in 1826, she appeared on the stage at Lille in 1844 and played until 1902. She was made an officer of the Academy in 1885. In 1904 she died, and an immense crowd paid her in Paris the last tribute of respect, admiration and affection.

FORAIN, THE CARTOONIST

"At dinner one day he found himself sitting beside a certain gentleman well known for his disagreeable breath and his dislike of Forain, to whom he had not addressed a word. Suddenly the cheese was passed to Forain, who instinctively turned to his neighbor with the inquiry: 'I beg your pardon. What did you say?'"

HOW TO LOSE A HUSBAND

By DANLERINA FIDDLESTIX

CHAPTER III

My next husband was a grocery keeper who married me because he needed a cashier. He thought he could get me to work for nothing. We lived together for a year before he went bankrupt. My savings for that time were considerable. He was very much attached to me. But he had bad habits. He would sit nights with his stocking feet on the veranda rail and he chewed tobacco, except when he was asleep. Nothing I did seemed to aggravate him. I tried many things. Finally, I put salt

in his coffee and kept hiding his chewing tobacco. This finally made him understand I desired to lose him as a husband. He arranged the divorce, paid for everything out of a sale of lots he owned. He was left more money by a wealthy uncle, and his alimony check is as regular as clockwork. I have never been bothered by him hanging around asking to marry him again. In fact, I have never seen him since we were divorced.

(To Be Concluded.)

A LITTLE HOUSE

There's a little house high up on a hill
That faces a town I know,
Where green vines cling to the window-sill
And morning glories grow.

There's a little yard where a little lad
Played in the days gone by—
Oh! the games he played and the fun
he had
Under the friendly sky.

There's a little room with a shaky bed
Where the shadows danced at night
As he tumbled in with his prayers all
said
By the flickering candle-light . . .

Now the years have flown since that
little boy
Slept in that shaky bed,
And they've brought him grief and a
little joy,
Then into the dim past sped.

But somehow he'll never have peace
until

One of these days he goes
To visit the house high up on the hill
That faces the town he knows!

G. M. C.

BALDNESS AND ROMANCE

As the World Wags:

The tone of The Herald's review of Mr. John Buchan's novel, "Huntingtower," is noted with the deepest of regret. The book is praised, yes; but there seems an ulterior connection between the statements that the tale is outside plausibility and the fact that the hero is middle-aged and bald. One senses a snicker between the lines. How, as the phrase goes, come? Why shouldn't bald headed grocers rescue Russian princesses from towers? Are fallen locks a bar to the gold-dappled fields of romance? Cannot the heart which beats beneath a shining poll thump as violently, glow as ardently, as that within the breast of some hirsute Harold? Why this linking of hair and heroism? Mr. Herkimer Johnson doubtless intends devoting considerable space in his colossal work to this persistence of the Samson myth in the popular mind. Cannot he be persuaded to give us his conclusions in advance? Thousands of us who have read the above review and blushed indignantly look hopefully Johnsonward, our hopes fanned to a rosy gleam by the whisper stealing about the city that Herkimer himself is shedding shingles from his roof.

Q. BALL.

West Jamaica.

We are happy to say that Mr. Johnson rejoices in luxuriant hair. There is not even the usual silver dollar spot on the crown that for too many marks the flight of years. We suspect him at times of slushing his hair, and we know that he allows it—so arduous and confining are his labors—to reach an unseemly length.—Ed.

CAUSE AND EFFECT

(From a Press Agent's Letter)

"Mr. William Archer saw 'Peer Gynt' last night. After the play he left for Florida for a three weeks' visit."

BOSTON "THE MUSICAL CENTRE"

As the World Wags:

I went into a large music store yesterday and asked the clerk if he had any pianoforte selections from the opera "Patience." He inquired: "Who wrote it?" When I recovered from my coma I told him. He then said the opera was probably foreign, and I agreed it was in many ways. He eventually found two dog-eared sheets, which he seemed glad to dispose of at half-price.

Oster was indeed right, the lethal chamber yawns for us. Shades of W. S. Gilbert and A. Sullivan be with us to the end!

G. S.

SOCIAL LIFE IN ST. LOUIS

(From the Globe-Democrat.)

Miss Lena Beck, please call at Wacker Heldrie undertaking parlor 2 o'clock Thursday. Mrs. Mary William laid out.

BOAT RACE VS. LITIGATION

As the World Wags:

In the Daily Mirror of March 13 I came across the enclosed paragraph with its amusing side light on the popularity of the Oxford and Cambridge boat race, which next to the coronation of the King, could be placed as the most important event of the year.

Darlington. C. LEONARD QUINN.

"Mr. G. O. Nickalls, president of the O. U. B. C., figured at Wandsworth county court when Judge Harrington yesterday adjourned a motor collision case until after the boat race.

"A day at the county court would cause a serious interruption in Mr. Nickalie's training. It was stated, and it was most important that the crew should not be interrupted."

CAUTIOUS EXACTNESS

(From the Sat. Eve. Post.)

As a people we made a new statistical record in 1922. We ate more than 100 pounds of sugar per person. The exact figure is apparently about 103 pounds.

April 11, 1923

A German Opera Company will begin an engagement of two weeks at the Boston Opera House tomorrow evening. A feature of the engagement will be a performance of Wagner's "Ring."

The Daily Telegraph of London on March 17 published an article entitled "An Abridged 'Ring,'" by Mr. Robert Lorenz. He begins by saying: "The difficulty about broaching a subject of this kind is that you at once come up against a number of Walhalla caretakers who, like others of their class, do not always possess unlimited intelligence, and who quite fail to see that a suggestion for abridging the 'Ring' may be actually the outcome of an almost overpowering reverence for this stupendous masterpiece."

We do not believe that there are many wild-eyed, fanatical Wagnerites today in Boston or in any other city. Even in Germany there is not that insane enthusiasm that there was formerly. No one is so foolish as to deny the greatness of Wagner, but few are willing to accept his music in bulk.

"As Weingartner has rightly pointed out in one of the essays of his 'Akkorde,' as soon as Wagner handed the 'Ring' over to Angelo Neumann he turned his back once and for all on the most cherished dream of his life—namely, to keep the work from becoming a series of repertory operas. Having gone so far, it is not surprising that he himself sanctioned a number of 'cuts,' though not, of course, the ones inflicted on us nowadays. It was quite natural, however, that in time different theatres and opera companies should take to making their own particular cuts, the most unintelligent of which usually emanated from the singers, who as a class cannot be accused of showing any great dramatic acumen. As a matter of fact there is much to be said for cutting the 'Ring' when it is performed in large towns, where the audience is mainly drawn from business people; the only question is how to do it."

Would Sacrifice Act, Not Mutilate It

Mr. Lorenz advances the theory that it is better to sacrifice an entire act or scene than to mutilate it, and "in some cases produce abject nonsense by the most arbitrary series of cuts."

He would reduce the "Ring" from our performances to three so the actual deviation of each would be rather shorter than at present except in the case of "Rheingold."

"What is more, people who, for various reasons, could not go to more than one performance in a cycle, would under the suggested rearrangement be able to hear part of 'Rheingold' and 'Die Walkure' on the first night; part of 'Die Walkure,' 'Siegfried' and 'Goetterdaemmerung' on the second, while on the third they would have 'Goetterdaemmerung,' proper, beginning with the scene in the Hall of the Gibichungs. In this way the disappointment of the present one-nighter at having to miss so much of what follows or what has gone before would be considerably mitigated."

Beginning with the opening scene of 'Rheingold,' Mr. Lorenz would go straight to the scene in Nibelheim where Wotan and Loge capture Alberich. "It must be remembered that the whole episode of Fafner, Fasolt, and the gods is of no importance whatever to the development of the drama. Fafner only comes into the 'Ring' at all because Wagner dare not, in face of the legend, show a Siegfried without a monster to slay, and once having the latter he thought he might as well give him the ring for a while. Quite apart from having to satisfy the giants, Wotan and Loge would in any case have gone in quest of the gold sooner or later, so that the transition is not so startling as it might at first seem. Wagner having written the 'Ring' backwards was, moreover, careful to include each separate drama, except 'Rheingold,' at least one exposition of anterior events. In this particular instance Wotan's narration to Bruennhilde in the second act of 'Die Walkure' would make the whole situation abundantly clear—and there would be other opportunities later on. No further alterations would be made until after Alberich's curse and exit, upon which the scene, familiarly known as 'The Entry of the Gods into Walhalla,' would follow at once, leaving out the rather tedious 'I spy' game at the expense of the gods. This abridged 'Rheingold' could be simply called Prologue, and the rest of the evening would be filled with the present first and second acts of 'Die Walkure,' just as they stand, leading us down to the death of Siegmund.

AN "ABRIDGED" RING

"The second night would start with the present third act of 'Die Walkure,' abating us for once to hear this superb music with the protagonists fresh at the job. Then would follow the most drastic change of all, for the second act of the evening would be the present third act of 'Siegfried,' the other two being entirely dropped. As a matter of fact, the first two acts of

would be a good plan to give entirely different names to the reconstructed dramas so as to avoid any confusion on the part of ticket-holders. The abridged 'Ring' might have the following titles: 'Siegfried' (or 'Siegfried and Siegmund'), 'Bruennhilde' (or 'Bruennhilde and Siegfried'), and 'Siegfried's Death,' the latter, of course, being the name which Wagner originally gave to the drama, since slightly modified into 'Goetterdaemmerung.' For the sake of

clearness I will now set out the proposed rearrangement of evenings:

"I—'Abridged Rheingold,' 'Walkure' I, 'Walkure' II.
"II—'Walkure' III, 'Siegfried' III, Prologue, 'Goetterdaemmerung.'
"III—'Goetterdaemmerung' I, II, III."

VISITING SINGERS

Heinrich Knote, who will take the parts of Tannhauser, Tristan and Siegmund this week, according to the program, is not unknown here. He was born at Munich in 1870 and for many years was a member of the Munich Court Opera Co.

Ottile Metzger, who will be heard as Brangaene, Erda and Fricka, sang once in Boston in concert. She is now the wife of Theodor Lottermann, who will take the part of Wotan.

Elsa Aisen, the Bruennhilde, is the daughter of a Norse land owner. We are informed by the press agent that "in addition to an inheritance of 'the white passion of the frozen North,' she has also a contrasting emotional warmth and physical beauty from her mother, who was a French woman. She has said it among her own people she gained insight into the character of Bruennhilde, a creature of fire and ice." We are also informed that at first she considered herself a contralto; that "when she had scarcely learned her alphabet she was already a fairly accomplished pianist, without having had a lesson; still a child, she took up singing, making her first public appearance at Posen, Germany, where she sang in Bach's 'Matthew Passion.'" We are also assured that she made her debut in opera, "when, as a last minute substitute, she sang Fidelio without a single rehearsal. Since that performance she has sung the role of Beethoven's heroine 300 times."

Friedrich Schorr, leading baritone of the company, will sing the Hans Sacks tomorrow. "He studied law at the University of Vienna, forsoaking a legal career for the drama. Making his debut as Wotan, in which, despite his youth, he created a favorable impression, he was engaged at the age of 22 for the opera in Graz. After four years he was called to the state theatre of Prague and from there to Cologne. As a Wagnerian interpreter he gained his present position with the State Opera in Berlin. He has appeared in many of the Wagnerian festivals in Germany and has won recognition elsewhere in Europe as a dramatic singer, notably at Vienna, as well as Holland and Czechoslovakia."

Among the conductors with the Wagnerian Festival is Eduard Moerike, first conductor of the opera house at Charlottenburg. This is Mr. Moerike's second visit to the United States, the first having been 24 years ago, when he served with the Ellis opera company under Walter Damrosch as principal conductor. In 1907 he went to Paris to conduct "Salome" with Straus. He has spent the last 10 years in Berlin.

The Braggiotti sisters, Berthe and Francesca, will dance in the second act of "Fledermaue" at the Boston Opera House next Saturday evening. Prince Orloff announces to his guests that he has a surprise for them and then furnishes an entertainment. It is customary to introduce here a violinist, pianist or some other artist.

THE WIDOW BROWN SONG

One of the songs in the fourth annual production of the "Greenwich Village Follies" at the Shubert Theatre is "The Widow Brown." This has been a great favorite with audiences in England and America. It is interesting to watch the costumes of the artist models in this number, for they show the changes which have been made in chorus costumes during the past 20 years. These costumes were designed from old prints and are historically correct. Old theatregoers say they recall the "Widow Brown" songs at Koster & Bial's Music Hall at Twenty-third street; that it was sung by all the popular singers and was always sure of a merry welcome. Lillian Russell sang a song called the "Little Widow Brown" in Weber & Fields' "Twirly Whirly" in 1913. The lyrics were by Edward Smith and the music by W. P. Francis. There was another "Widow Brown" song called "The Naughty Widow Brown." May Irwin is credited with making a success of a song called "Nancy Brown." It is said when Miss Irwin sang it her success was unexpected, as the song had been a failure with other singers. The lyrics of the "Widow Brown" in the "Greenwich Village Follies" is an old English song.

JULIA ARTHUR

Julia Arthur will play the closet scene in "Hamlet" this week at Keith's Theatre. It is by no means her first appearance in a Shakespearian role. In London in 1895 she took the part of Hero in "Much Ado About Nothing" played by the Lyceum Company and the next year with that company she ap-

peared as Lady Anne in "Richard III" and Imogene in "Cymbeline." In 1898 at Wallack's, New York, she played Rosalind. In 1921 at the Apollo, New York, she was Lady Macbeth. And in her early years with Daniel Bandman she played Portia, Juliet, Desdemona, Ophelia, even the nurse in "Romeo and Juliet" when she was not much over 14 years old.

There is a long list of women who have played Hamlet. Charlotte Cushman, Eliza Shaw, Fanny Wallack, Charlotte Barnes, Clara Fisher, Miss Marriott, Emma Waller, Susan Denin, Mrs. F. B. Conway, Julia Seaman, Winnetta Montague, Adele Belgrade, Louise Pomeroy, Anna Dickinson, Janet Steer, Mme. Judith, Sarah Bernhardt, nor is this list complete. Some critics have maintained that Hamlet was in reality a woman, and Sarah Bernhardt once argued at length in favor of this opinion. One might with more reason maintain that Lady Macbeth was a man.

ITALIAN PLAYS

All those interested in Italian and in Italian dramatic art should welcome the announcement made by the Boston Italian Dramatic Company, Mr. Tommaso Nazzaro, manager. This company, headed by Maria Bazzi, Rosina Bernardini and Corsetta Malori, will give performances at the Arlington Theatre April 16-April 22. The repertoire will be as follows:

Monday, April 16—"Cause ed Effetti," by Paolo Ferrari.

Tuesday, April 17—"Teresa Raquin," by Zola.

Wednesday, April 18—"La Nemica," by Dario Niccodemi.

Thursday, April 19—"L'Erede," by Marco Praga.

Friday, April 20—"La Figlia del Popolo," by Dario Niccodemi.

Saturday, April 21 (matinee)—"La Corpa Vendica la Colpa," by Paolo Giacometti.

Saturday, April 21 (evening)—"La Tosca," by Sardou.

Sunday, April 22—"La Porta Chiusa," by Marco Praga.

Subscriptions will be received at the office of the company, 196 Hanover street, or at Rosario Inell's, 30 Boylston street; also at 325 Hanover street, 148 Richmond street and 52 Norman street.

"Teresa Raquin" has been played here in English by Mrs. James Brown Potter and Kyrie Bellew in the leading parts and Sardou's "La Tosca" is well known.

Paola Ferrari (1822-1889) wrote historical plays on subjects taken from Italian literary history; plays of contemporary life and, influenced by Augier and Dumas the younger, dramas with a thesis. It has been said of him that in all his work he was concerned with morality. Ferrari had no other muse; morality made him a dramatist, just as love or indignation have made dramatists of others.

Paolo Giacometti (1816-1882) was interested chiefly in effect. He declared that he wrote for the populace rather than for the erudite. "I had as a motto: 'Let us cultivate pure effect, let us multiply powerful effects'." I said to myself, "The public has had enough of man as he really is; now we have to move it with passions. Is the reign of beauty passed? Very well, then let us turn to the ugly, making in this way

another dramatic world."

His greatest play is undoubtedly "La Morte Civile" in which Salvini gave a memorable performance.

Marco Praga, the realist, was born at Milan in 1862. A realist, he has adopted as his motto, "The theatre for the theatre's sake." In "L'Erede" (The Heir), a young nobleman violates a girl, the daughter of a governess in his house. His son makes amends by marrying the wronged woman. It has been said that in this play and in "The Enamoured Woman" ("L'Innamorata"), written for Duse, he "outdoes the Grand Guignol in situations of horror, hate and passion, jealousy and remorse." "L'Erede" is dated 1894; "La Porta Chiusa" ("The Closed Door") (1913).

Dario Niccodemi is chiefly known in this country by "Il Rifugio" ("The Prodigal Husband"), in which John Drew played, and "L'Ombra" (The Shadow) performed in this country with Ethel Barrymore. Niccodemi has been called "the Italian Bernstein." In "La Nemica" ("The Enemy"), a step-mother hates her stepson. He worships her. When her own son is killed in the war, she turns to the stepson and lavishes her love on him.

A STRANGE FILM

(From the London Times.) A German film was shown to the film trade last week which is by far the most original and interesting production made in that country which has been publicly shown in England since the outbreak of war. It is called "Dr. Mabuse," and is being shown in this country by the firm of Granger. It is an unusually long film, and in its entirety will take about four hours to show, but it always grips the attention and

PLAYS CONTINUING

HOLLIS THEATRE—"Lightnin'." Comedy. 16th week.
MAJESTIC—"Spice of Life." Revue. Third and last week.
PLYMOUTH—"Just Married." Farce. 12th week.
SELWYN—"The Fool." Drama. Eighth week. Extra matinee Friday.
SHUBERT—"Greenwich Village Follies." Fourth and next to last week.
WILBUR—"To the Ladies." Comedy.

At the Copley Theatre, E. E. Clive in "Disraeli"—Louis N. Parker's well-known play of the great British premier.

The cast:
 Lord Brooke of Brookhill. Reginald Sheffield
 Duchess of Glastonbury. Jessamine Newcombe

Lady Cudworth. Stephanie Day
 Adolphus, Viscount Cudworth. May Ediss
 Lady Brooke. Wilson Verner
 Charles, Viscount Deedford. Harold West
 Duke of Glastonbury. H. Conway Wingfield

Mrs. Travers. Catherine Willard
 Butler. R. Gerald
 Lady Beaconsfield. Daisy Belmont
 Lady Charlesa Peversey. Katherine Standing

The Right Hon. Benjamin Disraeli. E. E. Clive
 Sir Michael Probert. H. Mortimer White

Mr. Dumley Foljambe. Gerald Rogers
 Mr. Tearle, a junior clerk. Kenneth White

Bascott, Disraeli's butler. L. Paul Scott
 Mr. Hugh Meyers. Charles Hampden
 Potter, Disraeli's gardener. Cecil Magne
 Flocks, a rural postman. Reginald Sheffield

Generally speaking, stock companies do not go in for "starring." But once in a while one actor or another becomes a star, pro tem, by popular acclaim. So Mr. Clive, in the judgment of a well-filled house, earned last night this title dear to the heart of every performer.

If at times his playing fell something short of perfection, it was rather in the smoothing out of details than in any misconception of the part. Resourceful, far-sighted, indomitable, he traced clearly these characteristics of the late Lord Beaconsfield.

And in his lighter moments, the wit, the understanding, the affection of his nature "came through" with that charm and sincerity which Mr. Clive brings to all his roles. One felt his influence, much as the characters in the play are supposed to feel it. Through Mr. Clive, Disraeli becomes a figure "human" and very much alive—as the author no doubt intended.

The supporting cast, while not exceptionally strong, is adequate. Miss Belmont, as Lady Beaconsfield, was well received, as was Miss Willard in the role of the Russian agent. Likewise Mr. Hampden excelled as Hugh Meyers, the banker. And the settings are excellent, though over long in the changing. The rest of the company does "as well as could be expected."

For the play itself is one to tax the abilities of the actors not a little. Conventional in movement and often in dialogue, it is poured from the same mold which, until recent times, has served English drama since the days when Bulwer-Lytton—as Disraeli himself remarks—"though he could write plays." People come and go—lots of them. For what good is a romantic comedy of this sort if there are not at least a half dozen Lords This and Viscounts That (not to mention their feminine counterparts) to chatter brightly and with amusing wit? People come when the author wants them and depart again when they have had their say, with well-bred exactitude. The climaxes are hurried, taken at their face value, without due regard for transitional scenes and illustrative detail. One accepts the story, more or less according to pattern, as a convenient framework for much pleasant converse and skilled repartee. It is sophisticated comedy in that one is less interested in what the characters say than in how they say it. Yet, out of it all, somewhere, somehow there comes a rather clear picture of what the titanic figure of Disraeli might well have been, and a wholly charming view of English society in the days when Ruskin was all the rage and Tennyson not quite the thing for careful mammas to give to their daughters. Quicker now, isn't it—but it's so.

W. R. B.

ST. JAMES THEATRE—First performance, "Turn to the Right." Play in prologue and three acts by Winchell Smith and John E. Hazzard.

Isidore. Harold Chase
 Joe Bascom. Walter Gilbert
 Mugs. Huston Richards
 Gully. Edward Barker
 An Old Teller. Lionel Bevens
 Rette Bascom. Lucille Adams
 Jesse Strong. Anne Layng
 Mrs. Bascom. Ralph M. Remley
 Sam Martin. Mark Kent
 Iwaco Tilling. Sardis Lawrence
 Lester Morgan. Adelyn Bushnell
 Flete Tilling. Harold Chase
 Tom Callahan. Anite Harris
 Ketic. Anite Harris

The majority of playgoers have tasted the ingredients of that old-fashioned dish, "Turn to the Right," which John Hazzard and Winchell Smith prepared for them in the good old days of corned beef and cabbage. Even if the taste for caviare is now more general than in those ruder times, it was churlish to despise this homely fare, especially when it is so excellently served by the players of the Boston Stock Company.

To take a well-worn piece of hokum—entertaining enough, of course—and, by means of skilful characterizations, harmoniously blended, to effect a pleasantly smooth and even sophisticated performance is praiseworthy. In the case of a stock company it is remarkable. Never has the reviewer beheld finer work at the St. James or, for that matter, any repertory theatre.

It is not extravagant to bestow praise on each player. To Mr. Richards first honors must go. His "Mugs" was out of Dickens, and he did not look unlike a figure in one of the familiar prints which illustrate "Oliver Twist." Mr. Richards, it may be said, possesses most eloquent eyebrows and a most expressive face. His companions, Messrs. Gilbert and Darney, are capable crooks.

Mr. Gilbert contrives to look handsome in spite of everything, and he is scarcely to be blamed for that. Mark Kent is particularly good in the role of the conventionally unscrupulous deacon.

The female cast, headed by the pretty Miss Layng, in the role of one of those saintly old-fashioned mothers, whom Mr. Hazzard does not now celebrate in the Greenwich Village Follies. How cynical has he become, that actor-playwright!

E. L. D.

ARLINGTON THEATRE—George E. Wintz presents "Shuffle Along," an all-colored musical comedy in two acts, conceived by Miller and Lyles, music and lyrics by Sissie and Blake.

At the piano. Russell Smith
 Jim Williams, proprietor Jintown Hotel.
 Louie Schooler

Jessie Williams, his daughter. Bessie Allison
 Ruth Little. Pauline Peyton
 Harry Welton, candidate for Mayor. Paul Bass
 Board of aldermen—George Duke, Joe Purnell, Harold Alexander, George Myrick

Onion, grocery clerk. Joe Purnell
 Mrs. Sam Peck, suffragette. Elizabeth Campbell
 Tom Sharper, political boss. Homer Tutt
 Steve Jenkins, candidate for mayor. S. T. Whitney

Sam Peck, another candidate for mayor. Dink Stewart
 Jack Penrose, detective. Harold Alexander
 Rufus Loose, wer rell. George Myrick
 Strutt, Jintown Swell. John Alexander

Mayor's Doorman. John Alexander
 Uncle Ned. George Duke
 Uncle Tom. Chick Fisher
 Old Black Joe. John Alexander
 Secretary to Mayor. Jenny Gray
 Jintown Police. Ira Devlin
 The Porter. Chick Fisher

"Shuffle Along," the sensational success of Miller and Lyles, aided by the jazz tunes of Sissie and Blake, with its all-colored cast, has returned to Boston for a two weeks' sojourn at the Arlington Theatre.

The show still retains the pep, vivacity and sparkle which made it successful in New York. True, the leading lights, Miller and Lyles, Sissie and Blake, have departed, but even so the show carries on its fast pace.

The music is jazz of the most popular kind. Several well-known hits are among the number: "I'm Just Wild About Harry," "Love Will Find a Way" and "Gypsy Blues." Other good pieces are "Bandana Days," "Sing Me to Sleep, Dear Mammy," and "If You Haven't Been Vamped by a Brown-skin."

The plot of this musical comedy hinges upon the election for mayor of the town. Many humorous situations are thrown in to liven up between songs. There are three candidates for office, the hero, and two partners in a business venture. The struggles between the partners, both in business and politics, are extremely funny.

Homer Tutt, as the political boss, and A. T. Whitney as a candidate for mayor, are featured. Tutt's jazzy dancing delighted the enthusiastic audience. Encore after encore was given this wizard with the shifting feet.

Whitney as Jenkins and Dink Stewart as Sam Peck, another candidate and partner of Jenkins in the grocery business, kept the audience laughing from start to finish. The scene in the store, where each partner tries to keep the other from stealing while he helps himself, and while Onion, the clerk, gets away with the real loot, is good slapstick farce. The scene in the mayor's office combines satire with fun of the best sort.

Bessie Allen and Paul Bass are the leading dusky songbirds, but the whole company joins in the singing with spirit and pep. Elizabeth Campbell, Pauline Peyton and Joe Purnell contribute to the fun.

JULIA ARTHUR ON B. F. KEITH'S BILL

Billed as "Vaudeville's Contribution to the Shakespearean Revival in America," Julia Arthur brings her golden voice back to the footlights and gives the queen's closet scene from Hamlet at B. F. Keith's this week.

The distinguished tragedienne portrayed the melancholy prince last night in a way that only one could who since childhood has been a devoted Shakespearean student. Probably no woman was ever better equipped to play the role than she.

This is national vaudeville artists' week, and in consequence an exceptionally strong bill was booked. Paul Decker & Co. appear in a new comedy sketch by Edwin Burke, Joe Browning

clowns as only Joe can. Bill Frawley and Edna Louise present a comedy skit, and Ben Rubin and Charles Hall also provide laugh matter.

Marga Waldron, danseuse, assisted by George Halprin, gives a unique act. Dave Gibson and Sylvia Price and the Eight Blue Demons round out the bill.

There is the usual news reel, topics of the day and fable film. As a whole, the bill is the sort that "keeps 'em in their seats" until the orchestra is well into the exit march.

April 4 1927

Reading the papers of London we see that Englishmen are sorely perplexed, and not so much by the future of the unemployed, the Ruhr invasion, the thick clouds overhanging the east, as by matters that may seem trivial to deep-thinkers in the United States of America.

Correspondents writing to the Daily Chronicle of London ask with feverish interest these questions and argue about them:

"Why are brown eggs almost always preferred to white?" One lady friend tells me the yolks are richer, but another advisor assures me that the difference is entirely in the shell. In connection with this question we are glad to see that Capt. Pretzman proposes in the House of Commons that every imported egg should be indelibly marked with the name of the country of origin. In our student years in Berlin—ah, the years, the fleeting years! It was in the early eighties—eggs in pensions, restaurants and lodgings were like Hannibal—they had crossed the Alps, and evidently had had a rough passage.

Another question that exercises the curious in England is: "Why do women knit in public?" Some think the sight in street or railway cars, at concerts or in the theatres, is soothing, but the majority declare the practice irritating.

A third question is, "Who fixes the seasons for schoolboys' games?" "At present, from Land's End to John o' Groat's peg-top spinning is the fashion. Can it be that some strange wireless wave influence is responsible?"

Still another question is, "Can men make a decent cup of tea?"

In this country the two absorbing questions at present, if letters to newspaper editors far and wide are to be regarded as evidence, are these: The origin of the word "hokum" and whether porterhouse steaks were so named because Mrs. Anna F. Remick, who died at Milford, N. H., on March 8, carved them soon after the close of the civil war at the Porter House in North Cambridge, near Porter Station, or whether the name originated in New York, where there were so-called porter houses (ale and porter were served in them). Mr. Warren R. Dix wrote to the New York Times: "The tradition is that a beefsteak was called for at a butcher's shop, and, none being on hand, a cut from a roasting piece about to be sent to a porter house was given to the customer. It proved so much superior to the ordinary steak that when he called next he asked for porterhouse steak, so the cut became choice and the name popular."

We are more interested in the fate of Easter Island, in the Pacific ocean, the island famous for its ancient, gigantic statues. At Papeete, Tahiti, on Feb. 26, it was reported to be missing.

HOW TO LOSE A HUSBAND
 By DANDERINA FIDDLESTIX
 CHAPTER IV.
 Romance followed me. I married a

stevedore from Brooklyn, caught him in the arms of another woman and divorced him. My last catch was a bootlegger. He was a former cab driver who made \$40,000 net in two years of bootlegging. This chap was never tender, never a proper lover and husband. But I was hard put to it to figure how to become rid of this husband. One day I solved it. He was always careless with money, leaving large sums around the house. He left a thousand dollars in a raincoat, one day. I took this and bribed a dry enforcement officer to arrest my husband. It was necessary to get this officer drunk before he would do so, but it all worked out. The judge sent my husband up, and I got a divorce on grounds of having a husband for a criminal, or a criminal for a husband. I forget which it was. Now I am through.

Girls, don't worry about how to get a husband. They are being got every day. Statistics show that every time a clock ticks 89 husbands are being dragged to the altar. Learn how to be rid of them. Take a tip from Dandierina. I hope you all have my alimony luck.

FATE
 There was a time we might have met, An hour we might have dined together; It rained that night and I Stayed snug at home, fearing the weather.

And once I saw you on the street— Lilies were out, the air was heady— I might have stopped to speak, but you, Hailing a bus, were gone already.

I might have looked, you might have smiled. But we didn't, and I can't see why, If we had known that you were you And I was I! Or did you pass and sigh?

It's odd to think we might have been Sun, Moon and Stars unto each other, Only I turned down one little street As you went up another.

KAY.

"St. Paul and Minneapolis are to have the first noiseless street cars in the world."

Is there any city in the world where street cars are as noisy as in Boston?

IN TOWN MEETING
 As the World Wags:

Our snug little town has adopted the limited town meeting form of government. In the town-meeting membership, as it is called, both sexes are fairly represented, one in particular. Our meetings are very interesting. One member always excites my imagination. Invariably, in the course of his remarks, either by way of introduction or explanation, he informs us that he is an architect. This is done so ingeniously as to disarm suspicion—not that he isn't one, but rather of any ulterior motive.

This is as it should be. All, or nearly all, of the members attend meetings faithfully and regularly. And yet, with something like 300 members, one-third of whom retire each year to give way to their successors, we cannot become as well acquainted with one another as I have come to believe might be mutually advantageous.

Consider how much more accurately we might weigh, more intelligently grasp, the speaker's ideas if each were to follow the unique example mentioned. "I am a plumber," and at once we discern the speaker's qualifications to recognize financial possibilities. "I am a seamstress," and we can be reasonably sure that the speaker will see the thing through. "I am an architect," and we may expect the speaker to present an attractive appearance of the particular project, if not of its actual utility. "I am a carpenter or a chauffeur," and we immediately recall their well known practice of driving things home. "I am a travelling salesman," whether the ordinary pedlar or the wizard of the swindle sheet, we shall be disappointed if we do not see a brand new line.

Eventually we should see the custom amplified and I may sit unperturbed were my neighbor, who won a verdict against me the other day, to say, "I am a very good lawyer." I shall repress my agitation were another to say, "I used to be a very good inn-keeper," etc., etc. Not since the early winter paralyzed my mental processes and parts of speech have I been conscious of such a lucid stream of thought. I am emerging from my mental freeze. My attendance has been faithful. If some day it will be helpful, I shall be amply repaid.

WILLIAM C. DROUET.
 Arlington Heights.

"Tannhauser," a Wagnerian opera in three acts, was sung last evening at the Opera House. Mr. Knoch conducted.

Herrmann. Alexander Kipnis
 Tannhauser. Heinrich Knote
 Wolfram. Benno Ziegler
 Walter. Johannes Scheuerich
 Heinrich. Paul Schwarz
 Blitroff. Zador
 Raimor. Erik Schubert
 Elizabeth. Meta Belmonteyer
 Venue. Marie Lorentz-Hoellischer
 A young shepherd. Editha Fleischer
 Conductor—Ernest Knoch

FILENE PLAY IS SNAPPY COMEDY

"Jerry" Contains Much Good Wit and Dancing

Atlantic Oct. 1922

The Hairy Ape; Anna Christie; the First Man, by Eugene O'Neill. New York: Boni & Liveright, 1922. 8vo. xii + 322 pp. \$2.00.

Mr. O'NEILL's view of life is bitter. He delights in sordid episodes. Characters portrayed are weak, irresolute, selfish, or brutal. He knows

the theatre, and is skillful in arrangement of situations, with men and women true to instincts and surroundings, speaking as they should. Seldom does he err in dialogue, which usually is natural, direct, and revealing of character. In 'The Emperor Jones' he portrayed terror so that it was contagious. In 'Beyond the Horizon' his pathos was unaffected. His sense of grim humor is indisputable. He has the gift of flaying satire. His bitterness and hopelessness are almost unrelieved. His tragedy is without the nobility that exalts. Often he brings to mind the unhappy Strindberg. Yet there is to-day no more commanding figure than O'Neill in the American play-house.

The stoker 'Yank,' in 'The Hairy Ape,' exults in strength and stoke-hole life. In his gutter speech he shouts to his mates — they are finely differentiated — how they rule the world. Mildred in white, curious about the boiler-room, frightened by his 'abysmal brutality' and foul language, exclaims 'Oh! the filthy beast!' and faints. 'Yank' swears to get even with her; not as Zola's Ragu when Fernande in white ventures into the foundry; 'Yank' would kill Mildred. There is no place for him in the city; even the I. W. W. reject him. At the Zoo he talks as a pal to the gorilla, frees him, and is slain by him. This powerful play is somewhat marred by repetition of phrases. Is not the ending for the *Grand Guignol*?

A play of a higher order is 'Anna Christie.' Mr. O'Neill was once, it is said, a seafarer, but his sea is not the sea of Melville, Whitman, Hugo, or Swinburne; it is 'dat ole d'v'el sea,' as Chris, the bargeman, keeps saying. His daughter, Anna, meeting him after long absence, is loved by the bold Burke. Loving him, she confesses her life of shame in the West. Enraged at first, he accepts it, for his rough love prevails. 'Fog, fog, fog, all bloody time,' says Chris, looking out in the night; 'you can't see where you was going, no. Only dat ole d'v'el sea — she knows!' With this symbolic line the curtain falls.

In 'The First Man,' a study of male selfishness and small-town meanness, an anthropologist is going to Asia. His children died; he does not wish another to distract him and his devoted wife from research work. She longs for one and is delivered — in a daring and painful scene, off stage. The mother dies; the child lives. The father hates it. His hatred confirms outrageous suspicions. Knowing the slandering, he proudly asserts his fatherhood.

PHILIP HALE.

"Tannhaeuser" is perhaps the greatest of all Wagnerian operas, due in a great measure to the nobleness of the music throughout. It has not been sung in this city for some time, and a fair-sized audience, a most enthusiastic one, too, was at the opera house last evening.

Some there are who consider the overture of "Tannhaeuser" long and tedious, but under Mr. Knoch's superb direction it was made a beautiful and melodious composition. The rich, triumphant tones of the familiar "Pilgrims' Chorus," together with the more quickening motive of the Venusberg music, was well brought out. The orchestration was of the highest order, and Mr. Knoch conducted with real understanding of the music.

Mr. Knote's "Tannhaeuser" was acceptable, but he was given to overacting that took a great deal from some of his well-sung passages.

His best work came in his rendition of the blasphemous "Praise of Venus," sung in the Hall of Song in Act II. There was no repression here and Mr. Knote made the most of it.

Meta Selnemeyer was a lovely Elizabeth and her singing of the well-known "Hall, Hall of Song," at her entrance in Act II, was exceedingly well done. Mr. Kipnis made Herrmann's music more interesting than usual and his acting was in keeping with the dignity and lordliness of his character.

Marie Lorentz-Hoelltscher used her voice well in the role of Venus but it was indeed a difficult task to assume the character of this supreme goddess. The setting for this scene was a little disappointing, for much might be made of the nymphs, sirens, maids, and so forth. As it was, the effect was not one of unearthly kingdom.

Mr. Ziegler, who sang Wolfram, has a remarkably sweet voice and acted with a keener understanding of his part than any of the others. A most daintily sweet singer was Editha Fleischner in the small role of the young

shepherd.

On the whole, a most creditable performance. The work of the chorus was excellent. The opera for this afternoon is "Das Rheingold," in two acts, with Messrs. Lattermann, Ziegler and Mmes. Fleischner, Selnemeyer and Metzger as chief singers.

"Lohengrin," in three acts, will be sung tonight, with Messrs. Kipnis, Hutt and Mmes. Wuehler and Lorentz-Hoelltscher taking the leading roles.

